AFRICANA.

MERENSKY-BIBLIOTEEK
UNIVERSITEIT VAN PRETORIA.
Klasnommer ZPA 3(55)
Registernommer 66696

CAPE

31 AUG. 1940

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016 with funding from
University of Pretoria, Library Services

https://archive.org/details/capemonthlymagaz00unse_1

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

[DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.]

Portrait of Sir George Grey, K.C.B., to face page 1
Hon. Rawson W. Rawson, C.B. 116
Rear-Admiral Hon. Sir F. W. Grey, K.C.B. 173
Hon. Harry Rivers, Esq., Treasurer-General 240
Hon. William Porter, Esq., Attorney-General... ... 372

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Edited by Alfred W. Cole and Roderick Noble.

VOL. V.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1859.

CAPE TOWN:
DARNELL AND MURRAY, ADDERLEY-STREET;
AND ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.
1859.

SAUL SOLOMON AND CO.,
STEAM PRINTING OFFICE, LONGMARKET-STREET,
CAPE TOWN.

INDEX.

PAGE

A Trip to the Knysna 21, 70
A Visit to a Zulu Queen Dowager 42
A Plum-pudding Legend—The Fatal Oath 27
A Colonial Census 153
Agricultural Societies 158
An Episode in the Life of a late Physician 282
A Week's Canter Northwards—The Sugar Districts of Natal ...286, 327
Adamastor—The Titan of Table Mountain 310

Colonial Medical Education 167
Cape Land Measure 193
Camdeo 211
Chronology of the Cape 363
Commercial Review 60, 126, 189, 252, 319, 382

Epigrams from "Martial" 20, 236
Ellis' Madagascar 129
Enclosures for Sheep—A Successful Experiment 294

Fine Arts Exhibition 102
Field Sports in Ceylon—From the Note-book of a Naturalist ... 321
Footsteps of the Old Travelers—Burchell 356

Heine's Poetical Works 140, 262
Holiday Trips 202
How I Spent Her Majesty's Birthday 337
Hall's South African Geography 363

Kingsley's Poems—By an Obscure Individual 349

Life on a Frontier Farm 106
Lady Anne Barnard 211
Literary Review 53, 123, 176, 244, 376

Meteorology—How to observe Temperature 112, 279
Meteorological Register 64, 128, 192, 259, 384

Our Portrait Gallery—

Sir George Grey, K.C.B. 1
Hon. Rawson W. Rawson, C.B. 116
Rear-Admiral Hon. Sir F. W. Grey, K.C.B. 173
Hon. Harry Rivers, Esq., Treasurer-General 240
Hon. William Porter, Esq., Attorney-General 372

PAGE
Our Watering-place 47
Our Village Bell 336

Recollections of the Great Fish River Bush—By an Old Campaigner 227, 299, 342
Report of the South African Museum 61, 190, 255

Reviews and Notices.—Carlyle's Frederick the Great, 53; The Cape Postal Guide, 60; The Cape of Good Hope Almanac, 60; Ellis' Madagascar, 123; Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise, 124; Rev. F. G. White's Address at the close of the Fine Arts Exhibition, 125; The Life of Douglas Jerrold, 176; Masson's Life of Milton, 184; Deborah's Diary, 184; Doran's New Pictures and Old Panels, 186; The Authorship of Junius, 187; The Burns Festival, 244; Adventures of Mrs. Col. Somerset in Kaffraria, 248; Manual of South African Geography, 252; Kaye's Christianity in India, 376; Miller's Sketch-book of Geology, 380; Social Science Association, 381.

Sir Henry Lawrence—In Memoriam 84
Salt-pans and Salines 275

The Small-pox Epidemic of 1858 14
The Fatal Oath 27
The Outcast's Legacy 32, 91
The Comet 51
The Board of Examiners 65
The Knysna as a Harbor 83
The Maid of Zaragossa 224
Triangulation of the South-east Border of the Colony 238

Valentine's Day 163
Veneta 210

ERRATA.

Page 9, line 13: for "1842" read "1847."

Page 299, 8th line from below, for "and brandy—all other liquor being strictly prohibited," read "brandy and all other liquor being," &c.

Sir GEORGE GREY, K.C.B.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. I.

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B., &c., &c.

Sir George Grey was born at Lisbon on the 14th of April, 1812. His father was Lieut.-Colonel Grey, of the 30th Regiment, and was killed at the siege of Badajoz, two days subsequent to Sir George's birth. His mother was the eldest daughter of the Rev. John Vignoles, of Cornahir, county Westmeath, in Ireland; and five years after the death of her first husband, Colonel Grey, she married the Rev. Sir John Godfrey Thomas, Vicar of Wastling and Bodiam, in Sussex, and sixth baronet of Wenvoe Castle, in Glamorganshire. Her eldest son by this second marriage is now in possession of the baronetcy. Sir George's arms and crest indicate that his lineage has descended, not remotely, from the ancient family of Grey, Earls of Stamford and Warrington.

We believe that much of his early youth was passed in Ireland. In due time he entered at Sandhurst; and on the 14th of January, 1830, he joined the army as an ensign in the 83rd Regiment. Six years afterwards we find him occupying the rank of lieutenant, and aspiring to worthier objects of ambition than any that ordinarily presented themselves then to subalterns in English garrisons. At that time even more than now the western and northern coasts of Australia, as well as the interior of it, were unexplored and unknown; whilst the opinions of navigators like Dampier and King gave strong encouragement to believe that geographical discoveries of vast importance were possible in that direction. It was confidently expected, in particular, that a great river or water inlet might be found to open out at

some point on the western or north-western shore. Towards the latter part of 1836 a proposition was submitted to the government by Lieutenant Grey, then a young man of twenty-four, and his friend Lieutenant Lushington of the 9th Foot, as youthful as himself, to organize an expedition for the solution of a geographical problem so interesting to science and so important to the progress of English colonization. Lord Glenelg was then the Secretary of State for the Colonies. He entered personally into the project with alacrity and good-will; and, supported by the expressed approval of the Royal Geographical Society, the proffered services of Lieutenant Grey and Lieutenant Lushington were accepted by the government. The main objects of the expedition, as finally arranged, were the following: "To gain information as to the real state of North-western Australia, its resources and the course and direction of its rivers and mountain ranges; to familiarize the natives with the British name and character; to search for and record all information regarding the natural productions of the country, and all the details that might bear upon its capabilities for colonization, or the reverse; and to collect specimens of its natural history." For the accomplishment of these designs it was provided that the expedition should land first at the most convenient point in the vicinity of Prince Regent's River; thence to proceed in the direction of the great opening behind Dampier's Land; and finally, by whatever course should seem most favorable, southward to the Swan River, and in a line as nearly parallel as might be to the unknown western coast. The party were to consist of Lieutenant Grey in command, Lieutenant Lushington, Mr. Walker, a surgeon and naturalist, and two volunteer corporals of the Royal Sappers and Miners. They embarked in H.M.S. *Beagle*, and sailed from Plymouth for the Cape on the 5th of July, 1837. They anchored in Simon's Bay on the 21st September. At Cape Town the members of the expedition tarried for three weeks, but not idly. Their commander resolved on purchasing here a schooner suitable for carrying them at once to their destination at Hanover Bay, and likely to prove serviceable to them afterwards along the coast. The *Lynher*, of 140 tons, was chartered accordingly. Four or five additional subordinates were attached to the expedition. One of them, Henry Williams, was selected, because, "understanding Dutch, he was well calculated to act as interpreter at Timor," whither it was Mr. Grey's intention to despatch the schooner for a supply of ponies, immediately after their arrival at Hanover Bay. In addition to all this, the vessel

was freighted with live-stock and valuable plants of every description, intended for introduction into the unknown regions they were about to visit. The former consisted of sheep, goats, and dogs; and the latter of specimens collected at Teneriffe, in South America, and at the Cape. All arrangements being completed, the *Lynher* left Table Bay for the Australian coast on the 16th of October, 1837, and arrived on the 29th November. The proceedings of the expedition in the new territory they had thus reached we have no space here to detail at length. They explored, in the first few months, the country surrounding Hanover Bay, and thence to the Upper Glenelg, but not without infinite labor and toil to themselves. Frequently they came in imminent peril of their lives from attacks by the natives; and on one occasion Lieutenant Grey received a spear-wound in the thigh, which for a time seemed hopelessly fatal. One passage, in which he himself describes his sensations then, may be transcribed. It is characteristic of the man, and presents a favorable specimen of the style in which his two volumes of "Travels in Western Australia" are composed:

"I sat upon the rocky edge of a cool, clear brook, supported by a small tree. The sun shone out brightly, the dark forest was alive with birds and insects,—on such scenery I had loved to meditate when a boy, but now how changed I was,—wounded, fatigued, and wandering in an unknown land. In momentary expectation of being (further) attacked, my finger was on the trigger, my gun ready to be raised, my eyes and ears busily engaged in detecting the slightest sounds, that I might defend a life which I at that moment believed was ebbing with my blood away; the loveliness of nature was around me, the sun rejoicing in his cloudless career, the birds were filling the woods with their songs, and my friends far away and unapprehensive of my condition—whilst I felt that I was dying there.

"And in this way very many explorers yearly die. One poor youth, my own friend and companion, has thus fallen since the circumstances above described took place; others have, to my knowledge, lately perished in a similar way. . . . A strange sun shines upon their lonely graves; the foot of the wild man yet roams over them: but let us hope when civilization has spread so far, that their graves will be sacred spots, that the future settlers will sometimes shed a tear over the remains of the first explorer, and tell their children how much they are indebted to the enthusiasm, perseverance, and courage of him who lies buried there."

On the 17th April, 1838, the party were compelled to return to Mauritius, with their eager anticipations but half realized. There they remained for three months, arranging the contemplated details of a second enterprize. This time they proposed adopting the Swan River as the basis of their operations, proceeding thence by a coasting ship to

Camden Bay, and so penetrating once more into the north-west interior beyond the Glenelg. They left Mauritius, accordingly, on the 21st of August, and arrived at the Swan on the 18th of September. Fresh difficulties impeded their course once more. The north-west coast plan was reluctantly abandoned, and extensive tours through the unexplored interior northward and eastward of Perth and King George's Sound were substituted in its stead. It was at this time that Captain Grey undertook temporarily the political duties of Government Resident at King George's Sound. His predecessor in the office was Sir Robert Spencer, the father, we believe, of Lady Grey. From Western Australia he proceeded to Adelaide, and thence, on the 11th of April, 1840, embarked for England. The results of these Australian expeditions are fully set forth in a most interesting and graphic style in the work to which we have already referred. The primary object of them was not fully realized, but still sufficient was accomplished to amply reward both the explorers and the government. The coast country between the parallels of 24° and 32° south latitude were carefully explored and mapped down; ten new rivers of considerable importance were discovered; two mountain ranges previously unknown were traced; and three extensive districts of good and available country were found and described. Besides all this, the most elaborate researches were made into the physical capabilities, natural history, and ethnological characteristics of the country. Captain Grey made himself familiar with the language of the native tribes; traced their traditionary history; investigated their laws, crimes, and punishments; their social condition and domestic habits; their songs and poetry; their funeral ceremonies, superstitions, and remarkable customs. On all these subjects a vast fund of information is stored in the volumes already quoted. We shall endeavor to examine them in detail on some future occasion.

The most remarkable event connected with this Australian expedition, however, as far as Captain Grey's own future history was concerned, was his preparation of a "Report upon the best means of promoting the civilization of the aboriginal inhabitants of Australia." It was written in Mauritius on the 4th of June, 1840, and forwarded thence to Lord John Russell, at that time in office as Secretary of State for the Colonies. It is a most able and elaborate document, and foreshadows distinctly all the leading features of Sir George's future policies as governor at New Zealand and the Cape. Whether these policies, or this foreshadowing

of them, be sound or unsound, the present is neither the time nor place to inquire. All we feel interested in now is the historical fact which we have mentioned, and in proof of which we shall extract one or two brief illustrations.

He first sets forth the fact that the aborigines of Australia have for so long a period resisted all efforts made for their civilization; from which he infers that if they are capable of being civilized at all it can be shown that all the systems on which these "efforts" have been founded contain some common error, or that each of them involves some erroneous principle. The former conclusion he adopts as the correct one; and the error which he deems so common and pernicious is that of permitting natives to govern themselves by their own chiefs, and in obedience to their own savage laws. *His* proposition in contradistinction to this he expresses in the following:

"I would submit that it is necessary, from the moment the aborigines of this country are declared British subjects, they should, as far as possible, be taught that the British laws are to supersede their own, so that any native who is suffering under their own customs may have the power of an appeal to those of Great Britain."

Here we have clearly set forth the essential principle of Sir George Grey's present frontier policy at the Cape of Good Hope. The power of the Kafir chiefs is to be broken down; if necessary, they are to be removed even from the semblance of authority, as have been Macomo, Pato, Vadanna, and the rest of them; and Kafir chiefs and Kafir laws together are to be superseded by British magistrates and British rule. The only exception to this principle that we have observed in Sir George Grey's proceedings in South Africa occurs in the recommendation submitted by him to parliament for the government of Tambookieland in accordance with the ancient laws and customs of that country.

A second feature of interest in this memorandum is the proposal to employ the aborigines as farm laborers among the European settlers, and to furnish suitable premiums to all such employers as should train up the greatest number of native servants into industry and civilization. The government, he suggests, should co-operate towards the same end by employing natives in opening new roads, in repairing old lines of communication, and in other public works of general importance. Here we have the foreshadowing of our South African immigration from beyond the Kieskamma and the Kei; and the employment of so

many hundreds twelve months ago on the roads and harbors of British Kaffraria. And, thirdly, we are told that—

"In the vicinity of towns where there is a certain judicial force. . . it would, by a steady and determined line of conduct, be comparatively easy to enforce an observance of the British laws; but even partially to attain this object, in the remote and thinly-settled districts, *it is necessary that each colony should possess an efficient mounted police, a portion of whom should be constantly in movement from district to district,* whilst another portion, resident in a central situation, should be ready to act instantly in any direction where their presence was required."

Here, again, in as many words, we have the scheme which has been since initiated at the Cape by Sir George Cathcart; but in the management and extension of which Sir George Grey still continues to show the deepest interest. This document, altogether, was received with great favor by Lord John Russell, as by the ministry of which he formed a member; and copies of it were forwarded to the governors of the Australian and New Zealand settlements—an honor of an unprecedented character to the author of it, when it is remembered that Captain Grey was then a young man of only twenty-eight.

At this time (1840) the colony of South Australia was in rather an unfortunate predicament. The colonization bubble schemes of Mr. Gibbon Wakefield had been blown then to their very biggest. More than half of the whole population of the colony were settled in Adelaide, working not with hands but heads, and gambling with each other. Nothing was talked of or thought of but *speculations* in land; and to so wild a pitch did the enthusiasm ascend, that when Mr. V. Eyre (now Lieutenant-Governor in New Zealand) had undertaken to explore the interior of the province, "on the day appointed for his setting out a grand entertainment was given, over which the governor, Colonel Gawler, presided; and, at the close of an affecting speech, a band of young ladies clothed in white garments marched up the room, and presented, amid the cheers of the men and the sobs of the women, a banner which they had worked, to be planted on the limits of the proposed discovery." The bubble finally burst; the governor's drafts on the imperial treasury were dishonored to the extent of £69,000; and the so-called colonists, who had hitherto been luxuriating in imaginary fictitious wealth, subsided quickly into absolute beggary. Colonel Gawler was recalled in more disgrace than he fairly merited, and the successor selected by Lord John Russell was Captain Grey.

The task that awaited the new governor was not a simple one. When he entered on his administration the finances of

the colonial treasury showed a deficit of £210,000; land had become unsaleable; immigration ceased; the population of Adelaide was reduced by one half; and the prices realized for produce fell to a mere fraction of the famine rates of the past speculation days. Yet humble as it was, the plight in which Australia found itself then was a more favorable and more salutary one than its previous artificial and unstable prosperity. It was Captain Grey's special function to aid the colony in recovering itself from the wreck which surrounded it; to begin with it from the beginning once more; and repair its shattered fortunes as seemed best possible. The various details connected with its history during the succeeding five years we cannot enter upon here at length. It is intricate and tedious enough to any one; to the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* it would be all but unintelligible. Throughout this period, however, the governor still continued his previous researches into the philology and the ethnology of the Australian aborigines. He made himself master of their language in all its varying dialects; he investigated their respective histories as far as their traditions could be traced; and the results of his labors in that respect may be estimated by any one who has seen the Australian catalogue* of books, pamphlets, and manuscripts now in His Excellency's possession.

In 1844 and 1845, disturbances of a serious character broke out in New Zealand. Several of the Maori tribes assumed a threatening attitude, which in the northern districts of the colony broke out into open hostilities. Captain Henry Fitzroy was governor at the time, and the difficulties of his position were rendered still more formidable by the most irritating complications with the New Zealand Company. The home government, under all the circumstances of the case, deemed it unwise to continue him in his command; and the colonial minister, Lord Stanley, now Earl of Derby, selected the governor of South Australia to supersede him. Captain Grey undertook the heavy responsibility of this new office without delay; and arrived at Auckland, the northern capital, on the 14th November, 1845. Previous to this time, the British troops, only a few hundreds in number, had been repeatedly defeated; and the rebel natives, confident in their own strength, had all but absolutely rejected most liberal terms of peace submitted to them by Captain Fitzroy. Captain Grey, finding himself reinforced by a few hundred men despatched to his aid from the Australian colonies, prepared immediately for active hostilities; and on the 11th of

* Printed in Cape Town a few months since.

Jan., 1846, within two months after his arrival, succeeded in signally defeating a combined force of natives under the chiefs Kawiti and Heki. The former, and the more influential chief of the two, submitted promptly, and sued for peace. The governor as readily declared a general amnesty to all who should follow Kawiti's example. Another proclamation was issued a few days afterwards of quite a unique character. The London newspapers of the time described it "as indicative of a high-minded and wise policy on the part of the new governor." It is brief, and we shall therefore quote it entire:

"The governor directs it to be notified, for the information of the native chiefs in the northern part of this island, that upon the capture of the pah of the Raupe-Kapeka, on the 11th inst., a large number of letters addressed by various persons (natives) to the rebels were found and brought to the governor, who was informed that some of them were of a treasonable nature. The governor being, however, aware, that many persons formerly in correspondence with the rebels are now firmly attached to the government, and regret the course they formerly pursued, has caused all these letters to be burnt without being read by him, and without any copies of them having been taken, or any translations of them made. The writers of them need, therefore, entertain no apprehension whatever of any evil consequences resulting to them from having written these letters, or even of any prejudice against them existing in the mind of the governor on this account, as he does not know the names of the writers of any of the letters."

This, and other proclamations of equal clemency, succeeded in conciliating the disaffected natives in the north; but a few months later fresh disturbances of a formidable character broke out in the district of Wellington, and especially along the Hutt. Captain Grey conducted the military operations against the "rebels" there in person. For a time he was successful; but the same or similar troubles burst forth afresh at various intervals until August, 1847. The proceedings he had recourse to throughout this period were often stern enough; and once we meet with a specimen of chief-kidnapping not much dissimilar to what has since been witnessed in South Africa. In July, 1846, Te Rauparaha, one of the most noted warriors in New Zealand,—evidently a sort of Maori Kreli or Macomo,—was detected by the governor in concerting with his old ally, Raugihaeata, hostile proceedings against the British settlers in the neighborhood of Wellington, while professing friendship to them. By a prompt and well-executed surprise, Te Rauparaha was seized without resistance; and detained a prisoner on board a ship of war until all chance of danger from him was at an end. Then, and upon the intercession of two friendly chiefs, he was released. On the 3rd of September, 1847, Captain

Grey reported that all the native disturbances were finally ended; and that the colony had every prospect of tranquillity and prosperity. On the 29th of April following (1848) the Queen expressed her approval of the services he had rendered by creating him a Knight Commander of the Most Noble Order of the Bath.

Sir George, it is well known, is his own best historian; and nowhere can we find the native policy which he pursued in New Zealand and the difficulties he had to contend with, so fully, elaborately, and clearly set forth as in the despatch he addressed on that subject to Lord Grey, the Colonial Secretary of the Russell administration. It is dated from Auckland, 9th July, 1842; and will be found quoted nearly entire in Lord Grey's work on "Colonial Policy," vol. ii, pp. 116, et seq. In the present rapid sketch, it is impossible to give even the barest outlines of this production. One passage, however, and a characteristic one, we extract *verbatim:*

"To bring the natives under the influence of the government, and to gain their confidence and attachment, various measures have been resorted to by the government. Hospitals have been established in the principal districts to which both races have been equally admitted, and in which they have been tended with equal care; savings' banks have been instituted for the benefit of both races; a considerable number of natives have been employed in the minor offices of the government establishment; pensions have been conferred on those chiefs who, during the first rebellion were most distinguished by their gallantry, fidelity, and devotion to the British cause; large numbers of natives have been employed in public works, and in the construction of roads. . . . . They have also been encouraged to pursue improved modes of husbandry, to construct mills, to acquire vessels, to attend to the breeding of cattle and horses; and a newspaper is fortnightly published by the government, for the purpose of giving them useful information and plain practical directions on all those points to which the government is anxious they should direct their attention."

In addition to all this, or rather as the basis of it, every encouragement was given to the exertions of Christian missionaries of different denominations, of whom Sir George declares that the only emulation manifest among them was "an emulation as to which should achieve the greatest amount of good." And as far as their character individually was concerned, he bears the high testimony that "it may reasonably be doubted whether at any period of the world there has existed in one country, amongst so large a number of men who had devoted themselves to the holy calling of a missionary, so many persons who were eminently qualified by piety, ability, and zeal to discharge the functions of the office upon which they have entered." As the results of

the labors of the missionaries and of the government together, he affirms that nearly the whole Maori nation have now been converted to Christianity; that probably a greater proportion of the population than in any country in Europe are able to read and write; and that they have in all parts of the island made considerable progress in the rougher branches of civilized life. They are fond of agriculture, take great pleasure in cattle and horses; like the sea, and form good sailors; are attached to Europeans, admire their customs and manners; and are extremely ambitious of rising in civilization, and of becoming skilled in European arts. Earl Grey, in the work to which we have already referred, adds, "that the natives have shown increasing confidence in the government and in British law; they are rapidly acquiring the habits of civilized life, and becoming possessed of property, including water-mills and coasting vessels, and are carrying on a large trade with the settlers, to their mutual advantage." Earl Grey's eulogy on Sir George's policy altogether is so unbounded that he feels called upon to append the following as a note:

"As I have expressed so strongly the admiration I feel for Sir George Grey's services in New Zealand, I ought, perhaps, to say that my opinion has not been influenced by any private feelings of partiality. Notwithstanding the name he bears, there is no relationship between Sir George Grey and myself, nor have I the advantage of any personal acquaintance with him. I never had the pleasure of seeing him, and know him only by his conduct, and my correspondence with him in the public service."

There is one particular feature of Sir George's New Zealand policy, which we may not pass unnoticed. This is his system of military pensioner villages, which, strictly speaking, however, seems to have been as much Earl Grey's as his. The details of the scheme it is unnecessary to enter upon here. They are sufficiently known to the colonists of the Cape already, being substantially identical with those projected by His Excellency, a few years ago, for the province of British Kaffraria. The object of them was to gain the double advantage of "protection in the event of war; and in peace, of a supply of labor, and a permanent increase of the white population." The corps embodied for this service were styled the New Zealand Fencibles. They consisted of six companies, of about five hundred men, and were located, with their families, in several villages, formed for the reception of them, in the neighborhood of Auckland. Sir George Grey, in a despatch, dated the 9th February, 1850, reports most favorably on the success of the experiment, and declares that "the progress of the pensioners towards

comfort and competence has been as great as could have been anticipated." Earl Grey similarly represents the scheme as a perfectly satisfactory one, and anticipates the introduction of it afterwards into Ceylon, Mauritius, Jamaica, and other colonies. Our object, in this paper, is not to eulogize Sir George Grey, but to present a fair though necessarily defective sketch of his public career. It is therefore right that other opinions than his own, or Lord Grey's, should be given on this particular question of the pensioner villages, as well as on other topics of similar importance. Mr. William Fox, the author of an interesting work, *The Six Colonies of New Zealand*, and who, for a short time, served as Attorney-General of the Southern Province, condemns the Fencible system utterly. He declares of the pensioner villages that, whether viewed in a military or a colonizing aspect, they have been costly failures, affording a most decided warning against the continuance of the experiment, or the renewal of it elsewhere. His reasons for this opinion we cannot find space for here; but they are forcible and cogent. The same author, too, presents a far less favorable picture of the present condition of the natives than that which delights us in Sir George Grey's despatch. The great body of the people he describes as barbarous and depraved. In rescuing savage races from barbarism, he remarks that there are three stages to be passed: "First, they are to be brought to tolerate the presence of the civilizer . . .; secondly, there is the stage of barter, when impelled by the desire of procuring the luxuries and comforts possessed by the civilized race, they bring their food or raw produce to market, in exchange; and, lastly, there is the constructive stage, in which they learn the arts of civilized life,—how to make for themselves those things which they desire." The New Zealanders have got no further than the second stage; and, according to all the statistics of population furnished respecting them, their inevitable fate is extermination or extinction, within half a century at most. All this Mr. Fox attributes to the inefficient, impracticable measures adopted by the authorities. "Instead of taking active practical steps to teach the natives mechanic arts, the most solid foundation for civilization, the Government has satisfied itself with mere talk and despatch-writing; and if it can point to a complimentary letter, written by a native chief to the Governor, or a native house with glass windows and a verandah, of which I believe there are three in the country, it flatters itself with the idea that it has discovered the problem of civilizing the aborigines—nay, even reduced its theory to practice." It is only right to add

to these strictures, that Mr. Fox, the writer of them, displays, throughout, a strong animus against Sir George Grey personally; that he was, for a considerable time, the resident agent of the New Zealand Company; and that the representatives of that company, as well as of the Canterbury Association, have shown every disposition, both in New Zealand and in England, to disparage and decry the Governor, on account of his firm opposition to their rapacious claims for extended grants of land. This is the true secret of the abuse heaped on him so long, and so abundantly, by Mr. Adderley and the *Spectator*.

Sir George Grey's New Zealand troubles in connection with the introduction of representative institutions our limited space compels us to pass over almost unnoticed. In 1846, the imperial parliament, on the recommendation of the ministry, passed a bill by which the crown was empowered to establish a free legislature in the colony at once. Sir George Grey remonstrated against this as "premature and perilous, chiefly on account of the discontent that would infallibly be excited among the natives by the proposed change in the form of government." He pointed out, says Earl Grey, that they (the natives) were large contributors to the revenue, the disposal of which was to be entrusted to a legislature in which they would be altogether unrepresented; and that they were quite intelligent enough to perceive this, and the injustice to them of such an arrangement. The operation of the act in question was accordingly suspended for five years; and the governor was empowered, in the meantime, through his nominee council, to create provincial legislatures, of which he and the said council should be at liberty to determine the constitution. This created great dissatisfaction among the European settlers, of course; but it was carried out, nevertheless, and prospered tolerably well. Finally, in a masterly despatch, dated from Government House at Wellington, August 30, 1851, Sir George Grey sketched the outlines of a new constitution on a most liberal basis, in which the principle of federation, after the model of the American United States, was largely introduced. This was substantially approved by the home government; incorporated into an act of the imperial parliament on the 30th of June, 1852; and is now in full operation throughout all the New Zealand settlements.

The most interesting feature of Sir George Grey's history in New Zealand, however, is that which refers to his philological and ethnological researches among the natives. Immediately after his arrival there, he applied himself

earnestly to the study of their language, as he had done previously among the aborigines of Australia. The difficulties he had to encounter in the task, he tells us himself, were many. The Maori language is a complicated one; there was no dictionary of it then in existence; there were no books published in it which could furnish a key to the structure of it. From motives of policy, however, as well as a natural disposition towards philological studies, he completely mastered it; and was able to dispense with interpreters altogether in his conferences with the native chiefs, or with their subjects. In these conferences, he found, to his surprise, that the orations of the chiefs were garnished with fragments of ancient poems or proverbs, and allusions to an ancient system of Australasian mythology. Sir George resolved to explore this new field of research on every possible opportunity, and he succeeded. He since tells us:

"Having with much toil acquired information which I found so useful to myself, I felt unwilling that the result of my labors should be lost to those whose duty it may be hereafter to deal with the natives of New Zealand; and I therefore undertook a new task, which I have often, very often, been sorely tempted to abandon; but the same sense of duty which made me originally enter upon the study of the native language has enabled me to persevere up to the present period, when I have already published one large volume in the native language, containing a very extensive collection of the ancient traditional poems, religious chants, and songs of the Maori race, and I now present to the European reader a translation of the principal portions of their ancient mythology, and of some of their most interesting legends."

These words are extracted from the preface to Sir George's work on *Polynesian Mythology and The Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race.* It was published in London in 1855; and forms one of the most interesting as well as scientifically valuable works that have appeared on the aboriginal races anywhere.

A supplementary book, comprising the proverbs of the Maori nation, has since been published by Sir George at the Cape; and has been already reviewed at considerable length in our own pages. The catalogue of his collection of New Zealand publications and MSS. has likewise been printed in Cape Town a few months ago.

In 1854, New Zealand was fairly settled and prospering, and its new constitution was in full operation. The British possessions in South Africa were in a more difficult and perilous plight. Sir George Cathcart had, two years before, brought a prolonged and miserable war to a close; and the policy he was pursuing, for the permanent defence and pacification of the frontier, was an energetic and strictly

military one. His presence, however, was required elsewhere. He received the appointment of Adjutant-General to the Army; and the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary for the Colonies, selected Sir George Grey, of New Zealand, as the fittest officer to succeed him. His experiences in civilizing savage character, among the Maori tribes, were presumed to furnish the best guarantee of his competency for a similar task among the Kafirs of South Africa. The date of his promotion to the Government of the Cape is 24th July, 1854. Of his political career, since his arrival here, we shall say nothing. It is as well known to our readers as to ourselves. One statement, however, cannot prove otherwise than gratifying,—that Sir George's exertions for the acquirement of the aboriginal languages of South Africa have been similar to what he had previously displayed in Australia and New Zealand; and that his collection of South African books, pamphlets, and especially of MS. memoranda, illustrative of native character, history, and traditions, is richer and more abundant than any other now existing. The substance of them will, we have no doubt, be given to the world, not many years hence, in a similar form to the *Polynesian Mythology* and the *Australian Travels.*

THE SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC OF 1858.

During the last six months, small-pox has raged with greater or less severity in Cape Town, and has prevailed sporadically in many of the country towns and districts. The medical men assure us, however, that the town is now happily all but clear of this terrible scourge. We well recollect the dreadful ravages committed by it eighteen years ago, in 1840; but very grievous as were the sufferings of the people then, and very numerous as were the victims during that year of affliction, we hardly think that the deaths and instances of disease on that occasion were at all more numerous than they have been during the past half-year.

The registers of deaths are so incomplete, and the difficulties of estimating the real mortality are so considerable, that we hardly like to venture on any definite statements or figures; but we have been at some pains to collect memoranda on this subject, and we are led to believe that in Cape Town and its environs and suburbs, as many as two thousand persons have died of small-pox, or of its immediate after effects, between the months of July and December last.

The type of the disease has on this occasion been in

numerous instances a very severe one, and typhoid symptoms have been exceedingly common. This was also the case during the year 1857, in the small-pox that raged with almost unprecedented severity all through Hindostan, in Turkey, and in many parts of central Asia. Indeed, so very serious and virulent was the small-pox that prevailed over the major portion of the Ottoman Empire during 1857, that the French Government deemed it expedient to depute a commission of doctors to Turkey, to investigate and report on this singular and anomalous development of a disease, which, under the combined influence of vaccination and innoculation, was believed almost to have been annihilated as an epidemic in Turkey as well as Europe.

With us, in Cape Town, the disease is supposed to have been introduced on this present occasion by an emigrant ship in July. It found our streets, alleys, and smaller houses, ill drained and worse ventilated,—in a condition of filth, peculiarly favorable for fostering and fomenting cholera, small-pox, or any other hideous scourge that might have assailed us. The first cases appeared in some hovels near the fish market; these proved generally and rapidly fatal, and were speedily followed by other sporadic instances of disease in many other parts of the town, where the tenements of the poor were more than usually dirty and ill ventilated.

It was, however, the 15th September, ere the fears of the general public were thoroughly roused; and vigorous measures were then adopted to clear and cleanse the narrow streets. The doctors parceled out the twelve municipal divisions of the town among themselves, and at once set to work in thorough earnest to care for and tend the sick poor in their terrible time of suffering. Vaccination was generally and gratuitously practiced in all parts of the town and its suburbs; and during August and September, many thousands of persons of all ages were vaccinated and revaccinated, and effectually fortified against the greatly dreaded pest. We observe that a few persons, non-professional men generally, have expressed their want of confidence in the protective effects of revaccination; but mature consideration and careful inquiry will tend, we think, to remove this distrust. Those who are really interested in this all-important subject should study the returns furnished by the surgeons of the small-pox hospital, and the reports sent in by the doctors in medical charge of the pauper sick in the respective municipal divisions of the town. These memoranda all go powerfully to show the great and real value of vaccination at any time.

Some observations made last month, in a sketch of the

history of small-pox that appeared in a contemporary periodical, strongly support our views on this subject. The writer of them, in dwelling on the immunity secured by a kind and ever-watchful Providence to the doctors and clergymen, who daily, for three long months, passed many hours at the squalid bedsides of the suffering and dying poor, contends urgently for the blessings of vaccination, and prays that the whole people may be protected for the future, by a general scheme of *compulsory vaccination.* We admit that such a scheme would be difficult to carry out effectually, and we do not underrate the amount of exertion and trouble that will be imposed on the executive in the process; but we feel convinced that nothing short of "universal compulsory vaccination" can ever protect the mass of the people of South Africa against recurrent epidemic attacks of small-pox, which will, on each future occasion, as they have done on the last two, slay thousands of victims.

Were small-pox at all times a disease sporadically prevalent in our towns, we might hope to keep alive in the public mind that wholesome dread of this loathsome and most appalling malady, and that high respect for and confidence in the prophylactic effects of vaccination that are so continuously and beneficially in operation at all times all over Europe. But in a climate so fine as ours, and in a population so sparse, these eruptive diseases soon die out, after they have killed thousands of people; and the survivors, after a year or two, forget the horrors they have witnessed, and soon neglect all those precautionary measures, which alone can fortify and protect their own and their children's frames against future recurrences of disease.

The only people who, as a class, are believed to object to, or not to confide in, the benefits of vaccination, are the Malays. We believe, that not one half of their number in Cape Town will be found on inquiry to have any real objections at all in the matter; and for the public good, as a measure of general safety, in imitation of the practice prevailing in England and all over Europe, we desire to see the prejudices of the very few disregarded, and the safety of the general mass strictly cared for. Vaccination is so great a gift to us, that we should not presume to allow any Mahommedan fatalism in any degree, or at any place, to interfere with its general adoption. Inasmuch as each new case of small-pox almost invariably spreads disease to others, even those who rashly choose to run the risk of taking the disease should by law be prevented from doing so. Recent experience has proved quite clearly that vaccination can do no harm

at any time; and a large mass of evidence from all countries has now shown that it has saved the lives of thousands.

Surely, our Government will incur a fearful responsibility, if it hesitates now to follow the example set by England and all Europe, and if it delays to render it incumbent on every British subject in South Africa that he be vaccinated and revaccinated periodically.

From the medical reports on the amount of disease and ratio of mortality amongst the pauper sick treated in each of the twelve municipal divisions of the town, we gather that each of the twelve doctors has attended more than two hundred cases, and that among all these, the deaths have been about eighteen per cent. In addition to those cases that have been attended professionally, there were probably in each district of the town quite as many more, in which no medical aid was sought, and where probably the mortality was as high as twenty-five or thirty per cent.* For twenty days in October, the daily funerals are said to have been as numerous as thirty-five; and there can be very little doubt, whatever the Malay priests may say now, that during the month of October last, the Malays of the town, as a class, suffered very severely indeed, and lost large numbers of their people, as a considerable proportion of them were entirely unprotected by any vaccination at all. At no period of the epidemic, even when it was at its greatest height, do the deaths among the European, or even among the colored Christians, appear to have been at all numerous. Of those who have died of small-pox during this year, four-fifths have probably been Malays.

At Claremont, where 230 cases have been attended to, very nearly the whole of the thirty-five deaths have occurred amongst Malays. At Mowbray and Rondebosch, where the Malays are not so numerous, out of nearly 200 cases known of, not fifteen deaths have occurred. At Wynberg, where there are very few Malays resident, there have been very few cases, and the ratio of mortality there has been exceedingly small. At Simon's Town, the deaths seemed to have occurred almost exclusively amongst the Malays. The Kafirs in and near Cape Town appear to have been pretty generally vaccinated during August and September, and

* The ratio of mortality in eleven of the municipal divisions seems to have been equally high. In the twelfth section of the town, *it apparently* was much lower; but this diminution is probably owing to some of the worst cases from this ward having died in the small-pox hospital.

they seemed to have enjoyed a considerable immunity from the ravages of the epidemic.

In all the country districts as yet attacked by small-pox, the absence of a Malay population seems to have brought about a comparatively clean condition of the public health, and to have induced a very light ratio of mortality. At Port Elizabeth, the Malays and Fingoes of that town seem as yet to have been the only people who have suffered at all from small-pox. At Graham's Town, there seems hardly to have been a case. At Somerset, Stellenbosch, Paarl, and Wellington, where there are but few Malays, the cases of small-pox have as yet been few in number and trivial in degree. At Genadendal we have heard of only twenty cases in all.

Much has been done in Cape Town lately towards clearing and cleansing the streets; but a very great deal still remains to be done in the way of hygienic improvements. When regular sanitary commissioners, paid for their work and responsible for its efficient performance, shall have been installed in office; when the useless, and even mischievous quarantine laws shall have been entirely abrogated and abolished for ever; when a uniform system of thorough drainage and underground sewerage shall have been perfected; when all the streets shall be daily watered, and the gutters and sewers all freely flushed with salt water; when baths and wash-houses, fully supplied with distilled salt water, shall have been established in the town; when all the cemeteries shall have been removed to at least three miles from the town's outer limits; when compulsory vaccination shall be generally and rigorously enforced, then, but not until then, will Cape Town be prepared to withstand cholera when it comes (as it will some day), or the next epidemic of any serious disease that may assail us. Let us *at once* improve the size, general arrangements, and ventilation in the dwellings of the laboring people; let us provide clean, odorless, and good latrines and other conveniences, for the destruction and removal of all the town's filth, and we shall then be in a position, almost, to defy epidemic disease of any kind, whether it be cholera, small-pox, plague, or measles; or, at all events, to feel that we have really done our best, as far as our present knowledge goes, to deserve a clean state of public health. "Heaven helps only those who help themselves;" and it is nought but libellous impiety for us to talk of "dire diseases as visitations of Providence," when we have been blest with the knowledge that enables us to avert, or at all events to very materially mitigate, the horrors of any epidemic disease that may at any time assail

the public health; or when we have the hands, the money, and the means, to carry out all the precautionary measures which that knowledge teaches us.

The present government medical board, if recast and increased in membership, and if consisting of at least six doctors, all well paid for their trouble and time, might do a very great deal of public good in instituting and supervising many improved sanitary arrangements. In vaccination alone, when rendered compulsory and when paid for, why may we not hope to see as much good done in South Africa as has of late years been done in England by the same arrangements and laws? The impetus given to vaccination, and the vast increase and extension of that grand prophylactic effected recently in England, are very considerable indeed. They would be as proportionally great among ourselves. The filling up of all existing cesspools; the frequent carting away of all excrementitious matter; the early deodorizing of all filth, by mould, lime, and charcoal; the burial in the soil of the earth that demands it, of all kinds of manure, *must* at once be followed by a vast improvement in the public health. A cheap and free supply of pure clean water, for drinking and washing purposes, would at once supersede three-fourths of the many drugs now annually consumed in South Africa.

It is earnestly to be hoped, and it seems to be generally expected, that the executive government will be prepared to submit, in March next, to both houses of parliament, regular and practical measures on these urgent subject,—1, Compulsory vaccination; 2, Sanitary town improvements; 3, Abrogated quarantine laws. Or why should it not at once adopt the suggestions so earnestly and frequently set forth recently by an able organ of the colonial press, now to appoint a commission of scientific men, and be ready to submit that commission's report to the parliament, when it assembles in March? We have great reason to be well satisfied with the able report of the educational commission, and with the prompt manner in which the Governor, ever active and zealous in the good cause of education, submitted their recommendation to the legislature: as also with the efficient practical measures resulting therefrom. Let only a similar course be pursued in the vital question of sanitary reform, and before the next session of Parliament closes, we may fairly hope, by sound legislation, better to prepare ourselves against the inroads of any epidemic with which we may be afflicted or assailed.

EPIGRAMS FROM "MARTIAL."

XI.—76.

Ad Pœtum.

Solvere, Pœte, decem tibi me sestertia cogis.
Perdiderit quoniam Bucco ducenta tibi.
Ne noceant, oro, mihi non mea crimina: tu, qui
Bis centena potes perdere, perde decem.

To a Creditor.

You've lost a hundred pounds by Smith and Co.,
And therefore dun me for the ten I owe.
Why should I pay for sins of other men?
You, who could lose the hundred, lose the ten.

II.—13.

Ad Sextum.

Et judex petit, et petit patronus
Solvas censeo, Sexte, creditori.

Justice at Rome.

What? Bribes to the bench and fees to the bar?
Pay the plaintiff, my friend,—'tis cheaper by far.

I.—48.

De Diaulo Medico.

Nuper erat medicus, nunc est vespillo Diaulus.
Quod vespillo facit, fecerat et medicus.

On a Quack turned Undertaker.

When undertaker Doctor Quack became,
He did not change his business—but its name.

IX.—16.

De Chloe.

Inscripsit tumulo septem celebrata virorum
Se fecisse Chloe: quid pote simplicius?

The Disconsolate Widow.

On the tombstones o'er seven dear lords
There stands graven by Chloe the dutiful—
"Placed here by me,"—affectionate words!
What could be more simple and beautiful?

VIII.—53.

In Catullam.

Formosissima quæ fuere, vel sunt,
Sed vilissima quæ fuere, vel sunt,
O quam te fieri, Catulla, vellem
Formosam minus aut magis pudicam!

On a Beautiful Lady.

Things lovely, lovely to remain,
May not endure the slightest stain:
Do pray become, fair Harriet,
Less beautiful, or no coquette!

VII.—90.

Ad Creticum.

Jactat inæqualem Matho me fecisse libellum:
Si verum est, laudat carmina nostra Matho.
Æquales scribit libros Calvinus et Umber.
Æqualis liber est, Cretice, qui malus est.

"Unequal writing," cries the last Review,
I take the blame as praise, and hope it true:
For bathos well-sustained to Tupper go,
The "equal" writer's level must be low.

A TRIP TO THE KNYSNA.

BY E. L. LAYARD, ESQ.

PART I.

THE Knysna! how often has this magic name made our blood tingle in our veins! how often has it conjured up visions of bright birds and the enthusiastic Frenchman, Le Vaillant, and his white-tilted wagons 'neath the umbrageous forests of Outeniqua!

And are we really off for the woods at last? Yes, the gallant little *Zulu* is screwing her way through the rippling water, and L'Agulhas lighthouse is right abeam of us. The ladies have recovered their spirits, and ventured on deck to enjoy the lively morning air; the captain paces the deck, ever and anon scanning the binnacle or running his eye along the shore for some well-known land-mark. Our

companion, Dr. S., who has been a considerable sufferer from "that peculiar motion of the vessel," has regained his equanimity, and we are altogether a very comfortable, cozy party.

A light puff of spray on our quarter, followed by the exclamation of "there she spouts," brings us all to our feet to gaze at the

> "Strange things come up to look at us,
> The monsters of the deep;"

and presently up go the "flukes," and the whales dive for a moment to come up nearer and introduce themselves to our notice as "finbacks." Thrashing the water from side to side with their prodigiously elongated back-fins, the four monsters glide past us, and we fall back again to our old attitudes—the ladies to their needles, the gentlemen to their chat, which of course turns upon the *cetaceæ*, and the ladies get a lecture on zoology.

And now night falls on land and sea, and up rises the gentle moon, and for some hours we watch the comet, and then one by one the passengers leave the deck, and we are alone with the cautious, anxious captain, who, glass in hand, again paces the quarter-deck. At last, we too court repose, and stretch ourselves in our old Arab cloak on the deck, as we expect to be called during the night to land some ladies under our charge, at Mossel Bay.

"Won't you get cold and damp there?" says the watchful captain, equally solicitous for his passengers as for his vessel. But we obstinately cling to our determination, and gradually the dash of waters mingles only with our dreams. We are at the Knysna in a moment, and shooting the most wonderful birds and animals. And now a mighty eagle soars above us, and we discharge barrel after barrel at him without effect—one, two, three, eight barrels! and we awake with the clear ringing of the ship's bell in our ears—eight bells! midnight, and how lovely the night; the stars are shining gloriously, and the sea is dashed aside from the prow of the ship in mimic waves of liquid fire. But once, only, have we seen the sea so beautifully illuminated, and that was in the tropics. We find the thoughtful care of the captain has retained the awning over our head during our slumber, but as the head wind has increased, and we have no chance of reaching Mossel Bay before morning, we descend to our berth, and sleep again wraps us in oblivion.

The rumbling sound of the anchor chain running through the hawse-holes once more disturbs our slumbers, and

throwing on our clothes, we hasten on deck and find ourselves in Mossel Bay—the morning is just breaking, and after landing the ladies we again speed on our way to the Knysna!

"There, sir, where you see the break in the cliffs, that is the mouth of the Knysna." We steam up, and presently, with our glasses, we make out a goodly company on the eastern bluffs. Men on foot and on horseback, and riding-habits too! Ah! we shall evidently have a warm welcome; and now up goes a signal "the bar is practicable," but in vain; captain Roper murmurs something about insurance, and after waiting for some time in hopes of a boat coming out, we reluctantly steam away for Plettenberg's Bay. Taking a "last fond look" with the large ship's glass a strange farewell signal appears—a gentleman in a white blowse waves a *green* flag; what can it be? Suddenly, we remember an enthusiastic entomologist who has located himself amid the verdant shades of the Knysna, in pursuit of his favorite science, and we exclaim "there's T. and his net."

And so they are all there to meet us, and we are forced to go on! Every passenger in the ship, save two, are bound to this port, and yet, because there is no pilot, we are forced to go on to Plettenberg's Bay! Grumbling never mended matters, so we patiently submit, and a few hours more and we are running round "Seal Cape" into a fine bay with wood-crowned heights—a pretty schooner lying at anchor near a natural breakwater of rocks close to the shore, and wagons, and cattle, and men busy along the sandy beach.

And now we are all landed: the Dutch minister and his family are stowed away in a wagon sent for him by his expectant flock, and we find ourselves houseless and friendless. In reply to our queries we are told that Mr. S——, whose house-top we see peeping over the bushes, will doubtless give us a night's lodging if we ask for it, and assist us with a wagon to the Knysna in the morning. Rather disconsolate, we address ourselves to a gentleman on horseback, who, although not Mr. S., volunteers to introduce us, and up we trudge through the deep sand.

Ah! flowers and a garden, and children's voices! A woman's hand and care are not far off, and we shall find food and shelter. Never, amid all our wanderings, have we failed in either when a woman's kindly smile lit up the hearth-stone—but of all unexpected welcomes this one will longest be remembered. Kind friends! if this should meet your eye, permit us thus to speak without flattery, and to thank you again and again for your frank hospitality.

And now behold us seated at the social board, talking of mutual friends, and planning schemes for buffalo hunts and buck hunts, and exploring trips up the rivers—and thus passes our first evening in Outeniqualand!

Our first excursion was up the Kuurboom's River, which debouches close to our friend's residence in Plettenberg's Bay. The mouth of this stream was once several miles from its present site; indeed, within the last few years, it has encroached; but its wanderings are now ended by its having arrived at elevated ground. A barren spit of sand, more or less covered with stunted bushes, extends for several miles along the course of the river from its present mouth, forming its southern shore, and barring out the roaring breakers which leap in vain against the unstable yet insurmountable barrier. This indeed seems the general character of African rivers. Most of those which we have visited on the eastern coast, as far northward as the Mozambique, exhibiting the same features, viz., a shifting sandbank and a bar.

After running up the first few miles of the river, we came to a high bluff, round which a pair of ospreys wheeled in airy circles, watching their passing prey. To our left extended the rich valley of the Peetowe River, which, unlike that up which we are proceeding, runs through a fertile plain, bounded indeed by hills, but not in immediate propinquity to them. We sailed past a long island, from which we started a small flock of ducks, and three wild geese; and espying an osprey on the opposite bank, we crept on shore, and stalked him, knocking him into the river, out of which we fished him, and continued our voyage.

Shortly we came to where the river narrowed its bounds, and sailed up between nearly perpendicular banks, about 200 yards apart, and from 600 to 1000 feet high, clothed in wood from top to bottom, with here and there bare masses of rock or frowning caverns. Among these the wild goose makes its nest and rears up its young, secure from all attacks but those of the feathered race.

Fearful of having both wind and tide against us as we landed at a point called "Harker's Rest," a spot that bears evident signs of having been the outlet of fierce mountain torrents

"In the days when earth was young."

Following the old track of the wood-cutters, we penetrated this krantz about two miles amid fine forest trees, and between precipitous banks of the same height as those we had just left,—indeed, we were but in the dry bed of the old water-course.

We picked up a few lories (M. Persa) and an oriole, but were much disappointed at the paucity of game and birds of all kinds. Our companion S——, an old Indian hunter, after wandering for some hours, dropped the butt of his rifle on the ground, and exclaimed, "Well! if we had been in the old Himalayas, and in such a magnificent forest glen as this, we should have seen fifty head of game at least." At times not even the sound of a bird's whistle broke the stillness that reigned around us; we saw nothing and heard nothing. All things, we suppose, go by comparison. We heard of such vast numbers of birds in these parts that we expected better things. We imagine to persons who reside in other parts of the colony, where next to nothing is seen, the few birds of the Knysna seem very many. Had we been in Ceylon in such a spot, an hour would have sufficed to have procured more specimens than we and our two assistants could have skinned in a day.

Returning to our boat, we again wended our way homewards, which we reached at dusk, much pleased with the scenery, but sadly disappointed with our chase.

A kind resident, Mr. N——, of Red Burne, having placed horses at our disposal, we now found ourselves in a position to see more of the country, and accepted an invitation to hunt his forests, in the hope of securing a few specimens of the bush-buck (T. Sylvaticus) for the Museum. Again, however, were we disappointed! Though we beat a splendid wood, but one buck was to be seen, which, though mortally wounded by a friend who accompanied us, was lost.

While silently watching in this wood, we could not help again contrasting the great paucity of animal life with that within the tropics.

We spent a day or two at the hospitable residence of Mr. N——, riding over his extensive property, examining the features of the country, and listening to his schemes for the amelioration of the district, and the introduction of a better class of immigrants than now come to these shores.

Mr. N—— is of a very mechanical turn of mind, and has constructed a water-mill on his property, which can be applied to a variety of purposes, such as grinding corn, sawing wood, &c., &c.; he has also contrived and constructed a wool-pressing machine. His farming operations are conducted in the English style, and to his exertions the district is mainly indebted for the breed of sheep that now exist on the fine downs.

In company with this gentleman we visited "Seal Cape," to inspect a curious relic of old times, a carved stone, on

which are traceable many words, which we supposed to be Portuguese. Cape Delgado, or Seal Cape, is a lofty, narrow, projecting headland, forming the western horn of Plettenberg's Bay: in one place there is a "break" in the strata, and the land sinks nearly to the sea level. This grip is visible for many miles on approaching the bay on both sides, and affords a capital landmark. We found the strata running very evenly in other places, and worn into caverns and ledges, affording a fine home for the coney or dassie (*Hyrax Capensis*), of which we saw many gambolling about on the sea shore.

We got a shot at a fine sea-eagle, but failed to bring him down, and, descending to the sandy beach, found our friends examining the proceedings of a number of marine shells (*bullia*), which were busily devouring the wrecked "Portuguese men-of-war" (*physalis*) which lined the shore. Nor did they confine themselves to this food, but availed themselves of dead cuttle-fishes (*octopus*), putrifying sharks, &c.

It is very curious to watch the habits of these shells. They burrow in the sand amid the surf, and hundreds may be seen exposed by each boiling wave. They, however, hold on by their broadly-expanded foot, and draw themselves so quickly beneath the sand that the eye cannot trace their movements and place of disappearance.

What callous palates they must have to devour the *physalis!* The stinging properties of this creature are so great that a fish coming in contact with one of its long filaments is instantly paralysed. I have been stung by merely touching a plank whereon they have laid, though no traces could be seen remaining of them. I have seen the rough, hard hand and arm of a sailor swelled up prodigiously from handling the log-line, which had accidentally come in contact with them, and yet these *bullia* devoured them, fringe, filaments, and all.

Scattered among the bushes on the top of the plateau from which the cape runs are found numbers of the little *Helix Uitenhagiensis*, a shell closely resembling *H. Capensis*, but being more pyramidal and consisting of more whorles. We also found a vast quantity of broken pottery, which the traditions of the country ascribe, we think with reason, to the ancient Bushmen, whose graves have been likewise disturbed on the hillside. A fragment of more advanced civilization, a portion of extremely fine china, set us wondering as to the manner of its arrival there, and our guide told us that a Portuguese ship had been wrecked on that cape, and the crew had remained for many weeks there.

On our return home we passed a comfortable party outspanned under the lee of a sheltering bush, and we must confess, with our passionate love for traveling, we envied them their snug berth. They had a jolly fire blazing on one side of them, over which hung their camp-kettle, which a comely "jonge vrouw" was tending; the jufvrouw was busy about the wagon, mynheer had pastured the cattle, and one of the boys was off to the rocks with his fishing-rod, where we were told he would catch abundance of cobblejaw, Hottentot, stumpnose, and other fish, with euphonious names and palatable flavors. What pleasurable independence to roam in this manner over the flowery plains of the interior! We should be sorry to think that our fate for ever shut us out from indulging our longing to wander in search of new scenes, and to visit the stately koodoo or agile lechee in their own domains.

THE FATAL OATH.

A PLUM-PUDDING LEGEND.

A wonderful trader was Alderman Swill,
Who by dealing in tallow had managed to fill
With gold and bank notes such a very deep till,
That its precious contents would have lasted until
The millennium, or doomsday—at least, I may say,
Till the Harbor of Refuge is made in our bay.
And a prudent man
Was Swill, who began
His career on the orthodox ancient plan,
As an office lad,
Who only had
Three sixpenny-pieces, and one was bad,
With a corduroy suit
Beyond dispute,
Rather seedy, and something too small to boot.

But though a mere scrub, there were none for sobriety,
Honesty, care, and all sorts of propriety,
Ever surpassed Billy Swill, who was earning
Five and sixpence a week, with advantage of learning
How to live on a crust (no one thrives who's a glutton),
And how to make excellent tallow from mutton.

In process of years
Our hero appears
To have grown very much in his master's repute,
(And *out* of the seedy old corduroy suit),
Till, from sweeping the office, and keeping the books,
And increasing in favor, in pay, and good looks,
Fortune grants him the boon he had always besought her,—
He's admitted a partner, and marries the daughter.

Who more respected now than Swill?
Who better knows how to bring grist to the mill?
Who more than he of good metal has stored?
Who makes fewer inroads than he on his hoard?
Who in all the city more fitted to fill
The alderman's dignified station than Swill?

For, though some, who *must*,
Can live on a crust,
You'll observe, that as soon as they get the "dust,"
They find a relief
In taking to beef,
And are apt to gorge till they come to grief;
Which clearly explains (as it seems to me),
The inordinate *goût*
Which the alderman crew
Show for brown callipash and for green callipee.

And Alderman Swill, though he guarded his gold
As a dragon might guard a magician of old,
Had a weakness wherever his appetite led him—
Butchers, poulterers, fishmongers freely bled him;
While his wine-merchant's bill
Was enough to instil
A Mathew-ite dread of the wine-press and still.

Thence it came to pass, that the alderman's health
Didn't quite keep pace with the alderman's wealth.
But while he went growing in riches and station,
And stood daily more high in the Corporation,
His figure progressively got less slim,
Till a corporation stood high on him.

But Swill had a deeper grief than this—
Alas how imperfect is human bliss!
For great as was that which Swill could taste,
In spite of the growing extent of his waist,
It was sadly dashed by one fatality,
Often afflicting poor mortality;
For to men in every rank and station,
Even dignified men of the Corporation,
What *can* be worse than a poor relation?

And Swill had one—a brother, too!
Whom Swill considered a "regular do,"
And cursed him till his face was blue,
For the horrid fellow had never a *sou*.

In fact this brother—his name was Jack—
Had somehow the most unhappy knack
Of outrunning the constable "all to sticks,"
And for ever getting in some fresh "fix,"
Through scoring up most inordinate "ticks."

(Don't imagine, good reader, this language is mine,
I'd not put such shocking bad slang in my line,
Save to show how Jack talked, for the words I have written
Were such as Jack used, and he fancied had wit in).

Full many a bill
Had Alderman Swill
Paid for this brother whose assets were *nil*;
Not for brotherly love,
He was far above
Such a weakness as that, but for what was as strange—
For the good name of Swill, which stood high upon 'change.

But now he swore
He'd pay no more,
However the fellow might tease and bore;
"He'd better not come there,"
"Let him die in that slum there,"
"Let him sweep on a crossing, or go to the ——" somewhere.

* * * * * * *

Time run on,
The year was nigh gone;
Christmas was near,
That time of good cheer,
To the race aldermanic especially dear;
When turtles, and turkeys, and oxen are killed,
That good christian folks may be properly filled.

And I'll venture to say,
That to none that day
Came in a more satisfactory way
(As he'd plenty to eat, and no bills to pay)
Than to Alderman Swill, whose own turkey and chine
Formed a sight quite unique in the edible line;
While the pudding, which Mrs. Swill's care had seen placed
In the copper, was something an angel might taste,—
'Twas as rich as old Swill, and as big as his waist.

But where is joy
Without alloy?
And what trifles may even a Swill annoy!
The post that day
Brought a letter to say,—
That his brother Jack would "call round that way,"
Just to wish him a very
Good Christmas, and merry,
And old grudges thenceforth and for ever to bury,
With a short P.S.,
That a bit of a mess
Made him want just a ten pound note or less.

Swill crumpled the letter in terrible ire,
Then tore it to bits, threw the bits in the fire,
Stamped his foot on the floor,
Clenched his fists and swore—
"Let him want, let him rot, let go and be —— blest;"
(I think that I'd better pass over the rest),
Till he got to a state of extreme perspiration,
As he thought of this horrible poor relation,
All the day long his anger would swell,
Till the soothing sound of the dinner-bell
Sent calm to his bosom; for what sound has in it as
Soothing a balm as the dinner bell's *tinnitus*?

And soon in his glory
(Saying grace before he
Sat down to the table) our alderman gazed
On each luscious dish
Of soup, and fish,
And flesh, and fowl, roast, boiled, and braised.

But it was not his habit alone to *look*,
He had too much respect for his "waist" and his cook:
So he sharpened his knife, and he plunged his fork
Into dishes of all sorts from turtle to pork;
And truly the great consuming work he
Did to the soup, and the fish, and the turkey,
Showed the soul of a man who had settled the question,
Touching the pow'rs of his own digestion.

And he drank of the wine,
Of Champagne and the Rhine,
With a dash of Madeira, remarkably fine,
And punch of milk,
As soft as silk,
(In the city they've capital stuff of that ilk),
To wash down the turtle, and make it lie steady,
Though knowing ones say it's a trifle too "heady."

At length all fragrant, brown, and jolly,
Smothered in sauces, and crowned with holly,
Appears the pudding!—*the* pudding, which is
So like John Bull, for it's bursting with riches,
Sturdy, and solid, and heavy as he—
And a little bit apt, too, to "disagree."

Swill wistfully eyes the pudding, and pines
(As an alderman often does, as he dines)
To think there's a limit to human voracity,
And his "waist," after all, is of bounded capacity;
Though waistcoat-strings burst, and the buttons beside,
There is but a limited space inside.

In spite of this drawback, which Swill calls "fate,"
A very large slice steams away on his plate;
His spoon's in the air, his fork has plunged in it—
When just at this very identical minute
The butler approaches, and simply declares,—
"Mr. John Swill is here, and is coming up stairs."

Down drops the spoon,
And like one in a swoon,
Falls Alderman Swill right back in his chair,
With his eyes in a kind of ghastly stare,
As Jack rushes in, shuts the door with a slam,
And jollily cries out "Here I am!"
And the alderman mutters a hearty —— ma'am,
I'd rather not write down the word he utter'd,
For I own I prefer to have parsnips "butter'd."

"Here, bring me a plate,
"I see that I'm late,
"But it's pudding time yet at any rate."
And Jack seizes a seat,
Preparing to eat,
Which in truth, now-a-days, is to Jack a great treat.
"Bring a glass, too—a long one—champagne, to be sure;
Brother Billy, I pledge you, old boy! here's to your
And your wife's jolly health, in this best of good liquor,
And each day of your lives may your shadows grow thicker."

Alderman Swill
Sits perfectly still,
Looking so pale that you'd think he was ill,
With that very same slice,
So remarkably nice,
Still untasted, and getting as cold too as ice,
While poor Mrs. S.
Looks on in distress,
As she thinks of Jack's note and that dreadful P.S.,
And the butler, and footman, and page (named Alphonso),
All wonder "whatever makes master take on so."

Till this cool brother Jack,
Who in less than a crack
(As *he'd* say) clears his plate, and for more sends it back;
Gives his brother a tap,
Crying "Now then, old chap,
"Why, I really believe that you're taking a nap,
Or thinking mayhap
Of *my letter*—but clap
Me in limbo at once, if I've even a rap!"

'Twas then that Alderman Swill first spoke
(And his pale lips showed that he wasn't in joke)—
"*If you've ever a penny of mine, may I choke!*"
So saying, his spoon in the pudding he dips,
And shovels a huge bit between his lips;
But in anger, scarce conscious of what he was doing,
The alderman quite forgets the chewing;
Tries to bolt the whole lump, as a shark would a mullet;
But the pudding sticks fast in the alderman's gullet!

His face gets black,
They pommel his back,
Hitting him many a terrible whack;
But shake or thump
Won't make him pump
Up from his gullet that fatal lump! !

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Alderman Swill was clearly dead:
But imagine the horror when people read
How he'd quite forgotten to make a will,
And all the contents of that wonderful till

Went over to Jack as his heir-at-law!
And people imagined they clearly saw
A judgment on Alderman Swill, for daring,
On Christmas day, to give way to swearing.
And perhaps they were right, but I hope they won't quarrel
With me, if *I* also pick out a good moral.

MORAL.

Up to this Christmas day you who've happened to live,
Try to learn a hard lesson—"Forget and forgive."
If you've got, as I hope you all *have* got, good tills,
Don't forget, like good christians, to pay off your bills.
And you'd better attend to the state of your wills.
And one word of advice (I quite blush to intrude it),
Don't swallow your pudding until you have chewed it!

Christmas, 1858. A. W. C.

THE OUTCAST'S LEGACY.

BY OWEN EVANSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Pity the sorrows."

THERE are few persons who have not met during their lives with one or another of those charitably disposed individuals who professedly "go about doing good." The genus is very wide spread, and the species are many; though the feminine gender, to a great extent, predominates. Various are the developments which charity now-a-days assumes. Sometimes she is seen amid the fragrant vapors of the soup-kitchen, dealing out ladlesful of the refreshing element to decrepit old men and women. Sometimes her busy fingers fly through the flannel folds, which eventually will encircle the shivering limbs of rheumatic poverty; and oft her busy handmaidens unite in sisterly conclave to fabricate the most delicate garments for the "dear little" forms of African or South Sea island babbies. Perhaps charity has taken a "visiting" fit, and forthwith out she goes on her tour of benevolence, clad in the sober garments which best become the service (probably iron gray gown without crinoline, and "poke" bonnet), and bearing in her hand the seemly Testament. Thus accoutred, she dives into dark huts and hovels, where accumulated stenches can scarcely be counteracted by the vigorous inhalation of aromatic vinegar, and where starving misery and rugged poverty extort many a deep sigh, shocked expression, and dropping tear, from the kindly-disposed and tender-hearted visitant.

But enough; to speak of charity and her doings with any degree of justice to the theme would require much more space than the editors of this magazine will allow, though they may be fully alive to the arduous exertions of these sisters of mercy. To our story, then.

In a certain part of South Africa there was, in the year 185– (and may be now, for aught I know to the contrary), a certain town, which, for particular reasons, I call Dunbar; the precise locality whereof I leave to the reader's imagination; though, of course, if he has a penchant for geography, Mr. Hall's map will afford every facility for exploration and discovery, in which pursuits I most heartily wish him every success.

This town of Dunbar was a very flourishing place. It had its municipal corporation, the members of which body engaged in the orthodox weekly squabble.* It had various places of worship, each of which indulged yearly in the religious dissipation of an annual tea-meeting, at which gatherings a great deal of good tea was drunk and a great deal of first-class twaddle given utterance to. Dunbar has also its literary association and library, the most marked feature of the latter being that the quarterly reviews and solid literature were in admirable preservation, while the *Family Herald*, *London Journal*, and novel genus generally had returned to their primeval state of rags, with the addition, perhaps, of a little dirt and tobacco-juice. Then there were the numerous building societies, at the monthly meetings of which all the lads of the place brought their earnings, with a regularity that gave fair promise of Dunbar being a town of money-makers; though, as yet, very few of its inhabitants were subject to that very alarming condition of being "over head and ears in business." To *that* stage of mercantile suffocation they had yet to attain. Neither must I omit to mention the local oracle, "*The Dunbar Thunderer*," whose magniloquent periods and large lettered advertisements every week feasted the eyes and chained the fancy of the good townspeople, who naturally felt considerable pride in this striking literary development.

There was, however, one institution in Dunbar which it might safely claim as peculiarly its own. This was one of those societies which result from the large-heartedness of charitable individuals, and bore the honorable title of "the *Dunbar Relief and Sympathetic Association*." It was managed entirely by ladies, and afforded a notable example of the

* To prevent mistakes respecting the identity of our "town," it may be as well to mention here that Cape Town is *not* the locality in question.

fitness of the female mind for administrative functions of a more advanced nature than are required in the kitchen and household. The administration of the D. R. and S. A.'s affairs were vested in a council of eight, with a president, secretary, treasurer, and all the other accessories of a public institution. The manner in which this executive body expended the large annual revenues of the society (£40) was worthy of the highest praise; and every inhabitant could testify to the creditable diligence with which every member performed her duties. The council was divided into sub-committees, who had each their separate locality assigned them, and whose duty it also was to collect subscriptions for the association. In this latter duty they were essentially successful. They came upon you at all hours—escape from their clutches was utterly hopeless—it was no use sneaking away and being "not at home," for the fair collectors, with the sweetest smiles in the world, were certain to leave, as a message, the melancholy tidings that they would call again whenever their helpless victims were likely *to be* in. And then their wonderful knowledge of character—why, they knew every man in the town to a skull. Mr. A. was "no good," "a stingy old fellow," worth five shillings at the very most. Mr. B. was a little better, they might squeeze half a guinea out of him; while benevolent Mr. C. was a perfect golden goose (too true), and good for a guinea at the very least. How is it that in business life the duty of dunning is confined to the stronger sex alone? Let our merchants and tradesmen employ lady collectors, and they will never hear again of such things as bad debts.

But it was in their council meetings that the directresses of the D. R. and S. A. shone forth in their native brilliancy. Then was seen such strict adherence to the formalities of office as would have shamed many a deliberative assembly of the opposite gender. Then might be heard the free utterance of those bewildering flights of argumentative eloquence that are generally and unfortunately confined to the parlor, or (shall I say it?) the region behind the bed-curtains. The wants of suffering humanity were advocated there with a power and pathos absolutely affecting. Why does not the press take cognizance of proceedings such as these? Why should such gloriously unique specimens of feminine oratory be lost to the world?

Well, in the year 185–, month of no consequence, a monthly meeting of the council took place at the president's house; all the members, with two exceptions, were present. Behind a table, denuded of all unbusinesslike and superfluous orna-

mental appendages, sat the president, Mrs. Fairflax,—a lady of muscular construction and elephantine proportions, but said to have weak nerves. Her dull-brown hair lay close to her spare and deeply indented face, while her figure, large, bony, and flat, sat firm and erect in the presidential chair. Next this lady sat the secretary, Mrs. Nagger, as much devoid of personal attraction as her official superior; the natural deficiency, however, she supplied with an artificial superfluity. Her features are rather pinched, and unprepossessing, her mouth being particularly hard and unsympathetic; her dress is, to say the least, highly picturesque, the chief point being a bonnet, so decorated with "best Parisian flowers," that its bearer looks not unlike a flower-girl, with an overflowing basket of nature's gems on her head. Of course, I mean only the head-dress, flower-girls being generally considered (thanks to the painters) as models of beauty and gracefulness, while Mrs. Nagger is downright ug—; that is, she "scorns to use deceitful arts, and won't abuse nature's handiwork." These are her own words, though I can't help thinking those flowers are not "nature's handiwork." Ah, well, we all have our foibles; I must not, however, leave these two ladies without observing that they are strict stickers to rule and precedent. They wish the society to be conducted with "proper regularity," and on "right principles;" consequently, they carry formality to an excess, and bore their coadjutors with accumulated by-laws and regulations, after the most orthodox fashion of their lords and masters.

I can only glance at one or two others of this "fair" assemblage. The young lady in the corner with the dark-brown hair, and brown eyes, the Grecian nose, and good honest mouth, is Janet Ducie, the youngest in the room, though not the dullest. Next her is a tall commanding lady, of rather striking appearance, dressed in widow's weeds; the two are eagerly conversing, notwithstanding the severe looks cast by the president towards their corner. The only other member who requires notice is Mrs. Possy, a genial-looking lady, of *very* comfortable dimensions, the possessor of a large heart, but a small mind.

The president looks at her watch; the stated hour is already reached, business must be commenced; she therefore raps on the table with her knuckles, and in sharp clear tones says,—

"Ladies of the Relief and Sympathetic Association, we are all now assembled, let us proceed to business."

This is all spoken *at* the noisy corner, the occupants of

which immediately cease confabulating, and screw up their expressive faces to the proper pitch of gravity. The president continues,—

"With the consent of this meeting, the secretary shall now proceed to read the minutes of the last meeting."

Solemn pause. President proceeds,—

"Mrs. Secretary, you will please now read the minutes referred to."

Mrs. Nagger then reads the minutes in a "precise and distinct manner." Having finished, the president intimates her wish that some one would move their adoption. The necessity for this course is questioned by the widow, who is sharply informed that "the rules must be adhered to." Their adoption is accordingly moved, seconded, put, and carried. This important motion having been dispatched, general business was proceeded with. The president proceeded to give one of her experiences.

"Ladies," she said, "I have to report that I have seen the old man afflicted with a severe attack of the toothache, and attended fully to his case. With the concurrence of the doctor, I made arrangements for the extraction of the diseased member. I had the unhappy sufferer removed to my house, that I might be present at the operation. You all know the weak state of my nerves, ladies, and I dare not run the risk of fainting, away from home. I had therefore the Brussels carpet of my parlor taken up, and a large chair screwed to the floor. The patient being secured to this seat, I directed my own maid to hold his head (although the poor creature is almost as nervous as I am). The operation then proceeded. I can never describe to you the state of my feelings at that moment,—for although I held a smelling bottle to each nostril, and squeezed my eyes as tight as possible, I was very nearly, in fact, all but—gone. I wish now to submit to your judgment a question of some importance, as to the disposal of the extracted tooth, a relic which of course belongs to the association. I think it might very advantageously form the nucleus of an anatomical museum, especially as our lame patient is about to have his leg amputated, which would furnish a nice companion piece to the tooth."

This proposition was received with a variety of emotions, the two ladies in the corner being apparently quite overcome with disgust. The discussion on this became general, and, as it seemed, rather discursive, for the stout lady, Mrs. Possy, happened to overhear the president and secretary warmly discussing the merits of Revalenta Arabica. The good lady being slightly dyspeptic, very naturally wished for

further information respecting this magical condiment, and bending forward, asked,—

"Does the Revalenta cure pain in the stomach, Mrs. Nagger?"

The lady addressed looked round, rather alarmed, and, conscious of being caught in an irregularity, snapped out—

"Disbursements, Mrs. Possy." The old lady, quite abashed, immediately subsided.

The other members having given in their oral reports, Miss Ducie was called upon to render her's, which she accordingly did, at first, with some maidenly trepidation, but gaining courage as she proceeded.

"I have only to say that I ordered medicines for the man laid up with fever, and sent two bottles of wine to the woman who's had twins. One subscriber refuses to pay his subscription, because he says there's too much to do about nothing. Another won't give anything, because he can give it away himself with less trouble and more satisfaction. There's a very hard case in the town now, that I hope the association can take up. A man is lying at the south end, at the point of death. Who he is, and where he came from, no one knows,—but he has a little boy with him, his son, I believe, a fine fellow about six years old. He will be left quite unprotected and helpless; can't we provide for him?

"Oh dear, no," said Mrs. Nagger, "the rules only permit us to assist *sick* and aged people."

"Well, but surely," indignantly replied Miss Ducie, "we can relax the rules in particular cases."

"Not at all," broke in the president; "the rules are quite unalterable, and we can't swerve from them in the least. I think, too, that Miss Ducie's reiteration of the remarks made by iniquitous and malicious individuals out of doors, were very irregular, and quite uncalled for."

These strictures fired Miss Janet's indignation to an irrepressible extent, and she, accordingly, replied in lively terms.

"On the contrary, I think those remarks were very just, and I quite agree with them. This association is a perfect farce; we just come here like so many dolls to go through certain forms fixed for us beforehand, without any regard to exigencies or circumstances. What good are we doing, I should like to know? Do the men think any the better of us?"

"Never mind the men, Miss Ducie; we are quite indifferent to them," loftily said Mrs. Fairflax.

"I don't believe it," resumed Janet; "you *do* care for

them—we all care for them; else why do we copy their proceedings so exactly? We only make a laughing-stock of ourselves. Women weren't intended to take such parts. Why can't we meet in a friendly manner, and talk these matters over, as we do anything else, without the nonsense of minutes or motions? I say again that women were not made to be mere machinery, to talk when you're looked at, and to sit as grave and stiff as pokers. And as to the boy, he shan't be left to the tender mercies of the association; I'll take charge of him myself,—poor, dear, motherless little fellow." And as she finished, a large tear hung in the full, soft eye of womanly Janet Ducie.

"In answer to Miss Ducie's tirade," said Mrs. Fairflax, "I can only say that it's a happy circumstance all our sex do not resemble her. *We* care for the men! Why, I put it to you, ladies, whether we don't hold them in supreme contempt? whether we don't regard them as self-constituted tyrants? whether we have not bound ourselves to resist, on every occasion, their unreasonable demands? whether"——

"Is Mrs. Fairflax within?" suddenly inquired at the door a rough, manly voice.

The lady in question flushed to something like a red tint, fumbled about among her papers, and hastily replied,

"Yes, my dear; please wait—I'll be with you in a minute (looking at her watch). Ladies, I find our business is completed—it will therefore be unnecessary to keep you longer."

The ladies accordingly dispersed; and, among them, Janet Ducie, looking, as she left the room, remarkably sly and mischievous, as though conscious of having received a triumphant vindication of her assertion that they all, even the stiff-necked president, "*did* care for the men."

Such were the meetings of the D. R. and S. Association. I have heard some crotchety old Benedicts assert that the development of these strong-minded, and, as they say, *un*feminine characteristics, is but a sorry compensation for the loss of the softer and more womanly traits to which we are accustomed. Of course, such insinuations can only be ascribed to malice, as, in this progressive age, we can hardly expect that women will forego the advocacy of their rights and privileges.

CHAPTER II.

"The nameless dead."

Let us now follow Janet Ducie as she passes down the street with quick, hurried steps, that seem to indicate an

errand of some urgency and haste. She looks neither to the right nor to the left, but walks steadily on, evidently with only one object in view. The pretentious shop-window of "The Albion Emporium," adorned with festoons and triumphal arches of ribbons, laces, and shawls, has to-day no attractions, though generally so tempting. The house of her "dearest friend," seldom passed by, is now unnoticed. Up the long principal street of Dunbar, the young pilgrim proceeds. Now she has left behind the regions of civilization and colonial luxuries, and has entered the purlieus of the town. Low canteens, through the open doors of which come the drunken oath and the sounds of bacchanal revelry, are plentifully interspersed among a wilderness of mud huts, Kafir huts, shanties, and tumble-down tenements of all descriptions. Many a red-coated defender of his country comes staggering down the narrow passages, "half seas over;" while suspicious-looking characters glide stealthily about among these abodes of filth and misery, as though ashamed to meet the steady glare of unblemished day. Wrapping her mantle round her, Janet Ducie wends her way, with a nervous tread, among these sights and scenes of sin and misery, and never raises her eyes till she stops before the door of one of the most dilapidated and miserable hovels of a region redolent with indigence and infamy.

She gently knocks at the unpainted door, covered with grotesque hieroglyphics and mystical scrawls, executed by the juvenile wits of the neighborhood. To her uncertain summons she receives no answer, and, with a more decided rap, repeats the operation. After waiting half a minute, the murmurs of a childlike voice came to the visitor's ear; and, looking round, she saw at the shattered window, through which the winds found ample passage, the pitiful face of a young but well-grown child, whose wan, sharp features told of long struggles with starvation, and whose meagre and ragged clothes gave still stronger evidence of the harshest poverty. Again, and more audibly, came the infantile greeting,

"Oh! good, kind lady, do come and see father; he's so sick. Oh! I'm so glad you've come."

Without waiting for any further invitation, Janet lifted the latch, and entered the dwelling, such as it was. The bare walls of the single room it contained had once been whitewashed, but were now black with dirt, and covered with unsightly excoriations; the room was canopied by the tapestry of time-honored cobwebs that hung suspended from the thatched and crumbling roof; the mud floor was carpeted with nothing but dirt and dust. In one corner, on

a rugged mattress, lay a man, whose Herculean proportions, deep-set dark eyes, and black flowing locks, proved that at one time he had been the possessor of both manliness and beauty. But the form was now bony and attenuated; the hair a mass of tangled filth; and the eyes gleamed forth from their sunken sockets, with the lurid intensity of dying despair. Near to this bed of misery, on an old box, sat a common-looking woman, placed in charge of the invalid by the special direction of Janet, who had only that morning become acquainted with this case of distress, and had then promised the dying man to do her utmost to secure some provision for the child after his death; with what success we already know.

On seeing his visitor enter, the man lifted himself with desperate energy on his elbow, and, glaring at her with his piercing eyes, said in harsh, hoarse tones,

"So you've come at last; you're only just in time, I shall soon be gone. Well, are your lady bountifuls going to take care of the lad?"

"No; I am sorry to say that the rules of the association won't permit our doing anything in a case of this nature."

"Rules! who cares for rules; isn't there something somewhere about a golden rule to do to others as you would be done by? So, this is your boasted charity, like everything else in this world, false, false, false! Thank God, I shall soon be out of it."

Janet had already determined on the course she should pursue, so, unwilling to provoke further the man's excitement, she simply said,

"The boy shall be taken care of; I'll take charge of him myself."

Fixing his eyes upon her, the invalid said,

"I don't believe you; you're only fooling me. Come to me, Teddy."

These last words were addressed to the boy, who, during this conference, had crept up to Janet, and placed his little hand in her's, with the instinctive confidence of childhood.

"I can only tell you," said Janet, "that, on my vow as a Christian woman, what I've promised I shall do."

Steadily looking at her, as though he would penetrate her most secret thoughts, the man at last said,

"Well, I believe you; for a wonder, you look honest. And see here," pulling out an old coat that had served as a pillow, and taking from the breast pocket a small sealed

parcel, "You see this packet? I give it to you; but you must solemnly promise never to open it, unless you marry, or leave the country."

"I promise," replied Janet, taking the packet.

"There, then, Teddy, go to her. Number three, ha! ha! Kiss me, lad. God bless you. Do you hate me?"

"No, father."

"Do you love me?"

"I like you, father."

"You like me; ha, ha, that's good—a slight difference. Well, at all events, you're the only one that does that."

"What must I call him?" asked Janet.

"Call him? ah, to be sure, he must have a name, and remember his is Edwin Edwards. There, now, that affair is done with. Young lady, did you ever see a bad man die? if not, you'll soon have that gratification. I've spent my life in wickedness, and now I'm going,—going, I suppose, to where they say all sinners go. Look here, you are a Christian?"

"I hope so," Janet answered.

"Well, then, if you are one, you won't let a man die without a prayer. God knows, I have need of it. But I want no hypocrisy; say what you mean, or be silent."

The wretched being had now sunk back on the mattress, and it was very evident that death already clasped him with clammy fingers. Now it was that Janet, standing, as she did, by that most awful of all scenes,—the deathbed of a hardened reprobate,—had to rouse all her fortitude, to enable her to withstand and overcome the sensations of horror and disgust she naturally experienced at the exhibition of such black despair and impiety. But the heart of the Christian girl never failed her. Kneeling by the side of that miserable bed, she uttered in low, but thrilling accents, that sublime ascription of praise, that matchless appeal for divine mercy which exists for ever, the model and type of what all prayer should be.

It was over, and she glanced on the bed. The sufferer had clasped his hands tightly; his eyes were convulsively closed. After a few moments, his lips moved, and he gaspingly uttered the words,

"Deliver us from evil, from evil. Oh! fool, fool."

The last words had no sooner passed from his lips than his whole frame was convulsed in an agony, amid which life ceased to exist. The nameless wanderer had passed from the cramped limits of mortality into the gloomy regions of the unknown land.

A VISIT TO A ZULU QUEEN DOWAGER.

A LEAF FROM MY JOURNAL.

On the morning of the 26th of August, and accompanied by about half-a-dozen Zulus as my luggage-bearers, I left the royal palace at Nodwengu. That day's journey was merely to reach iSi-xhlepe,* the residence of Langazane, one of the Queen Dowagers of the Zulu empire. This lady is not King Mpande's mother, as might according to our European notions be supposed; for it is one of the consequences, and perhaps the least unhappy one, of the system of polygamy, as practiced among the Kafir nations, that whilst it divides the paternal affection among a great number of objects, it generally recompenses the offspring by the abundance and variety of maternal protection. Langazane is distinguished above all the relict wives of Mpande's father Sezengukona, by her great intelligence and prudence, and exerts thereby a much greater influence over his majesty than can his own mother, uSoyiya, who resides at the royal kraal at M-lambongwenya (Crocodile River), not far from Nodwengu. In fact, it is a general proverb in the Zulu country to say, "You know that ULangazane is the king." I thought it therefore only due to her royal highness to pay her the attention of a respectful visit before leaving the country.

At first we had to walk back part of the road which had brought us from Intume (Mr. Schreuder's mission station) to Nodwengu. We passed the royal kraal Bulawayo (Being Killed), and through a kloof enclosed by rocks, we reached soon the ford of the iMoolosi River, which is here very easy of passage. The water was nowhere much more than knee deep, and along the right banks of the stream, where we bathed, it scarcely contained sufficient depth of water for an ablution. As my people had finished their dressing in much less time than I did, I sent them on in advance; and I had almost finished my own toilette when a number of young ladies, duly chaperoned by an old woman, and escorted by a man and a boy, came wading through the river. They were daughters of the king, and one of them presented a rather stout figure, with well formed regular features. Their dress was the usual one of the intombis (Kafir maidens); and this seems to be quite the same in Zululand as that of the girls of the Loyalty Islands, which we see pictured

* *Xhl* is a combination of click and aspirated lingual, scarcely pronounceable by a European.

on the frontispiece of Captain Erskine's *Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific, &c.* (London, 1853.)

These princesses came to beg a present from the Umlungu (white man), but unfortunately all my chattels were in front with my people; and as I began pleading my inability to attend to their wishes, the old woman's tongue got suddenly into such quick-set motion, that I was glad to make a rapid escape from her vehement Zulu Billingsgate.

We traveled now across a hilly country, strewn over with erratic rocks and covered with thorns, cactus plants, and euphorbia trees, and after about six miles' march we rested for a little while under the shade of a tree. Here, however, my horse got loose in some way, and remembering the happy days of yore, when it fed on the fine fat pasture in King Mpande's extensive cattle-fold (about one thousand paces in diameter), it made all speed on its way thither, and in fact, it was not before it had reached the iMvolosi, where the rocky banks of the river retarded his speed, that he was caught. This detained us for a considerable time, and so it was already late in the afternoon when we arrived at Si-xhlepeni. This royal kraal is situated considerably higher than Nodwengu, and the country round it is covered with thorn-trees, and looks much older and rougher than Umlubatini, the rich valley of the iMvolosi, in which most of the great royal or regimental kraals of the Zulu nation are situated. The kraal iSi-xhlepe itself, though by far not so large as Nodwengu, is yet of considerable extent.

The entrance of Kafir kraals, wherever they are built, as they usually are, on a slope or hill-side, is invariably at the lower end, and the huts of the principal residents at the upper end. Dismounting therefore at the gate, I sent uMyalira, my Zulu man, with an Induna officer or to whom I had reported myself up to the iSigodhlo or Royal Quarter, to announce my arrival.

In the meantime, my attention was attracted by the doings of a couple of Zulu men, who were industriously employed in tanning skins in a careful and rather ingenious fashion. I was struck with the peculiar manner of their pronunciation, which exhibited strongly the Tefula dialect, which has become fashionable throughout the whole Zulu country, by the powerful influence of uMtelwa. Its most distinctive peculiarity is a mollification of the letter *l*, so as to bring its pronunciation very near to that of the semi-vowel *y*,—in a manner very analogous to that by which the letter *r* in the mouth of a cockney becomes transmuted into *w*.

However, we must leave philological disquisitions, and follow our guide, who has by this time returned.

We found Langazane reclining on her mat as she, like ——, Mpande, and very many other persons of distinction, is almost perpetually ailing. She was dressed in an old red blanket, which seemed to have been once of a superior texture. She is tall of stature, but very stout, and her features are plain, but with an air of considerable intelligence. Almost the very first words we interchanged with her bore reference to the important subject of presents. These were not so considerable as I could have wished; but as she knew how long I had resided at the King's Court, and as she had probably a pretty good idea of the importunity of Zulu grandees, she was soon satisfied when I pleaded the exhaustion of my treasures. She therefore complained of the scarcity of food at iSi-xhlepeni; or, as my attendant had already expressed it in three words, inkosikazi i-ya-lala inhlalae (the queen bewails the famine). However, I had no reason to find fault with what she dished up for dinner. This consisted of an excellent joint of beef from the best part, and well roasted. In general, it may be observed that the Zulu cuisine, particularly in the houses of the higher classes, is by no means bad. One very excellent and favorite method of cooking is steaming meat for hours over a slow fire in very large pots, which are covered over and made air-tight. The manner of serving up and eating food among the aristocratic circles is far from savage. Instead of plates, they use carved wooden dishes, very like a butcher's tray, standing on four small wooden legs. To hold the meat they use little sticks, and they are also glad to receive as presents from the white man, forks, or ameva skue hlaba innyama (thorns for piercing the meat). After the dinner of a Zulu noble, his body servant brings him a basin, either carved out of wood, or handsomely molded from clay, and finely polished. A little girl comes then with a calabash, and pours water over the great man's hands; and instead of soap, a species of soft white clay is presented to him, for removing any grease from the fingers. In fact, the higher classes among the rulers are as cleanly and *au fait* in these respects as could under the circumstances be expected.

To return, however, to our dinner at Queen Langazane's. I should, indeed, have considered that its taste would have been improved by the addition of a little salt and bread. But we had brought at least the best condiment, a good appetite, with us; and having finished our meal with a hearty draught of utishuala, or native beer, we retired for the night, as it already began to become dark.

The following morning, after a frugal breakfast of mealie-meal porridge, and tea without sugar, I called again on her royal highness, and spent a few hours in her hut. The floor was a splendid piece of Zulu workmanship. Its substratum consisted of soil of ant-hills, finely pounded, and stamped down flatly. It had then been smeared over not only with cow-dung, but also with grease, and finally polished with small round stones. Under this process it becomes almost as smooth and even as a looking-glass, and its color a shining black or dark-green. This kind of work requires a great deal of attention, in order to avoid fissures, and takes several weeks for its completion. Yet the floor never becomes so hard as that the nails of a heavy boot would not leave an impression; and it is for this reason that the missionary, Mr. Schreuder, has received the name uMnyateli, the treader, in addition to two other names by which he is known throughout Zululand, viz.: u Yohanesi, *i.e.*, Hans or John, and u Mfudisi, or teacher, missionary.

I exhibited before the old lady the only instrument which accompanied me on my travels, a small azimuth prismatic compass; but she showed quite an old woman's timidity, and would not have the thing come near her, for fear it might bewitch her. Also the lighting of matches, which my people produced, seemed to frighten her. But she showed great anxiety to hear of the origin of blankets and the other good things which the abelungu (white men) imported. She particularly inquired into the manner in which sugar was manufactured, and whether they, the Zulus, might be able to make some for themselves. One of my men was a Natal Kafir, and had seen in that colony sugar plantations, and he was of course better able than myself to describe in Zulu the technicalities connected with the processes of crushing and boiling, &c.

In this conversation, Langazane exhibited much shrewd sense and intelligence. She appeared, besides, very good humored, invited us to take snuff with her royal highness, and seemed quite inclined to enjoy a joke. Her daughter, a princess of perhaps forty years of age, quite as plain, but not by far so intelligent as her mother, was at once offered to the visitor in marriage; a kindness which it was indeed difficult to refuse. But of course the prudent mamma was then fully justified, or at least considered herself so, in demanding that I should at once give a new dress to my little wife; and indeed she rested not till, in addition to the presents which had been given to herself, or distributed among her retinue, this imaginary claim had been fairly satisfied.

Happily a Zulu lady knows nought of flounces, double skirts, or crinolines; her requirements in the matter of dress are abundantly satisfied by a yard or two of plain blue calico.

Miss Langazane, as in ignorance of her real name we will call the princess, is apparently sister to King Mpande; and my people assured me that there were numbers of such princesses who died as old maids, evidently on account of political reasons.

The day over, I was almost beleaguered by multitudes of princes and princesses of royal blood, of all ages and sizes, who are brought up at iSi-xhlepeni, under the superintendence of Langazane. They are called the abantwana (or the children), pl. of umuntwana, a child. This form of the word is, however, restricted by use to the royal children, whilst for the child of a common person, the abbreviated forms umtwana, umtana, and umta are used. These abantwana were generally good looking, and some indeed very handsome. Several of them bore a very striking likeness to King Mpande, their father, and which, it must be acknowledged, would not add much to their beauty. They were very well behaved, and showed to advantage what good breeding, and still more good feeding, could make of the Zulu race. Most of them were accompanied by their mothers, the majority of whom might probably tell an edifying tale of the rise and fall of royal favoritism. Some of these women were already old and worn out, whilst others still retained a great portion of their charms, which for Zulu eyes are much heightened through some amount of roundness and fullness of figure. One, indeed, begged me to be excused for sitting outside of my hut whilst conversing with me, for she was not sure that if she possibly could squeeze herself through the narrow entrance, she could afterwards get out again.

The abantwana and their mammas did not come merely for the purpose of seeing the umlungu (white man), or talking with him; but they were all bent on securing at least some small portion of the fineries, which the abelungu always carry with them, and among which the umgazi (or small blood-red beads), and utambo (small white beads), and still more the inkofunkofu (red worsted stuff, unwoven from scarlet comforters or night-caps), are the most prized.

In order to have some plea for their requisitions, they usually brought some article of food as for sale; for example, in a wooden or earthen pot, some amasi, or sour milk; and in a neat little basket, the accompanying umgaba, or a pudding made of boiled and ground Kafir corn or mealies, which

is mixed with the amasi, and the whole then eaten with a wooden spoon; a most nutritious and palatable food, and that which is most sought after by the traveling umlungu. Others brought bread made of Kafir corn (amabele), or mealies (umbila), either baked in the ashes, or boiled on the top of the mealies, &c. But the quantities which they generally produced were so exceedingly small, that they quite reminded one of the commissariat arrangements of the Liliputians, for the feeding of Capt. Lemuel Gulliver.

In the evening, I paid my last visit to Langazane, in order to take my leave of the inkosikazi (queen), as it was my intention to leave the kraal very early in the morning.

The next forenoon, I passed on my way to Entumeni, close to the old site of Umkungunhlooni, once the royal kraal and residence of Dingani. The trees were still visible which we see pictured and described in Capt. Gardiner's journal. The place in its entire desolation called forth sad reflections. Here it was that Piet Retief with his brave companions was treacherously murdered; and this brutal act followed by the just revenge of the emigrant army, and the burning down of Umkungunhlooni, proved to be the turning point of Zulu glory and authority. And now, with the last son of Sezengakona on its throne, the empire, once the mightiest and most important in South Africa, has sunk down to comparative insignificance; and one can almost count the hours till it will fall hopelessly to its inevitable fate.

B.

OUR WATERING-PLACE.

It is a long time before a man born in Europe becomes accustomed to the complete *bouleversement* of his ideas of seasons in this southern hemisphere. Can this be Christmas? I am not sure that I could persuade myself of the fact if it had not been for an irate epistle from a literary co-laborer (*collaborateur* would have been more "genteel," but I have already ventured on one French word before writing six lines of English) reminding me how close to the end of the month of December we had reached, and I had not yet performed my promise of sketching the place in which I am vegetating. He thinks me lazy, but he is mistaken. It is all the fault of the climate. I could *not* believe that Christmas was at hand while I was feasting on strawberries and cream, or lolling under shady verandahs to keep out the rays of the scorching sun, as I contemplated the grand old ocean tumbling about at my feet, as merry and frolicsome as in the

days of its early youth—whenever that period may have been, for I never like to venture on a fact, chronological or historical, in these days when everything we once believed in is being demonstrated to be utterly false and ridiculous, and children's primers are much more wise and learned than the grave old treatises and chronicles of their grandfathers and grandmothers.

"Our watering-place"—but before I describe it, let me just sketch the last watering-place I visited in England. It was a very large town, and stood on fine bold cliffs, overhanging a fine bold sea. The houses were all the perfection of neatness and cleanliness, and most of them very handsome in appearance. There were stately squares, aristocratic terraces, gay and glittering shops. There was a chain (or suspension) pier, approached by a long walk of asphalte pavement. There were hundreds of bathing-machines arranged in little groups along the beach, and almost hundreds of pleasure-boats, from large cutters to small wherries, ready for hire. People lived in lodgings at ever so many guineas a week, or in splendid hotels, as extensive and gorgeous as palaces. There was a palace, too; but royalty had deserted it, and it had been purchased by the municipality, which let it out for all sorts of purposes, from conjuring to missionary meetings. There was a theatre not much patronized, and concert-rooms, where crack singers, from the London Italian Operas, came down to change their notes into guineas, as some stupid punster said a very long time ago, and which nothing would have induced me to repeat if I could have hit on a better expression myself.

My life (and it was the life of every one else) passed thus. At eight o'clock I rose, and, in a demi-semi-nautical costume, roamed about the beach. At nine or ten I ate a voracious breakfast of all the delicacies of the season. At twelve (up to which time I perhaps yawned over the last and spiciest of new French novels) I went to bathe, paying a shilling for one of the dressing-boxes on wheels called bathing-machines. After this I yawned again for an hour or two, staring sometimes at the sea and sometimes at the pretty girls who really do swarm at this place more than at any other I have ever visited. Luncheon then became an important fact: and after luncheon the news-room stole away another hour. Then another hour (a most reasonable time, good reader, for the purpose) was consumed in doffing the demi-semi-nautical rig, and donning a Bond-street one. When I thought I looked—well, never mind how—the waiter was requested to order the groom to bring the animal that was to have the

honor of carrying me—and my Bond-street clothes. And after keeping the said animal a short time before the hotel-door to be admired by all the men in the coffee-room (for I knew they could not easily find a fault in *him*, whatever they might say of his owner), I mounted and proceeded to join the "gay throng of equestrians," as a newspaper reporter would express it; or, in other words, to canter for a couple of hours up and down the cliffs with perhaps a couple of hundred other horsemen and horsewomen, and amidst a crowd of carriages which could only be surpassed by the still larger crowd on the banks of the Serpentine. At half-past seven or eight (after another toilet, of course), came dinner, and, in the evening, a ball, or a concert, or a quiet rubber. And such was Brighton and Brighton life.

Now for *our* watering-place. We have no streets, no squares, no terraces, and very few houses, and even those few are far from aristocratic in appearance. Their architecture may be described as primitive, affording an interesting illustration of the first step from the hut or hovel to the house, properly so-called. There are also plenty of hovels made of mud, or of reeds, or of wood. Some of them pretend to windows, which generally contain three broken panes to each whole one. Their external ornaments are rows of dried fish, varied by an occasional pair of nether garments drying in the sun.

There are two shops, where tobacco-pipes and fireworks are sold, and perhaps a little cheese and tea. There is an oblong building which bears the name of school-room, and from a view of the interior (which I obtained by peeping through one of the windows, having first rubbed the dirt off a couple of inches of it to enable me to do so) I am inclined to believe that it is intended for educational purposes; but where the pupils are to come from I really cannot imagine. The oblong building does duty as a church on Sundays, but as the service is held at the precise hour when every one dines, I doubt the congregation being extensive.

There is one hotel, where a small boy is *the* waiter, comprising within himself the office of butler, footman, boots, light porter, assistant groom, and under-cook: and, what is more to the purpose, he gets through all his duties very creditably, whistling out of tune all day, and finding time occasionally to rush down to the sea and catch a cat-fish, or crack a few periwinkles. But the hotel has a garden, and the garden has strawberries, and I confess to a weakness for that fruit smothered in cream and sugar.

Art has not done much for our watering-place, but nature

has been much less niggardly. The bold sea at Brighton is tame in comparison with the glorious waves of the Southern Ocean, that come tumbling in and bursting in huge masses of white foam over the jagged rocks. The cliffs of Brighton are poor little hillocks compared with the many-shaped and many-hued mountains that stretch away on all sides—yonder, on the right, retiring and receiving into their arms a portion of the wild waves and hushing them into a placid repose below the little town, whose white houses look so pretty, nestling under the rocky crags: and yonder again, on the left, stretching away far inland on the one side, and on the other undulating in all kinds of fantastic shapes, till they end in a sharp, bluff headland, bidding defiance to all the wild waves in the world.

The sea is of the dark deep blue of the cloudless sky above it. The sun shines in all his glory, though his heat is tempered by the cool breezes that blow over the ocean. The rocks are literally alive with shell-fish of innumerable varieties, molluscs, and creeping sea-insects, of every imaginable color; and in every crevice there are sea-plants as varied in shape and hue as the living sea-creatures. A naturalist might, surely, revel in the enjoyment of these sights; and even I, little learned in such subjects, can look at them for hours with ever fresh delight.

We have no pier at our watering-place, save the natural ones of the rocks at low water. No boats, except fishing-boats redolent of the odor of stale salt-fish; no bathing-machines. There are no riding parties; no carriages; no concerts; no parties; no——yes, there *are* some pretty girls, for how could it be otherwise when the ladies of Cape Town frequent our watering-place?

And now for life at our watering-place. It would sorely puzzle a visitor to Brighton to know how we *can* get through the day in such a place; and yet we contrive to manage it remarkably well. At five o'clock I plunge into the sea, and allow the waves to knock me about as much as they like (and they seem to take a pleasure in hitting me very hard indeed) for a quarter of an hour. I don't pay anything for the privilege, but then it must be confessed that I have no box to dress in—nothing but the rocks for a toilet-table. I believe the ladies also bathe at the same hour, as I occasionally catch sight of a white garment, which seems to be sea-dabbled, fluttering from behind a distant rock, but as I make it a point of honor on such occasions religiously to turn my head away, I only judge from what the lawyers would call circumstantial or presumptive evidence, that the ladies *do* bathe

at about that hour. On one occasion I confess that I had a more direct proof from the fact of some of the gentle sex having taken possession of *my* bathing-place, ignorant, I am sure, of my prior claim to it.

When I return from my bath I take coffee and dress, but neither in the demi-semi-nautical, nor the Bond-street style. All the rest of the morning finds me on the rocks, looking at the queer things they show me, or watching a man in a pair of canvas trowsers and a red shirt, who stands up to his waist in the water, with the breakers occasionally making a clean breach over his head, and fishing by means of a long bamboo (a regular whipstick), with a line which he casts into a kind of whirlpool, where you would fancy that the fishes, if they got into it at all, must be turning sommersaults and playing leap-frog. Yet he succeeds in drawing out Romans and stump-noses, and klip-fish, and I know not what else. The ladies, too, go stooping about looking for shells and sea-weed, and verifying in miniature Leech's pretty picture of "Common Objects on the Sea-shore."

An early dinner, with the freshest of fish and fruit; an afternoon drive in a cart which would throw Brighton into fits; a newspaper and a novel; a nondescript evening meal —something between tea and supper—complete the day, which may seem a very stupid one on paper, but is a very agreeable one in reality, and, to my taste, infinitely better, more amusing, more instructive, and more healthful than any that are spent at gay and brilliant Brighton.

Certainly, I could suggest a few improvements, especially the erection of a few bathing-houses: but altogether, I recommend every one who wishes for fresh air, repose, sea-bathing, and health, to visit "Our Watering-place."

C.

THE COMET.

Royal Observatory, 27th Dec., 1858.

Donati's comet (which should be distinguished as the great comet of 1858) is still visible through a powerful telescope, pursuing its course to distant regions, and now presenting towards the earth a faint nebulous image, without any indication of a tail or other mark to distinguish it from the nebulous patches that abound in the firmament. The light of the next moon will probably mask it from our view altogether, but not before ample data have been left in our hands for laying down its path both within and beyond our sphere of vision.

The observed right ascensions and North Polar distances cannot be reduced with rigorous accuracy, before the positions of the small stars in the path (the milestones) from which its distance was measured, shall have been determined with the meridian instrument; and that cannot be effected until they transit the meridian in the night. In the meantime, we give an abstract of the approximate position of the comet for seven o'clock of each observing evening, from which its path may be traced on a star map, and pricked down with greater precision than the point of the pin will admit of that is employed for the purpose. The right ascensions are in hours, minutes, and seconds of time; the North Polar distances in degrees, minutes, and tenths of minutes in arc.

THOMAS MACLEAR.

OBSERVED RIGHT ASCENSION AND NORTH POLAR DISTANCES OF THE GREAT COMET OF 1858.

	R. A.	N. P. D.		R. A.	N. P. D.
1858.	h. m. s.	° ′	1858.	h. m. s.	° ′
Oct. 11	15·21·51	89·50·3	Nov. 18	18·52·26	138·39·8
12	15·33·26	93·23·5	19	18·54·59	138·55·8
14	15·55·18	100· 5·9	20	18·57·28	139·10·9
15	16· 5·35	103.14·1	21	18·59·54	139·25·4
16	16·15·20	106·10·0	22	19· 2·16	139·39·6
18	16·33·35	111·27·2	26	19·11·31	140·30·6
21	16·57 29	117·52·3	27	19·13·46	140·42·1
22	17· 4·37	119·39·5	28	19·16·0	140·53·4
23	17·11·18	121·17·2	29	19·18·11	141· 4·0
24	17·17·41	122·46·7	Dec. 2	19·24·44	141·34·6
25	17·23·44	124· 8·4	3	19·26·50	141·44·3
26	17·29·27	125·23·5	4	19·28·58	141·53·6
27	17·34·51	126·31·9	5	19·31·4	142· 2·5
28	17·40·0	127·35·1	6	19·33·11	142·11·4
29	17·44·53	128·33·3	7	19·35·15	142·20·0
30	17·49·34	129·27·0	8	19·37·18	142·28·3
31	17·54·4	130·16·4	9	19·39·23	142·36·7
Nov. 1	17·58·22	131· 2·4	10	19·41·25	142·44·8
2	18· 2·28	131·45·0	11	19·43·28	142·52·3
3	18· 6·27	132·24·8	12	19·45·29	142·59·8
4	18·10·22	133· 1·8	13	19·47·31	143· 7·3
5	18·13·52	133·36·3	14	19·49·32	143·14·6
6	18·17·24	134· 8·5	19	19·59·30	143·49·1
7	18·20 48	134·39·1	20	20· 1·29	143·55·9
9	18.27·14	135·34·4	21	20· 3·29	144· 2·5
11	18·33·23	136·23·5	22	20· 5·27	144· 8·9
12	18·36·28	136·46·2	23	20. 7·25	144·15·2
14	18·41·51	137·27·8	24	20· 9·25	144·21 5
15	18·44·35	137·47·1	26	20·13·22	144·33·9
16	18·47·17	138· 5·3	27	20·15·20	144·40·1
17	18·49·54	138·22·6			

LITERARY REVIEW.

Last month, we noticed briefly the publication of the first two volumes of Carlyle's *Frederick the Great.* Since then, the work has reached the Cape, and we need offer no apology for returning to a subject so fascinating, and so loftily instructive. Carlyle has, for the last ten years, held a profound and ominous silence. He has been communing with himself and with the heroisms or the shams of the past; and now, in the volumes before us, he issues forth his grand rugged thoughts,—at times shrouded in oracular ambiguity; oftener, bold, massive, and appealing directly to the innermost consciousness of the times, with all the force of an old Hebrew prophecy.

We shall not attempt here to abridge the story, or recount the innumerable episodes presented to us in this noble book. Our limited space puts any idea of analysing the history of Friedrich, or of his times, entirely out of the question. We prefer, and we believe our readers will thank us for it all the more, to transcribe a few of the more remarkable passages interspersed, in such rich profusion, throughout the work.

Much surprise has been expressed that the German Fritz should ever have been selected by Carlyle as the hero of an historical epic. Carlyle's own reply to this is the most satisfactory:

"Friedrich is by no means one of the perfect demi-gods; and there are various things to be said against him, with good ground. To the last a questionable hero,—with much in him which one could have wished not there; and much wanting which one could have wished. But there is one feature which strikes you at an early period of the inquiry. That in his way he is a reality; that he always means what he speaks; grounds his actions, too, on what he recognises for the truth; and, in short, has nothing whatever of the hypocrite and phantasm."

And then we have the following intensely Carlylesque effusion:

"He that was honest with his existence has always meaning for us, be he king or peasant. He that merely shammed and grimaced with it, however much, and with whatever noise and trumpet-blowing he may have cooked and eaten in the world, cannot long have any. Some men do *cook* enormously (let us call it *cooking* what a man does in obedience to his *hunger* merely to his desires and passions),—roasting whole continents and populations in the flames of war, or rather discord; witness the Napoleon above spoken of. For the appetite of man in that respect is unlimited; in truth, infinite; and the smallest of us could eat the entire Solar Sytem had we the chance given, and then cry like Alexander of Macedon, because we had no more solar systems to cook and eat."

Having selected Friedrich as the "imperfect demi-god" hero of his worship, Carlyle tells us next that—

"One of the grand difficulties in a history of Friedrich is all along the same, that he lived in a century which has no history, and can have little or none. A century which had grown so opulent in accumulated falsities—sad opulence descending on it by inheritance always at compound interest, and always largely increased by fresh acquirement in such immensity of standing capital;—opulent in that bad way as never century before was! Which had no longer the consciousness of being false, so false had it grown; and was so steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone, that in fact the measure of the thing was full, and a French Revolution had to end it. To maintain much veracity in such an element, especially for a king, was no doubt doubly remarkable. But now, how extricate the man from his century? How show the man who is a reality worthy of being seen, and yet keep his century as a hypocrisy worthy of being hidden and forgotten in the due abeyance?"

The difficulty of this task was enhanced by the nature of the raw materials on which the explorer had to work. The Dryasdust accumulations of books and manuscripts on Friedrich's history are such that there is "nothing in nature comparable to them for darkness, dreariness, and immethodic platitudes,"—a wide-spread, inorganic, trackless matter, dismal to your mind, and barren as a continent of Brandenburg sand. Or, as he elsewhere describes them:

"Books done by pedants and tenebrific persons under the name of men, dwelling not on things, but at endless length on the outer husks of things; of unparalleled confusion too; not so much as an index granted you. To the poor half-peck of cinders hidden in these wagon-loads of ashes no sieve allowed!"

Sieve allowed or not, the cinders have been selected from the wagon-loads of ashes, and real live-burning coals they prove to be after all. But apropos of Dryasdust, and the work he so often assumes to himself, and accomplishes after a fashion, unprofitably or worse, we must not omit the following:

"I think all poets, to this hour, are psalmists and iliadists after their sort, and have in them a divine incapacity of living among lies. Likewise, which is a corollary, that the highest Shakespeare producible is properly the fittest historian producible; and that it is frightful to see the *Gelehrte Dummkopf* (which we here may translate *Dryasdust)* doing the function of history, and the Shakespeare and the Goethe neglecting it. "Interpreting events," interpreting the universally visible, entirely *in*dubitable revelation of the Author of this Universe; how can Dryasdust interpret such things, the dark chaotic dullard, who knows the meaning of nothing cosmic or noble, nor ever will know? . . . . Unhappy Dryasdust, thrice unhappy world that takes Dryasdust's reading of the ways of God! But what else was possible? They that could have taught better were engaged in fiddling; for which there are good wages given."

Friedrich's grandfather was Friedrich I. We must here omit all notice of his career, save the ending of it, which occurred in 1712. Carlyle's pictures of the old Friedrich, of Louis XIV, and of Europe generally, at this time, have a grotesqueness of air about them approaching to caricature. But the outlines are sketched with such boldness, power, and truth, as few dilletanti picture-mongers are equal to now. Our extracts, in illustration of this, must be brief:

"Old King Friedrich I had not much more to do in the world after witnessing the christening of his grandson of like name. His leading forth, or sending forth, of troops, his multiplex negotiations, solemn ceremonials, sad changes of ministry, sometimes transacted 'with tears,' are mostly ended; the ever-whirling dust-vortex of intrigues, of which he has been the centre for five-and-twenty years, is settling down finally towards everlasting rest. . . . . Much is ended. They are doing the sorrowful Treaty of Utrecht; Louis XIV himself is ending, mournfully shrunk into the corner with his missal and his Maintenon,—looking back, with just horror, on Europe, four times set a-blaze for the sake of one poor mortal in big periwig, to no purpose. Lucky, if perhaps missal-work, orthodox litanies, and even Protestant dragonades, can have virtue to wipe out such a score against a man. Unhappy Louis: the sunbright gold has become dim as copper; we rose in storms, and we are setting in watery clouds."

And then succeeds what might have done service to John Bright in his great anti-balance-of-power speech at Birmingham in October last:

"The English, always a wonderful nation, fought and subsidied from side to side of Europe, for this Spanish-succession business; fought ten years, such fighting as they never did before or since, under "John, Duke of Marlborough,' who, as is well known, 'beat the French thorough and thorough.' French entirely beaten at last, not without heroic difficulty, and as noble talent as was ever shown in diplomacy and war are ready to do your will in all things; in this of giving up Spain, among others: whereupon the English turn round with a sudden new thought, 'No, we will not have our *will* done; it shall be the other way, the way it *was*, now that we bethink ourselves after all this fighting for our will!' And make peace on those terms, as if no war had been, and accuse the great Marlborough of many things, of theft for one. A wonderful people; and in their Continental politics (which indeed consist chiefly of subsidies, thrice wonderful. So the Treaty of Utrecht is transacting itself, which that of Rastadt, on the part of Kaiser and Empire unable to get on without subsidies, will have to follow; and after such quantities of powder burnt, and courageous lives wasted, general *As-you-were* is the result arrived at."

Of Friedrich Wilhelm, our hero's father, we have a graphic picture presented thus:

"Conceive a rugged thick-sided squire of supreme degree, for this Squire Western is a hot Hohenzollern, and wears a crown royal,—conceive such a burly *ne plus ultra* of a squire, with his broad based rectitudes and surly irrefragabilities: the honest German instincts of the man, convictions certain as the Fates."

Elsewhere, Carlyle writes of him in unwonted eulogy:

"Strange as it sounds in the republic of letters, we are tempted to call Friedrich Wilhelm a man of genius: genius, fated and promoted to work in national husbandry, not in writing verses or three volume novels. A silent genius. . . . . He goes about exposing platitudes, ripping off futilities, turning deceptions inside out. . . . Honest soul; and he seemed to himself such a stupid fellow; often, no tongue-learning at all; little capable of giving a reason for the hope that was in him; he cannot argue in articulate logic, only in inarticulate bellowings, or worse. He must do a thing, leave it undemonstrated; once done, it will itself tell what kind of thing it is by and by. Men of genius have a hard time, I perceive, whether born on the throne or off it; and must expect contradictions next to unendurable,—the plurality of blockheads being so extreme! I find, except Samuel Johnson, no man of equal veracity with Friedrich Wilhelm in that epoch."

In young Fritz himself, we feel comparatively uninterested yet. He makes his first appearance on the stage thus:

"Friedrich was born in the Palace of Berlin, about noon on the 24th of January, 1712. A male infant, but of great promise and possibility; and thrice and four times welcome to all sovereign and other persons in the Prussian Court and Prussian Realms, in those winter days. His father, they say, was like to have stifled him with his caresses, so overjoyed was the man,—or at least, to have scorched him in the blaze of the fire,—when happily, some much suitabler female nurse snatched this little creature from the rough paternal paws, and saved it for the benefit of Prussia and mankind."

As he grows up to youth and manhood, his education and upbringing are not of the most promising character. Dissipation is his delight, with Voltairism, piping, fiddling, and belles lettres:

"Poor young man," exclaims Carlyle, "he has got into a disastrous course; consorts chiefly with debauched young fellows, as Lieuts. Katte, Keith, and others of their stamp, who led him on ways not pleasant to his father, nor conformable to the laws of this universe. Health, either of body or of mind, is not to be looked for in his present way of life. The bright young soul, with its fine strengths and gifts, wallowing like a young rhinoceros in the mud bath,—some say, it is wholesome for a human soul, not we. . . . . The rhinoceros soul got out; but not uninjured: alas! no, bitterly polluted, tragically dimmed of its finest radiances for the remainder of life."

And there we must leave him now. His training, unhappily, was a different one from what Carlyle recommends that human education should be; and from what even Friedrich Wilhelm dumbly sought for. What that was may be seen in the following magnificent passage. It is not altogether unworthy of notice by the Board of Examiners themselves:

"Human education is not and cannot be a thing of *vocables*. It is a thing of earnest facts; of capabilities developed; of habits established; of dispositions well dealt with; of tendencies confirmed and tendencies repressed;—a laborious separating of the character into two

firmaments, shutting down the subterranean, well down and deep; the earth and waters, and what lies under them; then your everlasting azure sky and unmeasurable depths of æther, hanging serene overhead. . . . To develop the man into doing something; and withal into doing it as the universe and the eternal laws require, which is but another name for really doing and not merely seeming to do it,—that was Friedrich Wilhelm's dumb notion; and it was, I can assure you, very far from being a foolish one, though there was no Latin in it, and much of Prussian pipe-clay."

The noblest chapter in the work is that which sets forth the historical meaning of the Reformation. It is introduced in an historical disquisition, on the progress of the Hohenzollerners and the Teutonic races generally, from the eighth century onward:

"The Reformation was the great event of that sixteenth century,—according as a man did something in that, or did nothing and obstructed doing, has he much claim to memory, or no claim in this age of ours. The Reformation was the audible voice of heaven, to which same 'voice' at that time, all that did not give ear—what has become of them since? Have they not signally had the penalties to pay. . . . . Protestantism or not Protestantism? The question meant everywhere. Is there anything of nobleness in you, O nation! or is there nothing? Are there in this Nation enough of heroic men to venture forward and to battle for God's Truth *versus* the Devil's Falsehood, at the peril of life and more? Men who prefer death, and all else, to living under falsehood,—who once for all will not live under falsehood; but having drawn the sword against it (the time being come for that rare and important step), throw away the scabbard, and can say in pious clearness with their whole soul, 'Come on, then! Life, under falsehood, is not good for me; and we will try it out now. Let it be to the death between us then!' Once risen into this divine white heat of temper, were it only for a season and not again, the nation is thenceforth considerable through all its remaining history. What immensities of *dross* and crypto-poisonous matter will it not burn out of itself in that temperature, in the course of a few years? Witness Cromwell and his Puritans,—making England habitable under the Charles-second terms, for a couple of centuries more."

To some, such burning words as these may savor of rant, or rhapsody of sound and fury, signifying nothing. To the more earnest student who "dwells on things, and not at endless length on the outer husks of things," there is a depth of insight and philosophy in them akin to the product of inspiration itself. Carlyle continues:

"Austria, Spain, Italy, France, Poland,—the offer of the Reformation was made everywhere; and it is curious to see what has become of the nations that would not hear it."

Each is discussed in turn. The description of Italy's fate alone we can find space for here. A nobler piece of writing cannot be met with in the English language:

"Italy, too, had its Protestants; but Italy killed them: managed to extinguish Protestantism. Italy put up silently with practical lies of all kinds; and shrugging its shoulders, preferred going into Dilettantism

and the Fine Arts. The Italians, instead of the sacred service of fact and performance, did music, painting, and the like,—till even that has become impossible for them; and no noble nation, sunk from virtue to *virtù*, ever offered such a spectacle before. He that will prefer Dilettantism in this world for his outfit, shall have it; but all the gods will depart from him, and manful veracity, earnestness of purpose, devout depth of soul shall no more be his. He can, if he like, make himself a soprano, and sing for hire; and probably that is the real goal for him."

France is quoted next as the sharpest-cut example of all. France was within a hair's breadth of becoming actually Protestant, until it saw fit to massacre its Protestantism on the night of St. Bartholomew, 1572. There had to be a Protestantism at last, however, with accounts run up on compound interest to the actual hour, in 1792. And we know of what kind that was.

Before concluding, we must relieve our picture by a few extracts of a different kind, of the ludicrously grotesque aspect. Our space is limited, however, and they must be brief. One of the Potsdam institutions of Friedrich Wilhelm was a smoking club,—*Tabaks Collegium*, or Tabagie, as it was otherwise called. Here, in rude unceremonious fashion, were held some of the greatest councils of the state, and policies were devised and matured in it of the highest moment. Carlyle calls it a Tobacco Parliament, and eulogizes it in terms which the Anti-tobacco-smoking Society would deem wildly mischievous, thus :

Tobacco smoke is the one element in which, by our European manners, men can sit silent without embarrassment, and where no man is bound to speak one word more than he has actually and veritably got to say. Nay, rather every man is admonished and enjoined by the laws of honor, and even of personal ease, to stop short of that point; at all events, to hold his peace and take to his pipe again the instant he has spoken his meaning, if he chances to have any. The results of which salutary practice, if introduced into Constitutional Parliaments, might evidently be incalculable."

Might not our own colonial parliament take Carlyle's hint, and try the experiment so well approved by Friedrich. The excessive talk of honorable members might be repressed by it, and from the golden silence of which Carlyle is so ardent an admirer thoughts and actions might evolve, worthy like Friedrich's of even Carlyle's eulogy.

Among the frequenters of this royal club at Potsdam was Doctor Gundling, last evanescent phasis of the court fool species. A man with sublimer stores of long-eared learning and omniscience—man more destitute of mother wit, was nowhere to be met with. " The sublime long-eared erudition of him was not to be contested,—manifest to everybody :

thrice and four times manifest to himself in the first place: much given to liquor too."

Here is a picture of Gundling in his robes and fineries:

"Superfine scarlet coat, gold button-holes, black velvet facings, and embroideries without end; straw colored breeches, red silk stockings, with probably blue clocks to them, and shoes with red heels; on his learned head sat an immense cloud periwig of goat's hair (the man now growing towards fifty), in the hat a red feather. In this guise he walked the streets, the gold key of *Kammerherr* (Chamberlain) conspicuously hanging at his coat-breast, and looked proudly down upon the world when sober. Alas! he was not often sober; and fiends in human shape were ready enough to take advantage of his unguarded situation."

One of the most grotesquely amusing chapters of the book is that which recounts the wild pranks and Houynhnm horseplay the courtiers of Friedrich, and truth to say, Friedrich himself, had with drunken Gundling. We can only allude here to one instance:

"Once at Wusterhausen, staggering blind drunk, out of the Schloss towards his lair, the sentries at the bridge (instigated to it by the Houynhnms, who look on) pretend to fasten some military blame on him. Why has he omitted or committed so and so? Gundling's drunken answer is unsatisfactory. 'Arrest Herr Kammerrath! is it to be that, then?' They hustle him about among the bears which lodge there,—at length they lay him horizontally across two ropes, take to swinging him hither and thither, up and down, across the black Acherontic ditch, which is frozen over, it being the dead of winter: one of the ropes, *lower* rope, breaks; Gundling comes souse upon the ice with his sitting part; breaks a big hole in the ice, and scarcely with legs, arms, and the remaining rope, can he be got out undrowned. If with natural indignation he shut his door, and refuse to come to the Tabagie, they knock in a panel of his door, and force him out with crackers, fireworks, rockets, and malodorous projectiles. Once the poor blockhead, becoming human for a moment, went clean away to Halle, where his brother was, or to some safer place; but the due inveiglement, sublime apologies, increase of titles, salares, were used, and Gundling was got back."

Our notice of the volumes before us has necessarily been very cursory and imperfect. We trust we have advanced sufficient to send our readers to the work itself. A book more boldly thoughtful, suggestive, earnest, and withal, intensely practical—to those who can get at the true meaning of it, has not seen the light for many a year.

The other publications which we can find room to notice in the present number are of colonial origin. We can do no more than merely announce their appearance. There is, first, *The Settler's Guide to the Cape of Good Hope and Natal*, compiled by a London editor, from papers and statistics collected by Mr. Irons, the late secretary of the Mechanics' Institute, Cape Town. It is a neat, compact volume of 230

pages, and contains a great deal of very valuable information respecting South Africa generally, and the prospects it holds forth to European immigrants in particular.

The next is *The Cape Postal Guide*, published a few days ago in Cape Town. It is prepared under the authority of the Government, and the information it furnishes may be relied on as accurate in every detail. It will be found indispensable to public officers, to mercantile men of every grade, and to travelers in particular. We shall refer to it and to the *Settler's Guide* at greater length in a future number.

The *Cape of Good Hope Almanac*, compiled by Mr. B. van de Saudt de Villiers, and the *Almanac, Diary, and Bill-due Book*, prepared by Mr. Solomon, have both made their appearance punctually with the new year. Their acknowledged worth as standard annuals is already too generally acknowledged to require any additional commendation from us.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

Another year has passed away, and although marked with no actual disaster, has certainly been one of more commercial dullness and inactivity than we have been accustomed to of late. The events which occurred in Europe during the months of October and November, 1857, naturally caused much disquietude and uneasiness in the minds of business men in every part of the world, and the Cape shared in this feeling. Nor was it to be wondered at. The whole fabric of commercial stability seemed shaken and tottering to its base; and we have since learnt that the relief consequent upon the suspension of the Bank Charter actually saved the very first houses from succumbing to the unwonted pressure. A delay of twenty-four hours might have ruined all.

Immediately following the relief which was then experienced, came, however, the certainty that produce would only be purchased according to immediate requirements, literally, as the phrase goes, "from hand to mouth;" that excessive caution would follow the speculation which had hitherto been rampant, and that operations would be restricted, by purchasers taking parcels of produce only as they found they had the money to pay for them. Then came the depression in the prices of wool, hides, skins, wine, and other produce. Mail after mail brought intelligence to shippers of the continued lowering of the London market for our colonial exports, and we have very much reason to congratulate our fellow-colonists, that the loss (for loss, unquestionably, there was, and that of a very considerable amount) has been apparently so well borne by the respective shippers. May a similar loss, and a recurrence of such natural anxiety, be averted from those interested in the trade of the colony for many, many years.

The amount of importations has been very much increased, in Cape

Town, during the past twelve months; whilst that into Port Elizabeth appears to have decreased considerably. This may be accounted for by the fact that the principal article of export from the Eastern Province (wool) has suffered much from the depression of the English markets, and that it has little or nothing else to ship; and consequently, that the tradesmen of the interior towns have been wisely restricting their purchases of manufactures, &c., according to the means which they have of paying for them in produce. The result of the November wool sales will again put them in spirits; and we fully expect that the year 1859 will see the Customs duties levied at Port Elizabeth resume their original place in the statement of revenue of the colony. It is very pleasing to remark that the press of the Western Province has not taken occasion to make any allusions to this apparent falling off in the trade of the sister province. We point this out for the imitation of the latter, when they shall have recovered their former position.

Shipping has been plentiful from the commencement of the year, and there are few nations that can boast of a mercantile marine at all whose flags have not been seen waving over ships in Table or Simon's Bays. Freights have been wretchedly low during this entire period; but as this has been the case in loading ports everywhere, the owners and captains of vessels have often considered it to be more politic to obtain cargoes here, rather than run the risk of obtaining a less rate of freight at the termination of a still longer voyage. Money has been generally very easy; and the banks have, by some means or other, succeeded in making their usual profits, without appearing to have been furnished with the ordinary amount of bills for discount.

Exchange on London ruled low during the first four months of the year 1858, subsequently to which, a gradual rise took place, until private paper at 90 days' sight was placed at par, or equal to 1 % premium for 30 days' sight bills, at which rate it now rules. We expect that the railway and other contracts will materially alter the question of exchanges, as money will be required from England for many purposes.

REPORT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM,

FOR THE MONTHS OF OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, AND DECEMBER.

The following are amongst the principal donations that have been received during the last three months; an enumeration of all that has come in, would occupy too much space in the pages of this periodical, and we are therefore compelled to name only those of special value.

W. Cairncross, Esq., sen., Swellendam: A box of choice birds, several of which have filled up some blanks, and have already been mounted.

Dr. Graaf, Somerset (West): Two genettes.

Lady Grey: Specimen mounted, of *Galago Moholi*, Smith. This is a most valuable contribution. The animal is very scarce, nocturnal

in its habits, and only found in the interior. It is one of the species discovered by the expedition fitted out by the South African Association. The present specimen was for some time alive in Lady Grey's possession, when we had the pleasure of seeing it, and personally viewing its most wonderful powers of leaping; its bounds more resembling the short flight of a bird than the leap of an animal.

A. E. Coleridge, Esq.: Bheel bow and quiver of arrows; also a matchlock—man's belt and accoutrements.

— Cowen, Esq.: Chamber nest of large spider *(Mygale ——— ?)* with trap door. This is a very interesting subject of insect architecture.

Mr. George Stevens: Esquimaux fishing-net, made from the sinews of deer.

Lady F. Grey: Bows and arrows, captured by the Portuguese army at the battle of Mazan, from the rebels (Marianos); bows and arrows taken at Eushamœale; shells found, 18° 17′ S.; shells from Eushamœale; cotton and flower from village of Antonio Lonance, lat. 17° 45′ 10″ S.; musical instruments procured at Chupanja, lat. 18° 1 S.; lignum vitæ, from Chupanja; gum elastica (India rubber), brought from Tette, to be found near Chupanja and surrounding country; sand, from island at entrance (forming the bar), of Catherina Bay; sand (containing minerals), from lat. 18° 40′ S., four or five miles east of Muzelo River; fibre from a tree which grows near the water's edge of the rivers Konjoni and Catherina, from which the natives manufacture coarse cloth, fishing lines, &c.; *Paludina*——(?), from River Shori, Morambelu Mountain, N. 25°, E. 5′ or 6′; walking-stick, manufactured by natives of Chupanja, from wood indigenous to the place; pipe for smoking, used by natives at Eushmœale; teeth from a female hippopotamus, shot by Dr. Kirk, attached to Dr. Livingstone's expedition; knife worn by the natives at Chupanja; sheath made from lignum vitæ; tobacco grown at Tette; shells; tooth of a deer petrified. The various articles here enumerated, were procured by Mr. Cooke, of H. M. S. *Lynx*, in the neighborhood of the Zambezi.

Besides these, Lady Grey has forwarded various articles of Madagascar manufacture: such as knives and spoons of iron and horn, straw hats of beautiful texture, water vessels, in earthenware, &c. &c., and some valuable shells from the interior of the island.

The cases alluded to in a previous report, as having been despatched by Mr. R. Moffatt, jun., have also come safe to hand, and our best thanks are due to our many friends on the Orange River, and at Hope Town, Graaff-Reinet, or elsewhere, who have assisted in forwarding them to their destination.

We regret to have to announce, that many of the specimens have suffered severely from the dermestes, some of the finest having been thus destroyed; but the additions to our collection are very large, of most interesting kinds, and which could never have been procured elsewhere. We must particularly notice the large vultures, the Latakoo tiger-cat, several new ichneumons *(Herpestis, Cynictis)*, and moles (*Bathgergus*), and several smaller mammalia. Many of the birds are likewise of great value to us, as representing in the Museum the species figured by Dr. Andrew Smith, in his "Zoology of South Africa." The bones contain sixty-eight species of birds, and thirty-six species of mammalia, in all 255 specimens.

Messrs. Short and Stewart, Zuurberg: A box of birds from that neighborhood.

We have much pleasure in announcing that most of the birds presented by Messrs. W. Berg, A. de Pass, S. Bushell, and Fairholme,

of Her Majesty's navy, and by the museum of the Royal Asiatic Society of Calcutta, amounting to nearly 250 specimens, have been mounted during the last three months. Among them are specimens from Singapore, Australia, Australasia, North America, India, &c., &c. Besides these, numerous birds and animals from our stock, contributed by various kind correspondents, have also been set up, and we only await the arrival of the glass for the new case, of the despatch of which, per *Coral Queen*, we have received notice, to commence to arrange the whole in a proper series. The accompanying letter from Professor Agassiz will speak for itself. In a country where spirit is so cheap, we are sure that we have only to beg our friends to co-operate with us, in supplying the wants of this eminent naturalist, from whom we may expect great assistance. Any specimens of our smaller animals, birds, and reptilia, in spirits, will be thankfully received.

Cambridge, Mass, 26th Oct., 1858.

"Dear Sir,—My friend Mr. Hunnewell has communicated to me your interesting letter, and I accept gladly your offer of exchanges. Had I heard of the departure of the vessel which is to bring you this letter, a few days earlier, I would at once have made out a collection of specimens for you, and in that way made a beginning for a substantial intercourse. As it is, I have only time to say, that anything from your part will be welcome to me, from mammalia to polyps. I would only say that I prefer specimens preserved in alcohol to dried ones, and that for years past I have been in the habit of preserving even mammalia and birds, up to the size of a cat and of a hen, in that way, only resorting to stuffed specimens for the larger quadrupeds. Mere skins are too little instructive to answer the requirements of modern science. Moreover, the collecting of alcoholic specimens takes much less time. The only precaution necessary to preserve some tolerably large specimens in alcohol is, to inject pure alcohol through the mouth, and through an opening into the abdominal cavity. In that way, specimens are fit to be dissected at all times. If alcohol is too expensive with you, I shall hereafter forward you a sufficient supply. By staining it with a strong solution of soap, which, by the way, assists in preserving the colors, you may be able to pass it through the custom house without charge, as a preparation for preserving specimens. In that condition it is, at all events, unfit for mercantile uses. The only precaution to be taken in packing alcoholic specimens, is to put up the smaller specimens by themselves in smaller vessels, and to keep apart the more brittle ones, such as crustacea, sea-urchins, and the like. If you have not tried it before, you would be astonished to see how much better specimens look preserved in that way than dried; and even when it is desirable to have dried ones, they keep better having been soaked in alcohol, as they are just relieved of the water they may contain, and cease to be hygrometric. Most of the sea-urchins you find deprived of their spines in museums, have lost them from no other cause than that.

"Allow me to repeat that anything you may feel inclined to send me will be equally welcome. The only preference I feel, however, is for fishes, and more especially the fresh water kinds; and for Echinoderms, also reptiles, turtles especially. Among insects, the Lepidoptera, in preference to others; among Molluscs, the bivalves, with the animal in the shell in alcohol. I can offer you your choice of my innumerable duplicates of all classes.

"Yours, very truly,

"E. L. Layard, Curator." "L. Agassiz.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR NOVEMBER, 1858.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Fah.	Thermometers.				Dew Point.	Humid. of Air. Sat. = 100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Force.	Direction.		
Nov.	inch.	°	°	°	°			inch.			inch.	
1	29·889	70·14	60·12	77·2	59·5	52·60	55·4	29·488	1·4	SbW ½ W		5·7
2	29·832	70·30	61·58	88·0	58·2	55·36	63·8	29·392	1·1	W		6·8
3	30·064	66·08	60·68	72·0	60·0	56·38	71 8	29·608	2·2	SSW ½ W		5·9
4	30·085	67·06	60·74	72·8	60·0	55 82	68·4	29·639	4·4	S ½ E		0·5
5	30·057	68·72	59·88	77·0	63·3	53·06	58·2	29·652	4·7	S		0·2
6	29·930	69·68	61·80	83·0	59·0	55·92	63·4	29·482	1·3	S b E		2·6
7	29·909	69·12	61·60	82·0	59·0	55·98	65·4	29·460	2·2	S W b W		1·5
8	29·908	65·82	60·32	81·0	57·8	56·20	73·4	29·456	1·0	NW b W		4·0
9	29·977	6[illegible]·78	61·16	69·5	60·0	59·02	85·0	29·476	2·3	NW b W		8·8
10	30·014	66·38	61·86	72·8	60·3	58·32	76·6	29·526	1·5	NW b W		8·0
11	30·104	62·66	55·18	75·0	56·0	48·92	61·4	29·755	1·4	S ½ W		1·0
12	30·024	63·02	55·90	70·0	55·0	50·04	63·8	29·663	0·9	SW b S		1·3
13	29·994	66·02	58·38	75·0	58·7	52·30	62·0	29·599	1·0	W		6·2
14	30·101	60·74	53·70	70·7	53·2	47·64	63·0	29·769	0·9	SW		4·8
15	30·242	62·78	54·40	68·7	54·7	47·44	58·8	29·913	1·6	S ½ W		2·7
16	30·051	64·82	57·64	72·2	53·0	51·86	64·2	29·664	1·9	S b E		0·8
17	29·996	65·28	57·60	72·0	56·0	51·44	62·2	29·614	2·1	S ½ E		3·5
18	30·034	64·08	56·46	73·4	56·0	50·28	62·4	29·669	1·3	SSW		2·8
19	29.979	65·90	57·52	74·7	58·2	50·84	59·2	29·606	1·0	S b W ½ W		4·4
20	29·961	66·26	57·34	72·6	58·3	50·24	57·2	29·596	5·6	S ½ E		1·3
21	29·846	67·32	60·70	79·0	56·7	55·62	67 6	29·403	2·8	SW b W		4·0
22	29·839	62·78	59·10	70·0	57·8	56·06	79·6	29·388	1·9	NW b W	0·140	4·9
23	29·806	61·78	57·42	66·0	57·0	53·68	75·4	29·391	2·0	NW b W	·353	7·2
24	29·679	60·90	56·50	68·0	55·7	52·72	75·2	29·281	2·0	NNW	·418	9·6
25	29·963	58·52	53·62	66·5	53·3	49·30	72·6	29·609	1·4	S ½ E	·191	8·6
26	30·207	62·26	53·94	66·8	51·6	46·92	58 0	29·883	2·2	SSW ½ W		6·1
27	30·024	68·08	58 96	78·5	58·0	51·98	59·0	29·631	2·2	SSW		0·2
28	29·965	65·64	59·34	72·2	61·6	54·24	67·2	29·543	5·7	S		2·7
29	30·190	63·36	54·30	69·2	56·8	46·76	55·4	29·870	6·6	S b E ½ E		3·1
30	29·986	71·20	58·08	79·0	60·2	48·36	45·4	29·646	3·4	S b E ½ E		0·8
Mean,	29·989	65·35	58·19	73·83	57·50	52·51	65·03	29·589	2·33	SW ¼ S	Sum,	1·102	3·80

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A M h m 5·34	A.M. h m 9·34	P.M. h m 1·34	P.M. h m 5·34	P.M. h m 9·34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°. inches	29·987	30·003	29·974	29·973	30·007	30·294	29·518
,, Press. of dry air, at 32°. ,,	29·600	29·599	29·559	29·569	29·619	29·968	29·106
Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees	59·65	63·30	72·13	65·56	61·10	87·0	54·4
,, Wet bulb. ,,	55·38	59·54	61·41	58·55	56·09	66·7	51·0
Humidity of the air. p. cent.	75 73	59·23	53·53	64·33	72·33	96·0	29·0
Dew Point. degrees	51·62	52·76	53·54	52·85	51·78	62·3	43·3

Erratum in last month's summary for (Mean direction of Wind) S¼WS read SW¼S.

GEORGE MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE BOARD OF EXAMINERS.

Our object in this paper is simply to give an outline, with very little of note or comment, of what the recently-constituted board of examiners in literature and science have done, and propose to do. The appointment of such a commission is matter for congratulation on the part of all who have at heart the advancement of our colonial community in everything which constitutes the true strength and stability of a people. An institution of this nature seems to us a most appropriate accompaniment of our present social and commercial prosperity, and of the great public works which are either already in progress, or at present under discussion. The present decade of the century will doubtless be regarded in future days as an epoch in the history of this colony. The introduction into the country of representative institutions; the first exhibition among us of the wonders of steam and electricity; the awakening of the long-slumbering spirit of genuine and healthy commercial speculation; the first energetic attempts to develop the resources of the country, and to prove that in respect to communities, as well as to individuals, the condition of healthy life is obedience to the great law of mutual giving and getting—these are among the things which will make the times through which we are now passing to be remembered by those who come after us. In the midst of this increased activity on the part of those who are laboring to develop the natural wealth and promote the commercial prosperity of the colony, it would be a bad omen for its future, if there appeared no corresponding movement among those who are especially concerned with its intellectual and moral progress. The manifest tendency of a purely commercial community is to make immediate utility its final standard of all things. The higher branches of a liberal education are in danger of being neglected for those which have a direct bearing upon the actual business of life. The

education of the man is considered of less importance than the successful training of the merchant. And the Manchester member furnished an exact illustration of the tendency of which we are speaking, when he asserted that he found more that was worth reading in a single copy of the *Times* than in all the books of Thucydides. Whatever is calculated to meet and to weaken this tendency, and to maintain for the higher branches of scholarship their place in the education of our youth, ought to be accepted with thankfulness by all who believe that the mental culture which is gained by patient converse with the great minds of other ages and countries, will enable its possessor to sustain more creditably the manifold relations, and to discharge more efficiently the various duties of human life. We therefore hail with unmingled pleasure the appearance of the report and syllabus published a few weeks ago by the new board of examiners. We believe—indeed, we have reason to know—that its publication is already quickening the energy both of students and of teachers. Young men are calling to mind the days in which they were wont to appreciate the charm of "Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay, and Livy's pictured page," and are furbishing up their somewhat rusty tools, now that a definite object and a well-marked path are before them. Those who are interested in such matters can clearly see that a stimulus of the right kind has been applied to our youth in the announcement of literary honors for diligent students. And our hopes and expectations will be strangely disappointed, if the appointment of this examining board does not hold a foremost place in the list of Sir George Grey's claims upon the gratitude of this colony.

But our object, as we have stated, is to give an outline of the scheme of examinations framed by the board, and approved and confirmed by the Governor: and this we shall now endeavor to do.

The several examinations may be grouped under three general heads:

Of candidates for certificates of competent scholarship.

Of candidates for certificates of proficiency in professional knowledge.

Of candidates for the public service of the colony.

The scheme proposed for the examination of candidates for certificates in arts resembles closely, in its main features, that which is found to work so admirably in the University of London. In that institution there are separate examinations for matriculation, for the degree of Bachelor of Arts and for Master of Arts. Corresponding to these, the board

have instituted a preliminary examination, one for a second-class certificate and one for a first-class certificate. All candidates for certificates must pass the preliminary examination, which will be confined to the following subjects:

1. A grammatical knowledge of the English language.
2. A practical knowledge of arithmetic, including proportion, vulgar and decimal fractions.
3. Descriptive geography, embracing the form, size, and motions of the earth; its natural and artificial divisions.
4. The outlines of English history.

Considering that candidates who present themselves for this examination must have attained the age of sixteen, we think that the test might fairly have been made somewhat more severe. As a general rule, candidates who pass this examination will proceed to those for certificates in literature and science; and it may fairly be presumed that at the age of sixteen they have made considerably greater progress towards the scholarship required at these examinations than is indicated in the subjects above mentioned. The addition to the list of a Book of Euclid, of the elements of algebra, and of an easy Latin author, would, in our opinion, be a material improvement. An objection to this would probably arise from the fact that candidates for the public service *must* pass the preliminary examination, and candidates for professional certificates may be required to do so; but, as regards the former, the interval between the two examinations is not fixed; and from the latter it is scarcely too much to expect the evidence of a good school training.

The examination of candidates for the second-class certificate may be fairly compared with that for the B. A. degree in any of the English universities. The subjects in which proficiency is required are, language, literature and history, mathematics, and physical science. In the first of these departments, the examination will be founded upon portions, previously announced, of one Greek and two Latin authors, English constitutional history, the grammatical structure of the English language, and the history of English literature; and any one of the three following languages which the candidate may have selected—Dutch, German, French. The outlines of logic will also form a subject of examination in this department. In mathematics the range of subjects embraces the theory of the fundamental rules of arithmetic, the principal rules of arithmetical algebra, the binomial theorem, equations of the second degree, plane geometry, trigonometry, plane and spherical, co-ordinate geometry, and the conic sections.

In physical science, such portions of the outlines of physical geography or geology as the board shall, from time to time, appoint. No certificate will be granted to any candidate who shall not have obtained one fifth of the marks in each of the three departments, and one third of the aggregate number of marks. This sketch of the examination-subjects for the second-class certificate will sufficiently prove that "the possessor of this certificate, while he may not be eminently distinguished in any one department of knowledge, would justly be esteemed a creditably-educated man."

For the first-class certificate, it was originally proposed to examine candidates in all the branches which are included in the second-class syllabus, raising the standard of requirement in each department. This plan was afterwards, and, as appears to us, most judiciously, abandoned. The manifest result of an attempt to exact very high and accurate scholarship in these several departments would be eminence in none, and a low mediocrity in some. In the decision and sentiments expressed in the following extract from the report of the board we very heartily concur:

> The board have, after much careful consideration of the matter, come to the conclusion that it would not be desirable, for the purposes of the first-class certificate in literature and science, to raise the standard of requirement in all the branches of learning which are included in the syllabus for the second-class certificate. It was their unanimous opinion that, after moderate general scholarship had been testified by the possession of the second-class certificate, it would be preferable that the labors of the mind should be directed to the branches of study which were most congenial to the tastes and aptitudes of the individual student; and that excellence in one of the special departments of knowledge, instead of mediocrity in all, should be secured, as the legitimate result of this direction of the intellect into its proper channel.
>
> The division into departments, any one of which may be selected by the candidate for a first-class certificate as that in which he would prefer examination, is the following:
>
> 1. Language, literature, and history.
> 2. Mathematics and natural philosophy.
> 3. Physical science, including natural history and botany.
>
> And the syllabus for the first class has been arranged in such a manner, that the candidate must show highly creditable acquirements in the department which he may have selected, in order to be entitled to this certificate. The board are confirmed in the view which they have adopted of the relative positions of the first and second-class certificates by the example of the London University, by the regulations of which, while the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts requires proficiency to a certain extent in the three departments of mathematics, classics, and logic, with moral philosophy, &c., a competent knowledge of one of these departments only is demanded of candidates for the degree of Master of Arts, the range in this particular department being greatly enlarged, and the examination itself made far more severe.

The course of reading through which candidates for this

certificate must pass is very extensive; and the man who is qualified to pass the examination would hold no mean position at any university. We need not give the list of subjects; it would occupy more space than we can afford. Those who have looked at the range of subjects embraced by this examination will understand that the holder of a first-class certificate must be a man thoroughly well read in the department of learning to which he has devoted himself. The aggregate minimum of marks in any department is fixed at two thousand, the maximum being five thousand.

We trust that the board will reconsider the rule which makes it imperative on candidates for any prize or exhibition attached to the first-class certificate, to "present themselves at the annual examination for such prize, bursary, or exhibition which immediately succeeds that at which they obtained their second-class or pass certificate." If the second-class examination is a pretty thorough test of a student's attainments at the time, the interval of one year is far too small to represent the difference between, say, the classical scholarship implied in the lower and that required for the higher examination. Two years would be better than one, and three than either.

The board propose to give professional certificates to candidates who distinguish themselves in law and jurisprudence, land-surveying, the theory of civil engineering, and navigation. In the department of law, there will be, as in arts, a first and second-class certificate. The former entitles its holder to the privilege of practice at the bar: the latter "relieves students who intend to become attorneys of the Supreme Court of two years of their clerkship under articles." And the other professional certificates "give a recognized position to civil engineers, surveyors, and masters of ships, and possess a value proportioned to the difficulty of their attainment." The public service examination is made somewhat more severe than it has hitherto been. In addition to the usual examination in English, arithmetic, geography, &c., the elements of algebra and of geometry are required, together with some knowledge of Latin and one modern language (French, Dutch, or German). This examination will be held twice a year, and successful candidates arranged in three divisions, according to merit.

As the possession of a professional certificate, and of that which secures employment in the public service, is a substantial benefit to the holder, the board have not considered it necessary to hold out any further inducement, in the shape of prizes or bursaries; but with regard to candidates for the

certificates in arts, the unanimous feeling of the members is that prizes and scholarships must be set up for competition, if the full benefits of the institution are to be gained. We believe that few will take exception to the following:

Unless some measures be adopted by which pecuniary rewards of the nature suggested shall be offered to successful candidates, the board feel bound to state that, in their opinion, the portion of the scheme which relates to the encouragement of general learning—perhaps the most valuable portion, as being of universal and not merely of professional utility—is far more likely to fail than to be successful. If the liberality of the government and the legislature be judiciously extended to this object, we feel justified in entertaining a sanguine hope that the labors of the board will prove of lasting benefit to the colony.

From this brief and imperfect outline, our readers will be able to appreciate to some extent the labors in which the board have already been engaged, and the importance of the work which has thus been initiated. We may reasonably hope that the Board of Examiners is the nucleus of a future South African University. The influence which the appointment of such an examining commission must exert upon all the departments of education in the colony cannot easily be overstated. And we take leave of the subject, for the present, with an expression of hearty satisfaction at the evidence which we have that in the midst of material progress we are not forgetting the claims of our higher being; that we have among the leaders of our thought men who would gladly turn aside from the noisy tumult of the outward world, to the serene and ideal attractions of the intellectual life.

A TRIP TO THE KNYSNA.

BY E. L. LAYARD, ESQ.

PART II.

ACCOMPANIED by Mr. N., who undertook to be our pilot and guide us to our destination, we rode over to the Knysna. The first part of our journey lay over the elevated plateau which stretches away from the summit of the cliffs that beetle over the southern ocean to the base of the hills which run in ridges parallel to the sea-coast, and through which the Long Kloof affords the means of access to the Uitenhage district.

This remarkable plateau must strike the most careless eye. Imagine a gently undulating plain, stretching for miles on either hand, broken here and there by stupendous gullies,

with almost perpendicular sides. Through these meander the rivers that here debouch into the ocean. The Keurboom, the Peetowa, the Pisang, &c., occupy some of the largest; while the smaller are tenanted each by its lesser brook, tributary to the main streams. There is certainly no lack of water in this favored region. In fact, on the top of the plateau we constantly came upon little green vleys, supplied from never-failing springs, which would have gladdened the heart of many a farmer in the parched and arid districts of other parts of the colony.

The secret of these running streams may be found in the fact that the sides of these ravines are covered with a profuse vegetation. Fine yellow-wood trees rear their stately heads, hoar with bunches of a grey lichen,—a species of orchilla, we believe, which affects them more than any other denizen of the forest. Some of the bolls of these trees cannot measure less than 120 or 140 feet in length, and are as straight as the mast of a man-of-war. Many other forest trees, whose names are to us unknown, also flourish in these woods, and a thick growth of underwood affords a retreat to various animals, such as bush-bucks, blue-bucks, leopards, lynxes, and smaller creatures, besides the birds for which this district has long been celebrated. In them we first heard the clear whistle of the golden cuckoo (*Chalcites smaragdineus*), and the no less so norouscall of another, which has caused it to be named by the colonists "Piet my Vrou," this being precisely its note.

The surface of the plateau is what is termed "Zuurveldt," on which we were told merino sheep could not thrive, but which did well enough for southdowns. The "veldt" * is, however, manifestly improving,—thanks to burning and cropping. We are no advocates for burning, however, in the indiscriminate manner in which it is practiced in the colony; and to it we attribute the great want of trees and the consequent lack of water. Our inquiries have frequently brought us the information that in this or that place there used to run a copious stream, but that a fire having burnt off all the trees, small though they were, that filled the water-course, the supply became less and less, and, finally, quite ceased.

We cannot help regarding this plateau as one of a series of steps into which this country is broken up. First, we

* Literally, the "field;" *i. e.*, the grass of the field. Coarse rank grass is here termed "zuur," or sour. This note is of course intended for the information of any stranger into whose hands this magazine may fall.

have the L'Agulhas bank, then the plateau in question, then the flat-topped mountains, more broken than either of the former, but still, when seen from a distance, preserving a pretty uniform level.

But to return to our journey. Our first halting-place was by a strip of forest, called the Poort, at the foot of some low hills. Here we found our wagon and assistants, who had come by another route from Plettenberg's Bay, while we had come from Redbourne. We eagerly asked if they had met with any birds, as we ourselves had not seen anything but a kestrel *(Falco rupicolis)* during the whole of the long ride. To our disappointment, we learned that they had not shot, nor indeed seen, anything! Never had we passed over so many miles of country of forest and plain without falling in with specimens.

After taking some food, we saddled up and rode through the poort. Our guide pointed out an eminence on which, during one of our Kafir wars, the Kafirs had encamped, and from which they had pounced upon a party of boers as they made their way through the poort, and slain them to a man. The spot has ever since retained the name of "Slaughter Kop." By the side of the road we put up three of the "pheasants" of this part of the country. They differ from the species which we find down here, being the *Francolinus Nudicollis*. The partridges, also, which are found on the plateau differ from ours, being the "red-wing" *(F. Afer)*, while ours is the "grey" *(F. Levaillantii.)*

After an interesting ride, we ascended the hills which overhang the village of the Knysna, and at once the lake burst on our view. It certainly is a charming scene—the placid waters, the green meadows of the islands, the variegated hues of the forest, and the bare masses of rock, all combine to form a lovely picture. The idea at once struck us that formerly the basin of the Knysna had been a deep lake which had broken through at the "heads," and all our subsequent explorations confirmed this idea.

At a later period, we made several trips up the river that falls into the lake, which is salt, and found that at the period before the "heads" burst asunder the water must have extended back a very long distance, overflowing the low bank on either side of the present narrow stream, on which now stand several farmhouses and nice farms. At one, Westford, there is a most beautiful section, showing the formation of the hills, which consist of innumerable water-worn and rounded pebbles, of all sizes, imbedded in a matrix of sand. We saw this formation in many places, but at no spot better

than here, where a perpendicular face rises from a dark, deep pool of the river.

We found ourselves in good quarters in the hospitable dwelling of the civil commissioner, who was kind enough to press us to remain with him during our stay in the neighborhood, and to which we gladly assented. The house is situated at the entrance of the village on a little hill commanding a fine view of the lake and of "Belvidere," the village on the opposite side, where a pretty little church, built in the early Norman style, stands most provokingly with its ornamental front jammed into a lofty hill and its plain round back facing the lake. And why this? Simply because the founders thought it imperatively necessary to follow the old monkish superstition of turning to the east to pray. We asked the companions with whom we passed the church, if they knew in what direction, eastward, a church ought to stand, if the monkish belief was properly carried out, and found them in happy innocence. So, for the benefit of the many who turn in that direction, and know not why, we may just add that if they will visit an old Roman Catholic church on the early morning of the day appropriated to the saint to whom the church is dedicated they will find the beams of the rising sun fall straight through the chancel window.

The village of the Knysna is pleasantly situated on the rising ground on the eastern shore of the lake, with an extensive flat between it and the water. We understood it was regularly laid out into streets, but as yet the dwellings being only dotted along the lines gives them the appearance of being put down any how and any where. The most conspicuous object is the Dutch Reformed Church, for which, to the great delight of the inhabitants and residents in the district, a minister came with us in the steamer. The English church, a far handsomer and churchlike building, though only half completed, stands lower down the hill than its Dutch neighbor, and has not long been erected. It is designed, we believe, for the chancel of a more imposing edifice. Not far from it is the new school-room, and on the opposite side the civil commissioner's office, magistrate's court, gaol, &c., all under one roof. A gaol is immediately to be erected; indeed, the workmen of the civil engineer's department have already gone to the scene of their labors.

Since the arrival of the civil commissioner, the village and district have been making vast strides towards improvement: and we know of no locality in the colony in which we could

set up our tabernacle with greater prospects of worldly prosperity.

The bugbear at the mouth of the harbor, in the shape of a bar *with nineteen feet of water at the lowest tides*, is beginning to be well known and, consequently, less dreaded; and the recent discovery of a forgotten document shows that out of several hundred vessels that have come into the port only four or five have been lost, and in the majority of cases the catastrophe has occurred from error or want of judgment on the part of the captain. Once within the "heads," the hardest gale that ever blew outside would have little effect upon a vessel under any circumstances. The water runs in deep lanes to the head of the lake, and ships of heavy tonnage may lie close to the shore off the village, and load or unload with facility. A wooden pier might be cheaply and easily constructed with the abundance of timber so near at hand; and we cannot help believing that the day is not far distant when, with the increased facility afforded to the producer by the new road now in process of formation to unite the district with theLong Kloof, a very large proportion of the produce of the inland districts will find its way to the Knysna as the nearest shipping port. We cannot for a moment conceive any one going into Mossel Bay with his vessel in preference to this port. In that, there is a scarcity of wood and water, and in some winds an insecure anchorage. In this, the former may be had of the best quality, and in any quantity for repairs or supply.

The capabilities of this district as a refitting place for vessels may be gathered from the fact that a very large French vessel, the *Ville de Metz*, having lost her rudder in a heavy gale put into Plettenberg's Bay and entirely repaired her damages, with only a sandy beach for a work-shop and in an open roadstead, as compared to the Knysna. Had the capabilities of this harbor been generally known for the last two years, during the heavy gales that have occurred along the coast, many a vessel that put back to the Mauritius in a crippled and dangerous condition, after perilously battling with the elements, might have run in for safety and repairs, and many a vessel that received her damage on this inhospitable coast might have been spared her disaster had she run for the friendly haven offered to her.

A pilot has lately settled on the spot, and we trust that the government may be induced still further to render the port of service to the mercantile marine by the organization of a proper pilot establishment, with a paid pilot and boat's crew, a suitable boat, and the erection of proper beacons.

We fear a light would be too much to look for just at present; but let the first be established on a proper footing and a moderate toll levied on all vessels coming in, and we feel sure that, ere long, an imperative call will be made for a light.

The government must take the initiative in a new colony. At this moment there is not a sufficient inducement to tempt a man to set up as a pilot without engaging in some other description of business, thereby much lessening his efficiency. The knowledge of this, of course, deters captains of vessels from venturing in, and, consequently, the pilot's fees grow less. Thus one cause acts on the other, and each mutually drags the other down.

We suggested to the civil commissioner that he should obtain from the pilot a weekly return, showing the number of the days and hours that the bar was practicable, in and out. This, we feel sure, would do much to augment the public confidence in the harbor. We have heard several skippers say, "Oh, yes, you may get in well enough; but once in, you can't get out."

The intelligent pilot, Mr. Jackson, with whom we conversed a good deal on the subject, fully agreed with us in the utility of the proposed record, and said he would keep such a journal when he went to live at the "heads." And, by the way, this reminds us that this is another reason why the pilot should be placed on the government establishment. That officer and his crew must live a distance of four or five miles from the village, and, consequently, at a manifest disadvantage in following out any business but that immediately belonging to them, and, of course, subject to pay a heavy price for all articles of consumption. The pilot must therefore pay heavy wages to his men and receive but little return in the shape of fees.

We were ignorant of the fact—and it may not be generally known—that the Admiralty owns a large portion of the land on the borders of the lake; and as no use is made of it, it is very detrimental to the interests of the village. An idea was once entertained of building vessels there, and one was actually constructed, by navy artificers, and ready for launching, but from some unexplained cause, though village tradition points strongly to incendiarism, she was burnt as she lay on the stocks; and the Admiralty, in disgust, gave up the project, but not its property.

We hope much from the recent visit of our energetic Admiral; and we trust that the light of better days has dawned on the long-neglected Knysna. The Colonial

Secretary, too, has been seeing with his own eyes; and from this, also, we argue good things.

The Knysna may also date a new era from its separation into a division and the appointment of Mr. Fichat, its present, and first, civil commissioner. Since his arrival, the main street of the village has been converted from a cattle-track, full of mud holes and swamps fraught with danger to man, beast, and vehicle, into a decent, wide, hard road; drains have been cut, hollows filled up, hills leveled; the crooked paths have been made straight, and the rough ones smooth. He has found willing hands to assist him, in Mr. Squibb the respected minister of the parish, Mr. C. L. Stretch the inspector of roads, and Messrs. Horne, Nelson, Rex, McFarlane, and many others, whose names have escaped us. Schools have multiplied, a reading-room and library commenced; and all those minor institutions have been established that give evidence that energetic hearts and hands are up and doing.

We would earnestly recommend this place to future emigrants. Our inquiries led us to believe that one or two tradesmen might find a profitable living on the spot—a blacksmith and a tinsmith for instance. A gunsmith would derive a good income from his trade, particularly if he expended a little capital in a carefully selected stock of ironware, such as locks, tools, saucepans, and culinary articles. The buyers of his hardware would soon find that the wretched home-botching of their rifles and guns would be far better replaced by the efficient repairs of an experienced workman; and the admirer of his rifles would not be long in finding out the want of good tin pots, iron cooking vessels, and decent knives and forks. Urgent requests from our friends to send them writing paper induces us to believe that a small stock of stationery would find a ready sale.

One of our excursions in search of birds led us to Groenvley, one of the lakes. We had been promised "wild fowl innumerable" on this lake. We saw nothing: so the promise was fulfilled; we could *not* number them. A thick bed of reeds surrounds the lake, hiding the water from view, except the spectator stands on an eminence or climbs a tree; and in these whole armies of wild ducks and geese might lie *perdu*. However, as they did not rise at the discharge of our fowling-pieces, which were not idle, we presume they were not there, and not like the Spanish fleet which we

> "Could not see,
> Because 'twas not in sight."

We hunted the margin of the lake, on both sides, for a buck;

but, alas, the fates were against us. The dogs found one, indeed, but we saw him not; so we attacked the golden cuckoos, puff-back bush shrikes (the *cubla* of LeVaillant, *Malaconotus mollissimus,* SWAINSON), the wary *Promerops,* "keikala" of the Dutch colonist, and any other bird that fell in our way. The two days we spent in this neighborhood proved, indeed, the most successful of all our hunting expeditions, we presume from their being carried on in the neighborhood of water. In fact, an old hunter, who has established his quarters at the Knysna for the purpose of procuring and skinning birds, assured me that he had never known such a bad season. He attributed it to the drought, and had struck his tents and gone over into the Gona district for game. He had only procured thirteen golden cuckoos. We got five, and lost as many more in the thick undergrowth.

A break in the cliffs gives a periodical outlet to the waters of some of the lakes; and we feel no hesitation, from its shape and the general appearance of the country, in ascribing to this spot a similar history to that which we believe to have belonged to the basin of the Knysna, namely, an extensive fresh-water lake, which burst its barriers and joined the ocean. At what period this took place we have no certain means of judging, but we should think at a very recent period of the world's history. The tooth of the hippopotamus is frequently turned up by the tiller of the soil as he drives his ploughshare over the rich bottoms that skirt the now contracted lakes; and had the Bushman possessed many durable manufactures, we incline to think that some of them also would have been discovered.

Returning in the early morning from the farm of the venerable old farmer, Meeding, where we slept, we espied a pair of white-headed eagles on a lofty tree, overlooking the lake. Our companion's gun being loaded with buckshot, he volunteered to stalk them, while we deceived them by making a show of riding away. We accordingly put our ruse in execution; and after waiting for some moments in breathless expectation the heavy report of his gun startled the watchful echoes of the lake, and, to our delight, only one eagle soared from its leafy throne. In a few moments more the other, the male, a noble bird, was snugly rolled up in our coat and strapped behind us on the saddle as we jogged merrily along in great good humor with our success. We were not quite so well pleased, however, in the evening when we came to unpack him and found he had disgorged sundry half-digested fish, snakes, and lizards over the collar of our

coat; but we consoled ourselves by reflecting that we had at least learnt a zoological fact and gained an insight into his economy, though at the expense of our garments.

Having previously made arrangements with old Gert Strubel, the most renowned elephant-hunter of the district, we started one morning at the earliest dawn to attack the monarchs of the forest that still hold their state amid the formidable ravines and deep kloofs that bound the eastern side of the district. We saddled up as morning broke, and after a sharp trot along the Plettenberg's Bay road, we turned to the hills overhanging the village and commenced the ascent. In a few moments we entered the thick fog that hung on the hillside, and, at a snail's pace, pursued our way up the devious pathway, now ascending, now descending, now skirting a yawning chasm, rendered more dangerous-looking from the dense mist that rolled down its sides, now pushing on through fields of bush and heath, among which gigantic proteas raised their huge, pink heads. Our lower limbs were dripping wet from the copious showers that fell from every bush as we brushed past them as we rode along; while our beards and hair became spangled with brighter, though more evanescent gems than ever graced the neck of the wealthiest eastern potentate.

On, on, through the mist, whither we hardly knew; up, up, on the hill, how high we hardly cared. Merrily we went, with our hearts full of anticipation and eager for the fray, our rifles well secured in their cases and our powder-flasks stowed away in dry inside pockets. Who cares for cold legs now?—they will be warm enough before the day is out; and then the gallant old tusker, that had been marked to a snug ravine the previous day, how we will pitch the hardened lead into him. Between ourselves, we were doubly anxious to try our hands on an African elephant, for we had long maintained that Gordon Cumming and his African brother sportsmen knew nothing of elephant-shooting; and as we had seen and conversed, in our Indian wanderings, with hunters who had each slain their one thousand, one thousand two hundred, and one thousand five hundred elephants, and had not unsuccessfully tried our own hand, we fancied we knew how to do it, and were fully prepared to demonstrate our theory.

Presently, a pack of yelping dogs, rushing out at our horses' heels, gave us notice of our approach to a human habitation; and the gaunt form of old "Leather-stocking," as we had dubbed our hunter friend Strubel, loomed large through the fog as he stood leaning on his huge *roer*. The

old man gave us a deliberate and searching gaze as we rode up, and the grim muscles of his weather-beaten face relaxed into a satisfied smile, as his eager look passed over our countenances. A few words of friendly greeting were exchanged, and the old man entered into close conversation with a friend who had accompanied us, and, from the glances he threw towards us, we felt we were the subject of the veteran's thoughts.

We afterwards learnt that, having nearly fallen a victim to the failing nerves of a young gentleman, who had previously boasted largely of his prowess, but who left him to do battle with the foe, and ensconsed himself in a tree at a critical moment, the old man had vowed never to accompany strangers to the fight without knowing something of them. He told our friend that he had taken a good look at our eyes, and that he was sure we meant mischief and were accustomed to it.

Alas! mischief we did mean to do, but the only mischief we did was to ourselves; for the drought had rendered the spoor so indistinct that, though we wandered the best part of the day up and down the ravine where the quarry had been last seen, and though we found their recent traces, we could not procure a sight of them; and an unlucky tumble down a small krantz disabling our right arm, we were obliged to return home without our elephant's skin.

We found the face of the country in this direction broken up into numerous hills, separated by deep, wooded kloofs. The trees were, many of them, of great magnitude and closely set together; but, by keeping to the elephant-paths, we managed to get through the underwood, or "fine bush," as it is here termed. The labor of climbing up the krantzes was, however, pretty severe, and not without danger, as our fall showed. Lovely, refreshing mountain-streams leapt and brawled over the rocks, cool and sparkling,—now peeping coyly from beneath a bed of emerald-green ferns, now issuing gravely forth from under the roots of some old gnarled tree, losing themselves in tangled brakes or expanding into dark, black pools. Oh, how our hands grasped in imagination the pliant rod and guided the mimic fly over the dashing water! All in vain; those beauteous streams were waste, and are ignorant of the leap of the speckled trout or silver salmon.

Some days after our unsuccessful elephant hunt, we made an excursion over the Keurboom River into that part of the country bordering on the Grooterivier, in search of buffalo and wild hog, both of which were desiderata for the Museum. We started from Mr. S.'s house, at Plettenberg's Bay, in

company with Mr. H., and after a perilous and nearly fatal attempt to ford the Keurboom River, we finally took our wagon to pieces and conveyed it over in the boat, in sections, swimming the oxen and horses. We rode over a fine, rich pasture country on the summit of the plateau, to which we have before alluded. We crossed some magnificently wooded kloofs and wound round others, and part of our road lay through very fine forest. We finally halted for the night at the cottage belonging to Mr. H., called Woodlands; and here, for the first time, we saw any extent of forest. It lies at the foot of the hills, which rise, range over range, till they culminate in the Cockscomb mountain, or Mount Formosa, a noble peak split into three heads. We spent some hours in the woods looking for birds, but saw nothing new, or much worth shooting. S., who prowled about with his rifle, caught a glimpse of a bluebuck *(Cephalophorus cærulens)*, but nothing more.

Early in the morning, we started for Platbosch; our tent and provisions, packed in a sleigh and drawn by a long span of oxen, traveled slowly over the bush road; and we ourselves, though riding, could not make much greater speed in consequence of the mud-holes, fallen trees, roots, &c., which encumbered the path; but after an hour's tramp we came on the open country again,—another range of the plateau,—and putting our horses to a canter we soon came up with our guide, Piet Yerling, who had preceded us with a whole troop of dogs, of all sorts and sizes.

To our left was the most stupendous ravine we had yet seen, and over the summits of the trees that bounded our view to the right, the southern ocean stretched away till the eye could no longer distinguish the limit where it faded into sky. Winding along the edge of the ravine, we gradually approached the seashore, and at length found ourselves on a neck of land, or spur of the plateau, with a yawning precipice on either hand. Far below, we could distinguish the Groote-rivier, lying idly between its lofty wooded banks, its mouth choked up with the everlasting bar of sand, on which the white line of breakers fell with a dull, heavy roar, which, at our altitude, we could scarcely distinguish. Dismounting, we led our horses down a steep path, which those sagacious brute-engineers, the elephants, had traced out, selecting, as usual with them, the easiest and, indeed, in this instance, only practicable route. We several times forded the river, which here loses itself in a large swamp, and after a fruitless stalk after a pair of wild geese, came to the old bivouac of the last visitors to these solitudes—Colonel Newdigate and

his friends. We found everything as they had left it a year previously; the ashes of their fires lay unscattered by the wind, but in the centre of the heap was deeply impressed the huge footprint of an elephant; a little blue-buck's frontlet and horns were sticking in the boughs that formed the roof of one of the huts, and on the floor of the same lay the remainder of a bag of salt and a lot of potatoes. Piet Yerling, by the way, told us that, during the sojourn of the party there, they were not quite so undisturbed. Having left their huts on a hunting excursion, a party of vagabond Kafirs, hiding in the vicinity, came upon them and carried off their provisions and several little articles left about. We made ourselves snug for the night, and then, sallying out with our guns, sought for some venison for our supper. Luckily, a fine bushbuck ram showed himself within range of S.'s rifle and bit the dust. He was speedily conveyed to our huts, bespoiled of his dappled hide (which will, ere long, be mounted in the South African Museum), and his flesh converted into carbonatjes and biltong.

We sat and chatted over the fires till darkness fell upon the green woods. Yerling said he was sure an elephant was not far off us in the bush, as he had seen fresh tracks, and he fully expected that, with the well-known inquisitiveness of the race, he would pay a visit to our encampment as soon as he saw the light of the fires. Thinking to give him a hearty welcome if he should approach, we lay with our rifles ready at our sides, and one by one dropped off to sleep. How long we slept we know not, but huge buffaloes and mighty elephants mingled with our dreams, and as we vainly endeavored to discharge our gun at a monster, whose *tramp, tramp, tramp* sounded more and more audible, we became sensible of the presence of some animal; the "tramp" of our dreams changed to the gnashing of teeth and a heavy breathing close to our ear. Cautiously grasping our gun and cocking it, we raised ourselves on our elbow and peered through the gloom; the fires had sunk low, and for a moment nothing could be heard but the heavy breathing of the sleepers. We felt our heart beat violently, and our thoughts recurred to the fresh footprints of a leopard, which we had traced along the strand, close to our resting-place. A smouldering brand dropped into the ashes and a tiny flame shot up and illumined the darkness. We had laid our head against the provision basket, and there, buried up to the shoulders amid cold tongues, sausages, and good things, cowered one of Yerling's famished dogs. To pounce upon him, cuff, shake, and abuse him was the work of an instant. Up started the scared

sleepers, out leapt gun-barrels from under snug blankets. "What is it? who is it? waar is de olifant?" and then shouts of laughter as we still indignantly belabored the culprit, now rendered visible by the replenished fire. We threw him off, but on his dismissal he darted on our remaining tongue, and bore it off into the gloom triumphantly!

Next morning, we ascended the Platbosch side of the stream, and after a tussle with three porcupines, of which two were killed, not, however, without filling our dogs with quills, we came upon fresh spoors of buffalo, but again the fates were adverse; the intense heat prevented our dogs from following the scent, and the parched ground refused to carry a tell-tale mark.

This was our last expedition of any magnitude; and having bargained with Yerling and old "Leather-stocking" to shoot both buffalo and elephant and skin them for the Museum, we retraced our steps homeward with invigorated frames and renewed health; and we would heartily recommend a similar trip to any one who, like ourselves, is suffering from the confinement of an office and its consequent evils.

There is no doubt but that the Knysna is THE watering-place of South Africa,—at least, of this western end of it. Kalk Bay forsooth! Kalk Bay can no more be compared to it than Capel ditch to the Thames. One lung full of Knysna air is worth a week at Kalk Bay; and then the walks, the rides, the boating, the fishing, the enchanting, romantic picnic spots, the lovely views for the sketcher, the ferns for the collector, the plants for the botanist, the insects for the entomologist, and birds for the ornithologist; for though *we* were disappointed with our spoils, they would appear large to the dweller in Africa. S. might well say "Indian sport spoils one for the rest of the world."

Even at the worst, there is *something* to be done at the Knysna, *nothing* at Kalk Bay. A boarding-house has just been opened there, and if the agents of the trim little *Zulu* can be persuaded to lower their rather exorbitant fares, * and call regularly at the port, we shall live to see an African Brighton, and, perhaps, a second Pavilion on the leafy shores of the Knysna.

* We really think that the agents might diminish the fares and reduce their table, which is sumptuous,—too much so, we cannot help thinking. It is a strange thing that an Englishman who lives frugally at home, no sooner sets his foot, if even for a day, on board a ship, but he fancies himself entitled to eat like an alderman. Good roast beef and mutton are not good enough for him. Oh no! nothing under French dishes and French wines, &c. We confess to a malicious pleasure in seeing such a man—looking at the fishes.

THE KNYSNA AS A HARBOR.*

The entrance to the Knysna River, coming from the westward, is easily distinguished by a remarkable hummock just to the westward of it, and by the three hills among the distant mountains at the back, as shown in the sketch in Walker's chart. The harbor appears to be particularly good, for any vessel not drawing more than sixteen feet, there being eighteen feet on the bar at low water springtides,—the rise and fall is five feet. The best time for crossing the bar in a steamer is at half ebb, but in a sailing vessel it is advisable to enter with the flood, in case of being becalmed by the cliffs when actually on the bar. The passage is not more than a cable's length in breadth, and the rocks on the eastern shore make it necessary to keep the western shore well on board. By having a beacon on Fountain Point and another on Steenbok Island, so as to show the fairway, there would be no difficulty for any one attempting the passage. Once across the bar, the water is so smooth that all danger is over. A buoy placed on the end of the spit would keep a vessel clear of that. Leaving the buoy close on the starboard hand, she might run up, never having less than from twenty-one to twenty-four, sometimes thirty-six to forty feet, till she opens the creek running up to the village of Melville.

The following simple directions would take any vessel. not drawing more than sixteen feet in perfect safety to a good anchorage:

On approaching the Knysna, bring the mouth of the river well open and steer straight in, with Fountain Point bearing N. 26° E. by compass, which will keep you well over on the western shore, and will never give you less than twenty feet at half-tide. When the buoy on the end of the spit (left by H.M.S. *Hermes*) bears N. 10° W. by compass, steer for it, leaving it close on the starboard hand, then keep along the line of deep water (perfectly plain to the eye), taking care not to get into less than twenty feet, until you have Fountain Point S. 12° E. and Milk Kraal farm S. 75° E., compass bearings, which is the best anchorage, being then in twenty-four feet. It is necessary to moor,—the river being too narrow to ride at single anchor. The anchors should be N.W. by W. and S.E. by E. of each other, with twenty-four fathoms on each chain.

* A nautical correspondent has supplied us with these valuable notes. They are the result of his own personal and carefully prepared observations, and their accuracy may be fully relied on.—Eds. C.M.M.

A reference to any tracing from Walker's chart will make these directions perfectly plain.

The village presents every facility, as soon as the great road through the forest is finished, for becoming the commercial depôt of the district. There is plenty of excellent water to be had; not only is there a very good stream through the Admiralty ground, but another stream at a little distance might, at a cost of about £200 or £300, be brought into the village. Very good water, too, may be had by sinking wells; but it is advisable to sink them under the hill-side, at a depth of eighteen feet, rather than close to the water-side, as by doing so the water is got perfectly fresh, while those lower down are mostly brackish. With very little labor and expense, a jetty might be run out into sixteen or seventeen feet water, so that vessels might load or discharge their cargoes without boats. The iron-wood tree, which abounds in the forest, is admirably suited for piles; some of them have been down there already as long as thirty-six years and are still quite sound. The chart by Mr. Walker, of 1818, is perfectly correct, the banks and bar not having altered in the least; the soundings also are to be relied on. The reason of this is apparently from the large quantity of tidal water; and its being confined to the one narrow and rock-bound entrance for its exit, the strong ebb keeps the mouth from silting up, like nearly all other bars on this coast.

What may be done at a future day towards deepening the channels by directing the current in certain directions, without decreasing the quantity of tidal water, is more than I can pretend to say, but it is worth consideration. With a steam tug and a good pilot establishment, vessels might be able to go in or out in almost any weather. With these advantages, I have no hesitation in saying the Knysna might become the safest and best harbor for small vessels on this coast.

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

IN MEMORIAM.

EIGHTEEN months have now passed since the early morning in July, 1857, when many mourners from among "the illustrious garrison of Lucknow" stood round the death-bed of that earnest, pious, and zealous man,—the large-hearted christian soldier, Henry Lawrence. On a couch, in an open verandah of the doctor's house, amid a storm of shot, shell,

and musketry, lay the founder of the asylums at Aboo and Kussowlie, the pacificator and ruler of the Punjaub from 1846 to 1853. Worn and fainting, with his life's blood oozing from his frightful fatal wound, there was this great and good man, calmly bidding his weeping friends farewell: talking fondly of his brothers, his sisters, and their children, joining in the solemn prayers, and repeating his late dear wife's favorite texts of scripture. And finally, having meekly asked forgiveness of all whom he might ever have offended, or even at any time have spoken harshly to, he fell asleep in Christ. Contrasting all this life's nothingness with the grandeur of eternity, he calmly died, at peace with God and man.

One who was associated with him officially and privately, who knew him intimately in Rajputana for five years, and who loved him dearly, has, with affectionate interest, collated some accounts of his dying hours, as well as some of the eulogies passed on his honorable and useful career, alike by the Government of India and the journals and periodicals of the day.

In the belief that many others besides himself will be interested in knowing how this great and good man died, shortly after he had so sedulously cared for the garrison of Lucknow, the memoranda and extracts appended to the following brief sketch are now strung together.*

Henry Lawrence, when a boy of not eighteen, serving in Arrakan, in 1822, commanded a company of European artillerymen, and gave marked promise, even at that early age, of his future greatness, and of his singular ability, energy, and zeal.

In 1823, on his way to England in infirm health, he passed through the China seas and visited Macao. On his return home, he served for a time in the great trigonometrical survey of Ireland (his native land), and traveled over much of Scotland and England. On his return to India, he qualified himself and passed with high credit in the Hindee, Persian, and Oordoo languages. When in the horse artillery, he was ever distinguished for his activity and assiduity at his work; as a revenue surveyor, he always did

* Henry Montgomery Lawrence, of the Bengal Artillery, a major-general in the Indian army, a K.C.B., and the British Chief Commissioner in Oude, was the third son of a Colonel Lawrence of the royal army, who saw much service in the wars of the Dukkun, sixty years ago. His eldest son, Alexander Henry, is now a baronet, with a pension of £1,000 a-year. Four of his brothers are still serving in India. Sir John Mair Lawrence, G.C.B., is the fourth son of the family.

in one year more than other men in three, both in the field and on paper.

When thirty-two years old, he married his second cousin, Miss Honoria Marshall, of Cardonagh, near Londonderry; and she was ever to him—until she died at Aboo, in Rajputana, in January, 1854—the most loving of wives, the most valuable mentor, friend, and helpmate, in the highest and fullest sense of those terms. She was greatly beloved and respected by all who knew her, and in her the Lawrence Asylum had its warmest friend and early patron.

When a political assistant at Ferozepore, Sir Henry and his wife wrote and published "The Adventurer in the Punjaub," which, as a picture of life at Lahore and in the country of the five rivers, enjoys in India a very high reputation. Many of their articles in the *Calcutta Review*, and other periodicals on Oude, Nepaul, the Seikhs, Anglo-Indian Life, &c., were written about this time.

Sir Henry built the town of Ferozepore and vastly improved the whole district. From Ferozepore he marched in 1842, in political and general charge of the Seikh contingent up to Peshawur, when General Pollock's avenging army had encamped below the Khaiber Pass; and he was the political agent with Pollock's force through the Khaiber. At Cabul, the services he rendered to the state were of the most important and valuable nature.

On his return from Affghanistan, he was appointed our Resident at Katmandhoo, in Nepaul, from which place he hurried down in the cold weather of 1845, to join Lord Hardinge on the Sutlej, just prior to Ferozeshah and Subraon.

At Lahore, after this campaign, he was vested with the management of the Punjaub Government, as adviser and guardian of the young Seikh Prince and Council of Regency.

During 1846 and 1847, ably aided and seconded by Herbert Edwards, John Nicholson, Lake, and others, he carried out his grand schemes for the improvement and reorganization of the institutions and districts which, since Runjeet Sing's death, had suffered so terribly by the nerveless sway of many effete princes and sirdars, as well as by the rapine and lawless disorder of the Seikh Khalsa army.

During 1848, he was ill in England, while Sir Frederick Currie acted for him at Lahore.

In November, 1848, Sir Henry returned to India, was at Mooltan on his way up from Bombay, and reached Lord Gough's camp just before the terrible battle of Chillianwallah.

It is well known in India that Sir Henry Lawrence was vehemently opposed to the annexation of the Punjaub, after the battle of Guzerat, in March, 1849; also to the "compulsory abdication" of young Duhleep Sing. But when once placed at the head of the Punjaub Government in March, 1849, he gave his best energies and his most earnest exertions to the quieting down into a state of order of this land, so long the arena of strife and bloodshed.

In 1850, he most carefully investigated, with much painstaking and nice accuracy, the very serious charges against Gholaub Sing, of Kashmeer, and proved that prince to be our staunch friend, and not our enemy, as his brother, Sir John, and Lord Dalhousie then deemed him.

In 1853, owing to some misunderstanding, and to his not coinciding in the views then of the Governor-General and his brother chief commissioners, but very much, indeed, to his regret, and with considerable pain, he left the Punjaub, and became the chief political authority over the nineteen independent Rajpoot states. Here he won fresh laurels at the beginning of his career in Rajpootana by his judicious and wise proceedings at Kerrowlee, and in Meywar, as well as by his great gaol reforms all through these states.

In June, 1853, he was offered, and refused, the Residency of Hyderabad, in the Dukkun.

Early in 1857, when about to leave for England on sick leave, he was asked to take charge of Oude, in the midst of all its troubles, and while the mutinies in our Bengal army were causing such terrible anxiety.

In March, 1857, he assumed at Lucknow the care of the newly annexed Oude; and at once began to fortify the place, and prepare for the coming disasters which his prescience clearly foresaw to be inevitable at Lucknow and all over India.

Sir Henry's last hours are described in the following extracts of a private letter from his nephew, Mr. George Lawrence, still of the Civil Service in Oude:

"On the second of July, 1857, at about eight a.m., my uncle Henry and I were lying on our beds; Wilson, of the 13th N.I., was sitting between us, reading to Sir Henry; when an eight-inch shell thrown from a howitzer broke in through the wall and burst on the floor. There was instant darkness, followed by a red glare, and for a second or two no one spoke. Then Sir H. cried out, '*I am killed*,' and we found that his left leg had been almost torn out at the hip-joint; 'twas a very fearful wound. We carried him to Dr. Fayrer's, amid showers of bullets, and laid him in a verandah. He felt and knew that he was dying; and calling for the seniors, he appointed Major Banks to be the chief civil officer, and Colonel Inglis to be the brigadier, giving them

full instructions as to what to do, among which was '*Never give in.*' He then sent for others, such as G. Hardinge, &c." . . . . .

"He spoke earnestly of the future, and he also sent for any and all whom he thought he had ever, however unintentionally, injured, and asked their forgiveness, and that of those he had ever spoken harshly to. He was surrounded by many old and new friends, and there were very few dry eyes looking on his deathbed. He spoke much to Shakar Khan and his old servants. . . . He told me of the particulars of his will. . . . He spoke most kindly of all his blood relations. . . . He gave me his blessing, and we all received the Holy Communion with him. . . . To drown his pain, the doctors gave him chloroform constantly. . . . He cried out rather incoherently about his home and his mother, and he spoke, too, of his sisters. . . . At intervals he talked of his late wife, and he quietly repeated many of the texts of which she had been fond when alive. . . . After sunset on the 2nd July he scarcely spoke at all, and on the next day he was, I think, unconscious. . . . He died early on the 4th of July."

The following extracts from Dr. Joseph Fayrer's letters, detail some further particulars of his death:

"Early on the 2nd of July, an eight-inch shell from the howitzer taken from us on the unhapy 'Chinihout' day burst in the room occupied by Sir Henry. One had burst in the same room on the previous day when Sir H. and Cooper, the secretary, were in it, and had knocked it about a good deal. Captain Wilson was with Sir Henry. . . . When the smoke had cleared off, Wilson (himself severely contused) saw that Sir H. was wounded, and heard him say, 'I am killed.' His nephew, George Lawrence, was there, too. . . . I found Sir H. L. calmly telling his friends what had happened. He thought he then had only a few moments left, and he asked me how long he had to live. When I said 'about three days,' he doubted and was surprised. . . . I found that a piece of the shell had shattered the head and upper shaft of the left femur, and I thought the pelvic bones injured too. The femoral artery was not wounded, and the bleeding was not profuse.

"I gave him stimulants freely. As shot and shell, round shot and bullets were falling thickly, I moved Sir H. into my verandah, and there he remained until the early morning of the 4th, when he died."

. . . . . .

"All the doctors consulted, agreed with me that the injury was of far too grave a kind to leave any hope of recovery, and all objected to any operation.

"I was satisfied that the pelvis had been fractured too, so I never thought of amputating at the hip-joint. Our operation could but have shortened his very valuable life.

"He recovered his senses and gave full instructions as to the defence, the fortifications, saving of supplies, &c. He gave his reasons fully for the appointment of his successors, civil and military, and he spoke clearly and forcibly about the mutiny and its causes. . . .

"He talked earnestly to his many friends of the vanity of all this life's hopes and honors. He implored their attention to his death-bed advice and wishes.

"He asked particularly that the sole epitaph over his grave might be his name simply with '*who tried to do his duty.*'"

. . . . . .

"Occasionally he suffered greatly from muscular contractions in the broken limb; but he had long intervals of comparative ease. He often asked for news of the progress of the siege, and was very little disturbed by the incessant crashing of shot and shell and the constant rattling of the showers of musket-balls.

"He frequently prayed with Mr. Harris, and he received the sacrament with many of those around his bed. . . .

"Early on the morning of the 4th July he died quietly, apparently free from severe pain. We buried his body that evening in our little churchyard.

"As the chloroform clouded his head and thoughts, I gave it up. . . . On the whole, I don't believe that Sir Henry suffered so much as many suppose, and the expression, 'lingered in great agony,' &c., though perhaps natural, is decidedly an exaggeration.

"He was in poor health* when he was wounded, and the heavy responsibility and tremendous work of mind and body told heavily on his frame, pulled down by old disease of many years' standing.

"He was beloved and respected by all, and was most deeply and sincerely regretted. His loss to us was irreparable. Our head was gone, and the arm it had so nobly directed felt now too feeble to stand up against our many and dreadful troubles."

. . . . . .

"We anticipated the very worst of all horrors; and it was left for the frightful siege of Lucknow, protracted beyond what Sir H. had ever anticipated, to develop the general who so ably carried out all Sir Henry's projects, . . . and was prepared for what Sir H. had, with such prophetic foresight, anticipated and taught us to look for.

"The little that could be done to ease Sir Henry's pain was done."

In a general order, Lord Canning says:

"In a service of 35 years in Burmah, Affghanistan, Nepaul, the Punjaub, and Rajpootana, Sir Henry Lawrence was ever distinguished for high ability, devoted zeal, and self-denying energy. As an administrator, a statesman, and a soldier, he has earned a reputation among the foremost. . . .

"In Oude, his conduct was marked by foresight, calm judgment, and courage; and if anything could have averted the calamitous outbreak, Sir Henry Lawrence's measures and the confidence which all men, high and low, European and native, felt in his energy, his wisdom, and in his spirit of justice and kindness, would have accomplished that end."

. . . . . .

In an article in *Fraser's Magazine* for December, 1857, it is said of Henry Lawrence:

"Every boy has read, and many living men still remember how Nelson's death was felt by all as a deep personal affliction. Sir Henry Lawrence was less widely known and his deeds were of less magnitude than Lord Nelson's; but never, probably, was a public man, within the sphere of his reputation, more ardently beloved. Sir Henry had that rare and happy faculty of attaching to himself all with whom he came in contact. He had that gift which is never acquired,—a gracious, noble, winning manner; rough and ready as he was in the field, his

* Note.—In February, 1857, I gave Sir H. L. a medical certificate for a year's leave in England, and I only consented to his going to Lucknow on his promising to go home in November, 1857.—H. Edden, M.D.

manners in private life had much frankness, grace, and even courtly dignity.

"He had that virtue which all Englishmen so prize—a lion-like courage. He had that fault which Englishmen so readily forgive, and when mixed with what are its natural concomitant good qualities, they almost admire—a hot and impetuous temper. He had, too, in overflowing measure that god-like grace which even the base revere and which the good acknowledge as the crown of virtue—the grace of charity. No man ever sat at Sir Henry's table without learning to think more kindly of the natives. No one, young or old, ever heard him speak of the European soldiers, or ever visited the Lawrence schools at Sunawur and at Aboo, without being excited to a nobler and truer appreciation of the real extent of his duty to his neighbor.

"He was one of the few Anglo-Indians who had achieved an English reputation. In a few years, his name will be familiar to every reader of Indian history; but in India his memory will be most deeply cherished. It is by Anglo-Indians that any eulogy on him will be best appreciated; it is by them that the noble institutions which he founded and mainly maintained will be fostered as *the* monuments of his memory."

A leading article in the *Delhi Gazette*, published early in February, 1858, speaks of Sir Henry thus:

"The English papers tell us that the brave Henry Havelock is to have a statue in Trafalgar-square, to be raised at the nation's cost; that the Queen would have made him a 'peer' had he lived; and that his son, the present baronet, and his widow and daughters, are to be pensioned and provided with apartments in one of the national palaces. This is all just as it should be; and far be it from us by a syllable of our's, to disparage in any degree the fame and noble heroism of the late good and christian soldier. Still, we cannot but feel that one quite as good and brave, as earnest and pious, as generous and kind-hearted, as useful and hardworking a public servant,—need we say that we mean the able, noble, zealous Henry Lawrence?—has gone to his quiet grave, and left this earth without having his great deeds marked and acknowledged by the nation in the way they so eminently deserve to be. Where now would be the brave, enduring, Lucknow garrison, but for Henry Lawrence's forethought, knowledge, skill, and science?*

"Who, but he, ever gave away in India, or in any other land, £10,300, in five short years, to the poor and needy, bestowing ever in charity far more each year than he ever saved for his children, or spent on himself and those about him? What Indian general was ever cooler or more energetic? What Indian statesman ever more clear-headed, hardworking, or well-meaning?

"The famous institutions and monuments of himself at Sunawur, in the Himalayas, and at Aboo, in the Aravelli, which he founded for soldiers' children, who were ever so dear to him, will, it is true, hand down his name and memory in much affection to all European residents of India; but still we feel keenly, and the Indian public will, we are sure, sympathize earnestly in our views, that for all the good

* On the 23rd November, 1858, most of the officers of "the illustrious garrison" of Lucknow, who were then in England, dined together in celebration of the first anniversary of their rescue from Lucknow at the end of the ever-memorable eighty-seven days' siege. On that occasion, General Inglis said, "Comrades and friends, met as we are privately, to commemorate past events, there is one toast that we should drink in solemn silence ere we part: 'The memory of Henry Lawrence,' but for whom every man here would also be sleeping in a bloody grave."—*From the Home News of the 25th Nov.*, 1858.

he did in India, and for the love he bore his fellow-men, Henry Lawrence has quite as fully earned a lasting memorial of his great and prominent worth as any one of the many great heroes and good men that this terrible year of Indian insurrection has brought to public notice. Again we say that it is very right and proper to erect a statue, in token of our gratitude and of our appreciation of his great worth, to Sir Henry Havelock; but we contend that a memorial equally prominent and lasting, has been earned from the English nation by Sir Henry Lawrence." H. E.

In the *Westminster Review*, No. 28, for October, 1858, it is said:

"On the proud roll of Indian hero-martyrs, the first place belongs of right to the name of Henry Lawrence. The full worth of his career is, perhaps, not so well known in England as it should be; but in India, by common consent, Henry Lawrence had been the foremost man of the public service, since Lord Dalhousie's happy choice made him ruler of the Punjaub.*

"Sir Henry Lawrence is indeed the glory of our late Indian history, as Clive is of the earlier. . . . And it is the highest merit of Sir Henry Lawrence, that he was the first to comprehend and to carry out that milder and more genial policy in our conquered provinces which is henceforth the basis of all solid government in India. For such a duty never was man more happily fitted. To deep wisdom and rare sagacity he united that sweetness of nature which is the invariable attribute of the true hero.

"A man never breathed of a purer soul and loftier purpose. Earnest, simple and tender, withal manly and self-contained, his fine nature was admirably calculated to win love and trust, to arouse the enthusiasm of every generous and noble heart, and to overcome even those wild spirits entrusted to his dominion. . . . The secret of Sir Henry Lawrence's success in the Punjaub lay as much in his personal character as in his rare administration. The ineffable, indefinable influence of a large heart and honest purpose breathed over *all* his works. His very presence was a charm and a power. None who came within the influence of that eager and lofty enthusiasm could resist its fascination. . . . Who in the days of Ferozeshah and Subraon, would have ventured to predict, that in a dozen years the British flag would have been borne by Seikhs into Delhi and Lucknow? And to whom is that marvel due, but to Sir Henry Lawrence?"

H. E.

THE OUTCAST'S LEGACY.

BY OWEN EVANSON.

CHAPTER III.

Fog, fog, fog, drizzling, drenching, blinding, and wearisomely bewildering. Not the light, silvery, gauzy fabric

* In March, 1849, Henry Lawrence became one of the Punjaub government; but he had been chief ruler of the Punjaub, and the guardian of its boy prince, ever since March, 1846, when he was appointed by Lord Hardinge to be our Resident at Lahore, and the President of the Seikh Council of Regency. During 1848, he was in England, sick.—H. E.

that wraps round the rugged crest of rugged mountains, or the smooth grassy brows of humbler hills, like a turbaned emir of the Orient; but a downright, dripping, disagreeable fog, that hides the fair face of all nature in a palpable and melancholy haze, and converts the dusty roads into streaks of mud.

"Curse the fog," said a belated horseman, as he rode to the thriving town of Dunbar, South Africa, caught in such a fog as we have just described. He might well anathematize the offending element, having only ten minutes before left the plain beneath, where for months past no drop of rain had fallen from the ungracious heavens to assuage the panting thirstiness of the baked and thoroughly dried up earth; and lo, no sooner had he reached the summit of the adjacent hills than round and round him swept the dense drapery of fog, while his horse's feet still stumbled through the sopped and slippery road. To make the matter worse, the evening—which in the regions beneath had seemed so bright and glorious—on the mist-beclouded heights speedily vanished with the short twilight of a semi-tropical climate, and the traveler was left to grope and flounder onwards as best he might through the dark uncomfortable night.

Nevertheless, on he went, though the darkness became deeper, and the cold night wind blew, the fog now merged into thicker sleet against the exposed face of the traveler, and through his light flimsy clothing. He seemed, however, to be no novice in the varied experiences of an African journey, and bore up with the careless indifference of an "old hand" against the assaults either of wind or weather.

"Come up, Betsy," cried the wayfarer to his horse, as the animal stumbled in the mud and well nigh came down on her knees, while, to avoid the possibility of another such mishap, her master left the scarcely discernible road, and proceeded cautiously through the safer grass,—cautiously indeed, for huge holes abounded hereabouts, the resort of porcupines, ant-eaters, and other brute things of subterranean propensities; there were also ravines, precipices, and clefts, down which a horse might stumble, and with the rider meet with either a broken neck or limb.

"Come up, Betsy," for lo! directly in front appeared a light—a will-o'-the-wisp kind of beacon—dancing and waving about in the indefinite darkness, making it uncertain whether it was a fire-fly, a lantern, a suddenly aroused star, or, better than all, the friendly light of an adjacent habitation. Now it glared brighter than ever—now it disappeared wholly; surely such a fantastic glimmer can be only an

imaginative mote in the wistful eye. But no, there it is again, steady, clear, and certain. "Come up, Betsy, lass, you shall have a night's lodging yet," and with a heartier will both beast and rider pressed onward to that hopeful, but tiny, flicker of light. On through the long dripping grass, down gentle undulations, in which the beacon became invisible, and up diminutive hills from whence the kindly gleam begun to assume more fixed and definite proportions. On through thorny bushes, against unseen trees, into deep ruts, over interposing ant-hills and hillocks; on, on, till the weary traveler and his more wearied horse at last run bodily into a thick hedge of prickly bushes, the long spears whereof, penetrating through cloth and linen, pierced deep into the smarting flesh both of man and beast. Speedily releasing themselves from this troublesome impalement, which sufficiently proved the near proximity of a civilized dwelling, the horseman passed along the hedge till he came to a gateway, through which he entered, and after traversing extensive fields of cultivated land, arrived at what seemed to be a large house, the brightly lighted windows of which gave pleasant promise of a comfortable lodging.

Nor did appearances belie the fact. Mr. Ducie, the host, one of the hospitable intelligent planters of that part of South Africa, gave the weary traveler a welcome unmistakably genuine, and forthwith inducted him into the cheerful mysteries of his household hearth.

How pleasant was the scene that met the stranger's eye as he entered the well-lighted and cosy-looking parlor. The family were just sitting down to that delightful meal, half dinner, half tea, with which so many of our colonial country folks regale and refresh themselves after the toil and troubles of the day. There on the white draped table were the plump, well-fed fowl, the fresh savory venison, the crisp, crusty bread, the aromatic coffee, the equally odoriferous tea, with the numberless enticements—the side-dishes of relishable knick-knacks which good British housewifery all the world over knows so well how to produce. And better still to the incomer's taste, round this well-filled table were happy, genial, home faces, which brought to the wanderer's mind dream-like visions of times and places in the old, old past. On one side was a comely English matron, with motherly braids modestly tucked under a smart ribbon-decorated cap. She was introduced to the traveler as the mistress of the house—the wife of his host; near her sat demurely on his child's high chair a pleasing looking boy of perhaps eight or nine years, who cast furtive but not hostile

glances at the unlooked-for arrival; next him was a womanly, sweet-looking girl—the daughter of the house—who it was plain to see was the joy of her father, and the much-loved staff of her mother. How was it that as the stranger looked into her deep, brown eyes, his mind felt lighter and happier? How was it that as he clasped the small, soft hand she so freely and unaffectedly extended, his heart seemed to expand and embrace with warm sympathy the home circle into which he had been so unexpectedly thrown?

The introductions were over. The traveler, rehabited from his host's wardrobe, was speedily enjoying the creature comforts so bountifully provided, and was explaining the circumstances under which he had found himself in a predicament for which he was inwardly thankful. His tale was short. He had only just arrived in the colony, and was proceeding to the neighboring town of Dunbar when overtaken by the darkness and the mist. He thought of settling in that locality, he said, if, on further inquiry, the country suited him, and should be glad of any advice on the subject from colonists of experience and standing. The last observation was prompted by the feelings of the moment, and secured the object it sought to gain. Mr. Ducie made his guest welcome, not only to the hospitalities of his home, but to friendly counsel and advice. Oh! stranger, stranger, why did you accept the offer with such alacrity? Why did you pour forth such voluble sentiments of profuse gratitude, when for years past you had wandered about the world a taciturn, unpleasing misanthrope?

That night, when the visitor found himself alone in his bed-room, he threw open the casement window and looked out. The aspect of the night had changed altogether; the clouds and darkness had passed away—the sky was beautifully clear, and the stars bright. The house, as was now plainly perceptible, was situated on the brow of a green height, which overlooked the sea; far, far away to the east the risen moon made a glorious pathway of golden light along a shining surface which the smooth breast of old Ocean could alone display. But more than this, the sleeping billows had found a voice, which came floating up from the beach below in soothing monotonous murmurs that seemed too musical to be aught else than the dream-mutterings of the sea as it rested so calmly in its unruffled slumbers. On one side, near the house, was a grove of banana trees, whose picturesque, long-drooping leaves rustled drowsily as the light night-breeze swept past them.

On this scene, then, the stranger looked—looked with a

long, absent gaze that appeared to pass over surrounding objects, and to fix upon some distant familiar scene invisible to other eyes. He was thinking, not of the present, but of the past. Thoughts, pensive and painful, were passing rapidly through his mind, and leaving their impress on his face in an expression of inward trouble. Deeper and deeper grew the shade; still more contracted became the lines on his brow, till at last the mental struggle found vent in the utterance of a few broken words.

"Wife, O wife, will the darkness never pass away? Will the cloud never roll off? Will memory never be still?"

He was silent again, and seemed to be listening to the surf as it broke lazily on the shore.

The next day and many following found the stranger, still a visitor under Mr. Ducie's roof. He found so many eligible farms in the neighborhood for sale, and discovered so much to interest him on his host's estate, that the day of his departure was indefinitely postponed as a subject yet to think about. Meanwhile he rapidly improved his acquaintance with the other members of the household. With Janet especially he became intimate. Her agreeable unartificial manners and sensible conversation were effecting a great change on the taciturn stranger. It was so pleasant after riding about the whole day to pass the cheerful evening in her company; to look frankly into those honest eyes; to hear the plain, outspoken sentiments of that womanly heart; to admire the many good works in which she was always unobtrusively engaged; and to laugh with her over some harmless pleasantry of her still girlish days. Towards the boy also the visitor was similarly drawn. The lad would sit at his feet almost for hours listening to the many stories of strange countries and races which it had been the stranger's lot to visit; while the child was never so delighted as when accompanying the traveler in many a long ramble, and especially when clambering among the rocks on the adjacent beach.

But this happy state of things was not destined to continue long. Mr. Ducie one morning, when his guest had been with him about a fortnight, appeared at the breakfast-table with a letter in his hand, and looking at his daughter, said—

"I have just got a letter from Frank, Janet, and he says he'll be home to-morrow."

"Oh, I'm so glad."

"And he tells me that Robert Langton will be with him."

The stranger was looking at Janet as her father said this, and saw the downcast eyes and sudden flash of red which followed the remark.

Ah! stranger, why was it that you, too, caught the infection, as though blushes were contagious, and looked as crimson as you felt? Why was it that it seemed as if a black shadow had fallen between you and that bright indefinite something which was gradually assuming shape and proportion, you knew not how, in the busy chambers of your mind?

The morrow came, and with it the expected arrivals. Frank Ducie was a fine, high-spirited young fellow, worthy to be the brother of Janet, which is a high commendation; his friend was also a pleasant, good-looking young man, who appeared a general favorite with most of the family.

The whole of that day the stranger was restless and uneasy. He wandered about, and remained little in the house, and the melancholy which had marked him on his arrival appeared again to have returned. Towards evening he found his way to the beach, and, seated among the rocks, looked out, as before, on the sea. How different an aspect it now presented! A strong, sweeping gale had lashed the ocean into fury. The sky overhead was covered with wild tempestuous clouds, whirling about in the stormiest confusion. All nature, in short, seemed angry and turbulent, while the spectator's face was as black as the clouds that overshadowed him.

He suddenly turned, as though instinctively he felt his solitude invaded. Just emerged from the narrow path which led down the bush-covered hill to the beach was a couple whom he instantly recognized as Janet and Robert Langton. Their backs were towards him, and they were proceeding in a different direction from the spot where he sat. The lady's arm was linked within that of the gentleman, who was gesticulating violently.

The stranger, with a gaze which combined bitterness, pain, and despair, looked wearily upon the two, and then clenching his hands tightly, he leant his head upon his knees.

That night the wanderer saw little of the household in which for so long he had domesticated himself. Before parting he told them he had urgent business in the town which required his utmost attention, even if circumstances did not require his return to England. By sunrise next morning he had left the hospitable domicile.

CHAPTER IV.—"AT LAST."

The briefness of this history requires a speedy conclusion.

The traveler who figures so largely in these pages, after leaving Mr. Ducie's estate, had passed a week in Dunbar, uncertain what to do or where to go; his breast filled with a medley of mad emotions; his mind tossed about with many a wild thought and intention;—when suddenly as he was one day walking listlessly up the main street of that busy little borough, he came upon no less a person than Robert Langton, looking very much more miserable than a man in his position should have any cause to be.

The recognition was mutual; after a few common-place remarks the stranger asked Langton when he was returning to Trenton, Mr. Ducie's estate?

The answer was very different to what was expected. Langton looked like gall while he snapped out—

"Never, I'm on my way to England."

The questioner looked mystified, and observed—

"To England? Why, I thought you" ——— Here he stopped short, having become suddenly sensible that he was going too far.

Robert Langton, however, was in that peculiar state of mind when a man thinks his misfortune is known to every one else, and saved his friend the trouble of finishing the sentence—

"Yes, I know what you thought. You thought I was going to have *her*,—like every one else. And so did I at one time; but lately things are quite changed, and it turns out I'm nothing more than a brother. A brother indeed, as if I hadn't plenty of sisters of my own. Why, here I've been waiting three years, and every month getting more certain of success, till I find at last if I wait till doomsday I shan't get her. God bless the girl. She's a noble, grand creature; so generous, so gentle. But good-bye, I always make a fool of myself when I talk about her."

And so Robert Langton departed. He went to England almost immediately, and did not prove so disconsolate as might be imagined. Two years afterwards he married a Miss Somebody, of Something Hall, Berkshire.

Let us take a glimpse now of the stranger's countenance; what a change has taken place! The face is radiant, hopeful, absolutely joyous. His heart expands with unwonted buoyancy. The shadow has disappeared, and the bright appearance, once darkened, has come out again more fair than ever. He suddenly remembered now that there was a

piece of land in the vicinity of Trenton, about which he wanted to consult Mr. Ducie. He also arrived at the conclusion that he should be guilty of unpardonable rudeness if he delayed a day longer before paying his respects to the family of that worthy gentleman. An hour before, this individual had as little intention of going to the New Orkneys as to the estate of Mr. Ducie. There is no accounting, however, for man's caprice, especially where that strange, much-abused myth, the heart, is concerned.

In a few hours, therefore, the wanderer was again seated within Mrs. Ducie's parlor. He told the family that he had changed his mind, and determined to settle in the colony and in that neighborhood, and was once more cordially invited to make that house his home till he got one of his own. Between him and his host there were many things in common. The latter was an enlightened man, one of those intelligent men for whom the colony we speak of is remarkable, and his guest was a kindred spirit.

Time flew quickly on. The days again passed into weeks, and the stranger had been a constant visitor at Trenton, when one afternoon he found himself on the beach, so often mentioned, with Janet Ducie and the boy. They were seated on a flat rock, overlooking the wide expanse of sea, whose blue waters were just curled and ruffled by the lightest and most playful of westerly breezes. The breakers of a former occasion had entirely subsided, and instead, a long listless ripple broke softly on the crisp shell-strewn sand, with a liquid bell-like murmur, that sufficed to relieve the otherwise perfect stillness.

The two sat for some time silent, looking on the water,—at last he said,—

"How soothing the sea looks! how it calms the spirit."

"Yes, whenever I am troubled or put out about anything, I just look out upon the wide peaceful ocean, and it soon passes off."

"The mere sight of such an illimitable expanse of matter lying perfectly inert and still, is enough to shame the petty turmoil of human emotions. It acts on the mind like a vision of unutterable repose."

"I think there must be very little human trouble that would not be acted on in some way or other by looking on a silent ocean. And yet there are dreadful cases of human misery. There was a case once, I shall never forget it,—it was a man on his death-bed, who died so awfully; I never had any idea what death could be before then."

There was a silence of some moments, when he, with a

deeper earnestness in his voice than before, and a strange look in his eyes, commenced again,—

"Miss Ducie, you can feel for human grief and misery, with a true woman's heart. I know it; listen while I tell you a story of agony and sorrow greater than anything you ever saw or heard. Many years ago there was a man, an orphan, who came to the Cape friendless and unknown. After much trouble and disappointment he married a wife, a fair young creature, truthful and guileless as any woman that ever trod this earth. The husband doted on her, idolized her; she was his light, his life, his soul. They had a son, an innocent sinless child, the apple of its parents' eyes. When it was about two years old, the three set out on a journey through Kafirland; while there the war broke out. The husband, foolishly, madly, fancying there was security, returned with his little family homewards, before danger was past. On the road they were attacked, and only escaped by an almost miraculous chance. After this the husband and wife were again separated, but after she had suffered the most horrible suspense, they were again re-united. They passed through other dangers, but a kind Providence shielded them through all. When all was seemingly quiet, they proceeded on the last stage of their homeward journey. The many dangers through which they had passed had knit the two together in love of a more than earthly character. Much as they loved each other before, their love was a thousand times greater then. One glorious evening, just such as this, the husband was in his wagon—I cannot give the details, the recollection of that story, even now, is too horrible. Through all their dangers and troubles, they had been pursued, haunted with a devilish malignity by a white man, whom I knew not, whose sole object seemed to be the murder or injury of the wife. On that night, that awful unforgotten night, the husband saw his wife stabbed to death by the hand of that friend. His own life they did not attempt; they left him with the dead body of her he worshipped in his lap. Janet Ducie, fancy that man's feelings as he sat there that long night. The imagination may picture them, but words could never describe them. But worse, far worse than that,—in the morning he discovered that his child, his boy, the son of his wife, next disappeared,—he too was dead, nay worse than dead. The husband in one night was made both wifeless and childless. Janet Ducie, are you listening?"

She had buried her head in her lap, and only replied by a movement.

"The husband hunted through the length and breadth of Kafirland after his boy, his darling, but no sign, vestige, or trace of him could be discovered. At last he abandoned the search, and returned into the world, a stricken, a desolate, a forsaken man. He traveled, he went from country to country, from scene to scene, but ever constantly before him in crimson colors was the recollection of that bloody night. It haunted and oppressed him incessantly, till his life became a burden and distress. At last he found relief; he found a woman fit to take the place of her he had lost; Janet Ducie, he loved again. As he loved, the fountain gates of his heart were again opened, the old wounds began to heal, light and happiness were yet before him. He trembled to lose thus his only chance; he could only offer to this his second love, a withered heart, a sered and shattered mind. He feared refusal, he shuddered lest again, and irretrievably, he should be plunged into the deep darkness of those horrible intervening years. Janet Ducie, tell me from thy woman's heart what that girl's reply would be."

He had spoken fast, thickly and passionately, as though every word came from his inmost soul. She looked up, her eyes were wet with sympathetic tears. In low but earnest tones, she replied,—

"She would proudly, joyfully, accept him. She would consider it an honor and delight to soothe and console him; she would try to take the part of the lost wife, and to bring light and happiness into his heart and home once more."

"Janet, Janet, will *you* then do this? It is my own story I have been telling you. Will you take a poor worthless shipwrecked? Will you be the joy and pride of *my* home?"

Her head was down again. Carried away by her womanly sympathies, she had not thought of herself, had not for a moment contemplated such a termination. For many moments she remained immoveable.

"Janet, will you?"

The answer came at last. The little hand was stretched out. The tender significant pressure was felt. It was enough; the cloud had rolled from Owen Evanson's heart.

Three months had passed away, and the same group of three were again seated on the beach. Owen Evanson and Janet Ducie were now man and wife.

The two were looking as before upon the placid ocean. It was calm as ever, and glittered with a lustrous brightness which dazzled while it pleased the eye.

"Owen," said Janet, in low soft tones, "tell me truly, are the wounds now healed?"

"All, all but one. My son, Janet, my lost yet living boy. Where is he? What is his fate? He ought now to be about the age of your brother there; and is surely just such another noble boy."

"Owen, I thought you knew that Teddy was my brother only in name."

"What is he, then?"

"My pet protégé, my darling adopted child. I found him at the deathbed of a man, supposed to be his father. I saw the man die, and shall never forget the horrors of his death."

"What is his proper name, then?"

"The man told me he was to be called Edward Edwards; but I don't think that's his real name. Ah, that reminds me that I may now open the packet, which the man forced me solemnly to promise I would never unseal unless I was to marry, or be in any other way parted from the boy. Ted, come here."

The boy, with flying steps, answered the summons. He seemed the picture of childish health and beauty, and yet the exuberance of his joyous childhood was chastened with a dash of melancholy that made him doubly engaging and interesting. He stooped before Janet, who took from his neck a small ribbon guard, from which was suspended a diminutive packet. This, with grave and subdued emotions, she opened, and cast her eye over the written enclosure it contained. She gave a sharp exclamation, and with nervous gesture handed the paper to her husband. It was as follows:

"I wish to inform the person in whose charge I leave the boy, whoever he may be, that the child's real name is Edward Evanson; his father is Owen Evanson, formerly of George, in the Cape colony. I wish that when this packet is opened the boy should be forwarded to his father, and let that father know, that even in my last moments I never ceased to rejoice over the fullness of my revenge.

"PAUL LYZARD."

The mystery was now unsealed; the identity of the malignant pursuer of Annie with her quondam and rejected lover was now apparent. Need we stay to describe the hallowed joy of that re-union between father and child?

"Owen," said Janet, "is the wound healed now?"

"Yes! fully, and for ever," was the emphatic reply.

And now the shadows had passed away from Owen Evanson's heart. The past was a pensive dream; the future a

glorious prospect. Take courage, then, O fainting souls, groping in present darkness; take courage and sink not; rest assured that in the unseen to come, there lie in wait for you days and years of renovated peace and happiness. What says the northern poet,—

"Oh weary hearts, O slumbering eyes,
O drooping souls, whose destinies,
Seem fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again.

"No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so wholly desolate;
But some heart—tho' unknown,
Responds unto his own.

"Responds, as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings,
And whispers in its song,
'Where hast thou staid so long?'"

THE FINE ARTS EXHIBITION OF 1858.

The Fine Arts Exhibition lately held in Cape Town has been attended with a degree of success which augurs well for the spread of a refined and cultivated taste throughout the colony. The liberal manner in which the possessors of works of art offered their choicest pictures and prints, to gratify the public curiosity, will be attended, we firmly believe, with the most beneficial results to the community at large. When we glance at our public institutions and see how few are the attempts that have been made to foster a love for the sublime and beautiful—to raise the thoughts of men from the gratification of their selfish appetites to the pursuit of intellectual pleasures—to relieve them from their every-day life by quietly recalling their better and happier moments—we cannot but feel that an element of our colonial education has been omitted which would have done much towards raising the social and moral standing of our society. We boast, and with good cause, of the rapid strides which this colony has made in political liberty during the last thirty-five years. From a censorship of the press, and a governor endowed with absolute power, who could dissolve a literary society at his will and stop the press by his word; from an imperfect court of justice, obedient to the governor's nod; from the disgrace of slavery; from a despotism of which we, in the present day, have no conception, we have battled our way to

the enjoyment of liberty in its truest sense. But a grave question still remains for us to decide: are we of this generation capable of carrying on the work that others have so well begun? We believe that the cultivation of a sound taste for the beauties of nature or of art is by no means the least important aid towards rendering a people capable of enjoying the blessings of freedom. Every object that engages our attention on good and noble deeds; that starts a better train of thought; that pierces through the selfish crust which is hardening around the heart of society; and that gives rise to emotions pleasant yet pure, or while giving a harmless pleasure, excludes all evil from entering —every object of this nature must influence a man for good, must tend to raise a community to a higher position in intelligence and morality.

And such we believe to be the effects of a just appreciation of the Fine Arts. If our theory is a correct one, how great an injury must we not have suffered from the entire absence of those works which would have given a love for such pursuits? At the Cape, poetry, alone, of the Fine Arts, presents herself to those who long for their presence. But even the power of poetry, unaided by her sister arts, begins to flag in this dull town. Her force, it is true, can be felt in the presence of nature's majestic works. In solitude and silence, under the shadow of the mighty mountain front which towers above us, with the grand sweep of the Atlantic spread out at our feet, smooth as a mirror, and fitly framed by the blue mountains which appear to gird it in on every side; or while seated on some bluff headland, and watching the rolling waves engaged in their everlasting strife with the huge rocks beneath,—we own the power of the poet's mind, and as the aspect or the voice of nature mingles with our thoughts and swells our imagination, we can converse face to face with those nobler spirits whose works are imperishable. But leave your book and your solitude and come again into the society of men, and what have you? Not a single object strikes your sight which can give rise to pleasant emotions. No gallery of pictures to which you can resort; no sculptures: but, instead, those hideous squares of tawdry brick and mortar; copious talk; abundance of personalities, on all sides dissatisfaction, ennui, self, mammon. We have but one relief—the cool shades of that magnificent avenue, for which may the *manes* of our Dutch ancestors be for ever blest. It would be absurd for us to say that the fine arts would act as a universal cure for all our social ills; but we do say that a taste in

that direction would go far to correct them, and that the ideas raised and the pleasures awakened by the exhibition of works of arts of the first order would, in many cases, lead to the employment of the thoughts upon subjects more worthy, more beneficial, less hurtful, than, we are sorry to say, a large proportion of the intelligent youth of Cape Town at present indulge in. We do not blame these—we ask for them subjects of rational amusement to which they may turn in preference to more trivial pursuits, and we believe that by these means, an immense reform will be effected in their manners and their thoughts, and thereby in the tone of society generally.

Exhibitions such as the one we are noticing possess great influence in giving and improving a healthful taste for the fine arts. We learn by comparison to pass by the mere tricks of a cunning hand; to look for something more than the copy of form; to admire those representations in which we see the effect the nobler part of man exerts upon the machinery of which it is the moving power. It is an art, undoubtedly, to be able to deceive the eye with the representation of forms and bodies; but how soon does the pleasure, if any there be, which is excited by the deception, vanish away and become forgotten. But when we see the soul shine forth that animates these dry bones—when we discern how every part is fashioned to the service of a great governing principle within—it is then that we linger over the artist's invention with sympathy and delight. We learn first to prefer correct representations to those not true to nature; we then distinguish the works by which the artist has conveyed his own ideas from those that are mere copies of form; and we lastly consider whether those are the ideas that were most apt, in other words most natural, for the occasion, and whether they have been well conveyed. While studying thus, our senses are soothed by the harmony, the richness, the variety of color of a painting, or by the true and graceful proportions of a statue; and, as we endeavor to discover the source of these new enjoyments, we call into play without effort those very faculties of the mind which it is the province of education to develop. The student of art again compares his work with those of masters, and can learn in what and in how far himself falls short, whilst he studies the manner in which excellence has been attained. But he must study diligently and hopefully, and vanity must hide herself, or else she will be sorely wounded. What can be more pleasant than to mark one's own improvement; to see where lie our difficulties and faults, and to find those

difficulties vanishing, those faults being corrected, as we move up steadily towards our model. Of one thing, however, every student can be sure, that "excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor."

The Art Unions of London and Glasgow have been of great service in promoting the love of art in this colony, not only by means of the prints given to each subscriber (of whom there are now 200 in the colony), but also by the valuable paintings which they have distributed as prizes, several of which were in the exhibition, and deservedly received great admiration. These were—"Cupid and Psyche," by Clement Burlinson; "Winter: Going to School," by C. Lees; "English Interior," by Deane; "Pour Monsieur le Colonel," by T. M. Joy; "Rye-marsh, Surrey," by J. Wilson; and "Clovelly, on the coast of Devon," by George Wolfe. Besides these, we had several works of first-rate ability, amongst which were portraits by Vandyke, Lely, Jackson, Shee, and Sir J. W. Gordon; "The *Ranger* in a Storm," by Huggins, a very powerful production; some excellent paintings by Meadows and Fisk; two or three specimens of the Italian and Dutch masters; and, above all, a Madonna, by Sassoferrato, which was undoubtedly the gem of the whole collection. There were many talented paintings which did not come up to those we have mentioned, and some excellent copies; a good collection of valuable old engravings, as well as more modern prints; and a goodly show of colonial productions, some of great merit, and of which we can well feel proud. The works of some of our local artists would have claimed a respectable position in any gallery. The collection of busts and statuettes formed an interesting portion of the exhibition. The photographs were excellent. Altogether, there were more than 600 specimens of art—many good, many indifferent, and some, it must be admitted, unquestionably *bad*. All are now returned to their various owners, with the thanks of the public.

We regret to part with the respectable company we have been keeping during the last three months, for we fear that many of our old friends will never again make their appearance. We cannot expect the owners of valuable pictures to strip their walls every year for the purpose of getting up a public exhibition. This is the third time that it has been done; and we are glad to find that, instead of the list of art treasures in the hands of private individuals having been exhausted, this last exhibition is incomparably superior to the two former; and it is a significant fact that

the majority of the best pictures have been imported during the last three or four years, since the influence of art exhibitions and art unions have been brought to bear upon the taste of the community. We expect that this exhibition will give a great impetus to the progress of the love of art. We hope to see the Fine Arts Committee established as an institution;* to behold a fit lodging prepared for the valuable collection which the patriotic Dessin has left to the colony; to see that collection increased year by year, if it were only by the addition of one first-rate work in a twelvemonth. And we believe that thus, by means of the two bright eyes of the Cape—the Public Library and the Fine Arts Institution, the people of this colony will see clearly, and will learn better to distinguish good from evil; to abhor the deformity of vice and ignorance; to love the beauty and harmony of virtue, of wisdom, and of nature. Z.

LIFE ON A FRONTIER FARM.

On a beautiful summer evening in January, 185–, two horsemen with their attendants were seen slowly descending a steep hill on the eastern border of the colony. They were mounted on the small hardy ponies of the country, and had, from their appearance, traveled far since break of day; but their arms, consisting of revolvers and stout hunting knives, and their servants each bearing a formidable rifle, and leading splendid horses, fit alike for charge or chase, showed at once the insecurity of the times, and that choice, not necessity, had reduced the travelers to the humbler steeds. One of the personages thus introduced to the reader was dark of hue, weather-beaten and sunburnt; the other fair, as all James' heroes are. His other heroic qualities I might recount, did not my modesty forbid me to expatiate in eulogy of my humble self. I was going to pay a long-promised visit to the farm of my friend and companion, and endeavor to solve, what had long seemed to me a mystery, how one of the merriest souls I had known in Old England could contrive to vegetate in a South African desert. I was not long, however, in discovering my mistake. A lovelier view than that which suddenly broke upon me in the place of my imagined desert was seldom seen. I am not going to describe

* We are glad to learn that, should this ever take place, several of the paintings which have given so much delight to the visitors of the exhibition, will be presented by their owners as a contribution to the new colonial gallery.

it; but there stood the picturesquesly-built house, with wide fields of yellow corn extended in front, while the setting sun threw its richest gleams on the green sward, bush, and water, which filled up the picture.

"There's my place," said my companion. "Welcome to 'Junk Hall,' for so I call it; and the name is appropriate, for I warn you, that to-night at least you will get nothing to eat but salt beef; to-morrow, it shall go hard with us if our guns don't produce some better fare. But *alons*."

A pack of dogs and Totty servants rushed out to greet us as we cantered up to the homestead, all alike appearing delighted at the master's return.

"How do you? How are you, Abram? Here, you Cobus, take this horse. How are the oxen? none gone? no lungsiekte?"

These, and a hundred more queries of a like kind, were hastily and good humoredly put by the master in Dutch, which I found afterwards to be of the very vilest description, and as cheerfully answered.

"All right; then, Robert, give us some beer."—(This last to a very respectable Englishman, who acted as major-domo, *i. e.*, head cook, valet, groom, gardener, farm steward, &c.) "What's for dinner?—salt beef, for a change, I suppose. There, I said so. Never mind; get us some *green-food*."

The cold round soon made its appearance with the green-food aforesaid, in the shape of a capital salad, and having diluted it with Bass and sherry, I felt, I assure you, by no means inclined to be quarrelsome. This important matter over, and the coffee brought in, I lit my cigar, while my host, as if in disdain of such luxuries, produced a small black pipe, on the virtues of which he descanted most learnedly.

"They are," said he, "a very peculiar style of pipe, manufactured at present by one Jullien (not the immortal 'conductor' of universal harmony, whose pipe, I trust, may never go out, at least till he has paid us a visit), at St. Omer, from a clay of a very soft and porous nature, which rivals even that from which the celebrated dhudeens of Ireland are produced. The invention is attributed—how justly I can't say—to the monks of that ancient monastery, who are reported in olden times to have *moistened their clay* to such an extent that the neighboring soil still retains an unusual degree of humidity."

Early to bed was the order of the evening, so having drank our coffee, and settled our plans for the morrow over a

night-cap of punch, I was shown to my "shake-down." For the convenience of chatting, I presume, we were both in one room, and my bed none of the strongest; but a ride of sixty miles had given me a good appetite for sleep as well as salt beef, so I had composed myself in anticipation of a twelve hours' run of it, when, to my horror, I heard from the other bed:

"I say, old fellow, don't be astonished if you hear my gun go off suddenly in the night; the Kafirs are fond of beef, and my oxen are in rather fair condition at present; they may want to make them fare, ah! forgive the pun*—good night."

True enough, I had hardly, I think, slept an hour, when the threatened shot awoke me, and in a few minutes my host returned quietly to his bed as if nothing extraordinary had occurred.

"Did you kill any one?"

"No, I think I hit one of them, though; but it was dark, and they were too quick for me; they bolted through the drift before I could get another shot at them. By Jove! I was only just in time, they had got the kraal open, and in five minutes it would have been a case. However, they won't come back to-night; so again, good night—we shall find the spoor in the morning if I hit the fellow."

Pleasant state of things this, I thought, farming and buck-shooting in the day, and Kafir-shooting at night. However, an audible snore from the opposite bed warned me that any curiosity I might have as to this being the every-day kind of life on a frontier farm had a better chance of being satisfied in the morning.

Robert, with coffee, woke me up at six o'clock; two hours too soon, as I thought; but a glance at the host's bed showed it vacant, and I was informed that "the master" had been out these two hours.

"Does he always get up in the middle of the night?"

"Well, you see, sir, master is very particular about his garden; and besides, he likes to see the people up, horses fed, &c., himself; and he gives out all the rations before the people go to work—so he is always about early."

"He used to sleep till twelve o'clock (grumbled I) when he lived in South Molton-street."

"Will you have your bath here, sir, or go to the water-fall; it is close by?"

"Oh! the water-fall, by all means;" and in five minutes

* Stolen from Pelham, is it not?—*Printer's Devil.*

I was up to my neck in the river, which ran at the foot of the garden, with the water rolling over my head like a gigantic shower-bath. My host was still in the garden, working like a steam-engine, and I fancied I could avoid him, but it was no use.

"Can you amuse yourself till breakfast? Let me see; can you do anything in the carpentering line? your old bed would be none the worse for a few extra nails."

An idea, by the bye, in which I was forced to agree with him. In South Molton-street, however, carpentering was unknown, and I now confessed my ignorance.

"Can you dig, hoe, grub weeds, anything to keep you quiet till breakfast time. Well, here's a hoe; but don't mistake young rhubarb plants for docks, or cauliflowers for 'fat hen.'"

I promised discretion, and got on for a short time pretty well, though I could see from an occasional side glance that my knowledge in gardening was held rather below par: and ere long, one of those very errors of judgment against which I had been cautioned completed my disgrace, and soon after transferred us to the breakfast-table.

If Robert had any misgivings as to the reception of the last evening's dinner, he had made up his mind to shine in all his glory in the breakfast. Like the Master of Ravensworth's sole dependent, he had provided of the best the place could produce—butter, bread, eggs, honey, grapes, and figs were all off the farm, and, as I was told, cost nothing. After breakfast, we strolled to the stables, while the boys got our horses ready. Duly supplied with guns, we saddled up, prepared only for a short buck hunt. The dogs were collected, and certainly huntsman Gabriel, friend of Meg Merrilies, never produced a queerer lot to the astonished gaze of Brown than the canine varieties assembled before us—greyhounds, spaniels, terriers, and curs of all degree; a couple of dozen in all.

"How do you feed them?"

"I don't know. The greyhounds, spaniels, and terriers are my own; the curs belong to the 'Totties,' and are their especial delight. We'll have some fun with them to-night, if we can find a porcupine."

Our pack, however, proved useful in their generation; and two fine rietbucks gave us some excellent sport, and, at the same time, replenished the larder.

In the afternoon, we roamed over the farm, which I found all that my friend had described it. The ploughed grounds were large—quite two hundred acres in two years' occupation

—and it was evident that a large amount of capital and energy had been expended upon it. The garden was stocked with fruit trees of all sorts, but as we talked it over after dinner, I noticed a sad falling-off in that sanguine tone in which he used to speak of frontier farming,—want of labor, distant markets, rumors of wars, horse-sickness, lung-sickness, and Kafir depredations, had sadly shaken his faith in success, and the only answer I could get to a well-deserved eulogy on his exertions was—

"Yes; some fellow will make a fortune here after I am done up. But I did not bring you all this way to hear me growl, so fill your glass, and here's to the better days coming. It's almost time for the porcupine, so smoke your cigar and let's have coffee. Now, Robert, call all the people and dogs; leave the greyhounds at home." A loud "come away, come," soon brought both men and dogs, ready for the sport. "Now, then, put on those long boots of yours; here's an assegai, only don't mistake me for a pig. Now, off to the mealies and pumpkins."

For myself, I anticipated with delight the chance of joining a porcupine hunt; I had always heard it was great fun, and, although I confess my friend's gentle hint "anent" the boots was anything but agreeable at first, as I had no great wish to have the calves of my legs (I am rather proud of them, by-the-by) turned into a pin-cushion, I soon lost sight of my fears, and determined heroically to do or die. The men were armed with sticks, and some with assegais; the rest with an old sheep-shear fastened on a pole as a substitute, and were silently extended in skirmishing order through the field, with the dogs ranging near them. Half the mealies were drawn blank, and I began to fancy myself fit to encounter any number of porcupines, when the feathering of a spaniel's tail gave us the first hint that the game was afoot; a most unmusical crash from the united lungs of all the canine varieties almost immediately followed, and the cheery tally-ho of my friend, which had often made the woods of Old England ring again when in pursuit of nobler sport, soon proclaimed a find. Then came the rush; one poor dog retires with a yell from a dig in the eye; another gets a mouthful of quills, evidently more than he bargained for; while the boys roll over in every direction in the dark, in their eagerness to get to the scene of action, and gain the honor of the first spear. At last I reached the spot where a wily old terrier had placed himself in front of the enemy, who appeared to have no wish to be pinned by the nose; so

the brute turned round on my approach, and, *sans ceremonie*, in attempting a passage between my legs, grounded me, face upwards, almost on the top of him. Assegais and keeries, however, soon did their work, and we were returning home in high glee, when it was discovered that Mr. P. had brought out his wife and family to sup with him, and the same scene, with similar row, confusion, and mischance, was re-enacted. The night's work was over, the boys were rewarded with a glass of grog each, and retired to devour their spoil; while we chatted over our pipe till bed-time.

But the termination of our evening's amusement was most unfortunate to my host. The Kafirs, probably the same two who had been disappointed in their attempt of the previous night, had taken advantage of the noise occasioned by our hunt, and broken open the kraal. We had been in bed about an hour when the tread of a bullock outside the window roused us. The kraal had been left open by the thieves, and an old favorite had walked up to the house. In a moment all were on the alert, but it was too late. The morning showed the extent of the loss; two bullocks of considerable value had disappeared, and now came another saddle-up.

"You, Robert, ride over to the police-station; I will take the spoor. Tell them to meet me near the border, by —— Drift."

In a few minutes all was ready, and, with rifles in our hands and revolvers in our belts, we were soon rattling along on a spoor which "a child might gallop on."

"I was right, you see; the spoor goes straight for Kafirland, and we are too late; the brutes are over the border by this time, and the bullocks half-eaten. No matter, we will run them home, and hear what they have to say."

We found where they had crossed the river, and in answer to our questions from some of the party collected on the other side, were coolly informed that they had taken the bullocks, with the additional intelligence that they were hungry, and that when that was the case (which appeared to be pretty often) they were in the habit of stealing the Englishman's cattle. We therefore had no alternative but to return the nearest way home. Here further disappointment awaited me: the post had arrived, and with it an order for me to join my regiment immediately, all further leave being stopped till times were more quiet, &c.; so I was of course obliged to take a sudden departure from "Junk Hall," and return to head-quarters.

The termination of the cattle-stealing business did not

reach me till some time afterwards, when a note from my friend gave me the result as follows:

"My dear ——,—Don't be surprised if you see me in a few days. I am thinking of paying G—— Town a visit. You remember the Kafirs walking off with two of my bullocks? They have taken four more since. Well, I found them out, and reported the case to the powers that be. Answer something in this style:

'Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that in compensation for your cattle, &c., we have seized *two iron pots*, *two assegais*, and a number of Kafir ornaments, which are now waiting your disposal.

I have the honor to be, &c., &c.,

——.'

Shall I advertise this valuable lot to be sold without reserve on the market? Like Pecksniff, when old Chuzzlewit knocked him over, I am not angry, I am hurt, my feelings have received an incurable wound, and if the next Kafir who pays me a visit don't get a ditto, my name is not ——

Yours, &c.,

D——."

METEOROLOGY.

HOW TO OBSERVE TEMPERATURE.

In order to obtain the mean temperature of the atmosphere with precision at any locality, it is necessary to observe the indications of the thermometer at short equal intervals of time, day and night, without a break or interruption, during a period of two or more years, the degree of accuracy being regarded as proportional to shortness of the intervals between the observations and the number of years they are kept up.

Photogenic registration preserves a continued line, excepting the few minutes needed for shifting the paper, but it is very difficult to so place the apparatus as to obtain the temperature of the open air; moreover, occasional independent readings must be taken for the purpose of testing the position of the paper, and the working of the machinery.

Returning to direct observation, if the intervals are half-hourly, the sum of the observations of each day divided by 48, or if hourly divided by 24, gives the mean temperature for the day; and the difference between the highest and lowest readings, gives the *range* for the day. But it is obvious that the highest or lowest temperatures do not necessarily occur at any stipulated moment of observation; hence the

necessity for maximum and minimum self-registering thermometers, for the purpose of obtaining with certainty the true maximum *range*.

The next customary step is to add together the daily means during the month, and to divide their sum by the number of days in the month (provided that observations were made on Sundays), or by the number of observing days, to obtain the monthly mean. Next, from the monthly means, by a similar proceeding, to deduce the mean temperature of the year; but here it may be well to remark that the mean of the twelve calendar months, derived from the sum of the means for each divided by 12, is not the correct annual temperature. Either the mean result for each month must be multiplied by the number of observing days in the month, and the sum of the products divided by the sum of the days; or the daily means throughout the year must be added together (which amounts to the same thing), and their sum divided by the number of days.

Other combinations will be formed by the analytic meteorologist; at present we are dealing with the basework only.

A little consideration of the subject must show that the mean annual temperature, *ceteris paribus*, is a function of the latitude of the place. At the equator, we expect that the mean temperature of one half of the year is identical with the mean temperature of the other half, no matter whether the starting epoch is the equinox or the 1st of January. As we recede from the equator, and taking the equinox for the starting point of temperature, the mean position of the sun, with respect to the zenith, for one half of the year, is lower than for the other half. These are truisms, which are closely linked with the depth that heat penetrates the ground in different latitudes, and (taking into account the state of the sky with respect to clouds) the somewhat obscure amount of nocturnal radiation of heat, rather of its negative, of cold.

The latter is exemplified by a self-registering thermometer, placed about five feet above the ground, simultaneously with another one inch above the ground, and with a third in the focus of a parabolic reflector, about six or eight inches above the ground, directed to the zenith. The indications of the second fluctuate between one and four, or more, degrees lower, and of the third from four to ten degrees lower than the indications of the first.

Returning to the object of this communication, viz., the methods for obtaining the mean temperature of a locality and the diurnal range, as the time of minimum temperature occurs shortly before sun-rise, and the time of sun-rise varies

from day to day except at the equator, whereas the time of maximum temperature (when there is no atmospheric disturbance) occurs between one and two hours after mid-day, it is obvious that when the latter is observed, the former should not be omitted, and that the stipulated expression should be ten minutes before sun-rise, instead of an invariable time in the morning; or, which will answer the same purpose, a self-registering minimum thermometer may be employed.

Of those who would be inclined to carry out half-hourly or hourly observations, few are in a position to incur the expenses. It is therefore desirable to ascertain from the registers of fixed establishments devoted to such pursuits, if the relation between the mean temperature of the day and the temperature at certain hours of the day is sufficiently uniform to supply corrections which might be applied to a few daily observations made at convenient times, so as to derive the mean daily temperature. This investigation has been undertaken at the Cape Observatory, the elements being four and a half years of hourly observations, and six months of two-hourly observations, as follows:

The hourly observation columns having been arranged in months, the mean for each hour of each month was compared with the mean of all the hours for each corresponding month; a positive sign being annexed to the differences when the hour observation was less than the mean for the month, and negative when it was greater.

The first result of the investigation showed that the *mean* of all the temperatures for a given hour of a given month is not the same every year, differing by (in one case) more than four degrees, but, that it always bears a close relation to the mean temperature of the *month*, whether the latter be high or low. This will be better understood by an example. Thus, comparing $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours a.m., $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours p.m., of the month of December, we have—

Year.	$9\frac{1}{2}$ a.m.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ p.m.	$6\frac{1}{2}$ p.m.	Mean temperature of month.
1841	65°·3	68°·1	64°·0	63°·0
1842	70·4	72·8	66·8	67·0
1843	68·7	71·0	65·4	65·6
1844	68·9	71·4	65·4	65·2
1845	68·9	72·8	66·9	66·1
Means,	68·4	71·2	65·7	65·4

While the foregoing example illustrates the object intended, it places in evidence the necessity for continuing observations

for more years than one, in order to establish the normal temperature of a locality, for hours, months, or years. It likewise exhibits the close approximation of $6\frac{1}{2}^{h}$. p.m. temperature to the mean temperature of the month. It is proper, however, to mention that the latter varies a little according to the month of the year, which will be better understood by an example, which example also includes another hour of the day that affords a close approximation.

Normal temperatures derived from five years' observation:

	$8\frac{1}{2}^{h}$ a.m.	$6\frac{1}{2}^{h}$ p.m.	Normal or mean temperature of each month.
	°	°	°
January	68·8	67·9	67·6
February	67·9	68·2	67·9
March	65·4	66·0	65·4
April	62·1	62·9	62·6
May	56·4	58·0	57·6
June	52·1	54·8	54·1
July	53·0	55·2	54·4
August	53·9	54·9	54·7
September	56·5	56·2	56·7
October	61·0	59·5	60·0
November	64·0	62·5	62·5
December	67·2	65·7	65·4

The preceding numbers indicate the small corrections to be applied to observations at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, and at half-past six o'clock in the evening, to reduce them to the mean temperature of the day; but this question presents, namely, is the relation between the mean temperature of the day and the temperature at certain hours of the day, the same throughout the colony?

A positive answer must be derived from experiment, and the experiment is not likely to be made; but we express our belief that it does hold good, without entering into explanations, some of which are obvious, and others theoretic.

We have not such complete data for giving an analysis of the relation that subsists between the diurnal mean temperature and the mean of the maximum and minimum self-registering thermometers; for, previous to Negretti and Zambras' contrivance, frequent and sometimes long interruptions occurred, owing to the indices of the instruments becoming fixed in the fluid; but we have sufficient to show that the mean of the indications of the two self-registering thermometers exceeds the mean temperature by about three fourths of a degree.

T. M.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. II.

THE HON. RAWSON W. RAWSON, C.B.

Mr. Rawson was born in London, on the 8th September, 1812. His father was Sir William Adams, the distinguished oculist, and the discoverer of an eminently successful treatment for opthalmia. In this capacity, he superintended, gratuitously, the opthalmic military hospital at Chelsea, after the return of the troops from Egypt; and, on the 25th July, 1822, the House of Commons, on the special recommendation of a select committee, voted him £4,000 "as a reward for the services which he had rendered to the public." Sir William married the daughter and co-heiress of Colonel Rawson, of Her Majesty's 5th Fusiliers; and afterwards adopted the name of Rawson for himself. About 1820, he retired from his profession, with a handsome fortune; interested himself zealously to secure the independence of the South American States; thereby became tempted to embark his capital in South American mining projects; and sunk it, hopelessly, of course. He died in February, 1827; and, within two years thereafter, young Rawson, who had been at Eton for some three years before, resolved, unaided, to push his own fortunes in the world as best he could. He accordingly accepted a junior clerkship in the Board of Trade; and thus commenced his career as a public servant at the age of sixteen. His first promotion in that department soon succeeded. Finding the special duties of his own branch to be light and insignificant, he volunteered for extra work in other offices of the department, and sedulously exerted himself wherever his services were most required. This industry secured its due reward. On Earl Grey's accession to power, in 1829, Mr. Poulett Thompson, the vice-president of the board and master of the mint, selected him for the private secretaryship,—an office which he held until the displacement of the ministry, in December, 1834.

During this period, the statistical department of the Board of Trade was first established by Lord Auckland, and placed under the direction of Mr. G. R. Porter, who afterwards, as author of the *Progress of the Nation*, rose to the highest eminence as a statist and political economist. Mr. Rawson, in addition to his post of private secretary, was appointed to the first clerkship; and was specially charged with the collection and digest of the statistics of foreign

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. II.

THE HON. RAWSON W. RAWSON, C.B.

wards, as author of the *Progress of the Nation*, rose to the highest eminence as a statist and political economist. Mr. Rawson, in addition to his post of private secretary, was appointed to the first clerkship; and was specially charged with the collection and digest of the statistics of foreign

Hon. RAWSON W. RAWSON, C.B.

countries, forming part of the "Tables of Revenue, Population, and Commerce," then, for the first time, and since annually, presented to parliament.

In December, 1834, Mr. Rawson was selected as private secretary to Mr. Alexander Baring, subsequently Lord Ashburton, who at this time became president of the Board of Trade under Sir Robert Peel's administration; and shortly afterwards we find his name as secretary to a special commission, appointed to inquire into the system of pilotage in the United Kingdom. When this duty was completed he returned to his post in the statistical department.

About the same time, the Statistical Society of London was founded, and a few months after its establishment, in 1835, Mr. Rawson became a member and one of its honorary secretaries. A few months later, he was appointed the principal working secretary; and when the journal of the society was commenced, in 1838, he undertook the editorship and continued it for the following four years. In that capacity his name appears associated with several important statistical inquiries, of a public character. He was a member of the committee, in London, appointed to inquire into the state of the poor and of schools; and also of the census committee, upon whose report the government bill for the census of 1841 was withdrawn, and a new one, embodying the recommendations of the committee, substituted in its room. He was throughout the whole of this period a frequent contributor to the journal which he edited; and as a member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and as councilor of the Geographical Society, we find his name attached to various valuable papers, generally of a statistical character, published in the annual transactions of those several bodies.

We shall not be considered to depart from our professed rule of neutrality in matters of local or colonial politics when we express a hope that the honorable secretary's large experience in statistical inquiries generally may, at no distant day, be rendered available for South Africa. It is high time that a census of the colony should now be undertaken. Mauritius has one already, for which, by the way, it is mainly indebted to Mr. Rawson, and which has already proved of vast value in more respects than one. A census of Victoria has been accomplished by order of the legislature last year. In England a census is provided decennially of the fullest and most elaborate character—presenting an accurate picture of the country as it really is, in its extent of population, its social condition, its religious and educational

progress, its manufactures, agriculture, wealth, resources, and capabilities. At the Cape, we are blessed or cursed with utter ignorance of ourselves. Our present estimates of the gross population of the colony; of the extent of cultivated lands, and the extent of lands yet available for intending emigrants; of the proportion of churches to schools, and of both to the requirements of the people; of the ratio of the European colonists to the half-civilized or wholly savage native foreigners, are all but so many pieces of guess-work, utterly unreliable and worthless as the basis of any legislation whatever. Some two or three years ago, the Parliament expressed an opinion that a systematic and complete census should be taken for the colony at the earliest favorable opportunity. That more convenient season has hitherto not arrived. Is it too much to expect that one of the first appointments of the approaching session will be a commission, with Mr. Rawson at the head of it, to devise the proper forms and ways and means for providing a full, and systematic, and really practical census of the Cape before another year has closed? But to return to our sketch.

In 1841, Mr. W. E. Gladstone succeeded to the presidency of the Board of Trade, and Mr. Rawson was once more selected as private secretary. This office he retained until the following year, when Lord Stanley, the colonial minister of the day, promoted him to the civil or chief secretaryship in Canada. He arrived there at a critical period. Sir C. Bagot was the governor-general; and the lately-introduced system of responsible or party government was in full play. A combination was just formed between the French party of Lower Canada and the liberals of Upper Canada to oust the ministry which had been appointed by the previous governor-general, Lord Sydenham, and which had carried him triumphantly through the first session of the parliament of the united provinces. The coalition proved successful, and Messrs. Baldwin, Hinckes, and Lafontaine displaced Messrs. Sullivan, Harrison, and Draper. A disease with which Sir C. Bagot was at this time attacked, and which was aggravated by the changes thus forced upon his government, proved speedily fatal; and Sir Charles Metcalfe, the eminent administrator of India and Jamaica, was promptly appointed by Lord Stanley to succeed him. The responsible government theory was then put thoroughly on its mettle, and pushed to its extremity. The coalition ministry that had attained to power in the latter days of Sir Charles Bagot were resolved to maintain their full authority as the *de facto* rulers of the country, assigning to

the governor-general only the inactive dignity of a vice-regal cipher—a mere passive instrument in their hands. Lord Metcalfe, on the other hand, acknowledged by all parties to rank among the ablest statesman the mother-country could have sent forth, disdained this sham authority, and determined to exercise his own judgment in the administration of the government. This, of necessity, involved perpetual collisions between himself and the members of his cabinet. In a dispatch written by him, on the 24th April, 1843, he states that one special point of difference between himself and them arose "on their claim that the government shall be administered in subserviency to their party views. They expect that the patronage of the government shall be bestowed exclusively on members of their party and in support of their influence." Under an arrangement of this sort, the office of chief secretary, held by Mr. Rawson, became peculiarly obnoxious. It was the only one in high position of which the patronage was vested in the secretary of state, entirely independent of the colonial ministry; and to it belonged the exclusive administration of certain important departments, such as the post office and immigration, which should have been attached, more properly, to the general government of the country. It had been objected to before when filled by Mr. Murdoch, in the days of Lord Sydenham;* it was objected to by the ministry now more strenuously than ever. The parliament, in which the government could always command a large majority, addressed a remonstrance to the governor-general on the subject; and it was finally deemed desirable by all that in the existing excitement of contending parties, and with the breach between the governor-general and his council now open and irreparable, the office should finally be abolished. An eloquent exposition of the whole range of principles and events which marked this most interesting period of colonial history will be found in the second volume of Kaye's valuable *Memoirs of Lord Metcalfe*. Lord Stanley, who still held the seals of the colonial office, at once offered Mr. Rawson the post of treasurer and paymaster-general at Mauritius, which had lately become vacant by the death of Mr. Frank Sheridan. This was accepted;

* Lord Sydenham had, at that time, recommended the abolition of the office and the combination of its duties with those of private secretary, on a reduced salary. Lord Stanley then declined to adopt that recommendation. After the resignation of Mr. Rawson, however, Sir C. Metcalfe carried out the arrangement previously proposed, and appointed his private secretary, Mr. Higginson (since governor of Mauritius), to perform the duties of civil secretary.

and in the dispatch which conveyed that intimation to Lord Stanley, the governor-general eulogized the retiring secretary as "an honorable, upright, zealous, and efficient servant of the state, who had conducted himself in Canada with great prudence and judgment under circumstances which rendered the exercise of those qualities peculiarly necessary in the position he had occupied."

Mr. Rawson arrived at Mauritius, in August, 1844. The post which had been assigned him, was, in name, of less importance than that which he held before in Canada; but he entered upon his duties at a critical period, and before long, was prominently engaged in every discussion of public importance raised on the island. When he arrived, the legislative council was debating whether the further immigration of Indian coolies should be stopped or extended; 30,000 of them having been already introduced. A committee was shortly afterwards appointed to investigate this question, and to decide further on the expediency of lengthening the term of engagements with laborers, which had previously been limited to one year. Mr. Rawson was the president and reporter of this commission; and a copy of the report he produced is now before us in a collection of Mauritius blue-books. It is an exceedingly full and elaborate production; it advocates a large increase to the immigrant population, and recommends a greater liberty of action, both to the coolies and the planters, by permitting the prolongation of the terms of engagement to at least three years. The reasonings on which its conclusions are based are singularly analogous to those adduced in our own Cape parliament two sessions ago, in favor of the Kafir Employment Bill. The report was adopted by a majority of the council; but was strenuously opposed by the governor, Sir William Gomm,—a circumstance which, as far as we can gather from the papers of the day, led to perpetual warfare between his excellency and the treasurer. The governor's opinion prevailed with the home authorities for a time; but since then, and under the administration of Mr. Higginson, and still later of Mr. Stevenson, all the recommendations of the report have been fully carried out, to the great satisfaction of the planters, and apparently to the benefit of the colony and of all concerned.

In 1846, a census of the island was taken, which was repeated again in 1851. We find Mr. Rawson's name at the head of the commissions appointed on both these occasions. It is only the census of 1851, of which we have been able to procure a copy. It is interesting to us now, as it may serve, to some extent, as a model for our own expected census at the

Cape. The mode in which it was taken was simple enough. In the first place, blank forms were prepared, comprising queries on every subject likely to prove valuable as elements of a general census. The town of Port Louis was divided into twenty sections; and as many "distributors" were appointed to distribute the forms, and afterwards, when filled in, to call for and recover them. In the country, each district was divided into a convenient number of sections,—what we should call field-cornetcies; a distributor was appointed for each, and the forms were collected and examined by the civil commissary. In the dependencies, different agencies were resorted to. In the principal islands of the Seychelles paid enumerators were employed, under the direction of the civil commissioner; in some of the smaller isles, returns were obtained from the proprietors; and in Rodrigues, the enumeration was made under the superintendence of the police magistrate. The amount of information thus collected was large and valuable. In the census now before us, we have a statement of the gross population; of the various distinct classes of population, ranged under the heads of "general," "ex-apprentices," and "Indians;" of the population of each district in detail; of the ratio of it to the square mile; of the proportion of males to females in the various sections of the community; of the distribution of the population among the various professions and trades; and of the numbers attached to the various religious creeds, &c. There are certainly many other topics of vast importance for a census which, we know not for what reason, have been omitted from this one; and which will, we have no doubt, be provided for at the Cape. The differing circumstances and conditions of South Africa and Mauritius, will render of course a difference in the form of census indispensable. We do trust, however, that whatever the form it will assume may be, no further delay than to the approaching session of parliament will be permitted in providing for it by the appointment of a commission to arrange the system, details, and management of it.

In 1849, Mr. Rawson returned to England on leave of absence; and in March, 1850, married the daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Henry Ward, rector of Killinchy, in the county Down, and uncle of the present Viscount Bangor. In May following, he proceeded once more to Mauritius. The first investigation, of an important character, in which we find him engaged after his return bore reference to the question of currency. The notorious intricacy of the subject, of course, forbids us entering on it here in any detail. The

point at issue was the expediency of "raising the present official value of the rupee from one shilling and ten pence to two shillings, the rate at which it circulates currently in all commercial transactions in the colony." The committee, of which Mr. Rawson was the president and reporter, recommended the increase in question, and based their opinion on a vast amount of evidence and argumentation, which we have been unable to wade through ourselves, but which we find highly applauded by those best capable of judging it—the Mauritius writers of the time.

Our limited space prevents us from following the further career of the treasurer at Mauritius, as the promoter of the lunatic asylum, established there; as the permanent president of the immigration committee of the council; and as the most strenuous advocate for the establishment of steam communication with Great Britain. For his services in these and other capacities he received the formal and hearty thanks of the Chambers of Commerce and of Agriculture.

In November, 1853, Mr. Montagu, the colonial secretary of the Cape of Good Hope, died in England, and the duke of Newcastle, then colonial minister, selected the treasurer of Mauritius to succeed him. In the dispatch addressed to Mr. Rawson announcing his promotion, the duke, while paying a due honor to the high merits of Mr. Montagu as "one of the ablest of the colonial servants of the crown," describes the office vacated by his death as one which would "especially under the new constitution about to be inaugurated, afford, to a man able and anxious to distinguish himself, an honorable field for exertion, as well as for great public usefulness." Mr. Rawson accepted the new appointment without delay, and left Port Louis for the Cape in May, 1854. The eulogies passed upon him then by the Mauritius press and the complimentary addresses presented to him by the various public bodies of the island, were transcribed into our own colonial papers at the time; and it is therefore unnecessary to refer to them further here. His career at the Cape, for obvious reasons, we pass unnoticed altogether. It is already as well known to the colonists, generally, as to ourselves; and any detailed sketch of it would, moreover, involve us in controversial politics, which in this periodical we are pledged wholly to abjure. We need only further mention that in October of last year Mr. Rawson was promoted by the Queen to a companionship of the most honorable Order of the Bath—a dignity in no way beyond his deserts throughout a long, varied, and laborious career.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The accessions to the Public Library, received by the *Dane*, have been unusually rich and varied. Our limited space this month, however, forbids us doing more than briefly naming the most important of them. They are Buckland's "Bridgewater Treatise;" Sir Humphrey Davy's, "Fragmentary Remains;" Ellis' "Three Visits to Madagascar;" Farley's "Two years in Assyria;" Malhausen's "Journey from the Mississippi to the Pacific," with a laudatory preface by Baron von Humboldt;" Robertson's (of Brighton) "Lectures and Addresses; Ferrier's "History of the Affghans;" King's "Valleys of the Alps;" the "Laird of Norlaw," by the popular authoress of "Margaret Maitland;" Timb's "Curiosities of Science," &c.

Of these, the most novel, interesting, and really valuable is the Rev. Mr. Ellis' admirable volume on Madagascar. The author has established for himself a name in literature by his *Polynesian Researches*, published many years ago. The present work will fully sustain that reputation. Mr. Ellis, along with Mr. Cameron, of Cape Town, had occasion to visit Madagascar as a deputation from the London Missionary Society, on three successive opportunities between 1853 and 1856. The results of his observations are recorded in the work before us, and pictured out in simple but clear and most graphic form. The book abounds in information such as will gratify the tastes at once of the missionary, the philanthropist, the naturalist, and the undisguised lover of mere novelty and adventure. Next month, we shall review it at length; at present, we can find space for only a single extract. It is, however, a striking one, descriptive of the persecution and martyrdom bravely undergone by two thousand nameless Malagassy Christians at no remoter period than ten years ago. It certainly, as Montalembert declared of the horrors of Cawnpore, does "seem like a page torn from the acts of the first martyrs." One passage of it, especially, reads like a mere transcript of the well-known story of the Pro-consul Pliny:

"Numbers were informed against, and apprehended by officers of government bearing a silver spear, designated 'The hater of lies,' and numbers, on the requisition of the government, acknowledged their having engaged in Christian worship. The nature of their offence may be inferred from the subjoined recital of the practices of which they were accused during the last persecution. When a number of them were then arraigned, it was asked by the chief officer, 'What is this that you do? This that the queen hates—that which says believe in it or him and obey the gospel; refusing to fight and quarrel with each other; refusing to swear by their sisters with a stubbornness like that of stones or wood; observing the Sabbath as a day of rest; the taking of the juice of the grape and a little bread, and invoking a blessing on the head, and then falling down to the ground, and when the head is raised, the tears running down from the eyes. Now, are you to do these things, or are you not?—for such things, it is said, are done by the praying people, and on this account the people are made to take the oath.' Then

Ramary stood up before the people and said,—'I believe in God, for He has made all things, and I follow (or believe) the gospel of God. . . . .

"Of the numbers implicated, some idea may be formed from the fact that at one time and at one place, 37 who had explained or preached the Word were reduced to slavery with their wives and children; 42 who had possessed books were made slaves, and their property seized; 27 who had possessed books, and who had preached, or explained, were made slaves with their wives and children; 6 with whom it was a second offence were imprisoned; 2,055 had paid one dollar each; 18 had been put to death; 14 hurled from the steep rock; and 4 burnt alive. Those who had been appointed to die were treated with the greatest indignity. They were wrapped in old torn or dirty mats, and rags were stuffed into their mouths. Seventeen of them had been tied each along a pole, and had been thus carried between two men bearing the pole on their shoulders to the place where sentence was to be pronounced. One of their number, being a young female, walked behind the rest. Four of them being nobles were not killed in the ordinary way, as there is an aversion to the shedding of the blood of nobles;—they were therefore sentenced to be burned. When the sentence was pronounced, some derided, and the condemned were then carried away to the places of execution. The four nobles were burned alive in a place by themselves. Two of them, viz., Andriampinery and Ramandalana, were husband and wife, the latter expecting to become a mother. At the place of execution life was offered them if they would take the required idolatrous oath. Declining to do this, they were bound, and laid on the pile of wood or placed between split poles, more wood being heaped upon them, and the pile was then kindled. Amidst the smoke and blaze of the burning wood, the pangs of maternity were added to those of an agonizing death, and at this awful moment the martyr's child was born. I asked my informants what the executioners or bystanders did with the babe: they answered, 'Thrust it into the flames, where its body was burned with its parents', its spirit to ascend with theirs to God.' The remaining fourteen were taken to a place of common execution, whither a number of felons who had been sentenced to death were also taken to be executed together with the Christians. The latter were put to death by being thrown over a steep precipice—the Tarpeian Rock of Antananarivo."

Buckland's "Bridgewater Treatise" on the relations of Geology to Natural Theology is but a new, though very superb, edition of an old, valuable, and standard work, now for some years back extremely scarce, and out of print. It is improved considerably by notes from living geologists, extending the science of the book to the full requirements of the present day. The original argumentation, however, is preserved in its fullness, clearness, and beauty. One of the most interesting features of it is the biographical sketch of the author, with which it is introduced. His fate in his latter days was a melancholy one. Like Hugh Miller and like Robert Hall, his strong, fine intellect became shattered—a victim alike to physical disease and to its own heaven-endowed fire and energy.

> 'Twas his own genius gave the fatal blow,
> And helped to plant the wound that laid him low.

The "Fragmentary Remains of Sir Humphrey Davy" form another of the most interesting works in this month's selection. They are

edited by his brother, Dr. Davy; and consist almost entirely of private correspondence. Some of the letters are of the usually absurd sort, which in the present day so commonly make their appearance in print—relating exclusively to family and domestic affairs, and of no more general interest than the penny post epistles of Brown to Jones, or of Jones to Robinson. Others, however, are of the most instructive character; and published with them are a batch of letters from Mr. Coleridge, which, in a psychological point of view, are of the highest interest.

Of colonial publications that have appeared during the month, the only one which we can find space to notice here is the Rev. F. G. White's address at the closing of the Fine Arts Exhibition, and which has since been issued in a pamphlet form. In style severely simple and unpretending, it is, in reality, an interesting, thoughtful, and instructive essay. The following extract may be taken as a specimen of it:

"This is the use and advantage of the exhibition. Few persons can possess any large number of paintings,—many of us possess none at all; it is then a very great advantage that the best pictures in the colony should be brought together for a time, in a place where they are accessible to every one, in order that all may be able to judge of them, and to appreciate the power which God has given to man of *creating* beauty. I use the word 'create' advisedly, just as the ancient Greeks called those who gave to them the beauty of song ποιηται (poets), that is to say 'makers;' and it is singular that the Scotch of the middle ages adopted the word 'makers' for the same purpose. It used to be the fashion among some religious writers to cry down the beauty of man's works, in order, as they thought, the more to exalt the perfection of the Divine workmanship. But this is a mistaken view of the matter; for surely, the greater the beauty which the creature can bring forth, the greater the glory of the Creator, Whose fashioning hand is at least as distinctly seen in the perishable beauty of His creature's works as in the more enduring beauty of His own works of nature. The contrary view would really imply the notion of man's being independent of God in the exercise of his natural powers, so that he might have something to glory in in respect of his own works of art. Shakespeare puts the matter on its right footing when he makes one of his characters, in speaking of the improvement of flowers by cultivation, say,—

> "'Yet nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes.'"

* * * * * * * * * * *

"And thus we see the truth of the remark made by Hugh Miller, to the effect that God, and His creatures made in His image, work after the same models and by the same laws. It is not *true* that man's loveliest works of art are borrowed from anything in nature; and yet they coincide, because both makers have worked upon the same principles. Hundreds of our best inventions have proved to have been anticipated in the works of creation, and yet nothing is thereby detracted from the novelty of the inventions. It only shows that the principles of their beauty must needs be good and true, seeing that they were acted upon ages ago by Him who alone does all things well, and who enables man to work, in his degree, by the

same laws which he thought good to impose on his own works. Here, then, we have the use of the fine arts in mental education. The imagination *must* be trained as well as the intellect: it is treason to the Creator to stint and destroy it. Physical science, at the same time that it trains the intellect, brings daily to our view numberless forms of beauty, in shell, and flower, and bird,—all alike suggesting the skill and the goodness of the great Artificer; and it displays Him as working by laws of exquisite beauty, which of their own accord suggest order and plan, and (new as the idea may be to some) a delight in the same mathematical laws of number as those by which men work; it being a now ascertained fact that the branches of trees are given off from the trunk, and the scales are arranged in the fir-cone, according to a very remarkable arithmetical progression, in which each term is the sum of the two which immediately precede it, as 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, &c., &c.; and many other laws of the same nature are now being worked out in botany, chemistry, and other sciences. Now, whilst physical science is offering to us these instances of beauty as the result of its discoveries in its own province, the fine arts come in and show that man may not only perceive beauty, but may also himself, in his turn, be the creator of new beauty,—not copied from the Divine original, but worked out on the same principles; and thus in both ways is provided a fund of exquisite enjoyment for all who can appreciate it, and which is at the same time closely bound up with every man's own moral and intellectual state."

We perfectly concur in all these doctrines; as we do in the sentiments expressed on the same subject by a contributor to our own pages for the present month. The tendency of exhibitions like that which has now closed is, beyond all question, to refine the taste, to chasten while they strengthen, the imagination and the intellect, and to raise the tone of society generally. It is somewhat to be regretted that much of this tendency has not been exemplified in the writings of our art-critics in the newspapers of Cape Town. *Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*, they tell us, is the motto of their craft. Their published productions hitherto have only established their claim to rank foremost among "the irritable race." There is but meagre beauty in paltry personal contentions; and perpetual strife can scarcely, by any stretch of fancy, be reckoned in the category of fine arts.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The intelligence from England by the last mail steamer, although not of a character to interest the general reader to a great degree, was yet not without its interest to commercial men. To put things in their proper place, as regards importance, we must first and foremost refer to the completion of the arrangements between the Cape Town Railway Company and the contractors, by which we conceive that a mutually advantageous bargain has been made,—the company being relieved from all the penalties which might possibly have been imposed upon it, and the contractors having obtained a handsome sum for the work to be performed. We have always been sanguine as to the effects which

the introduction of this mighty power will have upon the commerce and agriculture of the colony, and we repeat that there is no era in its history of so much importance, or the beneficial results of which are so incalculable. Heartily do we wish, and confidently do we expect, that the iron road may and will flourish.

The plan proposed by Capt. Ford, late of the Ottoman navy (to which we referred some months back), for the transport annually of a certain number of troops to and from India, has been again revived; and from the circumstance of two great companies being talked of as willing to undertake it, there seems a great probability of its being carried out. It appears that Capt. Ford has been in communication with the Lords of the Admiralty for this service, offering, by the construction of vessels of 5,000 tons, to convey, monthly, troops to India in forty-two days, calling at the Cape on or about the twenty-first day; and that the government, desiring to see so beneficial an arrangement carried out, approved of the plan, subject to its adoption by some company possessing means equal to the construction of vessels of sufficient tonnage and power, and of carrying on the service. According to the *Friend of India*, the originator of the idea has proposed the plan to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, who are likely to support it, as rivalry in the rate of speed (the overland postal service being now carried on in six weeks to Calcutta) would be productive of injury to their other lines. The General Screw Steam Company, whose fine vessels were all constructed by Capt. Ford, is also said to be in the field; and although their rate of speed is by no means equal to that proposed as above, we do not think that the Cape would do otherwise than benefit by the adoption of either company's services. It will be very satisfactory to have, in addition to the present well-conducted line, opportunities of sending letters regularly to Europe and the East.

The price of wool seems still to be maintained, if it is not actually higher, during the November sales. Other Cape produce is without material change, although we rather fear a decline in the price of wine, owing to the increased crops of many of the continental vineyards. There is, however, to all appearance, an increased consumption of South African wines, and wine merchants in London are not ashamed, as heretofore, to own to the importation of the article. It is now rarely used for the purposes of adulteration.

Exchanges and freights are without change, the latter, if anything, duller than before, produce having come in but slowly. In the import market timber seems to have formed the principal item, and the number of north of Europe vessels in Table Bay has been very great. The sales effected by the Cape Town merchants have not been large, the town trade being somewhat interfered with by the elections, whilst the country farmers have been busy harvesting. The banks and other local institutions have published their statements, to which we have not time at present to refer. They appear however to be generally more satisfactory as regards the issue of notes, and the specie to meet it, than when we last had the subject under review. Discounts continue easy.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR DECEMBER, 1858.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Fah.	Thermometers.				Dew Point.	Humid. of Air. Sat. = 100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Force.	Direction.		
Dec.	inch.	°	°	°	°			inch.			inch.	
1	29·823	70·80	62·54	83·8	55·3	56·52	63·8	29·365	1 6	S b E ½ E		2·6
2	29·837	69·40	62·96	73·8	61·4	58·12	68·6	29·352	3·3	S ½ E		1·0
3	29·824	68·78	62·38	86·2	60·3	57·58	69 6	29·349	2·2	W		5·6
4	29·977	64·88	59·28	71·8	52·6	54·82	71·6	29·543	1·2	WSW		2·7
5	29·884	66·16	60·44	75·6	56·8	56·00	71·6	29·433	3·6	S W b W		0·8
6	29·911	68·84	61·36	82·0	57·0	55·88	66·8	29·462	1·0	NW b N		4·1
7	30·005	68·44	60·42	79·0	60·2	54·26	61·6	29·582	1·8	S b W ½ W		3·6
8	29·915	67·66	61·54	79·0	61·2	56·80	69·2	29·453	2·5	S b E		2·0
9	29·879	68·78	60·60	77·4	62·7	54·36	61·4	29·455	1·1	S ½ E		6·0
10	29·947	64·88	57·20	72·0	59·4	50·92	61·2	29·574	3·6	S		4·1
11	29·978	66·60	59·24	75·8	57·0	53·40	63·4	29·568	0·8	S b W ½ W		2·6
12	29·951	66·58	59·54	76·3	57·4	54·04	65·2	29·533	3·4	S b E		0·5
13	29·918	67·70	58·64	74·0	61·0	51·54	56·6	29·536	2·0	S ½ E		1·2
14	29·771	67·64	60·54	70·0	56·6	55·04	65·0	29·536	2·0	S b W ½ W		1·1
15	29·691	71·78	62·24	90·4	59·2	55·68	62·6	29·245	1·6	NW ½ W		7·1
16	29·905	61·38	55·98	67·0	56·8	51·34	71·0	29·521	1·2	W ½ S		8·2
17	30·126	62·48	57·16	68·0	52·2	52·74	71·2	29·727	0·8	NW ½ W		8·1
18	30·107	66·38	57·36	71·0	60·0	50·14	56·6	29·745	3·4	W		3·6
19	29·929	68·82	59·06	74·3	62·0	51·54	54·4	29·547	6·1	S ½ W		2·5
20	29·831	70·06	63·66	82·0	63·0	58·98	69·8	29·331	4·7	S ½ E		1·8
21	29·907	66·38	60·30	73·2	61·0	55·48	68·4	29·466	7·0	S ½ E		1·0
22	30·013	65·94	59·04	72·0	60·0	53·48	64·8	29·603	6·8	S		0·5
23	29·967	65·84	59·16	72·2	60·2	53·76	65·6	29·553	7·0	S ½ W		0·7
24	29·963	66·82	59·28	70·6	62·0	53·30	62·2	29·556	6·4	S		1·1
25	29·997	67·16	59·72	76·0	60·8	53·90	63·4	29·580	1·2	S ½ E	0·040	6·0
26	30·124	64·04	54·62	70·7	59·0	46·84	54·2	29·803	3·2	SSE		5·6
27	30·188	64·70	56·20	69·5	59·0	49·24	57·8	29·837	6·2	S ½ E		0·5
28	30·070	70·74	59·32	72·8	63·8	50·76	50·8	29·697	4·8	S ½ E		0·5
29	29·895	74·00	63·70	86·3	65·0	56·28	54·6	29·441	1·8	S b E		1·0
30	29·861	71·30	63·28	85·6	55·3	57·54	63 8	29·384	0·8	W b S ½ S		1·1
31	29·926	67·56	61·02	72·6	60·0	55·92	67·0	29·478	0·9	NW b W		5·1
Mean,	29·939	67·50	59·93	75·8	59·3	54·07	63·7	29·518	3·0	SSW ½ W	Sm, 0·040	3·0

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A M. h m 5·34	A.M. h m 9·34	P.M. h m 1·34	P.M. h m 5·34	P.M. h m 9·34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°. inches	29·938	29·951	29·926	29·921	29·961	30·193	29·602
,, Press. of dry air, at 32°. ,,	29·523	29·529	29·497	29·493	29·542	29·881	29·182
Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees	61·72	70·92	74·02	67·81	63·04	90·6	55·3
,, Wet bulb. ,,	57·36	61·29	62·72	60·20	58·07	70·0	53·0
Humidity of the air. p. cent.	75·8	55·8	51·8	62·4	72·6	94·0	24·0
Dew Point. degrees	53·7	54·0	54·6	54·2	53·9	61·9	45·5

GEORGE MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ELLIS' MADAGASCAR.

In our last number we promised to notice at greater length the admirable volume* in which Mr. Ellis has given to the public his account of what he saw, heard, did, and endeavored to do, during three visits to the remarkable but altogether unexplored island of Madagascar. And we shall best succeed in presenting our readers with a view of the objects contemplated in these visits, and of the services which the publication of this volume has rendered to the cause of literature, of science, and of humanity, by allowing Mr. Ellis to speak for himself, in his own pleasant and straightforward style. In dealing with a descriptive work of this nature, formal review and criticism are out of the question; we shall therefore quote pretty freely from the many passages of interest which we have marked in perusing the volume.

The commencement of friendly relations between the people of Madagascar and our own countrymen dates in the year 1817. At this time a treaty of friendship and alliance was concluded between Radama, the titular king of the island, and Sir Robert Farquhar, governor of Mauritius. During the interval between this date and the death of Radama in 1828, the island was open to the humanizing and elevating influences of English civilization. The first missionaries reached the coast in 1818, were cordially welcomed by the king, and labored under his protection with much encouraging success. In addition to directly religious effort, the members of the mission were actively employed in attempts to introduce among the Malagasy the various

* Three Visits to Madagascar during the years 1853, 1854, 1856; including a Journey to the Capital. With Notices of the Natural History of the Country and of the Present Civilisation of the People. By the Rev. William Ellis, F.H.S., Author of "Polynesian Researches." London: John Murray, Albemarle-street.

arts of European civilization. Both in a spiritual and a secular point of view, their labors were attended with important results. Christianity was firmly embraced by thousands of the people; the language was reduced to writing, and the Scriptures were translated; factories were established by the government on European models; and the traffic in slaves was exchanged for the export of the valuable products of the country.

On the death of Radama, the present queen ascended the throne. For some years, the beneficial influences introduced by her predecessor were allowed to continue. But it soon became evident that the policy of Radama was conceived in a larger and more liberal spirit than that which now directed the royal counsels. The ostensible reason for the expulsion of the missionaries and the suppression of Christianity was, that it endangered the dignity of the native superstitions. The real though unavowed reason was, that the tendency of the new religion was to elevate the lower classes in social position, and to diminish the power of the higher ranks. Society consisted of two classes—the nobles and the slaves. The former began to perceive that Christianity, and the collateral influences of Christianity, were slowly creating a middle class, their own equals in point of intelligence and social importance, whom it would be eventually impossible to tread down with the iron heel of tyrannical power. Decisive measures were therefore speedily adopted. In 1835 a royal proclamation was issued, forbidding the profession of the Christian faith; and before the close of the following year the last of the missionaries had left the island.

During the persecutions which now ensued, many hundreds of the native Christians were punished, with various degrees of severity. But the open renunciation of the superstitions of his country by the heir apparent, in 1846, exasperated the idolatrous party to such an extent, that a persecution, more fierce than all which had preceded it, was commenced in 1849, during which two thousand persons were implicated and punished. Since that time, the influence of the prince seems to have availed for the protection of the Christians. And, in the year 1852, on the arrival in England of news that political changes were in progress in Madagascar, Mr. Ellis was deputed, by the directors of the London Missionary Society, to visit the island, in the hope of being able to re-establish missionary agency under more favorable auspices. With Mr. Ellis was associated Mr. Cameron, of Cape Town, whose knowledge of the inhabitants and language was considered likely to promote the objects proposed in the mission.

Mr. Ellis left England in the spring of 1853, arrived at the Cape in May, and proceeded at once with his colleague to Mauritius. After making inquiries as to the state of things in Madagascar, and receiving only meagre and contradictory accounts, they sailed from Port Louis in a small schooner, and, after a week's voyage, cast anchor within the reefs of Tamatave, the principal seaport on the east coast. Here is the account of Tamatave, and of their reception there:

The anchorage at Tamatave is little more than a roadstead, protected by reefs, but exposed to the winds from the east and the north. There is considerable space within the reefs, and the holding ground is good. The village of Tamatave seemed to be built upon a point of land stretching into the sea towards the south, which we afterwards found to be not more than three or four hundred yards wide, its surface diversified by sand-hills thrown up by the wind or sea to the height of fifteen or twenty feet above the ordinary level of water. This low shore appeared generally covered with brushwood, rushes, or grass, and the several species of pandanus near the beach towards the north, with a few tall cocoa palms growing to the south of the anchorage, gave quite a tropical character to its vegetation, though much less rich and luxuriant than the verdant and beautiful bays among the South Sea Islands. The appearance of some of the skulls of the English and French killed in the attack on this place in 1845, and fixed on high poles not far from the place where we had anchored, produced a singular and not very pleasant sensation, as for the first time I gazed on this revolting spectacle.

Shortly after we had anchored, a large clumsy single canoe, destitute of outriggers and paddled by a number of men, came alongside, when a middle-aged man, followed by three or four others, mounted the ship's side, and came into the cabin. They had neither shoes nor stockings, but wore white shirts under a cloth bound round their loins, with a large white scarf, the native lamba, hanging in ample and graceful folds over their shoulders, and broad-brimmed hats of neatly plaited grass or fine rushes. As soon as they had entered, the chief of the party, who we understood was the harbor master or captain of the port, inquired in a very official manner, speaking imperfect English, the name of the ship, of the captain, mate, passengers, and crew, with the object of our visit, &c. The answers to all these questions were written down by one of his attendants, and he was explicitly informed that the vessel was not sent on a trading voyage, but simply to convey the letter of the merchants of Mauritius to the queen, and to wait her majesty's reply. He said, if it was only a letter, that had been sent before, and the queen had returned her answer to the effect that no trade could be allowed until the money required as compensation for the insult and the wrong perpetrated in the attack on the country in 1845 had been paid. He asked if it was right to go to a country and shoot down the people because we did not like their laws? He soon informed us also that he had been a member of the embassy sent to Europe in 1837; that he had visited France and England, and knew that whoever went to reside in either of these countries must be subject to the laws of the country so long as they remained there; that the laws of their queen were the laws of Madagascar, and if any one wanted to live there they must be subject to the queen's laws; if not, they must leave the country.

On receiving permission to land, Mr. Ellis sent letters to the queen, requesting permission to visit the capital, which is situated among the high lands in the interior. After waiting fifteen days, during which the novel and magnificent vegetation was eagerly examined, the queen's answer arrived. It was "courteous and kindly expressed, but stated that there was much public business of the queen's on hand, which required considerable time to finish, and recommended us to return across the water, lest we should be overtaken with sickness."

So they were obliged to leave the island, and returned to Mauritius; having succeeded, however, in gaining valuable information respecting the social and religious condition of the people. During this visit, also, Mr. Ellis discovered several new plants and flowers; among the rest, he succeeded in procuring, and afterwards carrying safely to England, specimens of the beautiful aquatic plant *ouvirandra fenestralis*, the water-yam. His description of the plant, and of the method in which he procured it, is exceedingly interesting and graphic, and is accompanied by a very beautiful engraving of the delicate lace-like leaf. We may quote the passage as a fair specimen of our author's descriptive powers:

At Mauritius, M. Bojer, a distinguished naturalist, who had formerly resided in Madagascar, very frankly and kindly informed me of the localities in which the plants I was anxious to obtain were most likely to be found. From the work of Du Petit Thouars in M. Bojer's possession, I copied the ouvirandra in a size rather larger than the engraving, and, by exhibiting this to the natives, at length found one man who knew where it grew. His master, who had shown me many acts of kindness, allowed him to go and search for it, and after two or three days he told me he had found it growing in a stream, but that there were so many crocodiles in the water that he could not get it. The late rains, it was said, had made them more numerous at that particular place. At length he brought me a fine lot of plants in excellent condition, and I was glad to reward him for his trouble, and to take them immediately under my own charge.

The ouvirandra is not only a rare and curious, but a singularly beautiful plant, both in structure and color. From the several crowns of the branching root, growing often a foot or more deep in the water, a number of graceful leaves, nine or ten inches long, and two or three inches wide, spread out horizontally just beneath the surface of the water. The flower-stalks rise from the centre of the leaves, and the branching or forked flower is curious; but the structure of the leaf is peculiarly so, and seems like a living fibrous skeleton rather than an entire leaf. The longitudinal fibres extend in curved lines along its entire length, and are united by thread-like fibres or veins, crossing them at right angles from side to side, at a short distance from each other. The whole leaf looks as if composed of fine tendrils, wrought after a most regular pattern, so as to resemble a piece of bright green lace or open needlework. Each leaf rises from the crown on the root

like a short delicate-looking pale green or yellow fibre, gradually unfolding its feathery-looking sides, and increasing its size as it spreads beneath the water. The leaves in their several stages of growth pass through almost every gradation of color, from a pale yellow to a dark olive green, becoming brown or even black before they finally decay; air bubbles of considerable size frequently appearing under the full-formed and healthy leaves. It is scarcely possible to imagine any object of the kind more attractive and beautiful than a full-grown specimen of this plant, with its dark green leaves forming the limit of a circle two or three feet in diameter, and in the transparent water within that circle presenting leaves in every stage of development, both as to color and size. Nor is it the least curious to notice that these slender and fragile structures, apparently not more substantial than the gossamer and flexible as a feather, still possess a tenacity and wiriness which allow the delicate leaf to be raised by the hand to the surface of the water without injury.

I succeeded in conveying this plant safely to Mauritius, where it was preserved for more than a year, and seemed to thrive best in running water at a temperature of about 74°. I was happy to present specimens of it to M. Bojer, and to Mr. Duncan, the director of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Pamplemouses. At the Cape of Good Hope, Mr. McGibbon kindly took charge of it during my absence on a journey of nearly five months into the interior, and I willingly left a plant in the botanic gardens there. Since my return to England, I have had much satisfaction in presenting specimens of this rare plant to the Royal Gardens at Kew, to the gardens of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick, and to those at Regent's Park, and to the Crystal Palace.

During the interval between the first and second visits, the trade between Mauritius and Madagascar, suspended in 1845, was re-opened, on the payment, by the merchants of Port Louis, of 15,000 dollars, demanded by the queen as indemnification for certain injuries done to the fort and town of Tamatave by one English and two French vessels of war. Immediately, an active trade was established between the two islands, to the great satisfaction of both parties. And after a residence of some months at Port Louis, devoted to the interests of science and religion, Mr. Ellis sailed a second time for Madagascar, in June, 1854. Arriving at Tamatave, he commenced housekeeping for himself, and spent his time in collecting information of every kind, from all available sources; having frequent interviews with native chiefs, and those who were interested in the social advancement of the people. The following sketch gives an interesting picture of the habits of the people, and enables us to form an estimate of their civilization. He had been sent for by a sick chief—

He was an officer of the government, and while I was talking with him one of his assistants or aides-de-camp entered with a couple of letters, which, at the chief's request, he read, and which the chief told him he must answer. The young man then went to a box at the side of the room, brought paper, pen, and ink, and seating himself

cross-legged on the ground near the lamp laid a quire of paper on his knee, and having folded a sheet the chief raised himself upon his mat and dictated while his secretary wrote a reply. When the letter was finished the secretary read it aloud, and, the chief having approved, the writer brushed the sand adhering to his naked foot with the feathery end of his long pen upon the freshly written sheet to prevent its blotting, then folded his letter, and departed to dispatch it to its destination. There was something singularly novel and suggestive as to the processes by which the civilization of nations is promoted in the spectacle I had witnessed. Little more than thirty years before, the language of Madagascar was an unwritten language; a native who had been educated at Mauritius was the only writer in the country, and he wrote in a foreign tongue; but now, without any of the appliances which are usually connected with a secretary's desk or office, a quiet, unpretending young man, seated on a mat on the floor in a low dark cottage three hundred miles from the capital of the country, and with his paper on his knee, receives and writes with accuracy and ease the orders or instructions of his superior; and while the latter reclines in his sickness on his mats spread on the floor in his leaf-thatched hut, as his fathers had done for generations before, he has only to utter his wishes or his orders, and these are conveyed to those whom they concern with as much authenticity and correctness as the most formal dispatch from an office of the most civilized nation.

During the three months which Mr. Ellis spent on the coast, he seems to have secured the entire confidence and affection of all with whom he was brought into contact. The chapters which contain the journal of this period are specially interesting, from the information which they furnish as to the social habits and the intelligence of the people. A photographic apparatus excited the unbounded astonishment of the natives, and there is a good deal of quiet humor in the account which he gives of their anxiety to make a respectable appearance on paper. There are several portraits of natives in the volume, engraved from photographs; and a single glance at those broad foreheads, keen and well-cut features, with a certain calm and dignified intelligence of expression, will show at once that the intellectual capacities of the race are of no mean order. The appearance of the Hova chief (page 138), in the simple and graceful costume of the country, is that of a man who would command respect in any assembly of civilized men. The conversations recorded in the volume are in many cases very remarkable; showing at once the eager thirst and the unusual aptitude of the Malagasy mind for knowledge of every description. Slavery is one of the "domestic institutions" of the country, but the condition of the slaves Mr. Ellis considers to be vastly superior to that of severe labor and suffering which characterized the slavery of our West Indian colonies. During his residence in the island, only two instances of the severe punishment of slaves came under his notice.

Immediately before this second visit to Madagascar, the cholera had broken out in Mauritius, making fearful ravages among its inhabitants. On this account, the queen would by no means allow any one from that island to visit the capital, so that Mr. Ellis was under the necessity of once more returning without having accomplished the main object of his mission. Returning to Mauritius, he took ship for the Cape, and spent some time in a missionary tour of inspection through the stations in the colony. This forms an episode in the volume of no very particular interest or importance.

While at the Cape, in 1855, letters from the Malagasy government arrived, informing Mr. Ellis that he had the queen's authority for visiting the capital. A second invitation reached him in London towards the close of the same year; and this led to his third and by far the most important visit. The route on this occasion was by the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, to Ceylon; thence to Mauritius, and once more to Tamatave. And now comes some of the pleasant reading in the volume—the account of the journey from the coast to the capital,* Antananarivo, "the city of a thousand towns." A guide and interpreter were dispatched by the prince royal to conduct Mr. Ellis to the capital; and we would gladly give extracts from the journal to illustrate the style of traveling; but our space forbids. The company consisted of about one hundred men, a dozen of whom attended the traveler's palanquin, the remainder having

* A very excellent view of the capital is given as a frontispiece, from a sketch by Mr. Ellis himself. The map which accompanies the volume is from that furnished by Commodore Owen, and as regards the coast may be considered correct. One of the principal rivers, however, the Ikiopa, which passes Antananarivo, is erroneously laid down. Its real embouchure is in Bambetoka Bay, two degrees north of its mouth as laid down on the map. That this very important river runs through the great valley in which the capital is situated, in a direction nearly due north, passes Marovoy, and enters the sea near Madjinga, in Bambetoka Bay, is well known to the natives and to the Arab and American traders who frequent those parts. The same error occurs in the map attached to Ellis's "History of Madagascar," yet from comparing pp. 20 and 79 of the first volume of that work, it will be seen that the Ikiopa is *described* as reaching Marovoy and losing its name in the waters of the Betsiboka, another large river which reaches that place from Iboina, and enters the sea not far from Madjinga. This appears to establish the existence of a central valley in Madagascar, running north and south, parallel to the great central valley on the opposite continent discovered by Livingstone. These rivers are the largest in Madagascar, and probably drain from 30,000 to 40,000 square miles of its surface. The Ikiopa, or rather the Betsiboka, is navigable a considerable way from its mouth, and probably Livingstone's launch could reach by this river to within fifty miles of Antananarivo.

charge of the packages. The journey was tedious, and in some parts dangerous; over huge rocks, across rivers infested with crocodiles, and through tangled forest, with all the richness and beauty of tropical vegetation. The following extract will give some idea of the inviting field which the country presents for scientific research:

Our route lay over a richly wooded fertile country, diversified by masses of rock, chiefly quartz, sometimes of a beautiful pink color, and occasionally a species of basalt.

Since we had left the lower country, the rofia had become smaller and less frequent, but the traveler's tree was abundant on the sides of the hills and in the valleys, and in every moist part of the country, appearing at this elevation to attain its greatest perfection. This tree, *Urania speciosa*, is altogether one of the most remarkable that has been discovered in Madagascar. And the extent to which it prevails may be inferred from the native name, ravinala, by which it was designated by Sonnerat, its discoverer. Ravinala is literally leaf of the forest, as if it was the leaf by which the forest was characterized, which is the fact where it abounds, though in many parts it is not met with at all. The tree rises from the ground with a thick succulent stem like that of the plantain, or the larger species of strelitzia, to both of which it bears a strong resemblance. It sends out from the centre of the stem long broad leaves like those of the plantain, only less fragile, and rising, not round the stalk, but in two lines on opposite sides, so that, as the leaves increase, and the lower ones droop at the end, or extend horizontally, the tree presents the appearance of a large open fan. When the stem rises ten or twelve feet high, the lower part of the outer covering becomes hard and dry, like the bark of the cocoa-nut tree. Many of the trees in this region were at least thirty feet from the ground to the lowest leaves. I frequently counted from twenty to twenty-four leaves on a single tree, the stalk of each leaf being six or eight feet long, and the broad leaf itself four or six feet more.

The whole of these twenty-four bright green gigantic leaves, spread out like a fan at the top of a trunk thirty feet high, presented a spectacle as impressive as it was to me rare and beautiful.

This tree has been most celebrated for containing, even during the most arid season, a large quantity of pure fresh water, supplying to the *traveler* the place of wells in the desert. Whenever I inquired of the natives, they always affirmed that such was the fact, and that so abundant and pure was the water, that when the men were at work near the trees, they did not take the trouble to go to the stream for water, but drew off and drank the water from the tree. Having formerly been somewhat sceptical on this point, I determined to examine some of the trees; and during my journey this morning, we stopped near a clump of the trees. One of my bearers struck a spear four or five inches deep into the thick firm end of the stalk of the leaf, about six inches above its junction with the trunk, and on drawing it back, a stream of pure clear water gushed out, about a quart of which we caught in a pitcher, and all drank of it on the spot. It was cool, clear, and perfectly sweet.

The journey to the capital occupied about three weeks. On his approach to the city, a party of officers on horseback was sent by the queen's orders to escort him to the capital,

and conduct him to the house appointed for his residence. Antananarivo is described as situated

On a long oval-shaped hill, a mile and a half or more in length, rising four or five hundred feet higher than the surrounding country, and being seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Near the centre, and on the highest part of the hill, or, as the natives express it, on the tampombohitra (crown of the town), stands the palace, the largest and loftiest building in the place. It is about sixty feet high; the walls are surrounded by double verandahs one above the other; the roof is lofty and steep, with attic windows at three different elevations. On the centre of the top of the house there is a large gilt figure of an eagle with outspread wings. Adjoining the north-east angle of the queen's house is the residence of the prince royal, her son. It is smaller than that of the queen, but in other respects resembling it, and also surmounted by a golden eagle.

Stretching along to the north and the south of these royal residences, and forming with them a line along the crest of the hill, are the dwellings of other members of the queen's family and the chief officers of the government, built after the same form as that of the sovereign, and conspicuous above all other buildings in the capital. Below these are the houses of the other inhabitants, constructed almost entirely of wood, with lofty narrow roofs, thatched with rushes or grass, and ornamented at the ends, with the long rafters projecting above the gables.

The prince royal was a frequent visitor at Mr. Ellis's house during the month of his sojourn at the capital; and from the general tone of his conversation, it would appear that the hopes which are entertained of a radical change in the policy of the Malagasy court, on the accession of the prince, are well founded.

Considering his age (says Mr. Ellis), then twenty-six, his appearance struck me as juvenile, but extremely prepossessing, frank and open in his bearing, and easy in his manners. He is short in stature, but well proportioned, with broad shoulders and ample chest. His head is small, his hair jet black and somewhat curling; his forehead slightly retreating and round; his eyes small, but clear and penetrating; his features somewhat European in cast and form; his lips full, the upper covered with a moustache, the lower projecting from the over crowding of his teeth; his nose aquiline, and his chin slightly projecting. He wore a black dress-coat and pantaloons, gold embroidered velvet waistcoat, and white cravat.

He spoke freely of the accounts he had heard of England, and of his esteem for the English; of his high estimate of the conduct of the English on several occasions which had been reported to him; of the character of their laws, especially in relation to human life, which he said they appeared to regard as a most sacred thing, not to be carelessly nor recklessly destroyed. He spoke of the English having often interfered to protect the weak and the injured, and to prevent wrong.

The passage describing his interview with the queen is very interesting, but too long for quotation. He thus describes the appearance of her majesty:

The queen's figure is not tall, but rather stout, her face round, the forehead well formed, the eyes small, nose short, but not broad, lips well

defined and small, the chin slightly rounded. The whole head and face small, compact, and well proportioned; her expression of countenance rather agreeable than otherwise, though at times indicating great firmness. She looked in good health, and vigorous, considering her age, which is said to be sixty-eight.

Her majesty wore a crown made of plates of gold, with an ornament and charm, something like a gold crocodile's tooth, in the front plate; she had also a necklace and large ear-rings of gold. Her dress was a white satin lamba, with sprigs of gold.

During the interview, allusion was made to a report of the threatened invasion of the island by the English. In answer to this, Mr. Ellis conveyed to her majesty the assurance of the English government that they were most anxious to maintain relations of friendship with Madagascar, and had no intention of interfering with the internal affairs of the island. After many complimentary observations on both sides, and an interchange of presents, the audience terminated. A request forwarded to the queen by Mr. Ellis, that he might be allowed to remain some months at the capital, was courteously refused, much to the sorrow of the prince and his friends; and at the expiration of the month which had been fixed as the time of his stay, he returned to the coast, and arrived in England in March, 1857.

It is, of course, scarcely necessary to remark that a considerable portion of the volume is devoted to the present aspect of Christianity in the island, and that it contains the expression of many anxious thoughts relative to the religious future of the Malagasy. There is reason to believe that the prince's avowed sympathy with Christian truth has been instrumental in mitigating, to some extent, the sufferings of the Christians. How severe these sufferings have been in the past, and with what heroic devotion the Christians have maintained their brave profession in the face of bonds, imprisonment, and death, are known throughout the length and breadth of Christendom. The blood of the first martyr to the faith was shed in 1837; and, notwithstanding the severity of the government towards all who were even suspected of disbelieving the national superstitions, there is reason to believe that the number of Christians has steadily increased since that time. The fierce persecution of 1849 was a time of severe trial and sifting; but hundreds, and even thousands, were willing to sacrifice everything for their faith, and many embraced joyfully the martyr's death to gain the martyr's crown. We must make room for the following thrilling narrative:

The authorities in Madagascar, who sought by torture and death to extinguish the Christian faith, by whatever motives they may have been

actuated, only imitated the Diocletians of the early ages, and the Alvas, the Medicis, and the Marys of more recent times, and with corresponding results in the invincible constancy of those who fell and the subsequent fruits of the imperishable seed which was scattered in the martyrs' blood. Deeply affecting were the details which I received of the sorrows and the consolations of the sufferers; of their conduct in the hour of peril, as well as on the day of impeachment and of trial; with the noble testimony which they bore, when brought before judges and rulers, for His name's sake. The following exact and verbatim statements refer to the severe persecution in the year 1849, and will make their own appeal to every heart. They are offered without apprehension, as those to whom they refer have passed into a world where "the fury of the oppressor" and the cruelty of the persecutor can never enter.

"On the 14th of March, 1849, the officer before whom the Christians were examined said, 'Do you pray to the sun, or the moon, or the earth?'

"R—— answered, 'I do not pray to these, for the hand of God made them.'

"'Do you pray to the twelve mountains that are sacred?'

"R——. 'I do not pray to them, for they are mountains.'

"'Do you pray to the idols that render sacred the kings?'

"R——. 'I do not pray to them, for the hand of man made them.'

"'Do you pray to the ancestors of the sovereigns?'

"R——. 'Kings and rulers are given by God that we should serve and obey them, and render them homage. Nevertheless, they are only men like ourselves: when we pray, we pray to God alone.'"

"And before it was light, on the following day, the people assembled at A——y. Then they took the eighteen brethren that chose God, and to inherit life, and to become His sons and His daughters, and they bound their hands and feet, and tied each of them to a pole wrapped in mats, and placed them with the other prisoners. And of these united brethren and sisters, ten were from Vonizongo. And when the officers, and troops, and judges arrived, they read over the names of each class of prisoners, and then placed them by themselves, and stationed around them soldiers with muskets and spears; and the sentences were then delivered,—consigning some to fine and confiscation, others to slavery, others to prison and chains, some to flogging, and eighteen to death—four to be burned, and fourteen to be hurled from the rocky precipice and afterwards burned to ashes.

"And when the sentences were all pronounced, and the officer was about to return to the chief authorities, the four sentenced to be burned requested him to ask that they might be killed first, and then burned. But they were burned alive.

"When the officer was gone, they took those eighteen away to put them to death. The fourteen they tied by the hands and the feet to long poles, and carried on men's shoulders. And these brethren prayed, and spoke to the people, as they were being carried along. And some who beheld them said that their faces were like the faces of angels. And when they came to the top of Nampaminarina they cast them down, and their bodies were afterwards dragged to the other end of the capital, to be burned with the bodies of those who were burned alive.

"And as they took the four that were to be burned alive to the place of execution, these Christians sang the 90th hymn, beginning, 'When our hearts are troubled,' each verse ending with, 'Then remember us.' Thus they sang on the road. And when they came to Faravohitra, there they burned them, fixed betwixt split spars. And there was a

rainbow in the heavens at the time, close to the place of burning. Then they sang in the hymn 158:

"'There is a blessed land
Making most happy.
Never shall the rest depart,
Nor cause of trouble come.'

"That was the hymn they sang after they were in the fire, Then they prayed, saying, 'O Lord, receive our spirits; for Thy love to us has caused this to come to us. And lay not this sin to their charge.'

"Thus they prayed, as long as they had any life. Then they died; but softly—gently. Indeed, gently was the going forth of their life. And astonished were all the people around that beheld the burning of them there."

If we were asked what is the most striking truth exemplified in the recent history of Madagascar, and suggested by the volume which we now close, we should at once reply that they furnish a splendid proof of the self-sustaining power of Christianity. It is now a quarter of a century since the last Christian missionary retired from the island. During that time the most strenuous efforts have been made by the government to root out every vestige of the purer faith; disgrace and death have been proclaimed against all who should be proved to favor the hated religion; and what is the result? In the solitude of mountains and forests, in deserts, and dens, and caves of the earth, the faithful have met to worship the true God. The simplicity of religious worship and the purity of Christian faith have remained unchanged. In that magnificent but benighted country, Christianity has triumphantly asserted her imperishable life, and enlisted immortal names in the noble army of martyrs. And in the midst of the darkness which rests upon the land, there are very many things which point to a bright future for the island, and justify the hopes of the true friends of civilization, humanity, and truth.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF HEINRICH HEINE.

Comparatively few of the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, who are not Germans, have probably ever heard of Heinrich Heine, the great poet and political satirist of modern Germany; and still fewer must have made any acquaintance with his works. It is the design of the writer of the following pages to introduce Heine to them by the medium of a translation of fragmentary portions of his poetical works, not with the presumptuous expectation of worthily interpreting his favorite poet, but in the humble hope of imparting to them a small fraction of the pleasure he has himself enjoyed by the perusal of the whole.

"Heine was born on the 12th December, 1799, on the banks of that beautiful stream where folly grows upon the green hills, and is gathered in autumn and stowed away in cellars. Where else could the Anacreontic poet be born, than on the Rhine? How could he crown his head with vine leaves, if Düsseldorf had not been his native town?

"It was a fruitful time. The charming sisters of poesy stood around his cradle. We find in Heine, if we seek them, all the elements of humor:—Jewish origin, Christian associations, German land, French domination. In order that nothing might be wanting towards completing him as a humorist, Heine, after a short stay at the Düsseldorf Lyceum, was placed in a banking-house, in Frankfort, in order to learn the business. It was not intended that the nephew of Solomon Heine, the banker, should become a poet. Later, when he took a dislike to banking, he was directed to the study of the law, and to that end he visited the universities of Bonn, Berlin, and Göttingen. His father was a merchant, his uncle the celebrated banker who founded the Israelitish hospital in Hamburg. His brother, Max Heine, is a physician in the Russian service; another brother, formerly an Austrian officer, is editor of the Vienna *Fremdenblatt.* Heinrich Heine also might have been something, as Solomon Heine once said; but nothing became of him—nothing but a favorite poet of the German nation. His name adorns no bank notes; he stands upon no pension or promotion list,—but he has a foremost place in the golden book of literature."

Heine is dead. He died in 1856, after having been for eleven years a helpless, hopeless invalid. "Deepest misery, thy name is H. Heine," is the mournful ending to all but the last letter he ever wrote. "Yes, he is dead; the sick swan has at last sung his dying song to an end. The great poet who knew how to occupy the world with himself for a full quarter of a century is departed. However great the loss may be which German literature has suffered, Heine has done his day's work completely and gloriously. His body lasted just long enough that nothing more was necessary to show to the world all the phenomena of his remarkable spirit-life."

Heine is essentially a lyric poet. Each of his poetical works is made up of a number of poems or pieces generally unconnected, and consisting for the most part of a few stanzas each; consequently, it is an easy task, in one sense, to give, as the translator proposes to do, in this and following papers, specimens of Heine's muse from each of his works. But how difficult in another! These poems seem to contain some

volatile essence, which constitutes their charm, and which evaporates in the act of transferring them from one language to the other. Nevertheless, the writer would essay. If his verse seem rugged, he has for answer that Heine himself did not trouble himself about rhyme and metre. For he is the poet of nature, and nature does not count upon her fingers, or measure her steps amongst the flowers that grow about her feet. It was these last that Heine plucked and wove into garlands in his better moments, when the demon of doubt and unbelief had not hold of him. His is the poetry of every-day life. "He is the poet of the emotions. As we read, we move between scoffing and piousness—levity and seriousness—waking and dreaming. All the vibrations of that enigma, called Life, that pendulum between tear and smile, follow quickly upon one another." And nature has her moods, too, which do the same. Yes; Heine is the poet of nature, but not in a pre-Raffaelite sense, for there is no mannerism about him. Nor is he ever upon stilts: he calls a spade — a spade, and the moon — the moon; and would scorn, for the sake of a rhyme, or to eke out a measure, to call her "queen of Heaven," or "queen of the silver bow;" or to speak of fishes, for the like reasons, as the "finny tribe," which is the manner of poetasters and penny-a-liners. So it happens, as was said before, that many of Heine's poems have neither rhyme nor measure—one might almost say reason—in them; and yet they are perfect gems: and the reader may be sure that the translator has not troubled himself, where he found them not, about things which are at best but adventitious ornaments to real poetry. But he has endeavored to preserve as nearly aspossible the form of verse, and, above all things, to give the literal sense of his author,—stanza by stanza, if not line by line. That must be his merit, if he should be judged worthy of any, to have faithfully rendered the original. And if he should be found, when seeking for a rhyme, to have coined a new word, or been guilty of a Teutonism, he can only throw himself upon the mercy of his readers, and plead precedent, or privilege, or prerogative.

The "Book of Songs" consists of several separate works, which have, the writer believes, been translated into French, but he has never met with them either in that language, or in an English dress. To be sure, he has seen, from time to time, two or three of the smaller poems in this book done into English, and that, he fancies, is about the extent to which any attempts to translate Heine into English has gone. Since writing the above, he has seen two pieces of the

following poem (which are not found here), excellently rendered by an American writer. "The Return Home" is one of the component parts of the "Book of Songs;" and though it is not the first which was written, in point of time, it is the first which the translator has ventured upon. The "Return Home" consists of eighty-eight poems, of which thirty-two are here presented to the reader:

THE RETURN HOME

(1823—1824.)

I.

In my life, so dark and dreary,
Once there beam'd a beauteous form;
Now the beauteous form has vanish'd,
I am wrapt in night and storm.

When little children sit in darkness,
The fears that to the dark belong,
Which else might grow too strong upon them,
They banish with a noisy song.

I, a foolish child, am singing
In the dark with might and main;
If my song sounds not divinely,
It at least beguiles my pain.

II.

I know not what it can signify
That I am so mournful and sad;
A story out of the olden time
I cannot get out of my head.

The air is cool, and it darkles,
And gently flows the Rhine;
The top of the mountain sparkles
In the evening's red sun-shine.

A lady fair is reclining
Upon the summit there,
Her golden trinkets are shining,
And she combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings a song thereby,
Which has a strange, and wonderful,
And powerful melody.

In the little boat the boatman
Is seized by its weird might;
The reef of rocks he sees not,
He looks only up to the height.

At last the waters swallow'd
Boatman and boat, they tell;
And that is what with the singing
Of the Loreley befel.

VIII.

Thou lovely fisher-maiden,
O row thy boat to land,
And sitting down beside me,
Let us chatter, hand in hand.

O lay thy head upon my heart,
Nor be afraid of me;
Dost trust thyself not daily
To the wild and stormy sea?

My heart is like the ocean,
Hath storm, and ebb, and flow,
And many a precious pearl is hid
Its troubled depths below.

IX.

The moon rises over the ocean
Slowly and solemnly,
And as our hearts swell with emotion,
I clasp my love nearer to me.

In the arms of my sweetheart dear,
I rest on the lonely strand;—
In the wind's sighing, what dost thou hear?
Why trembles thy lily white hand?

"'Tis not the wind thou hearest,
'Tis the song of the water-fay,
And she is my sister, dearest,
Whom the sea once took away."

XIV.

A mist lies on the ocean,
And closes in the night,
And from the moaning billows
There rises something white.

Steps from the waves the mermaid,
And sets herself by me;
Her snow-white bosom quivers
Beneath her drapery.

She squeezes, and she hurts me,
Until, at length, I say,
Why squeeze ye me so hardly,
Thou lovely water-fay?

"I squeeze thee, and I press thee,
And in my arms I fold,
For I will warm myself by thee,
The night is far too cold."

The moon peeps ever paler
From its cold and cloudy height,
Thine eye grows dimmer and wetter,
Thou lovely water-sprite!

"It grows not dimmer and wetter,
It is dim and wet, I swear,
Because when I stept from the water,
A drop remained there."

The mews are shrieking plaintively,
And roars and rages the sea;
Why beats thy heart so fearfully,
Thou lovely water-fay?

"My heart, it beats so terribly,
My heart, it beats so wild,
For I love thee so fearfully,
Thou darling human child!"

XV.

When I by thy cottage
In the early morning pass,
It gladdens me, thou little one,
To see thee through the glass.

With thy dark-brown eyes, thou seemest
Me so curiously to scan:
Who art thou, and what ails thee,
Thou strange and sickly man?

"I am a German poet,
Well known in Germany,
And when they name their best-belov'd,
They also mention me.

"And what ails me, thou little one,
Ails many in Germany;
The heaviest griefs that can be named,
They, too, belong to me."

XVI.

The ocean glittered far and wide,
In the rays of the setting sun;
We sat and mark'd the flow of the tide,
Silent we sat, and alone.

The mist rose up, the waters swell'd,
The mew flew to and fro;
Out of thine eyes the tears up-well'd,
And fell on thy hand below.

I saw them falling on thy hand,
And even as I lay,
And as they fell on thy snow-white hand,
I kiss'd the tears away.

And since that hour I am undone,
My soul is consum'd with fears,
And my body, thou unhappy one,
Has been poisoned by thy tears.

XXI.

Into the stately halls I stept,
Where you plighted your troth with weeping;
On the spot where fell the tears you wept,
In and out the snakes were creeping.

XXIII.

How canst thou sleep in peace, and know
I'm dying for thy sake?
The former scorn shall come again,
And then my yoke I'll break.

Dost not know the ancient ballad:
How once a youth that died,
Came out of his grave at midnight,
And fetch'd away his bride?

Believe me, when I tell thee,
Thou wond'rous-lovely maid,
I live, and am much stronger
Than ever was the dead.

XXIV.

The maiden sleeps in the chamber,
The moon peeps tremblingly in;
Without is a singing and clanging,
And a most unearthly din.

I will just see from the window,
Who disturbs my rest below,—
There stands a skeleton ghastly,
That fiddles and sings also:

"Once you promised to dance with me,
And you have broken your word;
You must come and dance with me to-night,
There's a ball in the churchyard."

The maiden may stay no longer,
It drags her forth from the door,
And she follows the ghost, which, singing
And fiddling, marches before.

It fiddles and jumps in the moonlight,
And dances and rattles its bones,
And nods with a leer unearthly,
As it clatters over the stones.

XXV.

I stood before her portrait,
And gaz'd in dreamy pain,
And the beloved countenance
Did seem to live again.

Around her lips so lovely
A gentle smile did play,
And the smile that play'd upon them
I thought to kiss away.

Then a sudden gush of tears
My anguish did relieve,
And ah! that I had lost thee,
I hardly could believe!

XXIX.

What will the solitary tear
That still bedims my glance?
From bygone days it has remain'd
Behind in my eye by chance.

It had many glitt'ring sisters,
Who all are vanish'd quite,
With my sorrows and my pleasures,
Vanish'd in storm and night.

I've seen, like the mists at sunrise,
Those azure stars depart,
Which in pleasure and in sorrow,
Smil'd through and through my heart.

Alas! alas! my love itself
Has vanished like the dew;
And now, thou solitary tear,
Thou mayst vanish too.

XXXV.

They lov'd each other, but neither
Would to the other confess;
They look'd at each other so scornfully,
Yet were dying of love's distress.

They parted at last, but sometimes
Still saw each other in dreams;
They had long been dead and buried,
And scarcely knew it, it seems.

XLII.

As the moon, by clouds enshrouded,
Shoots by fits and starts its light,
So, from olden times, before me
Rises up a picture bright.

On the deck we all were seated,
Proudly sailing down the Rhine,
And the river's banks were glowing
In the evening's warm sunshine.

Dreaming sat I by the footstool
Of a lady mild and bright;
In her pale but lovely visage
Play'd the ruddy golden light.

Lutes were sounding, youths were singing,
Oh that happy summer-tide!
When far bluer grew the heavens,
And the soul grew far more wide.

Hill and castle, wood and meadow,
Like a story pass'd me by,
And I saw them all reflected
In that lovely lady's eye.

XLV.

Only do not be impatient,
If my latest song should borrow
Many trite and well-known notes
From more ancient songs of sorrow.

Only wait, 'twill die away,
This faint echo of my smart,
And a new spring-tide of song
Shall blossom in my healed heart.

XLVIII.

Heart, my heart, be still unshaken,
Nor thy heavy fate deplore,
What the winter now has taken
Shall another spring restore.

Much remains,—believe and prove it!
What aileth thee, O heart of mine?
All this glorious world is thine,—
All is thine, and thou mayst love it!

XLIX.

O thou art like a flower,
So lovely and divine;
I look on thee, and sorrow
Creeps into this heart of mine.

I feel as I my hands would lay
Upon that head of thine,
And pray that God may keep thee
So lovely and divine.

LV.

Betrays not my pale countenance
The bitterness of love's distress?
And wilt thou that my haughty mouth
Shall to thee a prayer address?

Oh, no; this mouth is far too proud,
Meant but for kissing and joking;
Yet it might utter a scornful word
Whilst my voice with grief is choking.

LVI.

My poor friend, what grief distracts thee?
Ah! I see, in love thou art;
The darker grows it in thy head,
The lighter glows it in thy heart.

My poor friend, thou art in love,
And the fact I can't help knowing,
For I see the bosom's fire
Brightly through thy waistcoat glowing.

LVII.

I wanted to tarry beside thee,
I wanted to stay and woo;
Thou saidst—may evil betide thee,
Thou had'st too much to do.

My soul, I said, was devoted
Wholly and solely to thee;
Thou didst laugh a laugh full-throated,
And make me a courtesy.

But my disappointment and anguish
Is heightened to madness by this,—
Thou didst cruelly leave me to languish,
Without e'en at parting a kiss.

Believe not, my sweet one, however,
I shall shoot myself now all is o'er!
For though it be painful to sever,
I have done it too often before.

LVIII.

Sapphires are those eyes of thine,
So lovely and so sweet;—
O, three-times blessed is the man
Whom they with love may greet.

Thy heart is like a diamond,
That scatters noble beams;—
O, three-times blessed is the man
For whom it softly gleams.

Rubies are those lips of thine,
In their rosy loveliness;—
O, three-times blessed is the man
To whom they love confess.

O, would I knew this happy man!
O, would that heaven might send him
To me alone in a lonely spot,
For there I would quickly end him!

LX.

The world is too fragmentary, I swear,
So to the learn'd professor I'll repair;
He knows how world and life together to set out,
And an intelligible system makes thereout.
With his old night-caps and his rags diverse,
He stops the gaps of the universe.

LXII.

I pour'd forth the whole of my sorrow
In a single word, one day,
And to the merry winds I gave it,
Who merrily bore it away.

They brought to thee, beloved,
The sorrow-laden word;
By thee, at every hour,
At every place, 'tis heard.

And hast thou in thy nightly slumber
Scarce closed thine eyes?—it seems
That this word of mine pursues thee
Into thy deepest dreams.

LXIII.

Diamonds and pearls thou possessest,
And all by which men set store,
And eyes so bright and beautiful,—
My sweetheart, what wilt thou more?

To thine eyes so bright and beautiful,
Have I at least a score
Of sonnets eternal indited,
My sweetheart, what wilt thou more?

With thine eyes so bright and beautiful,
Thou hast made my heart so sore,
And cruelly brought me to ruin,
My sweetheart, what wilt thou more?

LXVI.

They gave me counsel and good advice,
They overwhelmed me with phrases nice,
And said, if I only would wait a day,
That they would make me their protegé.

But in spite of all their protegéing,
I was fast from hunger and want decaying,
When at last an excellent man arriv'd,
Under whose patronage I thriv'd.

This man he gives me plenty to eat,
And him and his kindness I ne'er shall forget;
I would kiss this excellent man, if I could,
But I could not do it if I would.

LXX.

We traveled alone in the dark
Post-wagon the whole of the night,
Heart closely nestled to heart,
We talked and we laughed with delight.

But when in the morning it dawn'd,
My child, how astonished were we!
Cupid, the passenger blind,
Sitting between us to see.

LXXII.

Like dreams obscure, the houses
Are standing all in a row,
Wrapt closely in my mantle,
In silence past I go.

The midnight hour is pealing
From the cathedral tower;
With her sweetest smiles my sweetheart
Awaits me in her bower.

The moon is my companion,
And kindly lights my way;
And when at last I reach her house,
Upwards I look, and say:

"I thank thee, old familiar,
I thank thee for thy light;
The world that's still in darkness,
Go now and make it bright!

"And shouldst thou find a lover
That lonely mourns his grief,
So bring him, as thou broughtest me,
In the olden time—relief."

LXXIX.

Art thou really changed so sadly,
Dost thou really hate me so?
That thou hast treated me so badly,
All the curious world shall know.

Oh ye cruel lips ungrateful,
How can ye utter aught but praise
Of the man who once so fondly
Kist you in far happier days?

LXXXII.

We scarce had met, when by thy voice and eye
That thou wert well inclined to me, I wist;
And had thy mother not been standing by,
I really do believe we would have kist.

To-morrow sees me from the town depart,
To wander on my pilgrimage again;
I wave a farewell to my fond sweetheart
So slily peeping through the window pane.

LXXXIII.

The sun rises over the mountain so high,
The lambs feed over the plain:
My sweetheart, my lamb, my sun, and my joy,
O would I could see thee again!

Upward I look, with a longing emotion,—
Farewell, my child, I must wander from thee!
In vain! I can see in the curtain no motion,—
She lieth, and sleepeth, and dreameth of me.

LXXXV.

Darkling lies the summer evening,
Over wood and over meadow;
And the moon, in sky of azure,
Downward sends its beams refreshing.

By the brooklet chirps the cricket,
There's a motion in the water,
And the wand'rer hears a splashing
And a breathing in the stillness.

Yonder, by the brook, all lonely,
Bathes herself the lovely fairy,
Arm and neck so white and shapely
Glimmer in the tender moonlight.

LXXXVIII.

"Say, where is the beauteous one,
Who once thy song inspir'd;
With the wild and magic flames of love
Is thy heart no longer fir'd?"

"Extinguished are those magic flames,
And my heart is cold and drear,
And this little book is the urn that holds
The ashes of her most dear."

A COLONIAL CENSUS.

Of the questions which will come before the colonial parliament this session, that of securing a census for the colony will not be the least important. We are not aware of any other part of the world so long settled by a civilized people where so little has been done to secure reliable returns of the population. The want of such returns has been long felt, and we had expected that something would have been done in this direction last session. In 1857, the House of Assembly adopted a report of one of its committees, affirming the necessity of a census of the colony, and the government had on the estimates of last year a vote to meet some necessary preliminary expenses. That vote was withdrawn, however, in consequence, as was understood, of the little probability there was of the government being prepared to do anything in the matter that year.

It is clear, therefore, that the government and the parliament are agreed upon the necessity of a census of the people. It would be strange, indeed, if they were not. For want of such a census our legislation is attended with many difficulties, and much of it is mere random-work. There is, it is true, an appeal to figures occasionally, but, though we may endeavor to make the best of what we have, every one knows that not the slightest dependence can be placed on the returns, either official or other, which are at present published in the colony. With the exception of those obtained from the custom-house, and some connected with criminal statistics, occasionally furnished, there is really no return which a man requiring information can consult with any confidence whatever.

And yet statistics have, in the present day, come to be a most important science, and to perform a most important function in prompting and guiding benevolent and legislative action. Their bearing upon sound legislation is now so generally recognized that there is, we believe, in almost every civilized country of the present day, an official department specially charged with the collection and reduction of statistics of the population and property of the people. In ancient times, the object of a census was more limited than it is at present. Then it was confined almost entirely to political purposes; now statistics are turned to account for many other objects besides those that are political. So great is the importance attached to statistical information by the civilized countries of the world, that an international statistical congress has become an established European institution. It meets every two years, and most of the

governments of Europe appoint delegates to attend it. The last congress was held at Vienna in 1857, and the delegates appointed by the British government were Dr. Farr, of the registrar-general's department, and Mr. Fonblanque, of the statistical department of the Board of Trade. The most eminent statisticians of Europe attend this congress, and there they discuss questions bearing upon the advancement of statistical science and social improvement. The next congress is to be held this year, we believe, in London.

The last census of Great Britain affords a striking example of the large amount of useful information which such returns afford. The duties of the registrar-general are usually regarded as very prosaic. But the five or six bulky volumes of figures, accompanied as they are by the most sagacious remarks and reflections, arising out of the lessons these figures teach, will be found to be as interesting as they are instructive, and to throw much light upon the character and progress of the British people during the last half century. The census of 1851 is the most complete which has yet been taken of Great Britain. In addition to the inquiry concerning the occupation, age, and birthplace of the population, it was determined to ascertain the various relationships, such as husband, wife, son, and daughter,—the civil condition, as married, unmarried, widower, or widow,—and the number of blind and deaf and dumb. The design was also formed of collecting statistics as to the accommodation afforded by the various churches and other places of public worship throughout the country, and the number of persons generally frequenting them; as well as returns of all existing educational establishments, and the actual number of scholars under instruction. From some defect in the Act, however, which rendered it doubtful whether the people could be compelled to afford information on these points, this part of the inquiry was pursued as a purely voluntary investigation, but with great success, notwithstanding, as the interesting volumes prepared by Mr. Horace Mann will sufficiently show.

The machinery employed for this laborious work was very extensive. The registrar-general, whose office was created in 1837, and whose duty it is to take account of the births, marriages, and deaths in the kingdom, was charged with the superintendence of the work. Under this officer, England and Wales was divided into 624 districts, each having a superintendent registrar,—these subdivided into 2,190 subdistricts, each having a local registrar of births and deaths,—and the local registrars, under certain instructions, divided

their districts, again, into what were called enumeration districts, each of which had an enumerator assigned to it. There were nearly 31,000 enumeration districts in all, care having been taken that the districts should be of such a size as to enable every enumerator to accomplish his work within the day (31st March) appointed for the purpose. The arrangements for Scotland were somewhat different in the agency employed, as no system of registration existed in that part of the kingdom. In taking the census of Great Britain and its islands there were about 40,000 persons engaged.

The first step taken by the enumerators was to deliver to every occupier of a house or tenement a householder's schedule. Upon this schedule inquiry was made as to the name, relation, sex, age, occupation, and birth-place of every person in Great Britain, and also as to how many of them were blind, or deaf and dumb. The total number of schedules forwarded from the census office was 7,000,000, weighing about forty tons, or, if the blank enumeration books and other forms are included, upwards of fifty-two tons. The schedule was to be filled up on the night selected (30th March). Every one present on that night was to be named, and no person absent was to be included, except miners, potters, and other workpeople usually engaged in their labors during the night, and regularly returning home in the morning, or policemen and others on night duty. Persons traveling were enumerated at the hotels or houses at which they arrived on the following morning. Other schedules were delivered, at the same time, for collecting information respecting the churches, schools, and other institutions of the country. All these schedules were collected the following morning by the different enumerators, and copied in enumeration books, which, with the schedules, were duly forwarded to the census office.

This outline of the machinery employed in England may be useful, as it will probably be adopted, as far as it is applicable, in this colony. The plans adopted in other countries are somewhat different, but the last census of Great Britain is so universally admitted to have been most successfully taken, that the arrangements made for the purpose are deserving of attention. Those who may be desirous of further information will find very full details in the voluminous reports of the registrar-general, presented to parliament.

The civil divisions of this colony seem to be very convenient for the purpose of securing a census of the people. It may be doubtful whether so important and delicate a work can be entrusted solely to the field-cornets; but there can be no

doubt that much valuable assistance may be obtained from them. These officers are in the habit of preparing returns every year for the annual blue-book. No reliance, however, can be placed on these returns; and it is to be feared that the carelessness which characterizes their preparation may be exhibited in the taking of a census, if it were left to the same officers. But under the guidance of intelligent men, who understand the work and feel interested in its being successfully accomplished, the field-cornets will be able to render very efficient service, from the intimate knowledge they possess of almost every man, woman, and child in their respective districts. To the government, however, we must look for the adoption of an efficient agency. In all probability the inquiry will be carried on under the superintendence of a commission appointed by the governor, under an act of parliament, and as the colonial secretary has been engaged in similar inquiries in other parts of the world, he seems a very proper officer to be at the head of the commission. The act to be passed must, of course, make it compulsory, under a penalty, on every person to give the information required of him. It is remarkable that in taking the English census, in the Act for which there was a similar provision, it was not necessary in a single case to put it in force. In a few cases, some difficulty was experienced; one case only of a direct refusal is mentioned,—but the occupier was a magistrate, and on being privately written to from the central office he immediately complied. A clergyman refused to return the schedule to the parish clerk, who was the enumerator, and sent it direct to the central office, alleging that if he had done otherwise his wife's age would have become a topic of gossip in the beershops of the village. The proverbial reluctance of women to make known their ages was very strongly exemplified in the course of the inquiry. Upon this point it is certain that there was, in thousands of cases, a wide departure from the truth; and the registrar-general has, in his calculations, found it necessary to allow for the obvious error. The difficulty of obtaining accurate information on this point has deterred most of the other countries of Europe from attempting it; some of the French statisticians have expressed their doubts of the accuracy of any information which can be obtained on the subject; and, to show the difficulty likely to attend the inquiry, one of great eminence has stated that, after many persevering but fruitless attempts, he abandoned in despair an inquiry having for its object to determine the ages of his wife and cook. But in spite of the admitted difficulty, the inquiry in

England, notwithstanding the errors to which we have referred, has been attended with so much success, and is so near accuracy, that the example is likely to be generally followed in Europe.

The subjects of inquiry with us will be very similar to those in England. They were very wide in their range; but as it takes no longer and costs no more to make the inquiry complete, we should seek to obtain as much information on as many subjects as possible. With the numbers, sexes, ages, and occupations of the people, we should ascertain the birth-place, relationships—such as husband, wife, son, and daughter, &c.; and also, the civil condition, whether married or unmarried, widower or widow, bachelor or spinster. The birth-place will be a very important inquiry in this colony, as it will enable us to ascertain the number of the aboriginal races at present in the colony, and the relative proportion which they bear to the colonists of European descent,—a most important inquiry. The number of years of residence in the colony should also be obtained; and the number of schools and churches, the numbers attending these, and connected with the different religious denominations, are also useful and interesting subjects of inquiry, and which, it is believed, can be obtained without difficulty. The numbers of the deaf, dumb, blind, and insane, which formed a part of the inquiry in England, should form part of our inquiry here. Medical statistics, as far as they are available, are most important, and should also be embraced in the general returns.

Mr. Reitz, in the *Monthly Magazine* for October, 1857, pointed out the desirableness of obtaining correct agricultural statistics, such as the quantity of land under cultivation, quantity of wool and other produce, number of sheep, cattle, and horses, and all information of a similar kind. A census of this colony that should omit such information as this would be very incomplete.

We cannot hope to attain perfect accuracy in our first census; and to secure correct information as to age, &c., from a large number of the inhabitants of this colony may be attended with some difficulty. But intelligent men will be able to arrive at a tolerable approximation where any person is unable to state his age positively. The legislature will have to decide how often a census shall be taken, and probably they will agree that a decennial census will answer every purpose in this colony. In France, it is taken every five years, in most other parts of Europe at irregular periods, in England and the United States every ten years. The

advantage of taking the census at certain definite periods is too obvious to need remark.

The work will be only half done, however, unless our legislature make arrangements for establishing a permanent department to obtain statistical returns, and to prepare and reduce these returns for the information of parliament and the public. This duty might be attached to some existing department, as it is, perhaps, unnecessary at present to establish a new office for the purpose. Births, marriages, and deaths should be returned to such office, and any person failing to make such return should be liable to a penalty. From these returns information that might be relied upon could be prepared, which would also serve to test the accuracy of our decennial census. We doubt whether the establishment, for this purpose, even of a new department would involve so large an expense as procuring the worthless returns from the field-cornets, which at present appear in the annual blue-book. Such a department, with an intelligent statistician at its head, might, besides attending to this duty, collect a vast amount of other valuable statistical information which at present lies scattered in all quarters for want of a gatherer who has time and taste for the work.

L.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

It will be a very interesting and valuable feature added to the *Cape Monthly Magazine* if the editors succeed in making it "an organ of communication and discussion on subjects of social and agricultural interest," as it is expressed in their prospectus lately published. Questions affecting the agricultural and social condition of the colony are now left to be disposed of by the newspaper press alone; but it is impossible that the newspaper journalist can devote that care and attention to them which their importance demands. The category of his duties is already too large, and the subjects which press upon his attention are too numerous and varied for him to give prominence to those which are merely related to science or art. The current events of the day monopolize nearly all his efforts, and it is only when agricultural affairs and matters of social interest are stirred up by the circumstances of the time, that he is able to give them a thought. As the pioneer of civilization, the newspaper opens up the way for the advancement of agricultural and such like questions, but it must be left to the less busy portion of the press to enter

minutely into these subjects, and give them prominence in their columns. Such an organ as is here proposed is sadly wanted at the Cape, to complete what the newspaper can only begin. The *Cape Monthly* can be made a powerful auxiliary to the agricultural societies if those who have the time and ability to contribute will only exert themselves.

At present, as has been observed by several of the newspapers, those who are devoted to agricultural pursuits have no medium for the direct interchange of thought, as in other countries. The agricultural societies as yet have never been able to afford anything of the kind, much as they have desired to do so, and until they can bring agriculturists to communicate with each other, and work together for the common good, they will not do much to advance agricultural science. In other countries agriculturists and the patrons of agriculture are frequently brought together, and they learn from each other experience and advice. It will, no doubt, be a very long time before such a system as is pursued at home and in some of our thickly populated colonies can be carried out to any extent here; but a very great deal can be done if anything like unanimity can be obtained amongst the inhabitants of the various districts of the colony. How best to improve our colonial agriculture is a question of very much more vital interest than any of the political questions of the day, although it is not nearly so much agitated. Agricultural improvement means better and cheaper food of all kinds; and seeing that there is now no single article of consumption either as cheap or as good as it ought to be, the sooner we direct public attention to agricultural improvement the better.

It appears to me that the best way of commencing, is for us to review what has been done, what is doing, and what can be done by agricultural societies, and when we have fairly realized our true position we may perhaps be induced to do something in real earnest. The fact that a great many branch societies have lately sprung up in several important agricultural districts is exceedingly satisfactory, as we have been told any number of times within the last six months; but until these branches are attached more firmly to the parent stock than they are now, it is impossible that they can confer any very important benefits upon the colony. In saying this, I do not wish to detract in the least from the praiseworthy efforts of the originators of these branches; on the contrary, they deserve our unbounded thanks. In many of the districts it must have cost the promoters an immense deal of labor to induce the inhabitants to move in such

matters, and the starting of branches was the greatest difficulty of all; but having succeeded so far, we must go on, if we would realize any important advantages from their existence. Now, as far as they have gone, these young societies are *branches* only in name, and it yet remains to be decided how they are to be attached to the parent stem and made to fructify.

There are some, I know, who very frequently ask what great good the parent society has done; and such a question, *when put in a fair and proper spirit* (as I regret to say in many cases it has not been), is likely to lead to a well-directed inquiry, calculated to conduce to the society's welfare. This is a subject, upon the importance of which there can be no two opinions, and one, too, into which local and political prejudices should never be permitted to intrude themselves. Unless it is approached fairly, and apart from every other consideration, there is not much chance of our ever working the agricultural societies in this colony upon any broad and comprehensive plan.

With an eye to improvement only, I ask what great good has the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society, *as a society*, ever effected? I venture to say that there is not a working member of its committee who is at all satisfied with the operations of the society. Many and bitter must be the disappointments which have followed upon the best-laid plans for improvement. Yet with all these disappointments and failures, when we look upon the many valuable improvements which have been introduced into the colony, in the way of implements and stock, within the last ten years, we can trace them clearly to the doors of the society. But if we enter further we shall find that it is not the working of the society that we have to thank. Happily for the colony, there have been for a very long time a few persons associated with the society with large purses, and a great amount of public spirit, and they have been the main-spring of the whole machine. As any mention of names would be annoying rather than gratifying to the parties alluded to, we do not go further with this subject, and we have gone sufficiently far for our purpose, which is to disabuse the minds of those who may imagine that the *society* itself has done much for the public good. It has not; its revenue has never yet been sufficiently large for it to attempt more than the holding of a few exhibitions in the proximity of Cape Town, and then the largest of the prizes have seldom been provided from its own funds. Seeing how poor the subscription list has always been, and how great the cost of one exhibition is, it is plain

enough that the society must have ceased to exist long ago but for pecuniary assistance, which has never been shown in the society's books. Private means have been employed over and over again to make up the deficiencies, and to save the society from dissolution. Many efforts have been made to extend the range of its operations, but the committee until lately were never met with anything like reciprocity of feeling; but on the contrary, the districts they wished to benefit scarcely deigned to notice the offers of co-operation which were made to them. There is, however, I am glad to say, a better spirit abroad, and there is an opportunity now, if we choose to avail ourselves of it, of doing some real work. The only fear is, that local and political differences may intervene, and prevent anything like a combination of the various branches; and if this should be the case, I fear that we shall be little better off than we have been before. However, we must hope for the best, and perhaps friendly concessions made from time to time will soon convince the most obstinate that the committee of the parent society have only the good of the colony at heart, and that nothing but unanimity can ensure complete success.

To content ourselves with going on as now, and leave each society to its own individual efforts, merely holding an exhibition here and there, is of very little use indeed. The parliament is just about to meet, and during the session which is to commence on the 16th of March, we shall have in Cape Town members from every district in the colony. Then will be the time to meet and discuss what our operations are to be in the future. The parliament will undoubtedly increase its vote this year, and we ought to see how every society can have a like interest in, and receive a share of, that money. The first step to be taken, is by all the districts in the eastern and western provinces appointing one of its members to attend a meeting of delegates, which ought to be held before the House of Assembly enters upon the consideration of the estimates. The resolution arrived at by the delegates would no doubt have a great influence upon the House; and if the parliament could be satisfied that some large and efficient scheme for the benefit of agriculture was to be worked out, a sufficient sum would be readily and cheerfully voted.

To the meeting of delegates a plan should be submitted whereby all the societies could be made to co-operate. There would be two leading societies,—to be called parent societies, or anything else more suitable; one to have its head-quarters in the eastern and the other in the western province; all the branches in each province to be attached to their leading

or parent society, and receive assistance, pecuniary and otherwise, from it, as circumstances may demand. I propose that a board shall be elected from the delegates, and that that board shall have the general direction of the whole scheme, and be held responsible to the parliament for the proper expenditure of the parliamentary grant. Our exhibitions would not then be the tame affairs they are now: the honor as well as the value of the prizes would promote competition, and the decisions of the judges would be regarded in a very different light than at present. I would not interfere in theleast with the independence of the branches so long as their conduct was satisfactory to the general meeting of delegates, to whom all the proceedings of the year should be thrown open for inspection.

The leading or parent societies would, according to my plan, hold great exhibitions in various parts of the country, upon the same plan as the Royal Agricultural Society of England; never in the same locality in two successive years. This is the only way to bring the influence of agricultural societies to bear where it is most required. Wherever these great exhibitions took place there would, of course, be a large gathering of agriculturists, who, thus brought together, would be led to discuss the merits of the stock and implements, and impart to each the information derived from experience and other sources.

The details of a scheme like this cannot be supplied in the same paper with the general outline; but if the country is to look, as the member for Cradock affirmed the other day in addressing his constituents, to agricultural societies for a large share of its future prosperity, something like this must be carried out. And if the members who are about to enter upon their parliamentary duties wish to advance the cause of agriculture,—if they desire to see the produce of the colony increased and improved, let them come prepared to meet each other upon this subject without political or local bias.

This brief notice, thrown out to direct attention to agricultural societies, may lead to something. For myself, I may say I am not wedded to any particular plan, and have the interest of no single society uppermost in my thoughts. I am not writing as the secretary of the Cape of Good Hope Society, nor have I consulted any committee. My views are here made known for the first time, and all I desire is that I may be met in the same spirit in which I have entered upon the subject. I shall be glad to take a fair share of the work, and shall be sufficiently rewarded if the meeting of delegates can be brought about, for I am convinced that discussion must lead to satisfactory results. R. W. Murray.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

We are not newsmongers, and do not profess to record any of the occurrences of the day, political, municipal, social, or otherwise. But still, we are tempted, for once, to wander a little out of our course, and lay before our readers three or four of those interesting little documents—called Valentines—which passed through the Post Office on the 14th of last month. Impertinently-disposed folks might ask how we can know anything about post office secrets? Suspicious people might wonder whether we had bribed the Postmaster-General to open the letters for our especial edification, and might even hint that the Governor should be made aware of the fact, or a petition be specially and immediately prepared to be laid before Parliament on the subject. Our readers, however, are neither impertinent nor suspicious; but, on the contrary, being highly intelligent and confiding, they are perfectly well aware that editors know everything, and that, consequently, it is as easy for us to see a letter lying in the post office without stirring from our own desk, as for a spirit-rapper to call up Shakespere's ghost and ask him whether he meant Hamlet to be really mad or not, and whether he understands any of his own commentators from Malone downwards to Payne Collier—receiving usually an answer strongly accented through the nose, and proving thereby that Yankee is *genuine* English after all, but leaving the original question still rather dubious.

The following, then, are some of the valentines veritably posted in Cape Town on the 14th February, 1859. The first we select was addressed to "The Honorable Slumky Snooks, Esq., M.L.C.," and we hope it will not be considered political in its tendencies, as we rigidly eschew all interference with the highly attractive and naturally absorbing theme of colonial politics:

No doubt you think it very grand
To write your name with M.L.C.,
And fancy much too high you stand,
To look on such poor folks as we.

You think you spent your thousand pounds,
Or more, perchance, extremely well;
And, while your banners went their rounds,
You felt yourself a mighty swell.

But though you strut in peacock pride,
You've yet a lesson to be taught,—
Real honor, like all good beside,
Is something which can *not* be bought.

The honor that you thought to gain,
  Is like the stuff that bought it here,—
A bubble with a dirty stain,
  The froth upon your paltry beer.

This valentine is unsigned, but it is clearly written by some very virtuous and extremely disappointed individual, who would never spend a sixpence on his own election—for the all-sufficient reason of not possessing a sixpence to dispose of.

The next is in a very different style, and is the offspring of a gentler soul. It seems to be imitated from the opening stanzas of Lord Byron's "Girl of Cadiz," and although it is addressed to the "Hon. Wm. Mortar, Esq., H.M.A.G.," it appears to be rather written about, than to, that gentleman, whoever he may be. We believe it will have to go into the Dead Letter Office, for we have heard of no such person:

Oh, never talk again to me
  Of English speakers you've been hearin';
It has not been your lot to see,
  Like me, *our* orator from Erin.
Although his accent be not thine,
  Nor minced his words, like English dandy's,
How far more stirring, rich, and fine,
  The accent of his native land is!

Prometheus-like, from heav'n he "boned"
  The fire that, through those moving lips,
Bursts forth in accents thunder-toned,
  And ev'ry other speaker whips:
And, as around his noble brow,
  His black and silvered locks twist tightly,
You'd swear each curl—you don't know how,—
  Could almost understand him rightly.

Our orators are given to prose,
  And frigid e'en in peroration,
And if their sentence smoothly flows,
  It wants the heart's warm inspiration.
But, born of a more fluent race,
  (And gifted with the gab whose men are all,)
Say, who with Ciceronian grace
  Enchants you like our (something*) general?

The next is written in a hand that would lead us to suppose it that of a youth addicted to sentiment, gin, and late hours, as it is weak, shaky, and rather indistinct; as if the epistle had been concocted over a tumbler of schiedam (by no means the first), and by the light of a very dim tallow candle. However, we give it as a specimen of its own class,

* Can't make out this word.—*Printer's Devil.*

and by reason of the allusion it bears to the ball lately given to our gallant friends of the *Boscawen:*

I saw thee, I saw thee, I stood by thy side,
In the blaze of thy beauty,—and gas lamps beside,
And I felt I could watch thee from night until morn,
As thy light form twirled round to the music of Corne.

I cannot waltz well,—to my faults I'm not blind,
And I feel that one leg always *will* drag behind,—
At schottisch and polka I'm not quite *au fait*,
And I can't think how people *do* turn the wrong way.

And so, fate would have it, I dared but sit still,
Or ask you at most for a single quadrille,
And even for that (I felt, oh, how enraged!)
To a blue-coated buffer to see you engaged!

But supper-time came, and, although I can't dance,
I can tackle champagne if I get but a chance,
And I took some with you,—and I blushed, and, alas!
I upset on your dress nearly half of my glass.

You smiled, and you called it "no matter,"—but, oh!
Could you guess to my feelings the terrible blow
Of that smile!—for it was not a smile I can soon
Forget, as it seemed to denote me a spoon!

Yet tremble, fair maid, as you think of my doom!
My nights of deep anguish, my days of dark gloom;
If because I can't dance, and I upset my wine,
You decide that you'll never, aye never, be mine!

The next is addressed to "Moretown Muck, Esq., Commissioner of Municipality," and this also, it is clear, will never reach its destination, for we cannot discover Mr. Muck's name among the respectable body of which it represents him to be a member. Still less can its sentiments apply to our circumstances here:

Where'er I roam, where'er I go,
  Through street, or lane, or alley,
From Kloof-street to the sea below,
  That bounds fair Table Valley,
I think of thee, thou man of pow'r,
  Until my heart grow's sick,
As some one that for half an hour
  I'd almost like to kick.

For is not Table Valley fair?
  And Cape Town houses pretty?
And who would spoil the beauty there
  Nor think it shame and pity?
'Tis *you* that do it, you, sir, *you*
  To whom the thing's entrusted;
I wish you, and your fellows too,
  Could get their jackets dusted.

I'd lay it on, sir, if I might,
  Justice should guide my blows,
For, every hour of day and night,
  Don't *you* assault my nose?
Where'er I roam, from hill to shore,
  Through street, and lane, and valley,
I think of you and of the score
  I'd dearly like to tally.

This rather incomprehensible production is written in a very strong hand—perhaps we ought to call it a fist—and if there be truth in caligraphic divinations of character, we should pronounce the writer "no gentleman," though we feel the danger of doing so after the pugnacious disposition he has shown in his valentine.

We were going to give no more, but we cannot leave off with such a crabbed epistle as the last, and so we favor our readers with the following, which we saw in a very young-lady-like hand:

Oh why will cruel fate decide
To part me, longing, from thy side?
Why is not life all joy, love, hope,
One long, delicious, dear *galop?*

For when thine arm is round me placed,
And spans my not-so-bad-a waist,
So light it scarcely seems to touch,
The throbbing of my heart is such

That were it not for the loud sound
Of music,—as we're whirling round,
And shuffling of our dancing feet,—
I'm sure you'd hear its every beat.

And yet mamma has coldly said
That you, alas! I ne'er shall wed.
And can it be? *Is* Fate so cruel?
I really think I'm treated *too* ill.

Yet let me hope.—I'll hug the notion,—
That if you only get promotion,
She'll not forbid me to be thine,—
And *then* my lot will be divine!

We shall not give the superscription of this letter, but the gallant ensign to whom it is addressed will, doubtless, guess who wrote it, and we leave him to do the correct thing anent the delicate matters it refers to.

A. W. C.

COLONIAL MEDICAL EDUCATION.

To the Editors of the "Cape Monthly Magazine."

Sirs,—The subject of colonial medical education is one to which the attention of the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* was lately directed, and unquestionably it is one of the highest importance. The colony of the Cape of Good Hope is of vast extent; and although, of late years, by the settlement occasionally of regularly educated medical men in our midst, the want of medical aid, so long complained of, has to some extent been met, it is yet a fact that numbers of the inhabitants, in cases of serious illness, and of accidents, are at the present time still beyond the reach of it. The government itself must also be at times greatly inconvenienced, in cases of medico-legal investigations, being obliged to act upon the opinions of men who have either received no medical education at all, or a very imperfect one, and which opinions, consequently, can avail but little to guide a jury aright in their decisions on matters of the highest importance, affecting, it may be, life itself. That such should be the case cannot but be a matter of deep regret; and any suggestions to remedy the evil such as those of your correspondent "E," will, it may be presumed, be gladly received and duly appreciated by a discerning public. The question naturally arises, what is to be done under the circumstances, and what are the best means to be adopted to provide the colony with good medical aid? His Excellency the Governor has replied to that question, as it respects British Kaffraria, under his own immediate administration, by the establishment of a medical school there, and making provision, upon the education which it is intended to afford, for granting to the students licenses to practice as general medical practitioners. And your correspondent "E" has made a similar response to it by recommending the establishment of a like institution in Cape Town, and training up such of the young as are desirous to enter for the medical profession. From both, I regret to say, I am disposed to differ. And I have been induced to offer the following remarks, chiefly from a conviction that the proposal to establish a medical school in Cape Town is premature, and that if it were carried out, it would tend to lower the standard of medical education, and thus to lessen not merely the respectability, but the value, of the profession in the colony.

Much has been done by the present Governor to raise the standard of education throughout the settlement, and to render the study for the learned professions independent, to

a great extent at least, of the seminaries of learning established in Europe and other parts of the world. By the formation of a board of examiners, also, a powerful stimulus has been given to the pursuit of learning generally, whilst ample provision has thereby been made for granting honorary distinctions to such as merit them from their attainments, to such as may be destined for the higher walks of life, to fill important situations under the government, or to study for the learned professions. The responsible situations of a minister of the gospel, of a barrister, and even of a judge on the bench, are now accessible to the young of the colony, and without the necessity, as heretofore, of their proceeding to a foreign university to carry out the course of study prescribed to candidates for such high offices. This must be a source of the liveliest gratification to all who feel interested in the welfare of the colony, and who earnestly desire its prosperity. It will afford to the rising generation, whatever may be their circumstances, the means of studying for these professions, and many who, though highly gifted naturally, may have found it hitherto, from limited means, impossible to proceed to a European university for study, will now have the means afforded them for that purpose within the colony, and thus of being placed in the situations which they may by nature have been destined to fill. Nor need these provisions prevent such of the inhabitants as have the means of doing so from proceeding to European universities to study for these professions, and of availing themselves of the more varied and extensive course of study which such seminaries afford. To do so will even be found to their interest, from the superior opportunities which they will have of acquiring knowledge in their respective professions, and the consequent greater probability of their securing the confidence of their fellow-countrymen on returning again to the colony.

But whilst I admire the efforts now being made to raise the standard of education throughout the country, to encourage, by the establishment of a board of examiners, the young of the community in the pursuit of science and literature, and as it respects divinity and law, to make provision for the study of either of these professions within the settlement, and without the necessity of proceeding at all to a foreign university; I am not prepared to admit, with His Excellency the Governor, or your correspondent "E," that the time has arrived for the establishment of a medical school or college at the Cape. On the contrary, I think that to take such a step might, as I have already said, have, in some respects, an injurious tendency. Of the three learned professions, the

medical, as involving life, will, I believe, be admitted to be the most important. On this point, I would adduce the evidence of an impartial witness, the attorney-general, who, in the debate on the barristers' bill last session of parliament, when contrasting the responsibilities of the legal and medical professions, expressed himself as follows:—"Under God, in one sense, in the hands of the physician are the issues of life and death. It is most important that men who are called in under the circumstances in which physicians are called in, should be men with regard to whom the public which is to employ them should have security for their sufficient education. One of the oldest and greatest of poets has said, to give his words in the English of Pope—

> "'A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
> Is more than armies for the public weal.'

But in proportion to the good he may do when he really is a master of his profession, is the mischief he may do if he is a person of defective education, and disqualified to perform the work he has undertaken to discharge. In this respect, there is a clear distinction between the physician, into whose hands we put our lives, and the lawyer, into whose hands we put things, not certainly unimportant,—our property, perhaps our reputation, and in one case (if we suppose criminal practice) even the defence of life may be involved. Still, generally speaking, there is a clear distinction between the two professions in regard to the comparative value and importance of the work they are called upon to do." Of none of the three professions can it be said with more propriety, "That a little knowledge is a dangerous thing;" and nothing short of a complete medical education, I am of opinion, should entitle any one to practice it. The curriculum of study, at all the British universities, is extensive, and comprehends many branches of knowledge; and no license to practice medicine, even by the Apothecaries' Company of London, is ever granted upon any qualifications short of an acquaintance with all the branches of science which the curriculum of study prescribed includes. In Holland, it would appear that licenses to practice in certain parts of the country are granted upon inferior qualifications,—these licenses, it may be supposed, to have effect only until men fully qualified think fit to settle there. And were the proposal to admit to practice at the Cape persons possessed of the limited knowledge to be acquired in the colony to have reference only to certain parts, and the license to be granted on similar conditions, there could be no great objection to it. But who, it might be asked, would undergo

the study required, or accept a license to practice with such an understanding? In India, also, licenses are granted to the natives to practice,—but upon what may be regarded a sound medical education, and to afford which ample provision has been made by the East India Company, at each of the presidencies, by the establishment of a proper staff of professors. The education afforded is evidently of a superior kind, the best proof of which is that the holders of diplomas obtained there are admitted at once for examination as surgeons by the colleges of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. The opportunities of acquiring practical knowledge in such populous towns as Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay must also be great; and thus the Indian licentiates to practice are fitted at once for active usefulness on entering on the duties of their profession. But even were the education of the students of medicine in India in some measure defective, the granting to the natives licenses to practice the different branches of the profession on the result of an examination testing their qualifications might to some extent be justified, when it is considered how immensely populous India is, and how totally inadequate to the wants of the people is the provision of regularly-qualified medical men furnished by the company. At the Cape, however, in that respect, our circumstances are widely different. The country, it is true, is extensive, but it is very thinly peopled, and in some parts the population is so very sparse, that were even a medical school established at the Cape, and young men trained up in the colony for the profession (unless, as occasionally happens, the medical practitioners settling in such localities should think fit to give their attention at the same time to farming pursuits), it could scarcely be expected in the nature of things that medical aid could be brought within reach of all the inhabitants. In this respect the Cape cannot be compared with India, and the demand for medical aid must ever be estimated not by the extent of a country, but by the amount of its population. Medical men can only be expected to settle in localities where, from the number of the inhabitants, they have reason to believe their services will be in demand, and they have the prospect afforded of a fair remuneration for them. As it respects the district towns of the colony, if proper means were adopted by the government, I foresee no difficulty in providing such medical aid as may be required. By making application to the medical schools in Britain, and offering (in addition to the present advantages enjoyed by the district surgeons of a paid salary of £75 and the practice of the district) a free passage to such as might be disposed to

accept office, I feel assured that medical men fully qualified will readily be obtained.

But in considering the propriety or otherwise of establishing a medical school at the Cape, two things occur to me as more especially demanding attention: first, the number of medical students for whose instruction it might be supposed provision should be made yearly by government; and secondly, whether or not that number would justify government in appointing a staff of professors to give instruction in all the different branches of science usually included in the curriculums of study for the medical profession. With reference to the first particular, when we consider the number of medical men already in practice in the colony,—that in almost all the district towns there are at present surgeons appointed by government, and that every year natives of the Cape, who have completed their studies at medical schools in Europe, are returning to their native country and engaging in practice, whilst others are leaving it and proceeding to the same schools to be trained up to the profession,—I say, when we consider these things, and at the same time bear in mind that the demand for medical men at the present time is limited almost entirely to the newly-formed villages, and a few other moderately-peopled rural localities, it may be presumed, I think, that comparatively few would come forward yearly for instruction for a considerable time to come. Probably it may be said, and with truth, that for a great number of years, not more than eight or ten students would be found regularly attending the different classes in the medical school, even were it established. With regard, again, to the second particular to which I adverted as deserving of notice, the remarks already offered on the first render any lengthy observations upon it unnecessary. If the number of students be not underestimated, I need not say it would be preposterous to appoint a staff of professors, say six or eight, to instruct that small number in the different branches of medical science mentioned by your correspondent "E" as what would constitute a complete medical education,—and that, estimating each professor's salary at £300, at an expense to the colony of upwards of £2,000 per annum. And even supposing that the students were called upon to pay fees, and each one should be attending (which, however, is very unlikely) all the classes of the professors at the same time, and paying for each at the rate of £3, it would only make a difference in regard to the outlay for their instruction, or saving on the part of government, of from £250 to £300. Such being the case, instead of forming a medical school in the colony, if the colonial youths

proceeding from year to year on their own means to universities in Europe for the study of medicine be considered still insufficient to meet the demand, it would, I conceive, be less expensive, and a still greater benefit to the colony, to grant a certain number of bursaries yearly, say from £100 to £150, to the colonial youths who may have distinguished themselves most at our public or private seminaries, and who are disposed to study for the medical profession. By that means, no additional expense would be incurred than in the establishment of a medical school, and the colony would be amply rewarded for the trifling outlay of money made by the services, on their return to the colony, of gentlemen fully educated in the medical profession, and well fitted to practice with credit to themselves and to the full satisfaction of the public.

From the foregoing remarks it will be apparent that, whilst admitting the paucity of medical men in the colony, and the desirableness, if possible, of affording the inhabitants generally, in time of sickness, ready access to medical aid, I am, nevertheless, of opinion that, in attempting to make the necessary provisions for that purpose, some caution is required, and that we should especially guard against admitting to practice men of defective education. To introduce such would not, I conceive, be conferring a benefit on the colony; on the contrary, it would be attended with serious risk, both as it respects the safety of the inhabitants and the respectability of the medical profession. I am not of opinion that the present circumstances of the colony call for the establishment of a medical school at the Cape; but whenever they do, and one is established, it is to be hoped it will be one that will be a credit to it, provided with a complete staff of professors, and affording the colonial youth destined for the profession the means of acquiring a perfect medical education, and its graduates and licentiates, of competing with those of the medical schools of Europe. Hitherto, we have been dependent for medical aid on other more favored countries; and to a considerable extent we have secured it. And whilst for district surgeons, as I have said, if some little additional assistance be given in the way of passage money, and the advantages which such officers enjoy in this colony be properly represented at home, little difficulty will be experienced in obtaining well-qualified men, and in any numbers required: I am, at the same time persuaded, even in the absence of a medical school at the Cape, that as the colony becomes more densely peopled, and thus sufficient encouragement is afforded to medical men to settle amongst us, the want of medical aid will be fully supplied.

M. D.

Rear-Admiral Hon. Sir FRED. W. GREY, K.C.B.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. III.

REAR-ADMIRAL HON. SIR FRED. W. GREY, K.C.B.

GREY has been a name of considerable celebrity in English history during more than four centuries; one branch, connected with royalty, perhaps suffered more than benefited by the alliance; others, less ambitious in that direction, have done good service to the state in almost every department; and, as far as we know, none more than the Northumberland branch, to which Rear-Admiral the Honorable Sir Frederick William Grey belongs.

Those who may desire to trace back the line of this family, we refer to the peerage. Here it will be sufficient to mention that Admiral Grey is a grandson of General Earl Grey, and third son of the late Charles, Earl Grey, by Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of Lord Ponsonby, of Imokilly; and few of our readers need to be told that the late earl was one of that remarkable phalanx of statesmen and orators who adorned the latter part of the eighteenth, and beginning of the present century; and the same who lived to carry the great reform bill through the House of Lords. He died at an advanced age, on the 17th of July, 1845.

Frederick William Grey was born on the 23rd of August, 1805, and entered the navy on the 18th of January, 1819, on board the *Rochfort* (fitted for the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Thos. Maitland), for a passage to the *Glasgow*, Captain the Hon. Anthony Maitland, which ship he joined in the following June. In March, 1821, he returned to England, and shortly after joined the *Doris*, Captain Graham, and served in her on the South American station until November, 1822, when he returned to England in the *Conway*, commanded by Captain Basil Hall, an officer whose literary and scientific attainments could not be otherwise than beneficial to the young midshipman, whose tastes inclined in the same direction.

In the early part of 1823, Mr. Grey joined the *Naiad*, of 46 guns, commanded by the Hon. R. Cavendish Spencer, and served in that frigate at Lisbon and in the Mediterranean until the 7th of April, 1825, when he was appointed acting-lieutenant of the *Sybille*, 48 guns, commanded by Sir Samuel John Brooke Pechell.

While serving on board the *Naiad* an opportunity presented for carrying out one of those daring exploits which often elude the most powerful means of defence.

A 16-gun brig lay moored alongside the walls of the fortress of Bona, defended by a garrison of 400 soldiers, in a position where the guns and musketry could sweep her decks with a plunging fire at close range. Here she was supposed to be secure. However, in the night of the 23rd of March, 1824, the boats of the *Naiad*, under the command of Lieutenant Michael Quin, slipped in; but the sombre walls of the fortress so masked the brig that the boats passed her. On trying back, she was detected by Mr. Grey, boarded, and the necessary charge of combustibles laid for her destruction, when suddenly the rapid moving about of lights on the walls above indicated a suspicion of the mischief going on below. The party fired the train and got into their boats while a crashing fire from the fortress opened upon the deck, which only helped the object of the mission. The boats pulled off undetected, and, when nearly out of range, exhibited a blue light for the edification of those whom it might concern. This bravado, however, was quickly answered by a round shot passing between two of the boats which were near each other.

Mr. Grey served on board the *Sybille*, as acting-lieutenant, from the 7th of April, 1825, until the following August, then returned to England in the *Cyrene*. On the 26th of September, he was appointed to the *Volage*, of 28 guns, commanded by the Hon. Richard Saunders Dundas, in which vessel, accompanied by the *Warspite*, he proceeded to India, thence to New South Wales and South America. On the 17th of April, 1827, he attained the rank of commander, and was appointed to the *Heron*, 18 guns. On the 19th of April of the following year, he received his post rank, and left the station for England in the *Breton*, Captain the Hon. W. Gordon, where he arrived in October.

He was appointed to the *Ariadne* on the 30th of November; but that vessel being soon paid off, he was transferred to the *Acteon*, 26 guns, in which frigate he served on the Mediterranean station until September, 1834.

In these *slack* times the wooden walls of Old England had few opportunities for exhibiting their strength. They floated about little thought of, except at the annual gatherings, when John Bull was reminded of their weatherworks, and he made a fuss about having the repairs executed with strict economy. John, moreover, questioned the necessity for so many sailors being kept in pay; grumbled about his large, expensive family, his debts, and the vast amount of interest he had to pay.

Allegory apart, it is well, in peaceful times, when a naval officer can turn his talents to account, but is ready to unsheath the sword when wanted.

In the spring of 1835, Captain Grey became private secretary to the Earl of Auckland, then First Lord of the Admiralty; and when that nobleman was selected to fill the important office of governor-general of India, Captain Grey was appointed to the *Jupiter*, for the purpose of conveying his lordship to Calcutta.

Having performed that service, he took advantage of the opportunity to settle geographically the positions of several points on the coast. Returning, he conveyed the 92nd regiment to England, and paid off the *Jupiter* on the 27th of September, 1836.

His next employment was that of private secretary to his brother, Lord Howick, then secretary at war, which he held until September, 1839.

In October, 1840, he received the command of the *Endymion*, 44 guns, sailed for the East Indies, joined Rear-Admiral Sir William Parker's squadron, and took an active share in the Chinese war. We are not in a position to give the details of his services on this occasion; but we quote as follows from Byrne's Naval Biography, on the authority of the *Gazette*, 1842, pp. 3391, 3402.

"For his services in that ship during the war in China, and in the attack upon Chin-Kiang-Foo, 21st July, 1842, he elicited the best thanks of Major-General Schoedde, for the manner in which he superintended the debarkation of the troops under the orders of that officer, whom he accompanied as a volunteer throughout the day."

After the peace with China, he returned to India; and from thence he proceeded to England, where he arrived in October, 1843, and paid off the *Endymion*. He was then nominated a C. B., in acknowledgment of his services.

An opportunity now presented itself for cultivating the domestic associations which a sailor's life permits but few and sometimes far between, chances of enjoying.

In 1845, Captain Grey employed himself in superintending the management of his brother Earl Grey's Northumberland estates. On the 20th July, 1846, he married Barbarina Charlotte, daughter of the Rev. Frederick Sullivan, granddaughter of the late Sir Richard, and niece of the present Sir Charles Sullivan, bart., of Thames Ditton, Surrey, a family which deduces its descent from Oliol Ollum, king of Munster, in Ireland, but which has discontinued the distinguishing Millesian patronymic. He returned with his bride to Northumberland, where he continued the supervision of the estates until the year 1851.

On the breaking out of the Russian war, we find Captain Grey ready for action. In March, 1854, he was appointed to the *Hannibal*, 91 guns. In July, he hoisted a broad pennant, in command of a squadron, which proceeded to Calais, and embarked French troops for the Baltic, on which occasion the Emperor visited the *Hannibal*, and expressed his satisfaction with the arrangements. The troops were landed at Bomarsund, and, in conjunction with our sailors, quickly captured that fortress. Commodore Grey conveyed the Russian prisoners to Brest, and then proceeded to the Black Sea, where, in the month of December, he joined the fleet, under Admiral Dundas, at anchor off Sebastopol.

At the latter end of June, 1845, he was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, and appointed senior officer and superintendent at Constantinople, where he remained until the return of the forces to England, in August, 1856, when he was made K.C.B. for his services during the Russian war.

On the 1st of April, 1857, he was appointed to the command of the Cape and African stations, and arrived in Simon's Bay on the 23rd of May.

LITERARY REVIEW.

We have reason to be thankful to the London caterers of the Cape Public Library for the very interesting, rich, and varied selection of books sent out by them in the *Celt*. The following is a list: Four Months in Algeria, with a Visit to Carthage, by the Rev. J. W. Blakesley; The Life of John Milton, narrated in connection with the political, ecclesiastical, and literary history of his time, by David Masson, M.A., Professor of English Literature, University College, London—vol. i., 1608—1639; Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair, by Henry Morley; Unprotected Females in Sicily, Calabria, and on the Top of Mount Etna; New Pictures and Old Panels, by Dr. Doran; Deborah's Diary, a sequel to Mary Powell; A Memoir of Thomas Unwins, R.A., late Keeper of the Royal Galleries and the National Gallery, Librarian of the Royal Academy, &c., by Mrs. Unwins; The Scouring of the White Horse, or the Long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk, by the author of Tom Brown's School Days; Stephen Langton, by Martin F. Tupper; Selections from the Charges and other Detached Papers of Baron Alderson, by Chas. Alderson, M.A.; The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold, by his son Blanchard; Memoirs of William Beckford, of Fonthill; Father and Daughter, a Portraiture from the Life; Eric, or Little by Little, by Fred. W. Farrar.

Of these, the most interesting and the first that invites our attention is *The Life of Douglas Jerrold*, by his son. Our notice of it must be brief,

but it is impossible to pass it by without giving our colonial readers any idea whatever of the rich matter it contains. The author, in his preface quotes from Carlyle, that "a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one," and adds that his ambition has been to set forth the two rarities together. If he has not succeeded to the full measure of his desires, he has certainly not failed in any calamitous degree—as may to some extent be seen from the few extracts of which we shall avail ourselves here.

Douglas Jerrold was born in London, on the 3rd January, 1803. His father, then an elderly man, and who, in his younger days, had been a strolling player, was, at the time of Douglas' birth, the manager of a humble theatre in the small Kentish town of Cranbrook, and the proud possessor of an honorable reputation and "a pair of Garrick's shoes, which he wore whenever he appeared on the stage." In 1807, Mr. Jerrold became the lessee of a more profitable theatre, in the old, dingy naval station of Sheerness; patronized, at times, by the Russian admiral, who visited there, and by the bluff, brave Lord Cochrane, one of whose pleasant peculiarities, noticed by the doorkeeper, was that "he would always insist on paying double." Young Douglas then figured at times upon the stage; and little did the hero imagine that the "handsome white-haired boy" who appeared before him as one of the children in the "Stranger" should, in later years, become his bold and successful defender when assailed by the bigotry and injustice of a proud aristocracy. On the 10th May, 1847, Lord Cochrane, then Earl of Dundonald, addressed to him a letter expressive of his deepest gratitude for Jerrold's "generous and very powerful advocacy of his claim to the investigation of his case," and his restoration to the honors of which he had most unrighteously been deprived. Douglas, at Sheerness, attended the school of a Mr. Herbert, a very different affair from schools in the present day, as an old Sheerness man declares, "no algebra, nor that sort of thing." He read the few books that came in his way, of course, chief among them the "Death of Abel" and "Roderick Random;" and on the 22nd December, 1813, he succeeded in entering the navy as a midshipman, or first-class volunteer. He was then of the ripe age of ten, and was shipped first on board the *Namur* guardship, at the Nore. Here he managed to read Buffon through and through in the captain's cabin, and got up theatricals, aided by the pictorial genius of Clarkson Stanfield, then a foremast man in the same ship. Two years after he was transferred to the gun-brig *Ernest*, and cruised about for a few months in the German Ocean. And while at Heligoland or Cuxhaven an incident occurred, the description of which we must extract:

He had gone ashore with Capt. Hutchinson, and was left in command of the gig. While the commander was absent two of the men in the midshipman's charge requested permission to make some trifling purchase. The good-natured officer assented, adding—"By the way, you

may as well buy me some apples and a few pears."—"All right, sir," said the men; and they departed. The captain presently returned, and still the seamen were away on their errand. They were searched for, but they could not be found. They had deserted. Any naval reader whose eye may wander over this page will readily imagine the disgrace into which Midshipman Douglas Jerrold fell with his captain. Upon the young delinquent the event made a lasting impression, and years afterwards he talked about it with that curious excitement which lit up his face when he spoke of anything he had felt. He remembered even the features of the two deserters; as he had, most unexpectedly, an opportunity of proving. The midshipman had long put his dirk aside, and washed the salt from his brave face. He had become a fighter with a keener weapon than his dirk had ever proved, when, one day, strolling eastward, possibly from the office of his own newspaper to the printing premises of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, in Whitefriars, he was suddenly struck with the form and face of a baker, who, with his load of bread at his back, was examining some object in the window of the surgical instrument maker, who puzzles so many inquisitive passers-by, near the entrance to King's College. There was no mistake. Even the flour dredge could not hide the fact. The ex-midshipman walked nimbly to the baker's side, and rapping him sharply upon the back, said—"I say, my friend, don't you think you've been rather a long time about that fruit?" The deserter's jaw fell. Thirty years had not calmed the unquiet suggestions of his conscience. He remembered the fruit and the little middy, for he said—"Lor! is that you, sir?" The midshipman went on his way laughing.

In October, 1815, the *Ernest* returned to Sheerness, and, peace being now established, the ship's company was paid off, and Douglas Jerrold bade farewell to nautical life. By this time his father's fortunes at the theatre were reduced, and, at the close of the year, the whole of the family resolved to try their luck once more in London. A humble house in Broad-court, Bow-street, received them. Douglas Jerrold had only just entered his fourteenth year, and still sported his fading uniform. He was destitute enough, but he resolved to be independent, and apprenticed himself to Mr. Sydney, a printer in the Strand. The description of his entrance upon this part of his career is very beautifully given by his son:

There was something congenial to the young apprentice in the business of a printer. It brought him, in some degree, into connection with books. It would be his duty, at any rate, to set up the thoughts, the teachings of others; and biding his time and reading hard, to put the stick aside some day and take up his pen. This was his burning hope when he went every morning at daylight to Mr. Sidney's offices; and, as books fell in his way, the hope became a passion. I have heard him describe his work at this period of his life with honest pride. He would tell me how he had risen with the first peep of day to study his Latin grammar alone, before going to work; how he had fallen upon Shakespeare, and had devoured every line of the great master; and how, with his old father, who was a thoughtful, if a weak man, he had sat, in the intervals of his labor, to read a novel of Sir Walter Scott's, obtained, by pinching, from a library. He used to relate a story with great delight of a certain day on which he was useful in several capacities to his father. The two were alone in London, Mrs. Jerrold

and her daughter being in the country, possibly fulfilling some provincial engagement. The young apprentice brought home joyfully enough his first earnings. Very dreary was his home, with his poor weak father sitting in the chimney corner; but there was a fire in the boy that would light up that home; at any rate, they would be cheerful for one day. The apprentice, with the first solid fruits of industry in his pocket, sallied forth to buy the dinner. The ingredients of a beefsteak pie were quickly got together, and the purchaser returned to be rewarded with the proud look of his father. To earn the pie was one thing, but who was to make it? Young Douglas would try his hand at a crust! Merrily the manufacture went forward; the pie was made. Then the little lusty fellow saw that he must carry it to the bakehouse. Willingly went he forth; for with the balance of his money it had been agreed that he should hire the last of Sir Walter's volumes, and return to read it to his father while the dinner was in the oven. The memory of this day always remained vivid to him. There was an odd kind of humor about it that tickled him. It so thoroughly illustrated his notions on independence that he could not forbear from dwelling again and again on it among his friends. "Yes, sir," he would say, emphatically, "I earned the pie, I made the pie, I took it to the bakehouse, I fetched it home; and my father said, 'Really, the boy made the crust remarkably well.'"

And thus independently and bravely he proceeded in his humble course; and still Shakespeare continued his chief delight. "Young men now-a-days," he would often repeat in later years, "read neither their Bible nor their Shakespeare enough." In 1818—his fifteenth year—he ventured on dramatic authorship himself, and wrote a piece, entitled *More Frightened than Hurt*, and offered it to Mr. Arnold, of the English Opera House, who probably did not deign to read it. Three years afterwards, young Jerrold managed to recover it, submitted it to the manager of Sadler's Wells, and had the gratification of witnessing its complete success. It was at once translated, under a different name, into French; and a few years afterwards re-translated into English by a playwright, who, ignorant of its origin, saw the performance of it on the Paris stage. At this time, too, he filled up small portions of his vacant time by literary compositions of various kinds—sonnets, epigrams, and short quaint papers—which he chiefly contributed anonymously to *Arliss' Magazine*, a periodical long since forgotten. On one occasion he ventured a contribution to the newspaper published by his own master. "Having an order to see *Der Freischutz*, the young compositor went to the theatre, and became so possessed with the harmony of the work, that he wrote a critical paper on it, and dropped the composition into Mr. Bigg's letter-box. He passed an anxious night, we may be certain, when this adventurous step had been taken. And that was a bright morrow when the editor handed him his own article to compose, together with an address to the anonymous correspondent, asking for further contributions." Such were the beginnings of Douglas Jerrold's brilliant career in connection with the English press. His further life we cannot find space to trace in even the merest outline.

He wrote dramas like *Nell Gwynne*, *The Rent Day*, *Black-Eyed Susan*, whose graceful wit and pungent humor and burning sarcasms and perfect purity of moral purpose are unsurpassed in the language. He was one of the founders of *Punch*, and continued his contributions to it unremittingly to within a fortnight of his death. He wrote in it such pieces as "The Story of a Feather," which no less eminent a judge than Dickens himself calls "a wise and beautiful book," calculated, like everything else that came from Jerrold's pen, to subdue the falsities and the wrongs he saw about him. In the same periodical he wrote the memorable "Curtain Lectures of Mrs. Caudle"—in which "every married lady throughout these pleasant realms saw a likeness, though none found its pages a looking-glass." Husbands poked the points at their wives, and wives read and laughed, vowing that Mrs. Caudle was very like Mrs. ——. In other periodicals started by him, such as the *Illuminated Magazine*, appeared his "Man made of Money," "Chronicles of Clovernook," and many more in the same pure, delightful vein. As a conductor of newspaper literature, we can only mention his name in connection with the *Examiner*, with *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*, and finally with *Lloyd's Newspaper*, which, under his management, attained a circulation of 182,000. The rest of our notice of him must consist of a few of the most marked sketches of character which the book before us presents in such copious abundance. Neatly pasted in his scrap-book were found the following "lines on lines." They were the motto of his life:

> "Curved is the line of Beauty,
> Straight is the line of Duty;
> Walk by the last, and thou wilt see
> The other ever follow thee."

He has been often described as bitter, acrid, sour, and cynical. Take the following as an illustration of how Jerrold could lament over his departed friends. Laman Blanchard was for twenty odd years his bosom companion. One mournful day in the spring of 1845 he was bluntly told that his friend was no more. We shall quote from his son:

I remember the morning well. I remember finding my father in a room alone at the *Punch* office. His face was as white as any paper, and his voice had lost all its clear sharp ring.

"You have heard, I suppose?" he said to me, presently.

I nodded an assent. But, though he twitched his mouth manfully, tried to look out of the window, and had resolved to bear the blow stoically, the effort was too much for him. He sank upon his chair, and, motioning me from the room, wept as children weep.

Or take the following very touching passage from Charles Dickens:

In the company of children and young people he was particularly happy, and showed to extraordinary advantage. He never was so gay, so sweet-tempered, so pleasing, and so pleased as then. Among my own children I have observed this many and many a time. When they and I came home from Italy, in 1845, your father went to Brussels to meet us, in company with our friends, Mr. Foster and Mr. Maclise. We all traveled together about Belgium for a little while, and all came

home together. He was the delight of the children all the time, and they were his delight. He was in his most brilliant spirits, and I doubt if he were ever more humorous in his life. But the most enduring impression that he left upon us, who are grown up—and we have all often spoken of it since—was, that Jerrold, in his amiable capacity of being easily pleased, in his freshness, in his good nature, in cordiality, and in the unrestrained openness of his heart, had quite captivated us. Of his generosity I had a proof within these two or three years, which it saddens me to think of now. There had been an estrangement between us—not on any personal subject, and not involving an angry word—and a good many months had passed without my even seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined each with his own separate party, in the STRANGER'S ROOM of a club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner. I said not a word (I am sorry to remember), and did not look that way. Before we had sat so long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both his hands in a most engaging manner, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face that I can see as I write to you, "For God's sake, let us be friends again! A life's not long enough for this."

Our next extract presents as beautiful a picture of literary life as can be met with in the history of English literature. It is a sketch of Douglas Jerrold and his friends at home:

It is a bright morning, about eight o'clock, at West Lodge, Putney Lower Common. The windows at the side of the old house, buried in trees, afford glimpses of a broad common, tufted with purple heather and yellow gorse. Gipsies are encamped where the blue smoke curls amid the elms. A window-sash is shot sharply up. A clear small voice is heard singing within. And now a long roulade, whistled softly, floats out. A little, spare figure, with a stoop, habited in a short shooting jacket, the throat quite open, without collar or kerchief, and crowned with a straw hat, pushes through the gate of the cottage, and goes, with short, quick steps, assisted by a stout stick, over the common. A little black and tan terrier follows, and rolls over the grass at intervals, as a response to a cheery word from its master. The gipsy encampment is reached. The gipsies know their friend, and a chat and a laugh ensue. Then a deep gulp of the sweet morning air, a dozen branches pulled to the nose here and there in the garden, the children kissed, and breakfast, and the morning papers. The breakfast is a jug of cold new milk; some toast, bacon, water-cresses. Perhaps a few strawberries have been found in the garden. A long examination of the papers—here and there a bit of news energetically read aloud, then cut, and put between clippers. Then silently, suddenly, into the study. This study is a very snug room. All about are books. Crowning the shelves are Milton and Shakespeare. A bit of Shakespeare's mulberry tree lies upon the mantel-piece. Above the sofa, are "The Rent Day," "Distraining for Rent," Wilkie's two pictures, in the corner of which is Wilkie's kind inscription to the author of the drama called "The Rent Day." Under the two prints laughs Sir Joshua's sly Puck, perched upon a pulpy mushroom. Turner's "Heidelberg" is here too, and the engraver thereof will drop in presently—he lives close at hand—to see his friend Douglas Jerrold. Ariadne and Dorothea decorate the chimney-piece. The furniture is simple solid oak. The desk has not a speck upon it. The marble shell, upon which the inkstand rests, has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row, between clips, on the

table. The paper basket stands near the arm-chair, prepared for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into his study, and lies at his feet. Work begins. If it be a comedy, the author will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself; if it be *Punch* copy, you shall hear him laugh presently as he hits upon a droll bit. Suddenly the pen will be put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, the author will pass out into the garden, where he will talk to the gardener, or watch, chuckling the while, the careful steps of the little terrier amid the gooseberry bushes; or pluck a hawthorn leaf, and go nibbling it, and thinking, down the side-walks. In again, and vehemently to work. The thought has come, and, in letters smaller than the type in which they shall presently be set, it is unrolled along the little blue slips of paper. A simple crust of bread and a glass of wine are brought in by a dear female hand; but no word is spoken, and the hand and dear heart disappear. The work goes rapidly forward, and halts at last suddenly. The pen is dashed aside; a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written, and dispatched to the post; and then again into the garden. The fowls and pigeons are noticed; a visit is paid to the horse and cow; and then another long turn round the lawn, at last, sitting, with a quaint old volume, in the tent, under the umbrageous mulberry tree. Friends drop in, and join Jerrold in his tent. Who will stop to dinner? Only cottage fare; but there is a hearty welcome. Conversation about the book in hand. Perhaps it is old Rabelais, or Jeremy Taylor; not improbably Jean Paul's "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces," or his "Levana;" or, again, one of old Sir Thomas Browne's volumes. In any there is ample matter for animated gossip. * * *

Over the tea-table, jokes of all kinds, as at dinner. No friend who may happen to drop in now will make any difference in the circle. Perhaps the fun may be extended to a game of some kind on the lawn. Basting the bear was one evening the rule, on which occasion grave editors and contributors "basted" one another with knotted pocket-handkerchiefs, to their hearts' content. The crowning effort of this memorable evening was a general attempt to go heels over head upon haycocks in the orchard—a feat which vanquished the skill of the laughing host, and left a very stout and very responsible editor, I remember, upon his head, without power to retrieve his natural position.

Again, after a dinner party under canvas, the hearty host, with his guests, including Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Maclise, Mr. Macready, and Mr. John Forster, indulged in a most active game of leap-frog, the backs being requested to turn in any obtrusive "twopenny" with the real zest of fourteen.

As a companion picture to this, we shall extract the following detached paragraphs, descriptive of Jerrold at his clubs:

A dinner is discussed. Douglas Jerrold listens quietly, possibly tired of dinners and declining pressing invitations to be present. In a few minutes he will chime in, "If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event."

An old gentleman, whom I will call Prosy Very, was in the habit of meeting my father, and pouring long pointless stories into his impatient ears. On one occasion Prosy related a long limp account of a stupid practical joke, concluding with the information that the effect of the joke was so potent, "he really thought he should have died with laughter."—*Jerrold.* "I wish to heaven you had."

The conversation turns upon the fastidiousness of the times. "Why," says a member, "they'll soon say marriage is improper." "No, no," replies Douglas Jerrold, "they'll always consider marriage good breeding." A stormy discussion ensues, during which a gentleman rises to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he begins, "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense——" "Exactly," Douglas Jerrold interrupts; "that is precisely what you *do* want." The discussion is lost in a burst of laughter. The talk lightly passes to the writings of a certain Scot. A member holds that the Scot's name should be handed down to a grateful posterity. D. J.: "I quite agree with you that he should have an itch in the Temple of Fame." Brown drops in. Brown is said by all his friends to be the toady of Jones. The appearance of Jones in a room is the proof that Brown is in the passage. When Jones has the influenza, Brown dutifully catches a cold in the head. D. J. to Brown; "Have you heard the rumor that's flying about town?" "No." "Well, they say Jones pays the dog-tax for you." Douglas Jerrold is seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends, and has expressed his disappointment.—*Friend.* "I hear you said —— was the worst book I ever wrote."—*Jerrold.* "No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote." A supper of sheep's heads was proposed, and presently served. One gentleman present is particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish, and, as he throws down his knife and fork, exclaims, "Well, sheep's heads for ever, say I"!—*Jerrold.* "There's egotism!"

"A dinner was given to Mr. Leigh Hunt at the Museum Club. The task of proposing the guest devolved upon Douglas Jerrold. He spoke fervently, and wound up by saying of the veteran essayist, poet, and Liberal politician, that "even in his hottest warfare his natural sense of beauty and gentleness was so great that, like David of old, he armed his sling with shining pebbles of the brook, and never pelted even his fiercest enemy with mud." To which Mr. Hunt replied that, "if his friend Jerrold had the sting of the bee, he had also his honey."

Then succeeded the Hooks and Eyes; then *Our Club*, a social weekly gathering, which Douglas Jerrold attended only three weeks before his death. Hence some of his best sayings went forth to the world. Here, when some member, hearing an air mentioned, exclaimed, "That always carries me away when I hear it." "Can nobody whistle it?" asked Douglas Jerrold. My father ordered a bottle of old port, "not *elder* port," he said. Asking about the talent of a young painter, his companion declared that the youth was mediocre. "Oh!" was the reply; "the very worst ochre an artist can set to work with." * * Walking to the club with a friend from the theatre, some intoxicated young gentlemen reeled up to the dramatist and said, "Can you tell us the way to Judge and Jury?" "Keep on as you are, young gentlemen," was the reply; "you're sure to overtake them."

And, finally, we shall extract one passage descriptive of the last scene of all:

The sufferer was seated in an arm-chair, and the setting sun threw a strong warm glare over the room. His breath came and went rapidly; his face was bloodless; and his white hair hung wild, nobly about it. He was calm, and kissed all tenderly. . . . Then his eyes wandered hungrily from one well-loved face to the other, and then again to the window, where the trees were golden with the sunset. In a sad, lingering voice he said, "The sun is setting." Then he spoke,

as his short breath would permit him, of friends not about him. "Tell the dear boys," he said, referring to his *Punch* associates, "that if I've ever wounded any of them I've always loved them." Horace Mayhew, who was near him, quietly said to him, referring to an estrangement that had existed between him and a relative, "You are friends with H——?" "Yes, yes. God bless him!" . . . We saw a dreadful change. We called to the dear ones in the next room, and in wild agony they gathered about the bed. For a moment, again, his eyes regained their light; he saw all about his death-bed; his head leaned against my breast; he looked up and said, as one hand fell in mine, and my brother took the other, "This is as it should be."

In a moment, without a struggle, peacefully, as a child falls asleep in its mother's arms, he fell into his long rest, with a smile on his face.

The friends that came and knelt at that bedside, and kissed the hand as it hung, still warm, over it, and said, "Good bye, dear Douglas!" shall never be forgotten by me and mine.

On the 15th June, 1857, his mortal remains were consigned to the earth in Norwood Cemetery, close to the grave of Laman Blanchard. Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. John Forster, Sir Joseph Paxton, Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and Mr. Shirley Brooks, were the fitting men who bore the pall.

The *Life of Milton*, by Professor Masson, of University College, London, is a work of incomparably higher pretensions and more profound research than the pleasant memoir of Jerrold, over which we have been tempted to linger so long. Hitherto, however, we have only the first instalment of it, in the shape of one portly, though by no means ponderous, octavo volume; and the subject is brought down only to the year 1639, when Milton had attained his thirty-first year, and was just about to enter on his illustrious public career. His history up to that period,—every incident calculated to throw light on his character,—every locality rendered sacred by its association with his name, are sketched in the vivid, graphic, genial style which the readers of Masson's delightful essays in the *British Quarterly* and *Fraser* are already so familiar with, and have learned so cordially to admire. The work, however, as the author announces, is "intended not merely as a biography of Milton, but also in some sort a continuous history of his time;" and as such it will completely exhaust the subject.

Deborah's Diary presents us with quaint and pleasant pictures of "the old man eloquent," in his later days, when

> "He fed on thoughts that voluntary moved
> Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
> Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
> Tunes her nocturnal note."

It is from the pen of Miss Manning, and purports to be a sequel to *Mary Powell*, the first work which established the author's popularity and fame.

The diarist is Deborah, Milton's favorite daughter and most dutiful and affectionate attendant. The scene is laid first in Bunhill Fields, and then in the rustic village of Charlton, whither the family betook

themselves on the outbreak of the plague in 1665. The whole volume —which, by the way, is not a large one—is written in a delightfully simple and refreshing style; occasionally it becomes peculiarly graphic and interesting. We can only make room for two or three brief extracts. The following is, in its very simplicity, a perfect gem:

About One of the Clock was rouzed (though *Anne* continued sleeping soundly) by hearing Father give his three signal-taps agaynst the Wall. Half-drest, and with bare Feet thrust into Slippers, I hastily ran in to him: he cried, "*Deb*, for the love of Heaven, get Pen and Paper to sett Something down." I replied, "Sure, Father, you gave me quite a Turn; I thought you were ill," and sett to my Task, marvellous ill-conditioned, expecting some crotchet had taken him concerning his Will.

'Stead of which, out comes a Volley of Poetry he had lain a-brewing till his brain was like to burst; and soe I in my thin Night Cotes must needs jot it all down for Feare it should ooze away before Morning. Sure I thought he never would get to the end, and really feared at firste he was crazing a little, but indeede all Poets doe when the Vein is on 'em. At length, with a Sigh of Relief, he says, "That will doe. Good night, little Maid." I could not help saying, "'Twas a lucky Thing for you, Father, that Stepmother was from Home;" he laught, drew me to him, kissed me, and sayd, "Why, your Face is quite cold—are your Feet unslippered?"

"Unstockinged," I replyed. "I am quite concerned I knew it not sooner," he rejoyned, in an Accent of such Kindnesse that all my Vexation melted away, and I e'en protested I did not mind it a Bit.

"Since it is soe," quoth he, "I shall the less mind having Recourse to you agayn; onlie I must insist on your taking Care to wrap yourself up more warmly, since you need not fear my being ille."

I bit my lip, and onlie saying, Good night, stole off to my warm bed.

And here is another characteristic touch:

Had a Valentine this Morning, though onlie from *Ned Phillips*, whom Mother is angry with for filling my Head betimes with such Nonsense. Howbeit, I am close on Sixteen.

And again:

Mary was out of Patience with Father yesterday, who, after keeping her a full Hour at *Thucydides*, sayd,

"Well, now we will refresh ourselves with a Canto of *Ariosto*," which was as much a sealed Book to her as t'other. Howbeit, this Morning he sayd, "Childe, I have noted your Wearinesse in reading the dead Languages to me; would that I needed not to be beholden unto any, whether bound to me by Blood and Affection or not, for the Food that is as needfulle to me as my daily Bread. Neverthelesse, that I be not further wearisome unto thee, I have engaged a young *Quaker* named *Ellwood* to relieve thee of this Portion of thy Task, so that thou mayst have the more Leisure to enjoy the glad Sunshine and fair Sights I never more shall see."

Mary turned red, and dropt a quiet Tear; but, alas, he knew it not. "One part of my children's burthen, indeed," he continued, "I cannot, for obvious Reasons, relieve them of—they *must* still be my Secretaries, for in them alone can I confide. Soe now to your healthfulle Exercises and fitting Recreations, dear Maids, and Heaven's Blessing goe with you!"

We kissed his Hand and went, but our Walk was not merry.

There is one other passage in which the sisterly as well as filial affection of Deborah is beautifully depicted:

I wish *Anne* were a little more demonstrative; Father would then be assured of her Affection as of mine, and treat her with equal tenderness. But no, she cannot be; she will sitt and look piteously on his blind Face, but, alas! he cannot see that; and when he pours forth the full Tide of Melody on his organ and hymns mellifluous praise, the Tears rush to her Eyes, and she is oft obliged to quit the chamber; but, alas! he knows not that. So he goes on, deeming her, I fear me, stupid as well as silent, indifferent as well as infirm.

I am not avised of her ever having let him feel her Sympathy, save when he was inditing to me his Third Book, while she sate at her Sewing. 'Twas at these lines:

> "Thus with the year
> Seasons return; but not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet Approach of Even or Morn,
> Or Sight of vernal Bloom, or Summer's Rose,
> Or Flocks, or Herds, or human Face Divine,
> But Clouds instead, and ever during Dark
> Surrounds me; from the cheerful Ways of Men
> Cut off: and for the Book of Knowledge fair,
> Presented with an universal Blank."

His Brow was a little contracted, but his Face was quite composed; while she on t'other Hand, with her Work dropped from her Lap and her Eyes streaming, sate gazing on him, the Image of Woe. At length timidly stole to his side, and, after hesitating awhile, kissed both his eyelids. He caught her to him, quite taken by Surprise, and for a Moment both wept bitterly. This was soon put a Stop to, by Mother's coming in, with her Head full of Stale Fish; howbeit Father treated *Anne* with uncommon Tenderness all that Evening, calling her his sweet *Nan;* while she, shrinking back again into her Shell, was shyer than ever.

Dr. Doran's *New Pictures and Old Panels* is a pleasant book of artistic sketches, historical, biographical, and nondescript. The most successful of the whole are the three introductory ones, entitled Right Hand Panel, Left Hand Panel, and Centre Panel. The first gives a picture of the Reverend Dr. Dodd, of unhappy memory, the frequenter of tavern revelries, the fashionable preacher at St. Olave's, London, and the executed forger. The second introduces us to Goldsmith, and his harsh taskmasters, the Griffiths, of Paternoster Row, with Mrs. Bellamy, the beautiful and light-hearted actress of the day. And the third sketch brings Dodd, Goldsmith, Griffiths, Bellamy, and the Reverend John Wesley all together on one tableau, with vivid accuracy. Our limited space prevents us from giving more than one brief extract. It presents Dodd in his training for the pulpit, and the success of it:

He had spent whole months with Mossop, the actor, who drilled him into reading the Litany with such witching emphasis that women went miles only to hear him read the Litany. Mrs. Clive had made him pay rather dearly in dinners and suppers, and mulled claret and carrings, for instructing him in a pleasing delivery of the services for the solemnization of matrimony, the churching of women, and the private or public baptism of children. Palmer had taught him how to read a public notice from the pulpit with effect, and Woodward had enlightened him as to the achievement of distinctness with grace, in

enunciating the "Dearly beloved," and in reading an epistle. For all this, Will was indebted to the players at Drury Lane,—but the necessary money was well laid out. It returned cent. per cent. Covent Garden was not backward in lending him a certain sort of fitness for his calling. The effect was seen on an Ash-Wednesday, when Will had to recite the Communion sentences, and on any day set aside for the proclaiming of the creed of St. Athanasius. *Then*, Will's audiences beat Barry's; and Barry had been his master. Week after week, Will had attended at Barry's house, No. 61, Hart-street, Covent Garden, and there the two had gone through the threats and condemnations, till at last, Will seemed to have gained the silver tongue of his instructor, and congregations of some men and many maids and matrons flocked to hear terrible penalties leveled at them, in so exquisite a voice and method, that even they who remembered the "Fly, soft ideas," of Miss Brent, in "Artaxerxes," thought Arne's pupil not to be compared with Barry's. Nor was this all that Covent Garden did to make a graceful apostle of him. Smith, that most irresistible of Valentines, addressed himself to Will's carriage, and in a very short time, particularly as the "parson" went every night to the play, and from the boxes, thronged with macaronies, marked how the actor entered on and walked the stage, he produced such improvement, that half the women, and sometimes all of them, in Will's congregation, used to slowly and silently rise to watch his graceful movement as he passed from the vestry to the pulpit, or from the latter to within the rails of the "communion." As this was always done to a few notes from the organ, the effect was complete; and when it was over, the silly women fell back in faint ecstasy, each looking in a die-away fashion at her neighbor, and the expression evidently implying all that is meant in a "Did you ever?"

A curious discussion on the authorship of Junius has been raised in the colony during the past month. Mr. E. L. Kift, a respected citizen of Port Elizabeth, has announced a discovery on the subject, which a host of ungenerous critics incontinently declared to be the discovery of a mare's nest. And we suspect that Mr. Kift himself is by this time tolerably well convinced of the correctness of their strictures. His story is a simple and not uninteresting one. Many years ago, in his wanderings on the frontier, he chanced to "foregather" with a venerable Albany settler—Kemp Knott by name; and learned, we are not told how, that this rough frontiersman was, strange to say, the sole living depositary of the Junius secret. Mr. Knott, it seems, alleged that he and his father had been engaged as readers in Woodfall's printing office, and there, by accident, became possessed of the secret which, for well-nigh a century, has baffled the keenest curiosity of mankind, and womankind to boot. He was bound, however, by solemn oath, never to divulge it; and for years in succession his obligation was adhered to with stern integrity. All Mr. Kift's blandishments and enticements were powerless to shake the sturdy Knott *tenacem propositi*. Ultimately, says Mr. Kift, "early in the year 1851, when I again pressed him on the subject—after expressing his affection for and his wish to oblige me—he said he would furnish me with a clue to the authorship, at the same time stating that, of the many writers who had written on the subject, no one had named

the real author. He then informed me that the author of 'Junius' Letters' having received, subsequently to their publication, an appointment to India, sailed in a king's ship, accompanied by another eminent individual, the author of a celebrated poem, and that the frigate had never been heard of afterwards." Beyond this meagre revelation the force of even Mr. Kift's persuasion could no further induce him, and a few years afterwards Mr. Kemp Knott was gathered to his fathers. Mr Kift, having cogitated over the subject, and compared the aggravating "clue" of the Albany settler with the scattered memoranda in *Notes and Queries*, has at last, through the medium of the *Eastern Province Herald*, announced to the world that the genuine Junius was no other than Loughlin Maclaine, the private secretary to Lord Shelbourne, who received an appointment in the Indian service, sailed for the east in the *Aurora* frigate, along with Falconer, the poet, and went down with all on board in the Mozambique Channel. This is, in the main, an old theory, ably put forth many years ago by Sir David Brewster, and since hopelessly exploded. The alleged facts on which Mr. Kift revives it now are clearly baseless. Mr. Kemp Knott died, in 1856, at the age of seventy-four. *He was, therefore, not born till* 1782, *nine years after the publication of the last of Junius' letters.* This, of itself, is sufficient evidence to contradict the story of his having been a proof-reader at Woodfall's. If more is required, it will be enough to add that he never had the education necessary to fit him for the situation. His evidence on the subject is therefore altogether out of court. It amounts only to loose traditionary hearsay at the most. The facts which disprove the claim of Maclaine to the authorship of Junius are simple and conclusive. The letters in question appeared in the *Daily Advertiser*, from 1769 to 1773. Maclaine is said to have left England in the *Aurora;* and the *Aurora*, we find, took her departure from England in Sept., 1769, touched at the Cape in Dec., and was never heard of after. If Maclaine, notwithstanding all this, was *Junius*, he must have "written his celebrated letters from the infernal regions, and got some bold Tartarean devil to bring them to the mundane printing-office of the Woodfalls,"—an hypothesis, by the way, quite as reasonable as three fourths of those that have already been broached on the subject.

The general opinion of professed judges and critics has hitherto accorded with the conclusion of Lord Macaulay and Sir James Macintosh,—and will, we fear, probably continue to do so in perverse opposition to our friends in the Eastern Province,—that the veritable "Epistolary Iron Mask" was no other than Sir Philip Francis. The evidence on which this opinion rests is clearly and succinctly set forth by Macaulay in his essay on Warren Hastings; and is such, he thinks, as "would support a verdict in a civil, nay, even in a criminal, proceeding." And both he and Sir James Macintosh declare that "if the argument in favor of Francis does not settle the question, there is an end to all reasoning on circumstantial evidence." We observe that a new biography of Sir Philip is announced in the literary periodicals as in course of publication, and the author of it engages to furnish fresh proofs of the *Junius* authorship, which will set the question at rest for ever. Until then however, for our own part, we confess that we are

sceptically inclined, or if we feel disposed to favor any hypothesis more than another, it is that most original and ingenious one, devised in an inspired moment by Lord Byron some thirty years ago:

'Tis, that what Junius we are wont to call
Was *really truly* nobody at all.
I don't see wherefore letters should not be
Written without hands, since we daily view
Them written without heads; and books, we see,
Are filled as well without the latter too.
And, really, till we fix on somebody
For certain sure to claim them as their due,
Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother
The world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The advent of the railway contractors' staff is still among the things that are to be, and although we know that the delay has been unavoidable, it would be much more satisfactory to have them on the spot, and ready to break ground. The question of the introduction of the laborers for this important work under the immigration scheme has been before the colonial board, and an intimation has been given to the commissioners at home that no reliance should be placed on the labor procurable in the colony. If a provision had been made in the Immigration Act for the free transport from England of the men required for the railway, we cannot but think that it would have made a reduction in the price which we have to pay for the work, but, as it is, the contractors will doubtless find means to send them out at the expense of the colonial chest, and consequently save it themselves. We do not grudge them this advantage, but it is likely that public men of the economical school may do so. The value of landed property at the termini, as well as along the line, is increasing perceptibly, and will probably continue to do so for some time to come. The position of the stations at the extremities of the line still causes discussion.

The arrival of several vessels with teas is one of the most important features of the month, exemplifying the statement which Cape merchants have made for the last fifty years, that at the Cape there is always a feast or a famine. A short time since there was no *direct* tea in the market; orders were sent to China, which were difficult, if not impossible, to execute, and, on the re-opening of the trade, teas were sent down in large quantities. All the calculations made for being first in the market are rendered unavailing by the slowness or misfortune of the vessels bringing them to the colony. As, however, there is no more of this season's crop to arrive, and the prices in the Chinese ports are higher than we have previously been accustomed to, we think that there is every reason to expect that the stock will move off with ease, and at satisfactorily paying rates.

Of coffee, the quantity to hand is about 7,000 bags, selling at 44 rds. per 100 lbs. The principal portion of the late arrivals has gone forward to Algoa Bay.

There is a slight decline in the price of sugar, and stocks are somewhat heavy. White rice is becoming very scarce, but there is a considerable quantity of brown in the market. The timber trade has been brisk as regards imports, but the price has receded to 4½d. to 4¾d. for good 3 x 9 deals.

We cannot refrain from taking over, in its entirety, the letter written by one of our merchants lately returned from England, to the Secretary of the Agricultural Society, on the subject of the necessity of introducing a better system into the preparation of new colonial wines, and of trying to replace in the home market some of continental growth which are now becoming rare. In the hands of Mr. Murray, we have reason to hope that this information will not be thrown away, and we heartily recommend our wine-growers to inspect the wines therein referred to at the next agricultural show, when, we understand, they are to be exhibited:

Adderley-street, February 22, 1859.

To R. W. Murray, Esq., Secretary to the
Agricultural and Horticultural Societies.

Dear Sir,—On my recent visit to England, I found a very general inquiry after Cape wines,—the trade deeply interested in our produce, and most anxious to secure substitutes for particular wines, nearly exhausted through the late serious disease in the vines in Europe, especially in France and Portugal.

In consequence, supplies are eagerly looked for in the wine-growing colonies, to meet the great deficiencies in the home market.

Hitherto, generally speaking, our wines, too justly I fear, have been in no small disrepute, through the egregious error suffered to prevail in this country—of mixing the produce of various farms in one "stuckvat," probably of quite different characters, completely shutting the door to the advantage of the individual grower, who has, very likely, taken ten times the pains in making his wine than his neighbor.

Had the custom not prevailed, doubtless, long since, we should have had fifty or more names, equally well known as the owners of the Constantias.

My friend, a wine merchant in London, was so sensible of our mismanagement, that, in order to draw the attention of the Cape wine-growers and merchants to the fact, kindly gave me the following nine descriptions of European wines (scarcely obtainable, contingent on the vine disease), for inspection and imitation, with the view of obtaining, from individual farms, wines corresponding to the samples, which realise handsomely at home.

To carry out the object of my friend, I conceive I cannot do better than place the samples under the care of your committee, to concert with the growers, and draw attention to the farms most likely to yield wines so acceptable in the mother country.—I remain, &c., Geo. Thompson.

Freights are, if possible, lower than last month, and captains of ships seem anxious to proceed homewards to avail of the rates ruling there, which are certainly higher than in any other part of the world. Many vessels are laid up in dock in the British ports, their owners not being disposed to send them out to the eastward, where such miserable freights await them.

Exchange on London is rather lower, and may be expected to recede again slightly, as the shipments of produce increase from the Eastern Province. Discounts have not been as easy as heretofore, and, we fancy, considerable specie payments have been made to go out of the colony. The money lodged in the different Cape Town banks by the late harbor board has been withdrawn from those institutions, which induces the *hope* that something is really about to be done in the matter of the breakwater in Table Bay. The committee of the Commercial Exchange had received an intimation that the public will, when the Parliament meets, be put in possession of the correspondence which has passed between His Excellency and the home government.

REPORT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM.

The principal donations received since our last report have been a collection of fossils, from Mr. A. G. Bain, comprising many valuable and interesting specimens, but which, owing to our want of accommodation, have not yet been displayed.

A pair of very fine Nakon skins from the neighborhood of Lake Ngami, presented by the Messrs. Chapman. This is a very valuable addition to our collection, and we believe no museum, other than our own, possesses the animal. The skin sent some time back by Mr. Wilson proved on trial to be, as that gentleman feared, unmountable.

Capt. Murison, recently returned from Australia, has not been unmindful of us during his absence, but has brought with him three specimens of the flying opossums of that most interesting region—viz., one of the large *belideus flaviventer*, Desm., and two of the lesser *B. breviceps*, Waterhouse. These specimens are very acceptable to the collection, as they put us in the possession of a new group of animals, as yet unrepresented on our shelves.

A collection of ancient Greek and Roman silver coins, presented by Captain Eustace. It may be as well to mention here, that for a time the coins have been withdrawn from exhibition, the case allotted to them being constructed on a slope; the constant traffic to and fro on the floor, caused them to slide to the bottom and to run one on another, and to be ever in disorder. A letter has been dispatched to our cabinet-maker in London, requesting information on the price and description of cabinet that is suited for a numismatical collection.

From Mr. Arnott, of Colesberg; Mr. Fletcher, surveying on the Olifant's River; Mr. Cairncross, of Swellendam, and several others, collections of birds and animals have been received, but our space is so limited that we cannot do more than just allude to them, and thank them, as well as other friends. For the same reason, we can only just inform our subscribers that the building is progressing most satisfactorily, and that the roof has been commenced; also, that the glass for the new case has arrived, per *Coral Queen*, in excellent order, and that the case has been glazed, and the arrangement of the ornithological collection will be at once commenced.

We cannot refrain from adding our thanks to the captain of the *Coral Queen*, for the evident care bestowed upon the fragile freight consigned to his care. We have heard so many and loud complaints of the state in which packages of glass have generally been received in this colony, that it is pleasant to hear from several parties who have had cases of glass by the *Coral Queen*, that few or none have suffered. Of our consignment of eighty-four large squares, one or two have suffered, one of them so slightly as to be of use in a lesser frame. The outside casings show that care has been taken to pack them properly in the hold, as they are free from bruises and; dents and to this and the good packing of Mr. Jackson, of No. 315, Oxford-street, London, who has supplied the glass, we owe its safety. Mr. Jackson has been selected by the contractors to supply the glass required for the new building, and we can confidently recommend his establishment.

The foundation-stone was laid on the 18th of March, 1858, and the whole building was ready for the roof on the 28th of this month. It is expected that the roof will be completed in about six weeks, as every endeavor is being made to cover in the building before the autumnal rains set in. This once completed, the works can be carried on without intermission, despite of the weather, and our subscribers may look forward with tolerable certainty, if all progresses favorably, to the collections being housed in its new quarters early next year.

E. L. Layard, Curator.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR JANUARY, 1859.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time.
Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Fah.	Thermometers.				Dew Point.	Humid. of Air. Sat. = 100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Force.	Direction.		
Jan.	inch.	°	°	°	°			inch.			inch.	
1	29·938	69·96	62·66	79·0	60·0	57·28	66·4	29·466	2·0	SSW		2·8
2	30·041	67·22	61·04	74·5	57·8	56·22	69·2	29·587	1·5	W ½ N		3·0
3	30·024	68·02	59·54	74·7	61·7	52·98	60 0	29·622	3·8	S ¼ W		0·2
4	29·906	70·24	63·20	74·4	64·8	57·86	65·4	29·425	5·1	S		0·4
5	29·878	72·82	66·42	78·0	67·0	61·72	68·4	29·327	5·0	S ½ W		2·4
6	29·806	73·10	65·54	83·0	64·4	60·04	64·4	29·287	3·6	SSW		3·6
7	29·874	71·86	66·22	82·2	66·5	62·12	72·8	29·315	2·0	SSW	0·042	7·8
8	29·908	70·88	64·84	75·4	64·0	60·30	70·4	29·385	3·1	SSW		5·8
9	29·864	69·68	63·92	86·0	62·0	59·78	72·0	29·350	1·4	NW ½ W		8·0
10	29·931	67·14	61·72	74·8	58·3	57·50	72·2	29·456	1·7	W	·100	8·0
11	30·095	64·82	56·04	70·0	58·3	48·86	56·6	29·748	3·8	S b E ½ E		2·5
12	30·110	66·46	58·56	70·4	61·5	52·28	61·6	29·716	5·2	S		1·0
13	29·921	70·44	61·16	73·5	64·0	54·18	57·6	29·498	5·8	S ½ W		0·4
14	29·767	70·64	62·84	80·3	62·0	57·0	63·0	29·301	3·4	SW b S		0·1
15	29·820	68·72	63·64	78·5	57·3	59·78	74·0	29·306	3·6	WSW		4·6
16	29·881	68·70	64·92	70·4	63·0	62·02	80·0	29·324	1·9	S b W	0·35	7·4
17	29·892	69·38	63·66	80·5	58·8	59·36	71·6	29·385	1·7	SW ¼ W		6·6
18	29·900	65·08	58·66	75·0	56·2	53·62	69·4	29·486	1·8	S b W ½ W	·780	4·5
19	29·971	64·32	56·42	70·0	58·0	49·94	60·6	29·611	1·3	SSW ½ W		2·0
20	30·037	65·70	57·46	71·0	55·7	50·88	60·6	29·662	1·3	NW b W ¼ N		3·8
21	30·052	69·66	62·26	77·5	63·0	56·70	64·8	29·592	1·6	SSW ½ W		2.0
22	29·969	68·08	60·63	75·5	61·8	54·85	63·5	29·538	1·3	SSW ½ W		1·6
23	29·920	69·98	63·60	77·0	62·0	58·90	70·8	29·417	0·9	W ½ N	·030	5·6
24	29·942	70·42	63·56	78·0	63·2	58·44	66·6	29·452	1·1	SSW		1·6
25	29·896	71·16	64·10	76·0	66·2	58·82	65·6	29·399	3·4	S ½ W		0·4
26	29·807	71·82	65·68	85·5	63·8	61·32	72·2	29·262	1·2	W ½ S		6·4
27	29·777	64·60	60·42	69·5	57·2	57·02	78·2	29·307	2·0	W ½ S	·839	9·1
28	29·992	65·16	57·02	70·0	58·8	50·42	59·8	29·625	2·6	S ½ E		1·0
29	29·995	70·76	61·90	72·2	64·7	55·18	58·8	29·558	3·8	S ½ E		0·3
30	29·848	75·65	65·70	85·0	64·2	58·72	57·0	29·353	1·1	S ½ E		0
31	29·752	71·08	65·80	82·0	59·8	61·92	73·8	29·196	1·0	SW ¼ W		4·1
Mean,	29·920	69·15	62·23	76·45	61·48	56·97	66·7	29·450	2·5	SW ½ S	Sm,1·826	3·5

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A M h m 5·34	A.M. h m 9·34	P.M. h m 1·34	P.M. h m 5·34	P.M. h m 9·34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°. inches	29·912	29·935	29·921	29·898	29·933	30·160	29·696
,, Press. of dry air, at 32°. ,,	29·456	29·468	29·455	29·421	29·450	29·827	29·125
Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees	63·4	71·5	74·8	69·9	65·9	84·0	57·5
,, Wet bulb. ,,	59·5	63·1	64·3	62·8	61·4	70·8	52·7
Humidity of the air. p. cent.	78·2	60·8	54·1	64·9	75·7	96	41
Dew Point. degrees	56·2	56·8	56·7	57·4	57·8	65·1	46·0

GEORGE MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CAPE LAND MEASURE.

Four years after the Dutch East India Company took possession of Table Valley, the directors sent Rykloof van Goens as commissioner to the Cape, for the purpose of examining the condition of the settlement, and of its resources,—mainly with the view of making it self-supporting. He arrived at the Cape on the 16th of March, 1657, and entered upon his functions without loss of time. He summoned a full council, consisting of the officers of the fort, and of the two ships in the harbor, to decide upon what should be done with the troublesome native chief, Herry. He scoured "the flat between this Cape and the African mountains:" "he directed Commander Riebeek to measure the distance between the marks planted and the first range of African mountains, which was found to be fully one and a quarter myl, or 2,666 roods; the surveyor also measured the distance from the said marks to the Cape mountains, which was 1,000 roods; in all, 3,666 Rhynland roods;" and by the 19th of April (having fulfilled his commission, &c.), he took his departure, "leaving written instructions for the management of the company's affairs and government here."

This document is headed:—1657, *April* 16. "*Instructions for Mr. Jan van Riebeek, commander, and the council of the fort of the Cape of Good Hope, to which they shall conform until further orders from the directors, or from the Governor-General and Council of India.*"

These instructions (rather, state paper) teach with considerable minuteness the proposed polity of the embryo Cape colony. Our chief object is to analyze the merits of paragraph seventeen, to which our attention has been indirectly led, in connection with the Cape land measure; but, before doing so, it may be well to show how the planting of burghers for the purpose of raising corn, and procuring cattle and sheep for the use of the company, immediately originated the definition of the scale to be used in portioning the ground.

The commissioner commences by reminding Van Riebeek that the chief object of their honorable employers in taking possession of the place was to raise the needful supplies for the company's ships, whether of fruits and vegetables, or of fresh meat from every sort of suitable live-stock, with a view not only to the health of the company's servants, but to such subsequent extension as would tend in time to diminish the great expense which had been incurred, by reaping profit from every honorable source,—agriculture, internal trade, or foreign commerce; he then refers to the efficient defence against the natives. "So that matters were in so good a state, that they had only to proceed to the fulfilment of the further and important object of devising the most suitable means of diminishing the expenditure."

The chief points to be attended to were, to discharge all salaried servants above one hundred; to employ those servants, only upon indispensable work—as agriculture and raising grain; to encourage in agriculture as many burghers as possible, so as to relieve the company from the payment of wages, always trying to diminish the number of salaried servants in proportion to the increase of burghers, until the servants be reduced to seventy, of whom fifty were to be soldiers, to defend the fort, and protect the cultivation of land and the burghers against any violence that might be offered to them.

He remarks, that of the nine burghers who had engaged themselves before his arrival, "it had been better had they been all married men, or if those who had married had previously consented to send for their wives, thus to oblige them and their families to persevere in the work for some time." . . . .

The defence of the cultivated land behind Table Mountain is referred to, and he states that the ground fit for cultivation in the first instance, which lies convenient for us within the Cape territory, is estimated at about 3,250 morgen, and our ideas need not extend any further for the first ten years."

The following leads to the suspicion that the commissioner apprehended some danger of the executive lording it over the burghers. "To maintain the said burghers in their rights, you will (should any of them commit a serious crime), admit one of the oldest and most respectable of them into court, and allow him a voice with your ordinary council. For the first year I would nominate Steven, the oldest, and Herman Ramajenne for the next year, as they are the principal and most industrious burghers; their place at the bench must not be in the back ground, but betwixt the second in rank and the serjeant."*

* Mr. Justice Watermeyer, in his lectures, has developed the working out of this injunction.

With this preface, we proceed to paragraph seventeen, as follows:—"In the distribution of land to the burghers, you will follow the Rhynland measure, as in use in Holland and Zeeland, twelve inches being a foot, twelve feet one rood, one hundred roods one hont, and six hundred square roods one morgen; using also, according to the same scale, two thousand roods in length for one myl, which make one exact German and Dutch myl, being fifteen to a degree of latitude, and thus three hundred and sixty degrees being the circumference of the earth." . . .

Then, according to these instructions, the mean degree of the meridian contains 2,000 × 15, or 30,000 Rhynland roods, or 360,000 Rhynland feet. But 100 true Rhynland feet are equal to 103 British feet, and the mean degree of the meridian is known to contain 364,616 British feet; therefore, a degree contains 353,996 true Rhynland feet, equal to 29,500 true Rhynland roods; and the difference between the instructions and the correct Rhynland is, 30,000 — 29,500 = 500 roods on the degree, equivalent to six degrees on the circumference of the earth, or about seventeen feet per thousand!

This enormous discrepancy cannot rest with the true Rhynland standard of 1667, for it remains in the Leyden archives, and has been compared with the toise of France, and also with the metre of that country. If the directors had furnished Van Riebeek with a rough copy of it, instead of with a *definition* which he could not make use of; or if he could have measured an arc of the meridian correctly, and have deduced the thirty-thousandth part for his unit or rood, his results for length would have been one-sixtieth ($\frac{1}{60}$) part too short.

The circumstance affords a strong example of the danger of dealing in names and definitions, instead of facts, in matters of this description; and diminishes the surprise at finding, by other records, that the first measure employed at the Cape was about eight feet per thousand longer than the standard whose name was given to it, making altogether a discrepancy range of twenty-five per thousand.

It may be interesting to trace up the authority, *if practicable*, for the definition in terms of the earth's circumference, given to Van Riebeek.

About the year 1615, the celebrated professor of mathematics at Leyden—Snellius, measured an arc of the meridian between Alemaer and Bergen-op-Zoom, employing in the measurement of his base, the Rhynland perch (perch and rood are the same), and deduced 28,473 perches for the length of one degree. He also measured the length between Leyden

and Alcmaer, and derived from it 28,510 perches for one degree. Finally, he fixed upon 28,500 perches, equal to 342,000 Rhynland feet, as the probable length of the degree.

In the year 1617, he published an account of these operations, under the title, "*Eratosthenes Batavus de terræ ambitus veræ quantitate*," *&c.*, a Willebrordo Snellio *suscitatus.*

The difference between this result and the definition furnished to Van Riebeek is 1,500 roods. The *Eratosthenes Batavus*, therefore, was not the authority.

But some time after the publication of his operation, Snellius discovered that he had committed an error, which led him to remeasure his angles, and to prolong the arc southward, by Anvers to Malines. The result he proposed to publish in a second edition of the *Eratosthenes Batavus;* but he was cut off in the year 1626 at the early age of thirty-five, and nothing was done until Picard published the degree he measured between Paris and Amiens, in the year 1671; from which he derived 57,060 toises, equivalent to 29,556, Rhynland perches, for the value of one degree. This result roused the jealousy of Muschenbroek for the glory of his predecessor in the mathematical chair at Leyden, whose manuscripts had fallen into his hands. He re-observed the latitudes, and re-calculated the work of Snellius in the year 1729, and deduced 29,510 perches, equivalent to 57,033 toises, for the value of one degree. The difference between this result and the definition provided to Van Riebeek is 490 roods or perches, obtained sixty-two years after Commissioner Rykloof van Goens visited the Cape: consequently this approximation to 30,000 could not have been the authority.

Leaving Holland, and going back to the measure of Fernel, in the sixteenth century, effected between Paris and Amiens (the first enterprise in Europe to determine the dimensions of the earth), we find that his result was 56,746 toises, equivalent to 29,393 Rhynland roods, and less by 607 roods than the definition of the directors of the Dutch East India Company.

The attempt of Riccioli in Italy was a failure; but in the year 1633, Norwood measured the distance between London and York, in England, from which he derived 367,176 British feet, equivalent to about 29,707 Rhynland roods, for the length of one degree, which is less than 30,000 by 293 roods. This result approaches nearer to the definition than any of the others; but Norwood's degree is known to be greater than the mean degree by 2,560 British feet.

In the reduction of British measure to Rhynland measure, the adopted ratio is 100 to 103; and in the reduction of the Paris toise to the Rhynland perch, Picard's ratio, as found in Montucla, was used, viz., 57,033 to 29,510. For converting British feet into toises, and *vice versâ*, one toise = 6·3945925 British feet. An error of one-hundredth part of an inch per toise, in comparing the toise with the rood side by side, would amount to rather more than four roods on a degree of the meridian; but much refinement in the present investigation would be out of place, for the spheroidal figure of the earth was not known in the year 1667, beyond the conjecture of Newton, from theory; and the instrumental means for measuring were infinitely below those of the present day; yet the mean degree, obtained by taking the mean of the four operations referred to in this communication, does not differ so much as might have been expected from the numbers obtained by the extensive and refined operations since then, —in India, the Cape of Good Hope, Russia, Germany, France, England, &c.; thus, in

France, by Fernel, triangulation *not* used ...	29,393	roods.
Holland, by Snellius, corrected; triangulation used	29,510	,,
France, by Picard, triangulation used ...	29,556	,,
England, by Norwood, part triangulated, and part not	29,707	,,
Mean...	29,544	,,
Mean, from modern measures	29,500	,,

The difference is forty-four roods, or one rood in six hundred and seventy roods.

Thus it appears that the definition of the Rhynland measure furnished to Van Riebeek was a gratuitous assumption, without a shadow of authority; and that if it had been carried into practice, the lineal error introduced by it would have amounted to about one-sixtieth ($\frac{1}{60}$) part of the whole.

It is now well known that the error of the first length employed at the Cape was about one half only of that just mentioned, but in the opposite direction, namely, on the liberal side. It did not represent any of the registered local measures of Holland, and perhaps obtained a footing simultaneously with Pieter Potter, the first recorded Cape land surveyor.* On the 19th of October, 1657, "the land sur-

* Moodie's translation of the colonial record.

veyor, Pieter Potter, is expressly employed to lay down the bearings and distances of valleys, hills, waters, and rivers, with a view to the formation of an exact map, so that we may always hereafter know the course and roads to be held in future journeys, and all the positions of forests and arable lands, as also, where a redoubt or other established trading place could be erected." . . .

Pieter received these instructions on the occasion of an expedition starting to the Saldanhar's, which he was to join: but the sentence "is expressly employed to lay down" would carry the meaning that he was engaged for the trip only. He, however, joined a similar expedition to perform a similar service, which started on the 26th of February, 1658. On this occasion, the daily course and distance were minutely registered, the distances being expressed in *yards* instead of roods; which, in conjunction with his surname, Potter, implies British origin, and to a certain degree, the abandonment of Commissioner van Goens' instructions (paragraph seventeen, 1657, April 16); "and you will on no account admit any other names of foreign measures, but adhere to the customs of our fatherland, as usual throughout India." "It is therefore probable that Van Riebeek made use of the only available means at his command, while the occurrence displays the loose connection between the Rhynland measure and the Cape soil, in the year 1658."

Under date of April 16, of the same year, a dispatch from the Chamber of Seventeen to Van Riebeek informs him, that with a view of encouraging agriculture by example, this letter grants to Mr. van Riebeek, at his request, "a certain tract of land along the sea-coast behind Table Mountain," but strongly prohibits granting lands, even on loan, to persons in the company's service.

On the 7th of February, 1659, "the *Fiscal* was sent out with the land surveyor and some men, to take the bearings of all the detached rocks around the Cape, the five men being provisioned for seven days." On the 18th of May (during the war with the Hottentots), the same functionary was sent on a military surveillance.

On the 25th of February, 1660: "This day we measured the circuit of the Cape settlement (omslag), and found that from the sea-shore at the first guard-house, the Kyck Uyt, round outside all the company's and freemen's land, and over the height of the Bosheuvel, to the sawyer, Leandert Cornelis, at the Bosberg, was a distance of 3,673 roods, that is, from the shore to the principal projected station of the mounted guard 1,320 roods, and the other portion 2,353 roods. Along

this line it is intended to plough to the breadth of one roe, for the purpose of planting and sowing, as thickly as possible, bitter almond trees, and all kinds of thorns and brambles of rapid growth, so that no cattle nor sheep can be driven through; like the divisions of jurisdiction betwixt the territories of some dukes and lords in Cologne and Germany." . . .

From these numbers the boundary line was 8,598 English miles in length, namely:

$$\frac{3673 \times 12 \times 1{\cdot}03}{5280}$$

and as the line of the Liesbeek or Fresh River (mentioned elsewhere), was followed as far as practicable, the Bosberg was probably the present Wynberg hill.

This plantation failed, owing to various causes. In 1663, a return was made of thirteen farmers, possessing in freehold, 384 morgen of land, of which 125 were sown with wheat, barley, or rye, the whole apparently within the above limiting line. A very indifferent character was given of these farmers, but in this, as in the majority of cases of *repute*, there were two sides to the question.

On the 16th of February, 1664, the weights and measures were assized FOR THE FIRST TIME.

In the year 1666, the memorandum drawn up by retiring Commander Wagenaar, for the information of his successor, recommends the removal to the Mauritius of certain idle, worthless farmers; and of the freemen at the fort, he says:— "The freemen or burghers who reside here about the fort, now consist of sixteen families; they possess no farms, but maintain themselves chiefly by growing vegetables and breeding sheep; others by their several trades, slaughtering cattle, baking bread, and keeping eating-houses and taps. The farmers daily discover that the town burghers earn their food much more easily than they do themselves by hard labor, and many would therefore leave their farms and come nearer to the fort, but we have hitherto, on account of the injurious consequences, strongly opposed their desire, for we have already more than too many tapsters and idlers at the fort, who consume, but produce nothing." . . .

The Chamber of Seventeen echo these sentiments in their despatch of May 15, 1671. After remarking that the company and freemen, at a given date, possessed 807 oxen, cows, or calves, and 6,182 sheep, chiefly half-bred; "and as one of those sheep is deemed equal to two or even three Hottentoo sheep, our endeavors must be directed to the increase of that stock, &c." . . .

they go on "that the retailers of drink (tappers) have been reduced to the number of seven, we view as a matter of necessity; the inhabitants must henceforth direct their endeavors to procure subsistence by labor and industry, and not from inn-keeping; and no means are wanting there, to such as choose to pull their hands out of their sleeves; and as we can well conceive that this is not to be attained by the inhabitants without slaves, and the wages of Dutch servants falling too expensive, we shall continue to exert ourselves in order to furnish them with a good number of slaves, with a view chiefly to the advancement of agriculture, which we find has shamefully declined, and would come to nothing unless some provision were made to prevent it."

To encourage agriculture by free men, the price of wheat was to be raised to ten guilders, and of rye to seven guilders per muid, being sixty rixdollars per load of wheat of three thousand pounds, the Batavia price.

"Upon the representation that the arable lands lying at or near the fort are by no means sufficient in extent or in fertility for raising the quantity of corn that is required for the sustenance of our people and the colonists; but that much praise is bestowed upon a certain spot lying about twelve mylen from the fort, about two thousand morgen in extent, and called Hottentot's Holland, where it is supposed that fully fifteen hundred muids of wheat and rye may be annually grown without manure, provided that twenty men are sent there, with the necessary working oxen and implements; and although we have considerable objections to the distance, yet in consideration of the necessity which is pleaded, and the high opinion expressed of the place, we hereby consent to its occupation and cultivation." . . .

Thus, in May, 1671, nineteen years after taking possession of Table Valley, the company granted permission to cultivate ground beyond the line of the Liesbeek; and on the 19th of April, of the following year, the company purchased from *Prince* Manckhagou, alias Schacher, hereditary sovereign of the land of Cabo de Boa Esperance, the district beginning from the Lion Hill, and extending along the coast of Table Bay, with the Hout and Saldanha Bays inclusive, with all the lands, rivers, creeks, forests, and pastures therein situated and comprised, together with their dependencies, so that the same may be everywhere cultivated and occupied, without let or hindrance from any one. With the understanding, however, that he and his kraals, and herds of cattle may come freely and without molestation, near to the outermost farms of the said district, and where neither the company

nor the freemen depasture their cattle, and that he shall not be expelled from the same by our nation by force and without cause."

The price paid to this chief was four thousand reals of eight, "in sundry goods and articles of merchandise;" and an equal sum was paid in a similar way to another chief, for the abandonment of his rights.

The estimation of the burghers by the commander and the Chamber of Seventeen has been given. These men were obliged to sell their produce to the company at a price fixed by the company; they were denied the privilege of earning a penny by barter, with the natives or with foreigners; they were not allowed to transfer their farms from one to the other, without the sanction of the company; they were liable to ejectment and to penalties if they did not comply with these regulations; therefore, instead of *free burghers*, the term *slave burghers* would have fitted better,—or better still perhaps, the *land bailiffs of the company*. The so-called grants under such restrictions conveyed no right to the soil.

Upon the whole, it is pretty evident that, excepting to Van Riebeek himself, no land was alienated prior to 1671, and that surveying for extent of area was nominal, with respect to individual tenure.

Qy. That the expression for the Rhynland measure in terms of the earth's circumference, furnished to Van Riebeek, was incorrect to a grave extent.

In conclusion, it may be proper to mention that the French astronomer, La Caille, who measured an arc of the meridian at the Cape in 1752, had joined Cassini de Thury a few years before, in verification of the arc measured in France, by Picard, (subsequently extended by Cassini the elder): he was therefore professionally acquainted with the several operations on the continent of Europe. The standard toise he brought to and used at the Cape, was a copy of the toise of Peru, the reference toise of France. He was joined in the measurement of his base at the Cape, by M. Muller, "the engineer of the fortress," by direction of Governor Tulbagh; and it is by no means improbable that this service led to the discovery of the erroneous measure which had been used in Cape Town, and to the more correct standard preserved by Mr. Ruysch. But now, it is a question of no practical use whatever. As a matter of curiosity, it might be worth while to examine the colonial records for the interval between 1683 and 1752, to ascertain if there is any notice of the error previous to the visit of La Caille.

T. M.

HOLIDAY TRIPS.

BY DR. W. G. ATHERSTONE.

NO. II.—THE ALUM CAVE.

"Ah! doctor, I'm so glad you've dropped in,—for I feel awfully seedy—regularly done up, my dear sir; hands shaky—head achy—energy gone—appetite none; in fact, altogether out of tune, and below concert pitch. Now what do you recommend me to *take* to brace me up?" All this was rattled into my ears in a volley, almost without taking breath, as I opened the door of a small square box, furnished with huge ledgers and pigeon-holes, desk and arm-chair, and railed off in the corner of a large store, odoriferous with the mingled scents of punjums, moleskins, and macintosh goods, &c., recently unpacked. I sat down quietly, unobserved, for long before my friend had finished the volley which greeted me, his keen, restless eyes and long thin fingers were busily occupied in turning over and examining the piles of letters and invoices that lay before him; and he was apparently as much absorbed in his English correspondence as if he had never noticed my entrance at all. As I sat gazing at him there, stooping over his low desk, his business-brain working visibly amongst his pale, pinched-up features, I wondered how he could ever expect to get up to "concert pitch," as he termed it, or to be anything but dyspeptic in that little gloomy cell of his, out of the sunshine, and with that atmosphere of baftas around him! How could he expect his stomach to digest when all the nervous power in his system was set to work there amongst that pile of letters for the English mail! His unhappy stomach had, in fact, become a mere sac for receiving what his cook thought proper to put into it, where it soon gave painful hints that this must either be digested or got rid of. But he had no time to afford for digestion, and so applied to me for the latter alternative.

Taking some paper from his desk, I wrote with great gravity the following prescription, and tossed it over to him:

R "A week's holiday—*statim sumendus.*"

"Ha! ha! don't I wish I may get it—a week! impossible. My dear sir, never did such a thing in my life—business won't admit of it. A *day* perhaps I *might* spare; but, ugh! dear doctor, this dreadful heartburn, and headache, and nervousness—what *shall* I take for it?" "Take a dose of Bakker's Epsom salts, then," said I, "and *fetch them yourself.*" "Won't common salts do? I'm so *very* busy just now?" "No! nothing but

Bakker's salts; they're wonderfully efficacious in dyspepsia and cases like yours, as I myself can vouch for; you'll find them growing up amongst the hills on the extreme verge of our district, not thirty miles off." "Epsom salts growing among the hills! you must be joking, my dear sir! Why we all know they are obtained from sea-water. You don't surely mean to assert that you've found Epsom salts fossilized in the cliffs, like your shells, and ferns, and drift-wood, of Uitenhage?" I assured him that I was *not* joking, and that if he would accompany me the next day (having to visit a patient in that neighborhood), I would not only show him the Epsom salts growing near the top of a cliff, but a still more wonderful thing, a silky fibrous mineral, *unknown in any other part of the world;* and perhaps (I hinted) he might be able to discover how these things got fossilized from the sea-water? He was fond of intellectual pursuits, although he only got stray glances at them through the chinks in his business-life; and his interest being now highly excited, it was arranged that we should start that evening, after the post closed; the next day being a Friday, when no post either arrives or departs, and therefore the most appropriate for a merchant's holiday.

By four p.m., we were driving through the bold, rocky scenery of Howison's Poort, and on along the new line through the Kareiga and Assegai Rivers, at a spanking pace, over a splendid road, for which we are indebted to our old friend, Bain, the Cape Colossus of *Roads*. After two and a half hours delightful drive through a bush-covered, undulating country, we reached the celebrated Nazaar Hotel, on the river of that name, kept by Mrs. Coe. Here we saw the huskless oats growing luxuriantly, from which Coe's celebrated "farinaceous food" is prepared,—so admirable for puddings and babies. This excellent hotel is much frequented by bachelors, and officers, and parties from town, who, no doubt, ride out on purpose to see the *huskless oat!* as we were coquettishly informed by the young lady of the house. We both agreed that, oats or no oats, it was a most comfortable hotel to drive out to in the evening, and return to business and breakfast the following morning, being about twenty-two miles from town,—a pleasant appetite-creating drive. Hiring saddle-horses here, we started at day-break to Wm. Thomas's, on the Bushman River, six miles off. The descent to the river is far too steep, and the road too bad for carriages; but on horseback we rode the distance in three-quarters of an hour. On leaving Thomas's, you ascend the hill, and after a quarter of an hour's ride through the bush, take the first road to the right, and turn down into the Klaas

Smit's River, where a beautifully perfect synclinal axis in the blue schist is seen on your right. The schist is a dark-blue rock, dipping 45° N.N.E., highly micaceous, and in places full of concretionary radiations, which, if you have time, you may perhaps discover to be fossils. We had no time for such research, as my friend had to be back at his desk by nine the next morning! *One* day's holiday was the bargain, the Thursday and Saturday must be devoted to business.

On leaving the bed of the Klaas Smit's River, you ascend the opposite hill, turn to the left, pass some old corn lands, and turning sharp round to the right by a footpath, suddenly find yourself on the edge of an elevated limestone ride, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Bushman's River. The river itself, fringed with willows winding in a semicircle below you, enclosing a beautiful grassy plain, with steep limestone cliffs, covered all around with bush, and coming abruptly down to the river's edge, completely enclosing the plain like a basin. On the opposite side of this basin, the Alum Cave is plainly seen, with other caves above it, and immediately below you, along the river's edge, is the house of Mr. Bakker, the proprietor of the farm. You lead your horse down the steep, white, pebbly, road, and are deafened by the usual canine salutation of a boer's werf.

After paying our respects to the ladies, and obtaining their permission to climb into the caves, *if we could*, without a guide (for old Mr. Bakker and his sons had gone on a holiday excursion to Uitenhage), we again mounted. Crossing the river, and galloping across the flat, in five minutes we reached the hill overlooking the caves, and then threading carefully through the dense mimosa trees, we found ourselves in five minutes more by the river's edge again; and fording it, off-saddled under shadow of the rocks at the base of the cliff. Here we spread out the cold collation considerately put into our saddle-bags by our hostess at the Nazaar, and, strange enough it all disappeared, although my friend affected to laugh at its profusion, still thinking of his town appetite. Whilst I was getting my measuring tape and instruments together, preparatory to scaling the cliff, my friend went off to turn the horses. He had not been gone long before a loud shout from him reminded me that we had forgotten to bring gun or pistols! I hurried, however, to his assistance with my only weapon, a geological hammer, and found him in a great state of excitement, astride on a huge block of fossil wood. He had never seen anything of the kind before, and being his own discovery, he was in a perfect ecstasy. "Look! look!" said he, "a block of yellowwood, as you may see by its bark, but all turned into stone." "Yes," said I, "there

are hundreds of such blocks lying about in this basin; some quite black, with the bark converted into coal, others turned into stone, but with portions here and there still wood, and rubbing to pieces under your fingers. They are blocks of drift-timber that were wafted about on the Lias Sea before man was created, and by degrees got water-logged and strewn about in this basin." The merchant opened his eyes with an incredulous stare; but I showed him the grey crags on the opposite side of the river, and assured him that if we had time to climb up to them, he would find them composed entirely of broken-up sea shells, and that on the top of the cliff yonder, some hundred feet above these shells, were large beds of fossil oysters, three times as big as any he could now find along our coast. Other strange and interesting things I could also show him, had we time,—agates, and jaspers, and precious—big stones besides, rounded and polished by the ancient pre-Adamite ocean, which once rolled hundreds of feet above our heads in that spot. But I reminded him of the object of our visit, and dragged him off his fossil seat, where he sat as if in dream-land, that we might commence the ascent of the krantz. He looked up at the cave in the vertical cliff one hundred and fifty feet above him, as he saw me shoulder a pick-axe and take a run, to give the necessary impetus to mount the first slippery rock, and remarked that he could fully understand how the Epsom salts got there, now that he knew of the oysters above it, and other indications of the sea having overflowed the hill tops, suggesting that it was perhaps not necessary for him to go up into the cave, if I would bring some of the salts down with me! However, after thirty miles' ride to see the cave, it seemed very absurd for him to remain there staring at it from below; so, by dint of persuasion and ridicule, and the occasional help of the pick-axe and hammer, I got him up the steep and rugged foot-path which winds round the face of the cliff, to nearly on a level with the cave. Here you have to wind round the projecting ledge of the krantz, with the deep pool of the river one hundred and forty feet perpendicularly below you; and unless accustomed to krantz-climbing, the head is apt to turn giddy, especially if you catch a glimpse of the water below you, as you slide yourself round the smooth face of the rock! When once round this projecting ledge, you enter the mouth of the cave. No entreaty, however, seemed to be of any avail; in vain I assured him that Bakker's daughters climbed round the ledge with a heavy pickaxe or crowbar—he felt such an incomprehensible power dragging him downwards, even where he then stood holding on by a tree, that he most

certainly would be precipitated into the river below if he made the attempt! So as I could not induce him to enter, I went in myself, with tape and sextant, hammer and chisel, in order that I might give him an idea of its size and contents, &c.; and perhaps as no account of this cave has ever, to my knowledge, been published, my readers may wish to hear the result of my notes and explorations. I found the cave facing the south, and running north and south, scooped out in the conglomerate which forms its roof and sides, the floor being chiefly composed of the blue argillaceous schists which alternate with the quartzite or carboniferous sandstone. It overhangs the Bushman's River, which flows one hundred and forty feet below it. By my watch, a stone took eight beats, or 3·2 seconds, in falling. It is forty feet wide at its mouth, narrowing to twenty feet behind, and has a depth of fifty feet, and is twelve feet high. The floor, which slopes outwards, and is very steep at the entrance, is covered with a fine, dry, impalpable dust, like the yellow dust of the Karoo clay, which the least step sets in motion. The pebbles of the conglomerate, of which the roof and sides are composed, vary in size from one inch to one and a half foot in diameter, all are smooth and rounded: it is in fact the Zwartkops conglomerate, described in my account of the geology of Uitenhage. At its upper end the roof is a dark purple, stained by manganese; at first sight, looking as if smoked by a huge fire having been made in the cave. The matrix of the pebbles is a yellow, undulated clay, and tinged red and purple in some places by manganese. The schistose rocks forming the floor dip 35° N.E. in this cave, and there are several layers of soft decomposing aluminous schists, alternating with hard sandstone, which latter is tinged with manganese. There was a green tinge from a minute mass all along the west side of the cave; and on this side the alum extends to about twenty-five feet from the back; on the east side only to about twelve feet, the rest having apparently been scooped out. A large quantity was dug out by Mr. Bakker for his cattle during the prevalence of the lung sickness, and he also, on one occasion, took three thousand or four thousand pounds to Port Elizabeth for sale, but only obtained three pence per pound from the tanners there. The alum occurs at the junction of the conglomerate and schist, the conglomerate forming part of the floor on the west side, where the alum is most abundant. Beneath the alum is found native Epsom salts in crystals, assuming almost the fibrous appearance of the alum, and one inch and a half long. This sulphate of magnesia I found principally on the east side, where

I could not obtain any alum; but on the west side the sulphate of magnesia is found beneath the alum, in the alternating layers of soft micaceous schist. The alum occurs in delicate silky fibres, like asbestos, often five or six inches long, which form at right angles to the surface to which they are attached. I have found them at times curved when wedged in between two round pebbles; most frequently they grow vertically, or parallel to the layers of the schist, but where three or four pebbles are close together, I have seen the crystals radiate from each pebble, each set of asbestiform fibres growing at right angles to the surface of its own stone. The sulphate of magnesia is generally attached to the alum beneath it, and occurs in dense fibrous crystals, whose direction follows apparently the same law as those of the alum. It is given by the boers in the neighborhood to calves and sheep, and they also use it themselves as a purgative,—an ounce for a dose. When given mixed with an equal quantity of the alum, it is said to have emetic as well as purgative qualities.

Mr. Bakker informed me, on a former visit, that holes in the floor of the cave, from which large quantities of the alum and salts had been dug three years previous, were all refilled again, and he believes that both salts progressively increase in quantity as they are removed, or *grow*, as they term it.

The manganese alum is similar in composition to the other alums, with the exception that manganese replaces the potass, soda, &c. It is composed of two atoms of sesqui-sulphate of alumina, one atom of sulphate of manganese, and twenty-four atoms of water.

I took specimens of this fibrous alum to England in 1836, and gave some to Professors Apjohn and Farraday, each of whom analyzed it separately, and produced a paper at the ensuing meeting of the British Association, unknown to each other, which led to a very interesting discussion, and a suggestion by the former, that as isomorphous substances replace each other, you may have an alum without any alumina at all!

*Apjohn's analysis was:—

$$\dot{M}n\,\ddot{S} + \ddot{A}l\,\ddot{S} + 24\,\dot{H}l$$

$\ddot{A}l$	= 10·65
$\dot{M}n$	= 7·33
$\ddot{S}$	= 32·79
$\dot{H}$	= 48·15
$\dot{M}\,\ddot{S}$	= 1·08
	100

* See *Phil. Mag.*, xii, 103.

It has also been analyzed by Stromeyer,* whose analysis differs, in giving a much larger proportion of magnesia, and much less manganese. It is as follows:—

$\dddot{Al}$	= 11·515
$\dot{Mg}$	= 3·690
$\dot{Mn}$	= 2·617
$\ddot{S}$	= 36·770
$\dot{H}$	= 45·739
KCl	= 0·205
	100·086

It is probable therefore that the relative proportions of magnesia and manganese vary.

Stromeyer also analyzed the sulphate of magnesia, and gives as its constituents—

Sulphate of magnesia	42·654
Sulphate of manganese	7·667
Water	49·243
	99·564

It is remarkable that both these salts are free from any trace of iron, which is so common an impurity in other alums, from the mode of their formation. This fact would render the product very valuable as a mordant in dyeing, if it could be obtained in sufficient quantities.

I believe this beautiful alum has not yet been discovered in any other part of the world, and both it and the native Epsom salts are, therefore, objects of considerable interest. Specimens of both will be sent to the Cape Town Museum, where the reader may have an opportunity of examining them at his leisure, without the toil of ascending to the cave, which is difficult of access and takes exactly ten minutes if your head and feet are sufficiently steady. Above the conglomerate in which the cave occurs, the lias and green sand formations lie conformably, capped by a tertiary covering of shell grit, in which large beds of fossil oysters are found. As to the theory of the formation of these delicate capillary crystals in so dry a cave I leave the reader to form his own opinion. Nothing is known on the subject, I believe, and a visit to the locality would well repay any one competent to form one for the trouble of the journey. From the circumstances under which crystallization takes place here, it seems

* Poggendorf, xxxi, 337.

probable that the solution of the salt is gradually poured out in small quantities as crystallization progresses, that points of crystallization first appear over the whole surface, and then by gradual additions congregate into dense masses of asbestiform fibres. The dry state of the dust on the floor proves that there can be no dropping of aluminous solutions from above. The blue schist, forming its floor, would, by decomposition, yield the alumina and the magnesia; but whence are the sulphuric acid and manganese obtained? These can exist only in the conglomerate. Above the cave, in the yellow argillaceous sandstone containing fossil wood, we have iron pyrites occasionally found. The vegetable matter in this formation would favor its decomposition, and the sulphur of the sulphuret combining with oxygen to form sulphuric acid, might, by rain water, be dissolved and filter through its conglomerate stratum, combining then with the manganese and oozing out between the pebbles on the sides and floor, and so uniting with the alumina and magnesia of the schist, form these remarkable manganese salts. Can the evaporation from the deep pool of water beneath in the river have anything to do with the peculiar crystallization? The floor, I have said, is perfectly dry; it is not, therefore, probable. The manganese may exist in the rocks above, or on the floor as a *sulphuret*, which would explain the absence of all traces of iron.

On the east side of the cave, at the entrance, there are no less than eight separate layers of schist, interlaminated with hard manganese rock, in a distance of ten feet; and in tracing these layers round the cave, they yield alum wherever they are covered with the conglomerate. Between the layers of schist, ten miles underneath the conglomerate, I found Epsom salts, but no alum. The quantity of dry dust and clay rendered a careful examination of the floor a matter of some difficulty; but the neighborhood of the schistose layers was always more aluminiferous than the intervening spaces; but the whole of the conglomerate covering the floor was more or less filled with alum; the interstices between the pebbles, and the bands between the layers of schist, as well as the matrix of the conglomerate, were red and purple with manganese. These suggestions as to the probable theory of the formation of these extraordinary salts will, I trust, induce others who have more leisure, to take the matter up, and, by more minute and extended researches, give us a correct explanation of the matter. Staggering under my bag of specimens of rock, and salts, and pickaxe, &c., I with some little nervousness scrambled round the ledge

and descended safely; then packing up our treasures in our saddle bags, we galloped off, and reached our inn at the Nazaar just before it was too dark to see our horse's ears. After such a delicious night's rest as my merchant friend had not experienced for months,—such as geologists only, I believe, really can enjoy,—we drove off at peep of day the next morning, and reached the hills above Graham's Town, just as the smoke from the Battery told us the good citizens had breakfasted, and were on their way to market. I saw my friend a few days after, and asked him how much of Bakker's salts he had taken? "Bless me! I quite forgot all about it, my dear sir. I think I must have left my heartburn and other ailments on that ledge of rock over the river, or behind the fossil tree." He was perfectly cured. My prescription proved infallible—*verbum sap.*

VENETA.

(*From the German of Müller.*)

From the sea's deep, deep foundations welling,
Evening bells are ringing faint and slow;
To us ever wondrous tidings telling
Of an ancient wondertown below.

'Neath the lap of waters, sunken, glowing,
Still its towers a steadfast station keep;
Golden spangles are the turrets throwing,
Shining up into the mirror deep.

And the sailor, who the magic gleaming
Once beholds in placid evening red,
Round the same spot sails for ever, dreaming,
Though the rocks around are frowning dread.

From the heart's deep, deep foundations welling,
Hear I bells yet sounding faint and slow;
Ah! they tinkle, wond'rous tidings telling
Of the love it loved once long ago.

For a beauteous world is there yet glowing,
And its towers a steadfast station keep;
Oft my dream, as heavenly spangles throwing
In the mirror of my memory's deep.

Ah, then would I seek the depths enthralling,
Merge my soul in the reflection fair;
And it seems as if the angel's calling,
Lured me to the ancient city there.

Σ

CAMDEO,

THE INDIAN CUPID.

'Tis a true and beauteous story,
Told by priests of Indostan;
How Camdeo on his lory,*
Gaily governs God and man.

How he travels, swiftly flying
On his brightly plumaged steed;
Leaving youths and maidens sighing—
Making haughty heart-strings bleed.

With his arrows, small and slender,
Tipped with Indian blossoms rare;
Buds that pierce and warm the tender
Bosoms of the young and fair.

And his bow, of flowers entwined
Round a reed of sugar-cane,
The string with bees enlined,
Causing sweet, but smarting pain.

Fame and wealth, power, pain and pleasure
Bow before his mystic spell.
And he fills the heart with treasure—
His true subjects governs well.

Amid the golden palaces
Oft he wanders with his bride;
Culling rosy, snowy flowers, like those
Borne on Ganges' sacred tide.†

While the gods with smiling faces
Bend from heaven and approve,
The nine Gopia‡ and the graces
Dance with Cama—God of Love.

Σ

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

A TOMBSTONE of unpretending character meets the stranger's view at the entrance of the Dutch Reformed burial-ground nearest to St. Andrew's Church. Its inscription tells, in both our languages, of "Andrew Barnard, Esq., late Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope," and appeals to us, in the name of his sorrowing widow, "to drop a tear to his memory; for, colonists, he desired the welfare of your country, and loved its inhabitants."

* Lories are a splendid species of little parrot, of the finest plumage.—Ida Pfeiffer.

† The sacred lotus.—Southey.

‡ 'And the Gopia' are evidently the muses of the Grecian mythology.—Sir W. Jones.

The *Annual Register* of 1807 mentions briefly of Andrew Barnard, that he died at the Cape of Good Hope on the 27th of October, 1807, aged forty-five years; that he had been its secretary during the previous occupation, from the time of Lord Macartney to the surrender after the peace of Amiens; and that he was thereafter again appointed secretary under Lord Caledon's government. He was a son of Dr. Barnard, Bishop of Limerick, and was married to Lady Anne Lindsay, sister to the Earl of Balcarras.

Lady Anne Barnard lived to a riper age. Her kinsman, Lord Lindsay, some years ago, rescued from oblivion her journal, not written for publication, but addressed to her sisters at the time of her residence at the Cape, from 1796 to 1802, the period of her husband's first visit to these regions. They then went home; and in 1807 he returned to the scene of his former duties alone, soon to be swept away to another world. With Lady Anne's journal before us, we would ask our readers to look back to the interesting times of which it tells.

They are not wholly times of the past. Living men and women—not merely those who "heard tell" of that day—a few living men and women of 1859 can still remember the old Company's government until 1795; General Craig and Lord Macartney after them; the temporary delivery to the Batavian Republic; the more recent capitulation to Sir David Baird. Nay, the great world that was contemporary with these events has not yet died wholly out of public attention. Do we not recognize, in the very same register which we have just consulted, in the very same year, one of the foremost names of our day? A few pages from the record of Mr. Barnard's death which we have quoted, among those of many illustrious colleagues who have long vanished, is the name of Henry John Viscount Palmerston, appointed on 1st April, 1807, to be one of the Lords of the Admiralty,—the same statesman who has survived to the days of steam ships and electric telegraphs, and of a second Napoleon.

And let us see how far back our narrative will take us. At a distant farm near the Breede River, then almost, if not altogether, the *Ultima Thule* of Cape civilization (not far from the present residence of our respected friend, the Hon. F. W. Reitz),—Lady Anne meets with a boer, whose name her printers most mischievously spell "van Rhenin," a manifest patriarch of one of the best known of our Cape families; and this boer introduces her to his personal acquaintance with the court of the most christian monarch, at a time when only philosophers as yet dreamed of coming Robespierres—

when not even philosophers dreamed of future Napoleons;—the mistress-ridden court of Louis XV., its corruptions, its faithlessness, its laying up of that wrath to come, which in due time overtook the last sovereign who could dream that he sat securely on the throne of France.

We anticipate: but why should we not? We only desire to bring our readers face to face with the fair lady who is our text; the gentle authoress of "Auld Robin Gray," in her excursions on Table Mountain; her adventures in the "interior," as our districts of Swellendam and Worcester were then considered; her kindly intercourse with the strangers who could not at first fail to view her and her friends with suspicion and dislike, but whose hearts she seems right soon to have won. What matter, if we do this with little regard to the order of events in themselves not very important, and thus avoid the tediousness of a formal journal?

An early page shows us the Cape in companionship with two of the greatest names of modern history—Wellesley, the viceroy of India, and that other Wellesley, "*my brother Arthur*" of a letter we shall presently quote, whom Heaven was raising for his work of crushing the great military despot of Europe, not then yet very far risen above the level of ordinary mortals.

Among other passing guests, writes Lady Anne, we had a visit from Lord Mornington, with his brother (the Hon. Henry Wellesley), on his way to India, to fill the station of governor-general. As they were people we loved much, we certainly would have been happy to have accommodated them in the castle had not the prior claims of the A.....'s, as older friends, nearer friends, and poorer friends, made it impossible to sacrifice the holy motive to the agreeable attraction. But the bugs were so plentiful the following night at the honest Dutchman's, where the governor-general took up his quarters, that we could not resist his entreaties, and took him in, his brother, and their four servants, into our sanctuary. We lodged him in one of our back parlours, into which a little tent bed is put, to hold the great man, and from which he has only to step out upon the bricks of our balcony to enjoy the cool air, as it hangs over a basin of pure water supplied by a fountain descending from the Table Mountain, which raises its head above the tall oaks that encompass the pool, and afford a walk to the favorites of the back-yard, whom I now presented to the governor-general, and of which number my little buck is the first. I reared him myself, without a mother, and he seems now to regard me as one, following me like a dog, and begging hard at night for Barnard's permission to sleep on my feet.

Then we have a description of the other *pets*—a couple of secretary birds, a sea calf, a penguin, two jackals, an owl, and a chameleon. But of all, "the buck possessed my heart, and soon won Lord Mornington's."

The letter to which we just now alluded, is dated Fort William, 2nd October, 1800. It tells more of the great man's character than scores of official papers. The newly-created Marquis Wellesley thus writes to his amiable hostess:

Your several kind letters have given me as much pleasure, dear Lady Anne, as I was capable of receiving in the bad state of health by which I have been tormented now since the month of April. My complaints, however, have been more tedious and painful, than dangerous. These, with their accompaniments, confined me to my couch for four months, and my spirits were most severely affected; but I was still able to apply to public business, and to carry many great points quietly, which will soon make a loud report. On what honors you compliment me, I know not. I am persuaded you have too much good sense, and good taste, to esteem an Irish peerage a complimentary or complimentable honor in my case. Perhaps you refer to the votes of parliament, and to the conscious sense of eminent public service. These are honors, indeed, which neither negligence, nor slander, nor ingratitude, nor ignorance, nor folly, nor envy can impair. With respect to rewards of another description, I have received none, I expect none, and (be not surprised) perhaps you may hear that I will accept none. This brief declaration will admit you to the secret agonies of my poor dear heart or soul, and give you some light to discover the causes of my ill-health, and of my declining, indignant, wounded spirits. But do not suppose me so weak as to meditate hasty resignations, or passionate returns to Europe, or fury, or violence of any kind. No; I will shame their injustice by aggravating the burthen of their obligations to me. I will heap kingdoms upon kingdoms, victory upon victory, revenue upon revenue. I will accumulate glory, and wealth, and power, until the ambition and avarice even of my masters shall cry mercy; and then I will show them what dust in the balance their tardy gratitude is, in the estimation of injured, neglected, disdainful merit. . . . . But I cannot trust even your discretion with the secrets of the state. If we ever meet again, you shall hear it all, when the whole pageantry of state affairs shall have passed away like a dream after a heavy supper. Even in the other world, where I hope we shall meet at last, you will laugh at the history, if the ghost of your risible muscles retain any powers of laughter. . . . My brother Arthur has been distinguishing himself most nobly, in a short, rapid, and able campaign against an insurgent called (do not laugh) Doondal Jee Waugh.

Other parts of the correspondence tell a like pleasant tale of sympathy and affection existing between the great lord at Fort William and the secretary's wife at this little outpost of the civilized world. But we have to proceed to a more local picture.

Let us refresh some who have enjoyed the same splendid scenes, and have toiled too for the enjoyment, with Lady Anne's own story of her clamber up Table Mountain, in company with her husband, Sir John Barrow the life-long secretary of the admiralty, and some more,—the unaffected overflowing of a light and loving heart:

I had long been desirous of ascending to the top of the Table Mountain, and, the expedition being determined on, Barnard, to render

the place still more interesting to me, procured a dozen of slaves to carry up a tent, mattress, blankets, a little table, and campstool, together with provisions, that we might sleep on the top of the mountain, and see the sun set and rise, when I could have the opportunity of making what drawings I pleased. It was an expensive party of pleasure, as it cost us five rixdollars (a guinea) for each slave; but the occasion was an uncommon one, and in all countries particular jobs must be well paid to be cheerfully performed.

We left the castle at six in the morning, on horseback, attended by as many of our servants as chose to be of the party, and by Colonel Lloyd, Mr. Barrow, Dr. Patterson, and other gentlemen, together with a couple of female slaves. We ascended for the first mile by a winding path through rocks, each side of which was clothed with the 'wagenboom' with its bright yellow flowers, the silver-tree, whose leaves have the appearance of white satin, and the sugar tree, which was covered with beautiful pink flowers with black seeds. When the flowers are boiled, they produce a syrup rich as honey, and with this all the preserves in the colony are made. The ascent then became so tremendously steep, that we were obliged to dismount, and send our horses back to the castle, scrambling up amongst rocks where cascades tumbled down, and lost themselves in gullies beneath. The air was perfumed with the most delicious fragrance of numberless bushes, which composed a concord of aromatic harmony perfectly wild, and such as no one can imagine to themselves.

Here Barnard was obliged to consign me to the particular care of Mentor, a most intellectual slave, who knew the safest paths to ascend by. I might have reckoned myself his Telemachus, if age had decided the sex, as I had stolen a part of Barnard's wardrobe for precaution, which I found was eminently useful, but which made him, as I bounded up the rocks, laugh and cry out, "Hey-dey, Anne, what are these?" "Yours, *myn lieve vriend!*" said I. "You must acknowledge that it is the first time you were ever conscious of my wearing them." Mentor, our guide, smiled, as he saw us smiling, and called me a "*brave vrouw*;" so in gratitude you shall have his picture, which I drew when I got home. After crawling up an immense steep of small stones, almost perpendicular—stones broken into pieces by the force of the torrents which the clouds discharge in volumes during the rainy season—we proceeded up through the gully which nearly cuts the mountain in two, and began to rise above the world. . . . At last a thousand feet more of rock were surmounted. I left all the gentlemen behind, envying the "*brave vrouw*" for the lightness of her heels, the effect, perhaps, of the lightness of her heart, and reached the top as tired as it was possible to be, but perfectly refreshed before they joined me.

What a wide extended barrenness presented itself all around! oceans, points of coast, and hills, were the only objects the eye had to dwell upon. The Lion's Head, a high mountain, appeared a mole-hill beneath. To find myself three thousand five hundred feet above the level from which we had set out; to behold a considerable town more invisible than the smallest miniature which could be painted of one,—to feel the pure air raising one up,—it gave me a sort of unembodied feeling, such as I conceive the soul to have which merits a beatified spirit, leaving its atom of clay behind. The view, the sensation, was full of æther, and I hope of something better. . . . "And now," said I, "Mr. Barrow, thou man of infinite charts and maps, explain to me all that I see before me, and what I do not see. What is this? What is that? Where are the different bays I hear you all wrangling about?

Where can we effect junctions? Why cannot we sail round this continent with as much ease as we sail round other coasts? Shew me the roads by which grain and cattle and wine come from the interior of the country; and do not suppose that I am to clamber to the top of Table Mountain for nothing. . . . It was now time for the gentlemen to descend the mountain; but before I gave to each the bumper of Madeira I offered to invigorate him for the descent, I requested that all might unite in the full chorus of "God save the King," which was instantly complied with, every hill singing his part till "Great George" grew less at every turn, and at last gave up the ghost, like a private gentleman, in a valley.

Unfortunately the slaves could not share the provision for creature comforts that had been made. The supplies had been put up together, and a ham, in the other basket, had contaminated everything else. But

They, too, had their pan and their stew, which smelt so savoury and so odd, that I begged leave to taste it. It was composed of wild herbs, fried up with coriander and a great many aromatic seeds, to which was added a little mutton-tail grease, which is more pure than butter, and plenty of the fish called "snook," which I thought, when salted and dried, was one of the best fish at the Cape. This made a most incomparable mess, though one I never desired to partake of again, for its unaccountable singularity.

Supper over, and no fear of wild beasts existing so near the town, the slaves lay down round the fire, and Barnard and I within our tent found a good bed, on which two hearts reposed themselves which were truly grateful for all the blessings conferred upon them, but most so for their happiness in each other. Next morning, as we descended the gully, I took the sketch of it which I annex. We reached the castle in safety, well pleased with our excursion.

It is scarcely fair, but for the cheerfulness of the writing, to give Lady Anne's "first impressions" of Cape female society. We hope the great-granddaughters of her acquaintances of 1797, will prefer enjoying her good humor to carping at her criticisms. She manifestly left the Cape with better than these first impressions.

The first opportunity I had of judging of the potentates of the Cape, was at a ball given by Sir James (Craig) to His Excellency, on our arrival. . . . When we entered the ball room, we found it lined with two rows of ladies, all tolerably well dressed, and all "mad in white muslin." I had expected to find them handsomer; but here was no real beauty to be seen,—no countenance, no manner, no grace, no charms,—though plenty of good looks and the freshness of health, with a vulgar smartness accompanying it, which spoke the torch of Prometheus which animated them to be made of mutton tail. They danced without halting a moment, and in a sort of pit-a-pat tingling step, which they have probably learned from some beauty on her way to Bengal. . . . . What they want most is shoulders, and softness of manners. The term "Dutch doll" was quite explained to me, when I saw their make, and recollected the dolls; but what is most exceptionable about them is their teeth and the size of their feet. A tradesman in London, hearing they were very large, sent a box of shoes on specu-

lation, which almost put the colony in a blaze, so angry were the fair ones; but day by day a pair was sent for by a slave, in the dark, till at last the shoes vanished. Mrs. D..... tells this story of the immense size of the shoes whenever she can: *her* foot is pretty, and her white satin slipper a handsome one.

A pleasant description follows of "Paradise," allowed to Mr. Barnard as a country residence. But we have no time to stay here. Another account of entertainments, at which Lady Anne was herself the hostess, at the castle, will amuse:

To fulfil my duty here, as the woman (in the absence of Lady Macartney) at the head of the government department, civility and hospitality must be shown to all the women, Dutch or English, who live on good terms with their husbands, and to all the Dutchmen who take the oath of allegiance to the English government, and are of sufficient respectability to visit at the castle.

Our residence in the castle was now ready, handsomely appointed, and clean. Barnard invited the heads of the departments, in their different lines, to dinner, and left it to me to settle my balls and parties as I pleased. . . . . As he wished me to consult the fiscal on the mode of inviting the Dutch ladies, I took an early opportunity to do so, and found, that if I followed his advice, I should keep the friends government had, but make no new ones. He threw in objections to every person who was, as he called it, disaffected, saying, "Leave it to me, and I will ask to your balls parties of true friends.

"But, remember," said I, "if I dare venture to use words so sacred on the present occasion, that we are not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." "Ah, then," said he, "if you are determined to bring the sheep and goats altogether into the fold, you must take the chance of our going to loggerheads." "Not at a ball," said I, "*mon ami*."

> "Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,
> To soften rocks and bend the knotted oak."

My jest prevented him from being mortified at my want of acquiescence; but as to the effects of the balls, I was right. They were of much use. If the fathers, who were lukewarm to the English government, were sulky and stayed at home, the mothers and daughters always came, and to plough with the heifer has always been reckoned a good mode of improving a reluctant soil.

A remark on Cape wines has its moral even now. Lady Anne protests against Englishmen who taste wine with more prejudice than skill, and tells the following story of an occurrence at her table:

I was entertained with a circumstance which happened lately at our table, when some Stein wine, which had been pronounced so bad, as to be only fit for the purposes of the kitchen, having accidentally got beside a small quantity of very fine old hock, which we reserved for Lord Macartney, was drunk up as such by the very men who had abused it, and who, having tasted it under a different impression, would not give it up till each had had his bottle. My Brabanter servant whispered me, "Dey haf *not* got my lord's hock, my lady; dey are socking in de kitchen wines, and I dare not tell um now, for dey will fancy dey are poisoned."

We wish we could dare to ask the *Magazine* for more space than can be afforded us, to touch upon the visits to the Brewery and to Constantia, to the Paarl and the beautiful orange groves at Wagonmakers Valley, and then to Klapmuts, whence the landdrost of Stellenbosch sent to fetch them in a vehicle which they recognized as an old acquaintance—a carriage of his Grace the Duke of Queensburry. "There was the ducal coronet; there were six horses to draw it (an apology from the landdrost for not being eight); there was a Hottentot coachman clad in his native charms, and well could he guide his beasts. But how a St. James's lounger would have laughed at our appointments!"

Let us follow our friends on their "Overberg" trip: a tented wagon, coachman, and eight horses hired for three guineas a-day; Mr. Barnard, his wife, a young protégée of Lady Anne's, a servant, and "Johnnie Dalrymple," a cornet-cousin, and aide-de-camp of the governor, probably soon to serve on harder campaigns in the Peninsula,—now dancing attendance on the ladies. We shall presently find Lady Anne merry enough at the cornet's philosophy, as exemplified on a wagon-capsize. The first night they are at Mr. Myburgh's, near the Eerste River, hospitably and kindly entertained. Lady Anne's humor breaks out as usual. She is admiring a child; a not very doubtful expression of sympathy with her own childlessness is intimated by one of the party: "What would 'jufvrouw' give to have such a one?" The pet was such a gigantic specimen of country life, that, thought Lady Anne, "were it mine, I should be tempted, like Solomon, to make two of it." She soon finds it inconvenient and a little undignified to be an object of so much commiseration, so she gets her husband's permission to own three or four in England, "Boys, of course; for I will not enact the careless mother, and leave my girls behind."

After a terrible struggle of the cattle through the old Hottentot's Holland Kloof, and passing several places with now familiar names, we are brought at last, late at night, to a drift of the Bot River, where, trying to get on in the dark, they are upset, attain a few bruises, and where a voice is heard, when matters had been a little righted: "Well, to be sure, this is the devil's own circumstance."

I found it Cousin Johnnie's, who had embarked the whole of his fortune, amounting to thirty dollars, in Jane's netting case, which happened to be the only thing lost in our tumble; and he had groped on the bank, and felt in the bush, and nowhere was the unlucky netting case to be found. Nor had we a tinder-box to strike a light. At last, "Well," says he, "I don't care; a light heart and a thin pair of breeches." As he accompanied this with the swagger of a cornet's phi-

losophy, he kicked his foot against something that jingled. I leave it to you all to judge of Johnnie's transports, when *here* was the box, the fortune of thirty dollars, and what was better still, all the ivory pins safe, and Jane's half-finished purse.

A few day's further, we find the party at Genadendal. The hallowed feelings with which our heroine speaks of the good Moravians and their efforts, are an index of the loveliness of her mind. We wish we could transcribe it all. But some passages our readers will ask.

"We ascended, and packed ourselves again into our wagon, and with another charming day, the gift of the kind Power who blessed the journey, we set off to see those humble missionaries under Him, who, sent by the Moravian church about seven years ago, have made so great a progress in civilizing and converting the Hottentots to Christianity. Of these men, of their worthy undertaking, of their primitive manners, I had heard much, and this it was I desired with my own eyes to judge of, and to see what sort of people the Hottentots are when collected together in such an extensive *craal* as that which surrounds the mansion of the fathers. . . . To the right, we passed another farm-house of tolerable appearance, we passed over another bill, and then we saw the humble mansion of the fathers. Each step we took, we now found a bit of grass, or a few cattle; a craal or hut, or corn-field,—and a little garden interrupted by heath; then more cattle, a larger field, cows and calves: these cows and calves; the look of peace and prosperity, I need not tell any of you what sort of sensations it conveyed—it was the tacit manna of the Almighty showered down on his children. . . . The fathers, of whom there were three, came out to meet us in their working jackets, each man being employed in following the business of his original profession—a miller, a smith, a carpenter and tailor in one. They welcomed us simply and frankly, without artificial gladness, or more than hospitable civility, and led us into their sitting-room, a small, but neat apartment, in which there was a chimney and a grate. . . . They made us comprehend that the house we were then in was built with their own hands five years ago; that they were sent by the Moravian church in Germany; that their object was to convert the Hottentots—to render them religious, industrious, and happy; that they had spent some time in looking out for a proper situation, sheltered, of a good soil, near water, and that they had fixed here; that they had been furnished with money by their church to collect materials, and to assist them until they could earn something for themselves; that they had procured some Hottentots to assist them in the beginning of the work, and by their treatment of them, more had been encouraged to creep round them. "This grate," said one, "and all the iron work, is my broeder's making; he got the bars and fashioned it himself." The other two had raised the walls, which were of clay mixed with stone, and had done the wood-work, and glazed the whole. The tailor had taught the Hottentot women to make rush mats of a sort of reed, with which the floor of the church was covered over, and which also lined it all round shoulder high. They bid us step in to see it, which we did: we entered from the small room we were in, and found it about forty feet long, and twenty broad; the pulpit was only a few steps raised above the ground, and matted with the same rushes, on which three chairs were placed, and a small table and desk, on which was the bible. The church had benches on each hand,—the right side for the men, the left for the women, and to these they entered by separate doors at the end.

I regretted much that it was Thursday, and not Sunday, when I should have found the whole community, about three hundred Hottentots, assembled to Divine worship; but I found I should only have seen them more dressed; and such as had acquired any clothes by their industry, would have worn them. I should also have seen a greater number, but that I should still see plenty, as at sunsetting every day, when business was supposed to be over, there were prayers. We retired to our parlor; and the church bell now ringing to bring them altogether. When the church was full, and all was ready, we begged leave to make part of the congregation.

I doubt much whether I should have entered St. Peter's, at Rome, with the triple crown itself present in all its ancient splendour, with a more vivid impression of the Deity and His presence, than I did this little church of a few feet square, where the simple disciples of Christianity, dressed in the skins of animals, knew no purple nor fine linen, no pride, no hypocrisy. I felt as if I was creeping back seventeen hundred years, to hear from the rude but inspired lips of the evangelists the simple sacred words of wisdom and purity.

The service began, after the Presbyterian form, with a psalm. Then, indeed, the note that raised itself to heaven, was an affecting one; about one hundred and fifty Hottentots joined in the twenty-third psalm in a tone so sweet, so loud, but so just and true, that it was impossible to hear it without being surprised. The fathers, who were the sole music masters, sang their deep-toned bass along with them, and the harmony was excellent. One fault only I found; the key on which they took the psalm was too high, by which means the shrill pipes of the women rang upon the ears too sharply, and made one apprehensive of their own voices being injured by it. This over, the miller took a portion of the scripture, and expounded as he went along. How I wished to have understood him!—but from the chapter he spoke from (Matth. viii. 11), and a word now and then, I knew the subject he dwelt on,—that the goodness of God knew no distinction of persons; and that the Dutchman who was great and rich, with abundance of slaves and cattle, was not more sure of a place in a better world than the Hottentot who was good, and who would find a seat in Heaven kept for him to eternal happiness.

Mild and tender by nature, oppressed by the Dutch, and often sinking under it, the poor creatures blessed God as they listened, while the artless tears of gratitude and hope fell on their sheepskins. The father's discourse was short, and seemed to be whatever came first, without study. The tone of his voice had no puritanism in it; it was even and natural. But when he used the words, which he often did, "*myne lieve vrienden*,"—"my beloved friends," I thought he felt to them all as his children. Not a Hottentot did I see in this congregation that had a bad expression in the countenance; I watched them closely; all was sweetness and attention. I was even surprised to see so few vacant eyes, and so little curiosity directed towards ourselves. I own our dresses, the great coats I have mentioned, well pounded in the wagon, were not very attracting.

Shortly after follows, speaking of the gifts she left at Genadendal:

But the present of all I put most value on, and what they seemed to value most, was the third part of the fleshy Margaret strawberry. Fond of their garden, and extremely neat in the divisions of it, I painted how delicious this fruit would prove, if well taken care of; and that it

was sent me by my sister Margaret, the most beautiful woman in Europe, who desired it might be called by her own name. "And you, fathers," said I, "are the only people in Africa who have this." The circumstance pleased them; even under the Baviaan's kloof a pretty woman is not without her influence in creating the glow of vanity in a holy heart. They eagerly seized the paper.

The party proceed to Swellendam, thence to the farm of Mr. Jacob van Renen, from whom they receive a personal account of his courageous attempt to ascertain the fate of the passengers of the unfortunate *Grosvenor;* and the following incident of his earlier life,—an African boer's visit to that court of France which a roused people was soon to level with the dust.

Van Renen seemed to enjoy our satisfaction; and, conversation stealing on with ease and confidence, it insensibly turned on his first setting off in life, and what had led him to fix on a spot two hundred miles distant from the general residence of his family.

"My father," said he, "left Holland for the Cape when I and my three brothers were infants. As they grew up, they married and settled: I remained with him as a sort of clerk, and he particularly loved me. On a certain occasion French troops were obliged to put in at the Cape; they were in distress for money and for necessaries, having neither credit nor bills. My father, at his own risk, ventured to let them have what was necessary, for which they gave him bills on the French government, at the same time stating their obligations to him; for which he was thanked by the great men in power, and by the bankers of the court, but—not reimbursed.

"Years after years passed, and the want of the money became so inconvenient—my father having had other losses—that he raised the little he could, and, taking me with him, determined to go to Paris and seek redress there himself. We were possessed of three hundred pounds in all. We went; we spent near three years in useless solicitation. In vain I called on the minister; he acknowledged the justice of my demand, but evaded the payment. Madame de Pompadour sent us a private message, that, if we would give her a third of our claim, my father should have the rest directly. My father did not like to accept this offer. In this situation, he was taken ill: vexation preyed on him, and we were at the bottom of our purse. He seemed resigned, and rather to wish for death, had he known what would have become of me. I looked at my store; three guineas was all that remained. In vain I had of late pressed for admittance—the minister's door was shut. I now took a guinea, and gave it to his Swiss: 'Friend,' said I, 'I must see your master.' I was ushered in directly. I saw him look angry at the Swiss. 'Sir!' said I; and I told my tale: 'My father lies perishing for want; there is three guineas: it is all that remains after three years that we have asked for justice. I have just given one to your servant.' I remember, said he, smiling, the figure of that man, as if I had seen him yesterday,—he was galled by my misery, and writhing on his chair. Wherever he turned, I saw him covered with orders and stars. 'Well, well, well! there is a bill for five thousand livres, and the rest shall be paid by-and-by.' I went to the house of a friend, a man in trade, and unhappy, opened my heart to him. He bid me come back to dinner, and fear nothing. I did; a little old abbé was there. After dinner, my friend turned the conversation on what had

passed in the morning. I told my story with the eagerness of youth. The abbé said: 'And is this so?' asking me some more questions. My papers happened to be in my pocket. 'Come to me to-morrow at twelve,' said he, 'and you shall find your business done.' I thought he was an angel, and asked my friend if I could depend upon him. He said it was the Abbé Terrai, who told me I might. I seized my hat and ran to my father, to tell him all would be settled: he shook his head, and would not believe me. Next day proved that the abbé had not deceived me. He carried me to the court bankers, and waited in the carriage till I carried in the order the minister had given me, and received the money. The tone of the banker was changed in a moment; he asked me to dinner the first time in the course of three years since I had kissed his threshold. My father recovered, and we returned to the Cape."

Their host then relates the story of his later life:

I had some genius for speculation, and I struck out a plan, which had it been permitted me to go on with unchecked, would have enriched me; but the great men in power here grew jealous of me; they wished to share the advantages with me, and I saw no reason why I was to give them away. They entangled me with law-suits; I grew sick of my plan; I was not certain that my life was not in danger. I offered the Dutch government to go on the expedition I mentioned to you, after the crew of the *Grosvenor*, if they would pay my expenses. They were glad to get me out of the way. I left *her* at the Cape; for, in the meantime, I had fallen in love, and married. I wished to see the country, and to calculate my resources, for my father was dead.

I returned; I spent six months in the Cape. I observed that qualities were wanting amongst the individuals; that a man appeared one thing and was another. I was disgusted with what I saw; and asked my wife if he she could be contented to live with me at a distance from the Cape, and from the haunts of her youth? She said it was all the same to her where she lived, if I and her children were with her. We looked about for a spot to fix on; we placed ourselves at the foot of those hills I showed you. I improved a little place, and three years ago I sold it well. I then looked for another, and soon determined on this. I am fond of sport, and yet of an indolent habit. I dislike the labor and anxiety of farming, nor have I slaves who understand it. I have, therefore, chosen a place, where by breeding horses, instead of raising grain, or making wine, I am always supplied with the best for my own use, and make a gain while I amuse myself. By hunting and fishing, I keep my table well provided, and feed my children, while I am also pursuing my pleasures. I am perfectly contented and happy, and she is too. I was feared and hated while I was poor and supposed to be clever; I am now independent, and away from rivalship. I am beloved and respected; the first did not mortify me—the last does not flatter me. But we are forgetting to put to the horses."

Of their return to Cape Town, by way of the Brandvlei Baths and the Roodezandkloof, we cannot here venture to say anything, or of many of the pictures of life and scenery along the journey, which Lady Anne has drawn. Our usual limits are already far exceeded. After the peace of Amiens, when the government of the Batavian Republic was to succeed that with which her husband had been so long con-

nected, she leaves the Cape; and we find her last entry in her Cape journal, on the day of her departure, 9th January, 1802:

> All was at last ready. I stood for a moment on the quay before I descended its steps, and looked at the town and the mountains rising over it. I left them with a benediction; praying Heaven to avert from the land the ills which French principles and French rapacity might pour over it in greater volumes than the clouds from the hills. I thanked God for the peaceful days he had permitted me to enjoy there, and for the health in which He allowed me to return; and dropping a tear at the last look of a place where I had spent five years, I stepped into the barge and soon reached the ship.

Gentle reader! we speak chiefly to our friends of a gentler sex: we have not, otherwise than in these pages, and in her sweet ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," composed when she was little more than a child, any portrait of Lady Anne Barnard. We know not how far the poet's picture of intellectual beauty may have been truly hers—

> Her pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheeks; and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say her body thought.

But if we know her only in these brief reminiscences of a happy and comparatively secluded life; we yet know of one who has left "foot prints on the sands of time," not unworthy of being traced in these days. Not that we would see all ladies run up the Table Mountain gorge, with or without the assistance of their husbands' wardrobes. Not that we admire bruises on tender arms, at Bot River, any more than elsewhere. But the kindly interest in the welfare of all around her, which marks these writings; her active and yet modest share in her husband's joys and sorrows; her appreciation and use of the power for good she possessed in her influence among her sex—all these are worth imitating; or rather, it is worth much pains to cause the principles from which they sprang to be enduringly at home in the female heart. Then, perhaps, although only a solitary survivor here and there, of our time, shall have lived to see the wondrous marvels which fifty years hence are to bring forth—pages from the journal of some modern Lady Anne may awaken to stronger convictions of duty, and to better sentiments of love, many minds of men and women yet unborn. To behold, in all its truth and brightness, the reflection of the heart and intellect of a pure-minded and educated woman, can never fail to have this result. Such, we think, will be the feeling of all who peruse what Lord Lindsay has preserved of his relative's letters and journals.

THE MAID OF ZARAGOZA.

The most interesting account, by far, of this celebrated heroine, will be found in "Southey's History of the Peninsular War," when detailing the glorious defence of Zaragoza. There he states that Augustina Zaragoza, a handsome young woman of the lower class, only twenty-two years of age, defended a battery, where every one had just before been killed. The citizens hesitated to reoccupy it, when she sprung forward, snatched a lighted match from the hands of a dead artillery-man, discharged a twenty-six pounder, and then jumping on the gun, swore she would never quit it alive. This sight animated fresh courage in the Zaragozans, who rushed into the battery and renewed the fire with greater vigor than ever. The French general, Lefebvre, sent a note, with the words—"Head-quarters, St. Engraçia,—Capitulation,"—to which Palafox, the governor, sent back the memorable reply,—"Head-quarters, Zaragoza,—War to the knife."

The historian adds, further,—"There is not in the annals of ancient or modern times a single event recorded, more worthy to be held in admiration now, and for evermore, than the glorious defence of Zaragoza,—where it is said that the loss of women and boys, in defending the town, was fully proportionate to that of the men, such was the spirit of patriotism awakened to a most heroic pitch. A pension was settled upon Augustina; she was also to wear always a small shield of honor embroidered on the sleeve of her gown, with the word 'Zaragoza,' engraved on it." Lord Byron, in one of the notes to Childe Harold, mentions having seen her, when passing through Saville, in 1811, thus decorated, and exhibiting herself by order of the Junta. Her decease took place recently, in 1856.

1

Heroine famed,—renowned in story,
Worthy of the world's applause,
Who for Zaragoza's glory,
Roused its sons in freedom's cause,—
Although fate, life's moments numbering,
Has for thee a requiem sung,
And fair memory, lately slumbering
O'er her harp in silence hung,
It is meet, its chords again
Should revive fame's glowing strain,
Which once heard on every tongue,
Echoed thy mighty deeds, for liberty and Spain.

2

Where can history's muse, appealing
To the annals time prolongs,
Which enshrine each nobler feeling
That avenged a country's wrongs,
Wake her tones of inspiration,
To a loftier theme for praise,
Than to cherish, what a nation
Honored with immortal bays?
Man should dare the battle field,
Craven hearts can only yield,
But sublime 'tis to the gaze
When woman's spirit soars, armed with the sword and shield.

3

Like the Orleans warrior-maiden,
Goddess deified in mind,
Though unlike her—torture-laden,
And to cruel death consigned:
Those were days of superstition,—
Power was swayed by monster hands;
Time has brightened earth's condition,
Mingling gold-dust with life's sands:
An eraseless blot of shame
Sullied there old England's name,
When revenge with fiery brands
Spilt her heart's blood to cloud a glorious woman's fame.

4

Thine was, too, the noble bearing,
Which saved Zaragoza's fate;
In the onslaught's dangers sharing,
Freedom's cause to stimulate.
Though thy king supine surrendered
Crown and country to his foes,—
And inglorious nobles tendered
Abject fealty—there arose
In the peasants of thy clime
Thoughts which made revenge no crime,
When the fierce guerilla's throes
"War to the knife" invoked,—appallingly sublime!

5

'Twas the death-cry, which a nation's
Love of liberty respired,
When each patriot's immolations
Failed to reach the goal desired;
When the war-trump of the invader,
Echoing o'er Hesperia's plains,
Wrung that wild despair which made her
Prove the spirit in her veins;
'Twas when each loved homestead's hearth
Had become a scene of dearth;
And her offspring's happy strains
Changed were to wailings o'er the bright land of their birth.

6

In that hour of deepest sorrow,
When so fiercely rolled the storm;
And more hideously each morrow,
Terror swelled its ghastly form,—
As, some vessel, tempest-driven,
Whose faint crew, with hopes all fled,
Look imploringly to heaven
To avert the surges dread,
And behold *a star*, at last,
Which revives their spirits fast,
Thus, oh, glorious warrior-maid,
Did thy soul's fire fresh hopes o'er Zaragoza cast.

7

Where the loud artillery's thunder,
Pouring forth its iron shower,
Rent th' old Roman walls asunder,
Making e'en the bravest cower;
Or, where leaden hail descending,
Rattled down the barrier'd street,
Step by step, each trench defending,
Thy bold spirit spurned retreat:
But with valor's soul possessed,
Stood upon the rampart's crest,
Though around thy woman's feet
Blood flow'd, as streams the grape when from the wine-still pressed.

8

Gloriously the daring spirit's
Impulse in a mortal frame,
Shown where man its glow inherits,
Wins a crown of deathless fame.
But when woman, meant by nature
To fulfill life's softer part,
Almost deifies each feature
By which deeds exalt the heart,
Who would kneel not at the shrine
Which immortalizes thine,
Honored shade, as now thou art,
Whom liberty ennobled with her light divine!

9

'Twas that fire, Hesperia's annals
Vaunted of in days of yore,—
Which within the life-blood's channels,
Now revived its flame once more;
Such as when, Pelagio vying,
Crushed the remnant Gothic powers,
And which drove Boabdil, sighing,
From his loved Alhambra's bowers.
There is an inherent pride
To some nobler breasts allied,
From whose urn, lo, freedom showers
That incense, which in *thee* its spell had purified.

10

To "our Lady of the Pillar,"*
Shrin'd, through Santiago's dream,
As one, all-divine fulfiller,
From whom heavenly blessings stream,
Although superstition tended
To inspire the heart's appeal,
With it patriot feelings blended,
Full as strong to rouse thy zeal:
Thou, who with Butara too,†
Where the deadliest missiles flew,
Fed the cannon, faced the steel,
And where the spirit drooped, stirred freedom's soul anew

11

Though such mighty deeds, which banished
Zaragoza's foes afar,
From the worldling's thoughts have vanished,
Like the Pleiad's missing star,‡
Yet, 'tis hoped in many a bosom
Graced with memory's smiles and tears,
Still fame's bright perennial blossom
Will survive the fleeting years,
And thy name, oh heroine, chime
In th' immortal strains of time,
Till eternity appears,
And heaven rewards the good, the glorious, and sublime! G. L.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT FISH RIVER BUSH.

BY AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

INTRODUCTION.

It is the intention of the writer of the following sketches to give some idea of the privations and hardships borne by military men, often of the highest rank and family, on the miserable outposts which, a few years ago, dotted the eastern frontier, before the present comfortable barracks both along the Fish River line and in British Kaffraria were erected. Here,

* The legend of "Our Lady of the Pillar" states that St. James (in Spanish Santiago), landed on the coast of Catalonia, and on reaching the city, then called Cæsarea Augusta by the Romans, fell asleep in its suburbs, when he saw, in a miraculous dream, the holy Virgin, standing on a marble pillar, who desired him to have a church built on that spot, which was subsequently done, and called "Il Pillar," to which pilgrims resort up to the present day, whenever the Virgin's intercession to obtain divine aid, or avert any evil, is required It is said that Augustina implored protection of the city from her,—to which the superstitious attributed greatly their salvation.

† The lovely Countess Butara is mentioned by the historian as another heroic female, who distinguished herself by animating the spirit of her countrymen, and showed an example by carrying powder to supply the gunners; although her delicate frame did not enable her to head a charge and mount the deadly breach.

‡ Pliny talks of a seventh Pleiad, which is no longer visible to the earth.

for long periods, young officers were in a state of exile from head-quarters,—some from choice, others from necessity. Totally separated from all society, unless in a few posts (as in Fort Brown, for instance, which was, and is still, a frequented thoroughfare, and where sometimes there were rather too many visitors),—without books, or, perhaps, a natural love of reading,—if inclined for sport the country from the constant hunting of the Kafirs and soldiers in the neighborhood, often nearly devoid of animal life, except wolves and jackals; the officers dwelling in miserable hovels, generally far more uncomfortable, and in a more ruinous state, than the privates' barracks; the climate for a great part of the year insufferably hot; the country arid and barren,—it must be confessed that life on a Fish River outpost did not present itself in a very agreeable form; and it cannot be wondered at that but too often young and inexperienced officers contracted habits that eventually led to their destruction. Many and many a promising youth may date the period of his ruin to the love of drink and low company contracted while left in sole command of a frontier outpost, without a friend to advise him, or a book or a musical instrument to employ the hours that fell so heavily on his hands. His food of the coarsest nature, his clothes unmended and neglected, it cannot be wondered at that discreditable "liasons" were often entered into that laid the foundation of lasting hours of repentance, when at the same time a little neatness and order, made more attractive by the contrast with the former dirt and slovenliness of his domestic economy, were the immediate consequence. The writer of this can testify that, on one occasion at least, the heir presumptive to one of the oldest and most distinguished of the peerages of North Britain was only saved from marriage with one of the plainest and most abandoned Hottentot females on the Kat River settlement by the positive refusal of the worthy missionary, to whom he applied to perform the ceremony, to unite them without reference to some of his friends. Another case the writer was well acquainted with, when the actual heir of one of the finest estates in the north of Scotland, spite of all the remonstrances of his brother officers and friends, while kept for days by certain individuals in a state of constant intoxication, married one of the most debased and profligate women that could be found amongst what may be termed the uncovenanted females of a marching regiment. Thank heaven! at the present day things are far otherwise; the system of entrusting the responsibilities of a solitary outpost to a young ensign of eighteen years of age is nearly ex-

tinct; and in the comfortable barracks, with their adjacent hamlets and gardens, of Kieskamma Hoek, Fort Hare, Middle Drift, the officers enjoy the society of gentlemen, the comforts of their mess, books, &c.; while the men acquire, by cultivating their gardens, working on the engineer works, &c., habits of industry and a stock of good health. These things can be only lightly adverted to in the following sketches, which will be, as far as possible, drawn from actual observation.

CHAPTER I.—THE JOURNEY.

I THINK it is some sixteen years ago since fate, and a "truant disposition, good my lord," led my footsteps to Graham's Town, even then a place fast rising into importance. Graham's Town, as every one who has visited it will testify, is by no means a pleasant abode for strangers. Absorbed in making money, the good citizens of the eastern metropolis are apt to look with jaundiced eye on the unfortunate outsiders who, either in pursuit of fortune or to woo variety, seek its hospitable hearths.

Tired of the place, of the fearful monotony, of the eternal greasy mutton chops and third-rate Cape wine of my hotel table, of the dense commercial medium in which the whole community—from the A 1 merchant to the Z 1 winkler—seemed steeped, I was walking with my hands in my pockets, in a fearful state of disgust with all humanity, on the stoep of my gasthaus, in N . . -street, when, to my great astonishment, my old chum, Tom H....., whom I had last seen on the steps of the Guard's Club-house in Pall Mall three or four years before, a jolly lieutenant in the Royal Dragoon Guards, but had lost sight of for some time, came up and accosted me. Tom was not altogether in uniform, but a greasy forage-cap and a demi-semi military undress jacket enabled me to perceive that he still wore Her Majesty's livery. Our greetings were mutually warm, each wondering what had brought the other to this out-of-the-way corner of the busy earth: and we soon adjourned into a private room in the gasthaus, where we communicated to each other our respective histories. Poor Tom's, alas! was but a too common one. A younger son of a poor family, his demon, ambition, had led him into the Cavalry, where his good angel, prudence, had forsaken him. In three years he was up to his neck in embarrassments. He had tried his hand on an Irish heiress, who died in a year or two, and left him an estate of £5,000 a year, with hereditary embarrassments to the tune of a quarter of a million; so that, at her death, he had no choice but to retire or exchange into the line, he, or his creditors rather (to use

military parlance) receiving the difference. By the assistance of his friends, he effected the latter; Lieutenant H....., of the ... Royal Dragoon Guards, well up for captain, being now junior Lieutenant H....., of Her Majesty's ... regiment of foot, devoid of any private resources, except the ample and noble pay granted to gentlemen of his rank in a marching regiment of the Queen's service, and at present stationed for economical reasons at Her Majesty's fort in South Africa called Trumpeter's Drift. The poor fellow entered fully into the detail of his sad story; and after a good dinner of the best the house could afford (and, gracious heaven! what a contrast that cookery was to our Pall Mall *cuisine!*) I finally accepted his invitation to spend a few days with him at Trumpeter's Drift, which, with a faint smile, he declared I would probably not find quite so comfortable as Hounslow or Windsor, where he and I had, in bygone years, spent so many pleasant hours together.

Next morning, at sunrise, we had our horses at the door, and with a couple of stout cobs I started with my friend to pay my first visit to a region I had often heard of as teeming with elephants, rhinoceri, cameleopards, and other monstrosities of nature, namely, the Fish River Bush. I am myself a keen sportsman, but being afflicted with very short vision, I am a rather dangerous sporting companion; but I have always had an intense desire to see what a writer in an early number of the *Cape Magazine* denominated "Chikooro on his own dunghill." I, therefore, took with me a proper allowance of double-barreled rifles, gunpowder, buck shot, percussion caps, and other ammunition. I am not here going to enter into any very detailed description of the region lying between Graham's Town and Trumpeter's Drift, which lies about twenty-five miles east of it; but can only say I was much delighted with my canter over the race-course flats, was most enthusiastic with the noble panoramic view from the top of Governor's Kop, where there was then a a homely inn, in which pale ale was supplied to all bibulous passers-by at the rate of 3s. 6d. a bottle, and where my friend Tom and myself lingered half the day, quietly imbibing the same, puffing forth incense to the beauties of nature in the shape of clouds of the smoke of the weed of the Philippines, and gazing on the fair plains of Lower Albany, and the distant blue waters of the Southern Ocean. Having gently there enjoyed ourselves, and having picked up a fellow-traveler, who was an old elephant-hunter, we threaded our way along the then diabolical high road, and through the pleasant forest bridle ways or Kafir paths which at that time intersected the country between Graham's Town and the Fish River;

and rich in sandwiches and with well-furnished brandy flasks, we now and then off-saddled, and enjoying the wild and romantic scenery around us, smoked a social pipe or a fragrant Manilla,—my friend Tom garrulous on his experience of London life, Epsom races, and the—Heavy Dragoons—the old elephant-hunter evidently getting excited as he revisited the scenes of his former triumphs, and telling, us such awful crammers, of "his moving feats by flood and field," that I really often thought his body must have been made of vulcanized India rubber, as surely no mere human flesh and blood could have borne the buffetings and tumblings he endured in his career (by his own account, at least), inflicted by bull elephants, boar rhinoceri, and rampant sea-cows.

As we rode along, we got a few stray shots at bushbucks and duykers, saw half a score of "apes with forcheads villainous low," and an odd covey or two of partridges. I nearly shot my friend Tom, who in return put a dozen or two partridge shot into the elephant-hunter's leather crackers, who heartily cursed us both for a pair of muffs, who did not know a muis-hond from a "helephant;" but a capital shot which he made at an oribi at seven or eight hundred yards, and which gave the poor antelope his quietus, perfectly restored his good humor; and thanks, no doubt, to his Indian rubber hide, he jogged on, indulging in yarns which grew longer and longer as the road lengthened out.

On the whole, we had spent a most jolly day, and the sun had well gone down, when we commenced descending the steep and rugged path which led from Fraser's Camp down to the post at Trumpeter's. The deep kloofs were wrapped in dense shadows, and on the opposite side of the river, then the country of the Kafir chief Stock, could be seen the twinkling of hundreds of fires; and in the distance we could hear the faint echoes of the dull, monotonous chants of the Kafir women, mingled with the beating of dry hides, it being now their harvest time, and a period of rejoicing among them. The whole scene forcibly reminded me of some of Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions of the mountain gorges of the Appennines, or the wild rocks of the Abruzzi; and at last, about nine p.m., we reached, not the old Gothic castle of Udolfo, but the wattle-and-daub place of strength yclept Trumpeter's Drift, on the Great Fish River, and then one of the principal passes from the Cape colony into the country of the Amakosa.

CHAPTER II.—A NIGHT AT TRUMPETER'S DRIFT.

Sixteen years ago, the compact and well-built little post and tower that now crown the monticule a few hundred yards

west of the Great Fish River Drift, did not exist, or were only just commenced. The garrison consisted of about thirty men of the — regiment, and a dozen of Cape Mounted Rifles, who, as the whole of the frontier was then in a very febrile and excited state, had little rest night or day. As the night was dark, when we reached the post I could not distinguish very well the appearance of its defences; but, judging from my friend's quarters, they promised not to be of a very substantial nature. The commanding officer's quarters consisted of a small wigwam, rather of a worse nature than that of a Bog of Allan cabin, situated a few yards distant from the banks of the Great Fish River, and sheltered by a clump of large mimosa trees. From the bed of the river itself arose the croaking of innumerable myriads, I should say, of bull-frogs, "making night hideous." Two small rooms, about seven feet square, and in which a moderate-sized man could barely stand erect, was his total accommodation; the walls, constructed of what is technically called "wattle-and-daub," were plastered with red clay, with a faint tint of *ci-devant* whitewash; the roof was composed of green timber, in which, at the time I entered, thousands of a species of worm, which haunt the willows of the African rivers, were drilling away with a disagreeable buzzing noise, while a light yellow powder was dropping down on every side through the cracks in the dirty, ragged canvas ceiling; the only window was fitted with a rickety sash, covered with oiled canvas, which barely made daylight visible; the floor, full of ugly, dusty holes, had originally been made of broken ant-heaps, and a few of the primitive inhabitants remaining alive in it had founded fresh colonies, which every now and then broke out in a torrent of emigration, to the great discomfiture of the unfortunate occupant of the quarters. There was no fire-place; and of a cold night a few embers in an old frying-pan furnished the only stove. A Kafir hut outside the door served as a kitchen, as well as for a sleeping place for Private Tim Hennessy, my friend's faithful henchman, and a tame Kafir, who officiated as groom and stable-helper. The furniture and the fitments of the quarters were of the same humble description,—a rickety camp table, a brace of camp stools, a camp chest of drawers, an uneasy easy-chair, a couple of barrack bedsteads, one of which officiated as a sofa, and a kind of extempore washhand-stand, comprised all the goods and chattels of the dwelling; while all the visible library was comprehended in a bundle of old frontier journals, a few Army Lists, the Queen's Regulations, and a few numbers of *Punch*, which the mess waiter at head-quarters,

out of sheer pity, used to send periodically to the poor exiles at outstations. The dirty walls were garnished with a few heads of bush and other small bucks; and a stuffed puff-adder, an iguana's skin, and a few birds' nests completed the decoration of the apartments, if I except a couple of pickle bottles which stood on the chest of drawers full of scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, and other monstrosities, the results of the industry of Tim Hennessy, who was a decided entomologist, and a most indefatigable collector of the small "deer" which abounded to so uncomfortable an extent in the neighborhood. Such was the abode, for many a long and dreary month, of a gentleman and officer in Her Majesty's service; and bad as was the commanding officer's quarters at Trumpeter's, it was several degrees better than I afterwards saw at other outstations,—Botha's Post, Blinkwater, and Post Retief, for instance, before the present commodious permanent barracks were built along the eastern frontier.

We were received with enthusiasm by Private Hennessy, who bustled about to get us something to eat, and a little to drink, after our long journey; "although, bedad," he said, "there isn't much to pick or choose out of the ould bullock that was killed this morning." Vegetables were utterly unknown in these parts, and fruit quite unheard of, unless, occasionally, the more favored garrison of Fort Peddie, or Bathurst, took compassion on their Trumpeter brethren, and sent them a few potatoes and cabbages. Tim, however, who was an excellent cook, as it appeared, was not long in decking the camp table with a napkin of rather a dubious hue, and in an incredibly short time served up a tolerable soup, a sort of *fricassee*, composed of stewed beef, mixed with rice and chilis, a dish of fried liver, and, best of all, a grilled Guinea fowl, which the tame Kafir had knocked down with a stick in the bush near the post; a tolerable dish of the young shoots of the wild asparagus, and a plate of some esculent weed which Tim called spinach completed our repast, which was finally wound up by a huge plum-duff, and, diluted with Fish river water, the color of pea soup, seasoned with a suitable quantity of tolerable Cape brandy. Such was our first dinner, thanks for it to faithful, far-seeing Tim, who expected the "masther" home all day long, and had it all waiting piping hot for him. Under the benignant influence of the dinner, the pea-soup water, and a cigar, the little quarter begun by degrees to assume quite a cosy appearance. By-and-by, our friend the elephant-hunter, who had fed with the contractor's agent, made his appearance, and we kept it up till midnight; I, in spite of my fatigue, much interested

with the many local anecdotes related by him and my friend of the manner and customs of the adjacent Kafir tribes, scandalous stories of the courts of the chiefs Pato and Eno, rumors of war, invasion, and witchcraft; until, at last, the elephant-hunter gave symptoms that induced Tim to quietly lead him to his crib; and when he returned, he set about making me as comfortable a nest as he could on the disguised barrack bedstead; although, with a significant shake of his head, as he retired, he hoped "I'd be too sleepy to feel the flays or hear the blackguard crickets." So, tumbling hastily into bed, I in a few minutes fell fast asleep, amid the thunders of the bull-frogs and the chirping of innumerable crickets; and so ended, as I hoped, the first day I passed in the Fish River Bush.

I could not have been asleep more than a couple hours, when I was awoke by certain sensations, too well known also to the tarriers in the posadas of Mexico, or the dwellers in the lodging-houses of the Tower Hamlets. For a long time, between asleep and awake, I strove to stifle the horrible conviction. I struck a light: there was a ghastly train of that horrid entomological subdivision, the *Cimex lectuarius*, walking a polonaise round my pillow. This was enough for me. That ill-omened iron bedstead, I knew too well, presented too many facilities for their shelter to make me suppose its recesses were thinly inhabited. I accordingly sprung up, wrapped the coverlet around me, and using a carpet bag for a pillow, endeavored to compose myself to sleep on an old Kafir mat in one corner of the room, as remote from the disguised sofa as possible. As I lay for some time awake, I was sensible of the strangest noises above and around me; in the roof, the buzzing and boring of the woodworms never ceased, and the sulphur-colored dust fell powdering my head and face; I heard the strangest pattering on the canvas ceiling of the chamber, caused by hundreds of mice which had for ages colonized the decaying thatch of the roof; a sharp patter on the mat or walls, something like that which might be made by a young crab, apprised me of the hateful presence of that nocturnal assassin, the gigantic tarantula, or hairy spider; the chirping of the crickets of an ear-piercing shrillness, worse than any fife, appeared to pour from every crack and cranny in the decayed mansion. The bull-frogs roared from the river; "the flays," as Tim called them, frolicked over me playfully, like so many insect Pucks; the mosquitoes and house-flies, roused by the light, hummed and buzzed with a roar like a blast furnace; outside, a concert of yelling jackals joined in chorus over the garbage and offal

of the post slaughter-house, where they nightly acted as scavengers, and were answered by the more distant howlings of the wolves who abounded in these parts, and often even attacked, I understood, the oxen in the contractor's kraal.

Spite of all these unearthly sounds of insect and animal life, I again fell into a disturbed slumber, when I was suddenly awoke by the most fearful bellowings from the hut where Tim and the Kafir boy were reposing, and the former came rushing into my room, with a candle in one hand and a tremendous scorpion dangling from a piece of thread in the other. "The filthy baste!" exclaimed Tim quite in a state of nervous excitement, had dropped out of the thatch right over him in the bed, and "frightened his life and sowl out;" he had, however, managed to secure him, and now had come to deposit him with the rest of his companions, in the pickle bottle. Tim, when he saw where I was lying, shook his head with a broad grin; "Faith, sir," said he, "I thought you'd soon find them out; they're the rale divils here; but sure, sir, where you're lying is right over the ant-hape, and they bite like salamanders. You'll find this a mighty quare place intirely, and it is a pity St. Pathrick couldn't pay us a visit, as we'd give him plinty to do to get rid of the varmin." Tim, having put his scorpion properly into pickle, then retired, "wishing me a good mornin's rest, anyhow." I had not lain long, when by a certain pricking sensation over my legs, Tim's mention of the ant-heap began to strike me, and sure enough, to my great horror, I found a swarm of little black monsters covering the floor, and creeping over my legs, and plunging their sharp forceps most industriously into my flesh. The whole floor was, indeed, hardly anything else than an ant-heap. Finding it useless to try to sleep any longer, and dawn beginning to appear through the calico window-panes, I sprung up, and, tired and feverish, plunged my head and neck into a pail of cold water, which the night before Tim had left for my morning ablutions. Horrible to narrate, a swarm of the red ant, still more fierce and irascible than the black, had collected in thousands on the surface of the water, and when I emerged from my plunge, my hair, face, and half my body was covered with them, biting me in the greatest rage possible. I bellowed from the door to Tim, who again emerged from his hut, crying, "I knew yer honor would catch it on the flure; and why didn't I cover the water last night!" With his assistance, I at last freed myself from my persecutors, and donning my clothes, as it was now day-light, I proceeded to make a personal inspection of the outside regions,—Tim assuring me, bad as the "tormentin' bastes"

were, that in a few nights I'd soon get used to it,—they liked strangers;" and pointing to his master snoring away in the other room, as if such animals as the *cimex*, flea, cricket, or ant, red or black, never existed. Such, gentle reader, was the termination of my first night's repose in the commanding officer's quarters, Trumpeter's Post.

EPIGRAMS FROM MARTIAL.

VIII.—69.

In Vacerram.

Miraris veteres, Vacerra, solos
Nec laudas nisi mortuos poetas.
Ignoscas petimus, Vacerra: tanti
Non est ut placeam tibi, perire.

To a Critic.

With ancient fancies in your head,
You laud no poets, if not dead.
Excuse me, sir, your praise ranks high,
But for it I decline to die.

XII.—47.

In habentem varios mores.

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

To a Capricious Friend.

Wayward are you and most kindly,—pain at once and pleasure giving:
Live with you, I vow I cannot,—but without you there's no living!

XII.—25.

In Thelesinum.

Cum rogo te nummos sine pignore, Non habeo, inquis.
Idem, si pro me spondet agellus, habes;
Quod mihi non credis veteri, Thelesine, sodali,
Credis colliculis arboribusque meis.
Ecce reum Carus te detulit: adsit agellus.
Exsilii comitem quæris? agellus eat.

To a Capitalist.

On mortgage of my farm you'll grant, you say,
The sum that unsecured in vain I pray:
While you can't credit me, your oft-tried friend,
To my few trees and mounds you're glad to lend:
When next in trouble you a friend shall need,
Call me not then, invoke your mortgage deed!

III.—64.

Ad Cassianum.

Sirenas hilarem navigantium pœnam,
Blandasque mortes, gaudiumque crudele,
Quas nemo quondam deserebat auditas,
Fallax Ulysses dicitur reliquisse.
Non miror: illud, Cassiane, mirarer,
Si fabulantem Canium reliquisset.

On a Quidnunc.

Ulysses (ancient story saith)
Fled from the syren's song of death,
Safely passing rock and shore,
Which none had e'er escaped before.

But could he, were he living still,
And in this city risked a cruise,
Escape by dint of strength or skill
Paul Prosy, big with "latest news"?

IX.—10.

Ad Bithynicum.

Nil tibi legavit Fabius, Bithynice, cui tu
Annua, si memini, millia sena dabas.
Plus nulli dedit ille: queri, Bithynice, noli:
Annua legavit millia sena tibi.

To a disappointed Heir.

Old Gripe has left you nothing, whom you sent,
If I remember, fifty pounds each year?
With your good fortune, Ingrate, be content—
Has he not left you fifty pounds a year?

I.—17.

Ad Avitum.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura
Quæ legis hic: aliter non fit, Avite, liber.

On the Epigrams.

You'll find few good, some middling, many bad;—
On other terms my verses can't be had!

TRIANGULATION OF THE SOUTH-EAST BORDER OF THE COLONY.

A party of Royal Engineers, consisting of Lieut. Bailey, three non-commissioned officers, and eight men, have arrived from England, by the *Norman*, steam-packet, for the purpose of triangulating the south-east border of the colony, to establish geographical points, upon which to hinge an accurate hydrographical survey of the coast, from Cape L'Agulhas to the Fish River, or further, if desirable.

Most of our readers will know that we mean by a *geographical* point nothing more nor less than the latitude and longitude of a point on the earth's surface; simple enough apparently, but to fix one is easier said than done. The several steps are both troublesome and expensive; yet, in comparison with the destruction of ships, lives, and property, the expense is contemptible. In fact, an hydrographical chart, which is not a correct geographical chart, is something worse than a nuisance.

The proposed triangulation is facilitated by the following circumstance. In the year 1840, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty gave instructions for, and bore the expense of the measurement of an arc of the meridian at the Cape, for the purpose of settling a scientific question, relating to the dimensions and figure of the earth. The operation consisted in measuring a length on a pretty level plain, with the utmost practicable accuracy; which length formed a side of a triangle, and served for calculating the lengths of the sides of a chain of triangles, stretching from Cape L'Agulhas, round by Cape Point, to the vicinity of the Namaqua copper mines. Next, by astronomical observations, the latitudes and longitudes of the several angle points, and also their relative bearings and distances became known. These angle points are *geographical points*. Their distances from each other may be expressed in toises, metres, roods, fathoms, or any other denomination of units.

The Lords of the Admiralty, foreseeing the advantage which might be derived from the operation at any future time, instructed the director of the work to take steps for the permanent preservation of the points. Accordingly, each point as defined by a brass pin driven into a cylinder of lead, let into the rock that carried the theodolite, was covered with a high pile of stones, in the form of a truncated cone, and the then Governor of the colony (Sir George Napier) consigned their preservation to the inhabitants by proclamation.

The distances between the points afford base lines for triangulating in other directions; or, expressed in terms of another denomination, they save an outlay of at least £1000.

The arc triangulation between Cape Hanglip and L'Agulhas served as zeros for the valuable chart of that interval which was executed by Lieut. Dayman, shortly after the sad wreck of the *Birkenhead*, on Danger Point. From L'Agulhas to the frontier no zeros exist; and the Admiralty surveyor, who has been kept at the Cape, in expectation of a triangulation being effected for the purpose, has been serving rather in the character of jobbing carpenter, than a substantial builder,—waiting for the opportunity to do justice to our shores.

The triangulation requires two lines of stations, upon each of which a theodolite must be placed, and when passing along the inland or second line, a third still more inland may be intersected, fixing many points in the interior which would be found invaluable at any time that subsequent operations might be required, besides giving additional accuracy to the present work. Thus with little additional trouble, the chain of triangles may sweep over a belt of from ninety to one hundred miles broad, including (no offence meant) the most important and fertile tract of the colony and the postal route to the eastern frontier.

The intelligent and go-a-head part of the community will detect the many advantages which may be derived from this operation; and if a stimulus for action be needed, it will be obtained by a glance at similar proceedings in Europe, America, Australia, and India. It may be added, that amongst the many benefits to be realized from it, perhaps the most important to the interior of the colony is, that the points now to be laid down, being accurately fixed geographically, will afford the means of combining into one harmonious whole the various partial and disconnected surveys and sketches which have hitherto been the only topographical guide to the colony, and incorporating them into a map, whose relative bearings and distances will be more correct than any yet produced.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. IV.
HON. HARRY RIVERS, ESQ., TREASURER-GENERAL.

Mr. Rivers is one of the oldest living members of the colonial civil service. He was born at Bradmore, in Middlesex, in the year 1785; and has thus, though still in the active discharge of his official duties, attained to the ripe age of seventy-four.

In 1808, he entered the home civil service of the East India Company, in which he held responsible appointments. In 1813, during the discussion on the renewal of the Company's charter, he was actively and confidentially employed in conjunction with the late Sir Stamford Raffles, Peter Auber, Esq., and the present Sir James Melville, K.C.B. Three years afterwards, however, urgent invitations reached him from his brother-in-law, Henry Alexander, Esq., then colonial secretary at the Cape of Good Hope, with encouraging assurances of independence and prosperity being readily obtainable in the colony. He arrived at the Cape in 1816; and, in 1818, married Mrs. Campbell, widow of Lieut.-Colonel Ronald Campbell, and daughter of the late P. L. Cloete, Esq. The unexpected death of Mr. Alexander, which occurred in that year, proved unfavorable to Mr. Rivers' prospects, and he was accordingly induced to accept from the governor, Lord Charles Somerset, an offer of employment in the colonial service. The office to which he was first temporarily appointed was that of wharf-master of Table Bay.

Shortly after this, the British emigrant settlers, to the number of four thousand, arrived in the colony in March and April, 1820. They were forwarded, with all possible dispatch, to Algoa Bay, and thence conveyed by transport wagons inland to the Zuurveld, which then formed a subdistrict of the division of Uitenhage. It was soon found necessary by Sir Rufane Shawe Donkin, the acting governor, to constitute a new magistracy for Albany, and, on the 25th May, 1821, Major James Jones, then commandant on the frontier, was gazetted as the *pro tem.* landdrost. At the close of the same year, Lord Charles Somerset returned from England, resumed the government, and appointed Mr. Rivers as permanent landdrost in the new division. He continued there for the next three years. The duties of his office, however, were laborious and harassing. In the first place,

Hon. HARRY RIVERS, Esq.

great suffering still prevailed in consequence of the disastrous inroads of the Kafirs, and their attack upon Graham's Town itself in 1819. In addition to this, the misfortunes of the settlers for the first two or three years after their arrival on their locations were peculiarly distressing. The system of immigration, from the outset, was mismanaged, and forced on by the home authorities with reckless and perilous haste. The first intimation of the intention of his Majesty's government to encourage emigration to this colony reached the governor at the Cape in the month of November, 1825; and within a brief period of four months no fewer than four thousand souls had already arrived. They were provided for in Lower Albany with the utmost solicitude and care on the part of the government; but many of the settlers were inexperienced in the rough resources necessary for colonial agricultural life, and much of the land assigned to them was utterly inadequate for the support of the people located on it. Added to this were two successive seasons of blight, which completely destroyed the first fruits of their colonial toil; and famine threatened to destroy them from the land. The private generosity of benevolent men at the Cape—foremost among whom appear the names of Mr. Rutherfoord and the Rev. Dr. Philip—contributed largely to the relief of the disappointed sufferers; and the government, by direction of Lord Charles Somerset, exerted itself to the utmost to the same charitable purpose. Five hundred muids of the best Cape seed wheat, of the beardless sort—supposed to be that best capable of resisting the attack of blight—were forwarded to Albany; and Mr. Rivers, as landdrost, was instructed "to give this seed wheat to heads of parties, or settlers from England, located independently, but to no others, in such proportions as they may respectively require for the supply (by the produce) of what is requisite for the consumption of the persons located under each head of party." It was calculated that the produce would amount at least to five thousand muids, which, at two hundred and seventy pounds of bread per muid, would yield one million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds of bread, or a twelve months' consumption for upwards of three thousand three hundred persons. It may easily be imagined that this prospective relief did not suffice to remove existing dissatisfaction; and that "the whole congregation murmured against Moses and Aaron in their tents, and said ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger." A bitter, though simple, illustration of the feeling which prevailed will be found

in the following anecdote, communicated by a correspondent:—"A settler was convicted before the landdrost of some offence, and was sentenced to a few days' imprisonment on bread and water. The culprit proudly thanked his worship for having provided him with the two scarcest and most precious luxuries in the land!"

The murmuring of the people soon began to exhibit itself unmistakably by numerous public meetings held at Graham's Town, "for the purpose of petitioning the King and Parliament of Britain, for a redress of their grievances."* This sort of public demonstration was quite an anomaly in South Africa; and Lord Charles Somerset was not the man to permit the practice of it with impunity. On the 24th of May, 1822, a proclamation was issued accordingly, declaring all such meetings to be illegal, and those who should give attendance at them, to be guilty of a high misdemeanor. This, of course, exasperated afresh the newly-arrived Britons, many of whom had been accustomed to public petitioning and demonstrations in England, in favor of increased political and personal liberty; and Mr. Rivers, being the official representative of the Governor, and necessarily charged with the administration of his Excellency's decrees, incurred a liberal share of the resentful feeling which prevailed.

In the very midst of it, however, and in addition to all his other duties, he succeeded in organising an armed levy of the inhabitants of the district in 1822, for the defence of the territory against the Kafir enemy.

Ultimately, however, he was relieved of his unpleasant post, and in 1825 received the appointment of landdrost (subsequently civil commissioner) of Swellendam, then including Caledon, and extending from Hottentot's Holland to the Gouritz River, a distance of some hundred miles. It has since been subdivided into five separate magistracies. Mr. Rivers held that appointment for sixteen years; and besides the ordinary and laborious duties of his office, he was called upon to organize and conduct to the frontier the burgher and native levies of the division, for service in the Kafir war of 1834. This he accomplished, to the entire satisfaction of the then Governor, Sir Benjamin DU'rban, who in handsome terms acknowledged the activity and energy displayed by him on the occasion. Of his career generally, in Swellendam, during the period of his magistracy there, the following notes have been furnished to us by a correspondent:

"Although a Tory or Conservative in principle, and rather

* State of the Cape of Good Hope. By a Civil Servant, p. 236.

aristocratic in his manner, he was notwithstanding very highly esteemed by the inhabitants of Swellendam; and although various influences have co-operated to raise this division to its present standing, still the prosperity of the town and district may be safely dated from the period of Mr. Rivers' appointment. While living at Swellendam, he had quite the appearance and manners of an English squire of the olden times; and through his example, and that of Mrs. Rivers, a different tone was soon given to the state of society, which up to that period, had not been of the highest character. Mr. Rivers took much interest in the improvement and general welfare of the division over which he presided. The extension of roads occupied much of his attention, and any proposal for the improvement or advancement of education was sure to meet with his ready and cordial support. Through his influence, when on a visit to England, Port Beaufort and Mossel Bay were declared free ports. The hospitality of the Swellendam drostdy-house, while occupied by Mr. Rivers, was proverbial; and many a traveler and friend must still remember the pleasant hours spent in the old mansion, which the colonial government, some time ago, under the influence of a short-sighted economy, sold. The present flourishing town of Riversdale was named after Mr. Rivers, as a mark of respect from the inhabitants of that part of the division; and in the welfare of his namesake he has ever taken the liveliest interest. Previous to Mr. Rivers' leaving Swellendam, he was invited by the principal inhabitants to a public dinner. The consistory of the Dutch Reformed Church unanimously agreed to present him with an address, which was forwarded in the name of that body, by its president, Dr. Robertson, and from which the following are extracts:—

The consistory beg to convey to you the thanks of the community, for the protection, support, and liberal feelings, which you have uniformly manifested towards them, and, though they would be sorry to use towards any man the language of adulation, they consider it their duty to bear witness that you have endeavored to perform yours. The consistory hope that this their humble testimony may be satisfactory to yourself, and to those who have placed you in offices of trust, and that it may serve as an encouragement to others who may be placed in similar situations hereafter.

The consistory also embrace this opportunity of testifying, that whenever your official situation brought you into contact with the affairs of their church, you have evinced the greatest readiness to be of service; and though not a member of our community, your example has contributed much to produce that christian unanimity among the protestants of the district, which has enabled me in my ministerial capacity, to offer spiritual instruction and consolation to those who belong to other denominations of christians.

In the year 1842, in consideration of his services during a period of twenty-three years, attested by Governors Napier, D'Urban, and Cole, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies promoted him to the office of Treasurer and Accountant-General, at Cape Town. This post he has now held for a period of seventeen years more; and has discharged the duties of it unostentatiously, but efficiently throughout. In virtue of his office, he is a member of the Executive Council, and holds a seat in the Colonial Legislature, as one of the four official representatives of the Government.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The most noteworthy event connected with literature recorded in the intelligence received this month, is the centenary commemoration of Robert Burns. The twenty-fifth of January last was the hundredth anniversary of his birth; and the occasion was celebrated throughout the British islands, and in foreign lands as well wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue has penetrated, with most marvelous enthusiasm. The Cape appears to have been the only colony under the British crown that escaped the strange contagion. Our neighboring settlers in Natal, if we may judge from the reports that appeared in their papers at the time, got perfectly demented on the subject. The universality of the demonstration, however, has attested its sincerity. At the Crystal Palace, in London, where the movement was most pretentious and the actual achievements most meagre, it degenerated into a mere money-making speculation, to replenish the empty coffers of the company. The only really valuable fruit of it there was the admirable prize poem of Miss Isa Craig. The honor was awarded to her by no less competent judges than Monckton Milnes, Bon Gaultier, and Tom Taylor; and the ode itself, though it soon became fashionable to sneer at and condemn it, is a production of high poetic excellence. Our limited space does not permit us to present the whole of it here; the following stanzas appear to us the choicest:

A gentle boy—
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and suddenly joy—
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathise,
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn,
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain, and harvest heat,
He plods all day; returns at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield;—
To what else was he born?

The God-made king
Of every living thing;
(For his great heart in love could hold them all;)
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall—
Gifted to understand—
Knew it, and sought his hand:
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had bless'd and shelteréd.

To Nature's feast—
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertained him best—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
She drap'd with crimson and with gold
And poured her pure joy-wines
For him—the poet-soul'd!
For him her anthem roll'd
From the storm-wind among the winter pines
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A king must leave the feast, and lead the fight:
And with its mortal foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins—
Each human soul must close.
And Fame her trumpet blew
Before him—wrapp'd him in her purple state,
And made him mark for all the shafts of fate
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield,
Hard-press'd, and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soil'd;
His crown of half its jewels spoil'd—
He is a king for all!
Had he but stood aloof—
Had he array'd himself in armor—proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good! So those, the world calls wise—
With vain presumptuous hearts—
Triumphant moralise.

Public gatherings were held in London, Liverpool, and all the principal towns of England, to do honor to the poet's memory; but the most enthusiastic and successful assemblages, of course, were those held in the poet's own country. At the principal meeting in Glasgow Sir Archibald Alison presided, and spoke an oration eminently

Alisonian and florid; and was followed by such men as Monckton Milnes, Judge Halliburton (the eminent Sam Slick), Blanchard Jerrold, Peter Cunningham, and Colonel Burns, the poet's son. The scene was a brilliant one; the city hall was crowded with a vast assemblage; and most aptly came the remark from the son of Burns: "My mother once, I have been told, mentioned to Mr. McDiarmid, of Dumfries, that the poet had said to her, 'Aweel, Jean, a hundred years hence people will ken me better than they do now.'"

At Edinburgh, the demonstration made was equally brilliant and enthusiastic; and the speeches delivered assumed a somewhat higher tone and more discriminative character. But throughout the whole country, down to the remotest hamlet, a similar feeling prevailed, and lips never heard by the public ear before became eloquent for the nonce. Occasionally, a subdued protest was audible against Burns and the celebration of his memory, because his name, alas! was not a spotless one—because, as he tells us himself, "his passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils," and broke out, at times, in disastrous vices and in impious rhyme. Some sour-visaged critics condemned the man, and censured the honors paid to him as idolatry. The best reply will be found in the two following extracts. The first is from Lord Ardmillan's eloquent address at Edinburgh:

Of the moral character of Burns I must say a word. Let us not be misunderstood. I am no hero-worshipper, no unqualified eulogist of Burns; and the darker aspect of his character cannot be overlooked. There are few sadder subjects of contemplation than a noble, generous spirit like that of Burns, manly, tender, and true, full of the love of nature, of country, and of liberty, yet floating rudderless and helpless on the tide of life, till dashed on the fatal rocks which have wrecked so many of his countrymen. His lot, indeed, was cast on evil times. The tone of morality in his day was not pure or high; the tone of religion was cold, and hard, and low. To the prevailing devotion of his day, generally cold, frequently ascetic, sometimes hypocritical, there was an antagonism in Burns's nature. Genuine, practical, and loving piety might have charmed and won him. If, instead of the stern or the cold preachers who repelled his feelings and stimulated his opposition, there had met Burns a pastor in whose large and genial heart dwell love and sympathy as well as faithfulness, who, true to his own convictions, recognizes in others the rights of conscience, whose preaching and whose life present religion in her most attractive aspect, and whose imperishable memorial will be read in the statistics of diminished crime, in the testimony of reclaimed children,* and in the records of converted souls, who can tell what impression might have been made on him? He was not so fortunate. . . . But time has not passed in vain over the influence of Burns. As a mountain torrent, depositing its earthiness as it flows, comes after a long course to reflect the face of heaven on its bosom, time has cleared and mellowed the influence of Burns; like an old and rich wine, the coarse and impure particles have subsided, and we now rejoice only in the pure and generous qualities which remain.

* The pastor alluded to in this splendid panegyric is the well-known Dr. Guthrie

The second is from Burns himself:

> Then gently scan your fellow-man,
> Still gentler sister woman,
> Though they may gang a kenning wrang,
> To step aside is human.
> One point must still be greatly dark,
> The moving why they do it;
> And just as lamely can ye mark
> *How far, perhaps, they rue it.*

In connection with these celebrations, two interesting letters have been published from Lord Brougham and Thomas Carlyle, which are thoroughly characteristic of the men. Lord Brougham's communication was penned from his learned French retreat at Cannes, and was addressed to Lord Ardmillan, the president of the Edinburgh meeting. It is a lengthy and elaborate production, brimful of sagacious observations and learned remarks worthy of the octogenarian sage. He begins by expressing regret for his unavoidable absence from "a celebration which he considered to be the discharge of a duty, the payment of a debt to departed genius." He suggests, however, that it should be "turned to good account by drawing practical inferences from the subject of their contemplations." He accordingly enters into an elaborate disquisition on the influence exerted by Burns on Scottish character since his time, and then expatiates on the language which Burns employed. Some of his statements will be new to our readers:

But it is also fit that we should on this occasion consider in what language Burns' poems, at least by far the most celebrated, and the most justly celebrated, are written. It is the language, the pure and classical language of Scotland, which must on no account be regarded as a provincial dialect, any more than French was so regarded in the reign of Henry V, or Italian in that of the first Napoleon, or Greek under the Roman empire. Nor is it to be in any manner of way considered as a corruption of the Saxon: on the contrary, it contains much of the old and genuine Saxon, with an intermixture from the northern nations, as Dane and Norse, and some, though a small adoption, from the Celtic. But in whatever way composed, or from whatever sources arising, it is a national language, used by the whole people in their early years, by many learned and gifted persons throughout life, and in which are written the laws of the Scotch, their judicial proceedings, their ancient history, above all, their poetry. Its Saxon origin may be at once proved by the admitted fact that Barbour, Chaucer's contemporary, is more easily understood by an English reader at this day than the Saxon of the father of English poetry. The merits of the Scotch language are attested, as regards conciseness, by the brevity of the Scotch statutes compared with the English, and as regards clearness, by the fact that there has been much more frequent occasion for judicial interpretation of the latter than of the former. But the peculiar value of the language arises from the great body of national poetry entirely composed in it, both in very remote times and in those nearer our own day; and there can be no doubt that the English language, especially its poetical diction, would greatly gain by being enriched with a number, both of words and of phrases, or turns of expression, now peculiar to the Scotch. It was by such a process

that the Greek became the first of tongues, as well written as spoken. Nor can it be for a moment admitted that the Scotch has less claim to this partial adoption, than the Doric had to mingle with the Ionian; or the Æolic with the Attic.

And he adds, as a suggestion:

Would it not afford means of enriching and improving the English language if full and accurate glossaries of approved Scotch words and phrases, those successfully used by the best writers, both in prose and verse, were given with distinct explanation and reference to authorities? This has been done in France and other countries, where some dictionaries accompany the English, in some cases with Scotch synonyms, in others with varieties of expression. It may be hoped that the very learned person who is preparing an important philological work of the same description may incorporate with it the flowers at least of our northern Doric. Two of our most venerated names, those of Playfair and Stewart, may be cited; they were wont to express their desire to borrow some Scotch words as of great scientific use. In the judicial proceedings of Parliament we have, at least of late years, discountenanced all attempts at translating Scotch technical expressions into English. Let it be added that the greatest poet after Burns whom Scotland has produced (there wants no mention of T. Campbell) was wont to lament the inability of using his mother tongue with the mastery which he had so happily gained over a foreign language.

Carlyle's grim epistle is addressed to the editor of the *Ayr Observer*. It will sufficiently explain itself:

Chelsea, 2nd January, 1859.

Dear Sir,—I very much approve your and Mr. Milnes' notion about the Misses Begg, and I hope you will not fail to get it executed with all the energy and skill that are possible, and with corresponding success. Could all the eloquence that will be uttered over the world on the 25th next, or even all the tavern-bills that will be incurred, but convert themselves into solid cash for those two interesting persons, what a sum were there of benefit received, and of loss avoided, to all the parties concerned! I think, at least the question ought to be everywhere put, pointedly, yet with due politeness, wherever, in Scotland or elsewhere, there is an assemblage of men met to express their admiration, tragic pity, &c., for Burns, what amount of money they will give to save from indigence these two nieces of Burns? The answer, virtual answer, which this question got in 1842, threw a rather dismal light to me on such assemblages; but they ought to be tried again, with more direct emphasis; and very shame will perhaps force them to do something towards saving indigent merit on the one hand, and saving on the other what is too truly a frightful (though eloquent) expenditure of *pavement* to a certain *locality* we have all heard of! In much haste, I remain, yours truly.

T. Carlyle.

We have at last received a copy of the *Adventures of Mrs. Col. Somerset, in Kaffraria, during the war. Edited by J. D. Fenton.* The *Adventures* are clumsy fictions; "Mrs. Col. Somerset is a myth;" and the book altogether is something very like an impudent catch-penny. The preface of Mr. Editor Fenton announces that the "interesting narrative of Mrs. Col. Somerset's adventures in Kaffraria is compiled from

letters and notes placed in the keeping of a regimental schoolmaster. Having permission to make what use of them he pleased, he had them arranged during his stay at the Cape, in the form of a journal. This document fell under my eye, and my attention was so powerfully drawn to the contents of the little volume, that I could not refrain from soliciting permission to place it before the world in its present dress," &c. Mrs. Somerset is the wife of an Indian colonel, who visits the Cape with her children while her husband is campaigning somewhere on the Indian frontier. The date of her visit is not mentioned, nor in fact are any dates ventured on throughout the book. From the general tenor of the narrative, one would infer that the time spoken of must have been some forty years ago, only that we find Dr. Philip represented *then* as a venerable patriarch of hoary age! After some months' stay in Cape Town, Mrs. Somerset, with her two daughters, embark for India. The afternoon they sailed from Table Bay, "the horizon, now one mass of gold, deepened down to a blood-red crimson"—the presage of a coming storm—

For an instant Dr. Philip (who had conveyed them on board) turned his face towards it. When he looked at Helen (Mrs. Somerset) again a solemn pallor had spread over his features, and laying his hand upon his heart, he bowed his head.

"Oh God! have mercy upon my children" burst involuntarily from Helen's lips as a conviction flashed upon her that the presentiment was not mere imagination.

After this very melodramatic scene, we are quite prepared for the tragic events of the succeeding chapter, when the good ship *Abercromby* gets wrecked somewhere on the coast of Kafirland, when Helen's daughters, and all else, are supposed (erroneously) to have perished, and Helen herself is rescued in some very astonishing fashion by a Bushman or Kafir (we can scarcely very well understand which), who soon conveys her inland to the tribes of his people. After a vast variety of adventures, this Bushman, Andries, presents her to his king—

An old infirm man, who was seated upon a sort of platform, covered with skins, surrounded by his wives, who at once crowded round Helen, evincing the greatest wonder, mingled with exclamations of disgust and dislike; the cause evidently being a fear lest his majesty should choose Helen as his chief wife.

The king however loved peace, and being pretty well acquainted with the dispositions of his large family, thought better of it. After looking at the stranger with much the same air a countryman gazes at an Egyptian mummy in the British Museum, he presented her as an extra wife to the savage who had had the happiness to discover her, and dismissing the party, bade his ladies prepare supper.

The savage in question, however, does not seem anxious to avail himself of this royal gift, but introduces her to his bush-wife Zillah, in her native hut. The reception is thus described:

"You English lady, mam: I speak your tongue. You be dam welcome." At first Helen stared in the woman's face, utterly at a loss to

know where she was, but beginning to comprehend, and reading kindness in the ugly black face, she laid her weary and aching head upon the poor creature's shoulder, and wept bitterly.

"No cry so bad, mam; no sob and cry, you be safe. We good peoples in de bush. My man catch fish, when he can get him. We no hurt you, lubly white mam: we feed you and lub you ever so much."

"Thank God!" sobbed Helen.

"O, you God quite safe. My man tell me so. Here am is. Oh my stars! pretty little talky God; not ugly dam Fetish, like black fellows have."

The somewhat ambiguous civilization of Zillah is accounted for by the fact that she had been captured in early youth by the settlers, from whom in later years she had contrived to escape into her native wilds. Helen then passes through a series of wild adventures for the next eighteen months, and we are favored with most original descriptions of Kafir scenery, famine, hunts, social customs, and judicial proceedings.

Ultimately, an old servant of Colonel Somerset's, Alick Waugh by name, who has been for months in search of Helen through the wilds of Kafirland, falls in with her, and presents her with a letter, from which she learns that her liege lord, believing that she had perished, had married another wife—which, of course, adds some new melodramatic "situations" to the story. This ends, however, with her magnanimous resolve to keep the fact of her existence a profound secret from her husband, and thus save him and his family from the anguish she herself had determined to bear alone. She became, accordingly, the "mother doctor," missionary, and general oracular referee of the Kafir nation; and her mysterious fame, as such, extended as far as Cape Town itself. And then the war broke out, full of profoundly marvelous events; but which particular war it was, it is impossible to divine. From some incidents recorded, it must have been the outbreak of 1819, for we find that Graham's Town was attacked, and that Colonel Graham was one of the most distinguished officers of the day. But the war of 1819 it could not be, for Colonel Graham "was under the command of Generals Stockenstrom and Maitland!" and the Kafirs, after a successful attack on Graham's Town, pushed on to the capture of Fort Elizabeth. Sandilli, too, we find, is one of the most prominent actors in the whole transaction; and Sir Harry Smith's proclamation against him, denouncing him as an outlaw and a rebel, gave rise to the following appeal of the injured chieftain to his assembled cooncillors:

"Are my brothers stones? Have they no hearts or tongues? Can they be silent when the death song of their chief rises to the clouds? Can they listen to the triumph of the English chief, and watch his sword pierce?"

To which an old warrior responded:

"The great chief forgets the love of his warriors; they bled in the past, they will die in the future. It is anger that binds their tongues."

Sandilli's lip curled with a haughty smile.

"It is even so: Sandilli is content to live silently in the hearts of his warriors."

Among other Kafir characters sketched in the volume, we have Amakai, the daughter of Sandilli, "who had gone to join the Amazonian corps" fighting with the chief; and Macomo, of course, who figures in the most admirably pious and heroic guise.

At night the chief would come and beg Helen to read to him out of her book. This was her priceless bible; and ere many weeks passed, Helen found he could tell her almost all the leading points in our beautiful religion; and when she asked him if he loved the gods of the Kafirs better than the good God who made all, his simple reply told all he wished to know.

"I love 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'" And, as Macomo spoke he looked up to the sky; his expression speaking more openly than even his words had done.

The events, altogether, form the most heterogeneous jumble, heaped together in sublime indifference to anything like either historical veracity or artistic taste. And then, after the restoration of peace, we have a series of sporting sketches, in which Helen and the Princess Amakai pursue and massacre the most unheard of monsters. One of these was a brute yclept the borele. It seems new to science; but it is "certainly the most ferocious and implacable enemy in the wilds of Africa." Helen and Amakai had the misfortune to arouse one of these, and he forthwith, in spite of his apparent unwieldiness, gave chase. Amakai was the object of his pursuit; but for a while she dodged him with marvelous success. Ultimately—

Lookimg over her shoulder, she saw the animal's hideous face within a few yards; and, driven to desperation, she attempted a last expedient —the trial was for life or death.

Turning to the foot of a smooth rock, she ran directly towards it; and, leaning against it, waited.

The brute seemed surprised, and stopped short, to gaze at his prey; then, with a sort of roar, charged the spot. Helen would feign have turned her eyes away, but they were spell-bound. She saw the slight figure of the girl pressed against the hard rock—she saw the frightful monster dash towards her; then there was a fearful crash—a sort of roaring shriek, and the brute lay struggling in the grass, while Amakai flew like a bird along the valley, and was, next instant, clasping her arms round Helen's neck.

Her escape was truly wonderful. Blinded by rage, the brute had charged the solid rock; the girl slipped aside as he came on; with his whole strength concentrated, he had made his last charge, and his horn had given way, like glass, and his enormous skull had actually split open!

After this, the stories of mere lion-hunting are insipid, and our extracts must, therefore, cease. We must add, however, that in a highly romantic manner, Colonel Somerset in India became aware of his first wife's existence in Kaffraria. Mrs. Somerset, *secunda*, learned it soon after, of course; and, like an obliging woman as she was, died quietly out of the way within a few brief months. The colonel returns to Africa, accompanied by his children, who, after all, did *not* perish with

the *Abercromby;* they unite with Mrs. Somerset *prima* soon after; voyage home to England, and live happy, we presume, for the rest of their days. And this is the sort of rubbish which is published in England as a veracious volume price ten shillings and sixpence, and which has in a few weeks attained to the honors of a second edition.

A NEW work has just been issued from the press in Cape Town, which does credit alike to the author and to the colony. We refer to the *Manual of South African Geography*, by Mr. Hall, of the Royal Engineers, and published by Messrs. Saul Solomon & Co. It is an octavo volume of about two hundred pages; with an accurate outline map of South Africa, reduced, expressly for the work, from Mr. Hall's well-known large map; the whole neatly bound, and got up in a style equal to any English publication, and sold to the public at the marvelously low rate of three shillings. The subject-matter of the book is admirable, and next month we shall take an occasion of examining its contents at some length, and in detail. At present we have only space to state that Part I of it gives a general description of South Africa; that Part II describes the various divisions of South Africa severally; and that Part III furnishes a most admirable sketch of the physical geography of the country: its geology, hydrology, climate, and the form and distribution of its animal and vegetable life. To all this is added a valuable appendix, extending over upwards of fifty pages, and comprising tables of geographical nomenclature; of the height of the principal mountains; of the length, sources, courses, and resources of colonial rivers; of meteorological observations; of revenue, imports, and exports; of the distances from Cape Town; and of chronological events relating to the country, from the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians, in the time of Pharaoh Necho, almost to the arrival of the Egyptian steamer *Jeddah* in Table Bay a month ago. This last table is worth three times the cost of the whole book. It extends over twenty-six pages, and comprises a large amount of the most interesting, original, quaint historical information.

Mr. Hall certainly deserves the thanks of the community for his able, valuable, and most indefatigable exertions in the diffusion of really useful or otherwise unattainable knowledge, among the colonists, respecting themselves and the land they live in.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

THE attention of the commercial community of this city, and indeed of the principal towns in the country, has been, during the past month, most seriously directed to the pressure in the money market, and the almost total absence of discounts. The causes also of this scarceness have been sought for, and each inquirer seems to have a different theory of his own by which to account for it. We do not hold with those who give it as their opinion that the amount taken by the Government from the Cape Town banks, and which had been lodged there on account of the harbor board, has caused this tightness; for if £25,000 could so distress the banking operations of the colony, the monetary system of these institutions must be rotten in the extreme. But it is undoubtedly *one* of many causes

Another is the large quantity of specie which finds its way to the producers of grain, fruits, &c., by means of the morning market, usually crowded at this season of the year, and the transactions in which we estimate from the beginning of the year to the present time, at not less than from £150,000 to £180,000. Injury has also been done by the non-payment of specie into the banks day by day, as is the custom in times of ease.

Whilst the merchant or trader keeps himself comparatively free from the pressure by this means, it operates unfavorably in the bank parlors, where the amount of specie actually current seems by this means less than it really is. The Commissariat chest contains, we are credibly informed, a considerable sum of specie, received for the most part in payment of drafts on Her Majesty's treasury in London, purchased by the merchants here for remittance to Europe. This is out of ordinary circulation. If we add to these that large amounts of coin have been taken by foreign ships bound eastward, for the purchase there of produce for Europe, in return for their timber cargoes imported here, and that the value of these importations since the commencement of the season cannot have been less than £100,000, we think that we have accounted in the aggregate for the scarcity of specie. Do not let us be misunderstood as saying that the whole of these timber importations have been so paid for, but even one third would be a considerable addition to the amount accounted for.

We hope to resume the consideration of this subject on a future occasion; and if, in our modesty, we decline to point out a remedy, we may allude to the propositions of others, without its being imputed to us that we are foolish enough to think that we understand the currency question.

By His Excellency's speech, we are glad to learn that the preliminaries for the breakwater in Table Bay are in train; and that the Government engineer and contractor's agent are expected to arrive by the next mail steamer, in order to survey the bay and localities previous to the construction of the work. Two mercantile firms have undertaken the erection of a patent slip, to which we wish every success. The Simon's Town Dock Company is also in action. The railway works may be now said to be fairly commenced; as by the time this sheet is in the hands of our readers the first sod will have been turned by the Governor, in presence, probably, if the weather is favorable, of a large and distinguished assemblage.

Before Parliament the only bills introduced up to the present time, which affect the interests of commerce directly, have been one for amending the existing insolvent ordinance, the fate of which is undecided, and a bill for making void general securities, which was unfortunately lost by one vote. We predict that during the next session of Parliament, this vexed question will be set at rest, and that transactions of

this nature will be among the things that were. Remembered with regret, they may be, but by one class only,—that which has benefited by the system, to the detriment of the honest trader.

The demand for money, for current wants, has very much interfered with business, and little of a speculative character has been undertaken. A few purchases for the frontier may be mentioned as exceptions to the otherwise dull state of trade; but these were evidently made for the purpose of meeting current demands. Coffee may be said to have improved about 1s. 6d. to 2s. per 100 lbs., with a gradually decreasing stock. Of Mauritius sugar there is a large quantity in the market; and this has been increased during the last month by the importation in vessels under repair of sugars which will probably have to be disposed of, either as damaged or to pay expenses.

White rice is not procurable, except at extreme rates, and that in very small quantities; 36s. to 40s. are the nominal prices. Brown rice is, in consequence of the scarceness of the above, coming into general use; and although ordinarily within 3s. to 5s. of the price of best white table may now be quoted at nearly one half, or 20s. to 22s.

Coals are becoming scarce; and unless importations arrive shortly, any steamers which may arrive will probably have to pay heavily for the article. Deals, although in considerable demand, have, owing to large supplies, receded at least ¼d. to ⅜d. per foot, since last month. The public works in progress will, we trust, add much to the consumption.

The news by the last mail was encouraging for the producers and shippers of wine; and it is desirable that the favorable opinion in which the vintage of this colony is now held should not be disturbed by the supply of produce of low quality to the London wine merchant. Much satisfaction was evinced at the very large quantity which was sampled for the Agricultural show; and that the prize, in one instance, was carried off by a tyro in wine-farming. We should like to see the Paarl, Drakenstein, Stellenbosch, Worcester, Montagu, and Riebeck's Kasteel farmers make the prizes more worth contending for, and carrying them away into their own districts, to encourage farther emulation. We happen to know what good wine they can make in some of these localities.

Freights have been a little more animated during the month, although still low. Several guano charters have been taken from the islands to the Mauritius, at from 25s. to 27s. 6d. per ton. For London, a decline in the freights on wine has taken place, and 7s. 6d. may be quoted. As the Mauritius shipping market opens, however, we look for an improvement here.

The demand for bills on England has been checked, by the difficulty of obtaining specie to pay for them. Treasury paper is still at 1 per cent premium.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM.

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing the receipt, this month, of an extensive contribution from the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society in Calcutta.

Three of the nine cases received have been unpacked, and many of the animals, being already mounted, have been placed in our rooms. Among the larger specimens noted are two Bengal tigers (male and female); three Asiatic leopards; a bear and cub; a tapir; three neelghao, or blue antelopes (male, female, and calf); several monkeys, lemurs, genettes, kangaroos, &c. There is also an extensive collection of horns, among which are three fine heads of the Indian buffalo.

Mr. A. V. Jackson, of Nel's Poort, has sent us a remarkably fine fuscus hyæna, of which he says that, having killed twenty-six of these animals, he has never seen one approaching to this one in size. He has likewise sent us a specimen of the black vulture, *L'Ouricou* of Le Vaillant and several other useful additions.

His Excellency Sir George Grey has presented to the institution a model of the state barge made by order of Her Majesty the Queen, for presentation to the late Imaum of Muscat. The present Sultan of Zanzibar visited the *Castor* in this state barge, and presented the model to Admiral Trotter. An amusing anecdote was told us at Zanzibar, in connection with this model. Admiral Ben Hames, whose name will be familiar to many of our readers, was the bearer of it from Her Majesty to the Sultan. The admiral was fond of relating wonderful stories—

> For round the world the blade has been
> And seen whatever's to be seen.

Among others, he said all the great folks in England rowed about in "boats, just like that." "What," exclaimed some of his hearers, "like that!" pointing to the model, of which some of the side sheathing is left wanting, to show the structure. "Just so," was the reply, "and the richer they are, the more planks are left out."

The collection of birds is now being arranged in the new case prepared for it. As yet, a general classification can only be partially attempted, as the loss of space consequent on the varied sizes of the small number of examples we possess, in many of the genera, would be too great. All the families, as far as the grallatores have been classed, and one other day's work will suffice to complete the entire arrangements. The ticketing will then be proceeded with; and, if time permit, a catalogue will be commenced. Materials for a complete catalogue of the mammalia, birds, reptiles, and mollusca of South Africa have been accumulating for three or four years, and nothing but the limited time at my disposal has prevented its publication.

E. L. LAYARD, Curator.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR FEBRUARY, 1859.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, $1^h\ 34^m$, $5^h\ 34^m$, $9^h\ 34^m$, $17^h\ 34^m$, $21^h\ 34^m$, Cape Mean Time.
Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Fah.	Thermometers.				Dew Point.	Humid. of Air. Sat. = 100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky. in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Force.	Direction.		
Feb.	inch.	°	°	°	°			inch.			inch.	
1	29·765	65·72	60·38	73·3	58·8	56·06	72·4	29·305	1·5	W ½ S	0·494	7·2
2	29·974	63·06	55·04	69·0	57·2	48·34	59·4	29·633	0·8	SSW		3·3
3	30·000	64·84	57·14	71·0	59·6	50·84	61·2	29·627	1·6	SSW		1·2
4	30·025	67·82	60·14	74·0	61·0	54·14	62·8	29·604	1·8	S b E		0·8
5	30·017	67·36	60·42	73·0	62·8	54·94	65·0	29·584	4·8	S		0·6
6	29·906	68·72	63·56	75·0	64·2	59·58	73·2	29·396	6·3	S ½ E		1·0
7	29·996	66·72	60·38	73·0	60·2	55·34	67·4	29·557	5·9	S ½ E		1·8
8	30·023	68·30	60·40	72·0	64·5	54·22	61·2	29·601	6·6	S ½ W		0·7
9	30·064	65·72	60·08	73·0	60·2	55·52	70·4	29·622	7·3	S		4·0
10	29·966	65·90	60·08	71·8	61·0	55·40	69·8	29·526	6·2	S		0·7
11	29·820	67·86	62·06	72·8	63·2	57·50	70·0	29·346	5·6	S		0·6
12	29·799	67·72	63·30	74·2	63·8	59·82	76·0	29·282	4·7	SSW ½ W		1·6
13	29·910	68·26	64·24	80·0	61·0	61·12	78·8	29·368	0·6	W		8·0
14	29·958	66·30	60·34	79·0	56·2	55·66	69·6	29·514	0·4	WNW		5·5
15	29·960	68·54	61·58	75·0	62·3	56·22	66·0	29·506	1·6	SW ½ W	·023	1·9
16	29·952	71·80	66·02	79·0	67·3	61·74	71·6	29·400	3·6	S ½ E		1·6
17	30·002	71·82	64·76	75·0	68·0	59·50	65·6	29·493	6·9	S b W		1·0
18	29·827	70·30	63·02	83·0	59·5	57·58	65·4	29·351	3·2	SW b W		1·6
19	29·830	62·98	60·20	69·5	58·0	57·90	83·6	29·349	1·7	NW ½ N	·055	6·4
20	29·948	66·18	60·44	75·5	58·7	56·06	72·8	29·497	0·7	SW ½ W	·015	2·5
21	30·026	70·26	62·32	76·2	63·3	56·36	62·2	29·571	3·9	S ½ W		1.4
22	29·830	71·04	63·06	80·0	62·2	57·06	61·8	29·364	4·7	SW ½ W		0·4
23	29·823	64·50	61·74	74·8	59·6	59·54	85·2	29·313	2·4	NW ½ W		6·4
24	29·995	64·64	58·90	72·4	57·7	54·28	70·6	29·569	1·5	W b S	·377	3·4
25	30·139	65·06	56·54	70·0	59·7	49·60	57·8	29·783	3·8	S ¾ E		1·3
26	30·052	68·32	60·20	73·8	64·0	53·90	60·2	29·636	4·6	S ½ E		1·6
27	29·925	68·52	62·84	74·0	63·3	58·44	70·8	29·435	4·4	S ¾ E		4·2
28	29·984	68·02	59·22	73·5	63·0	52·38	58·0	29·588	5·4	S ½ W		1·1
											Sum,	
Mean,	29·947	67·37	61·01	74·4	61·4	56·04	68·17	29·494	3·7	SW bS ¼ S	0·964	2·6

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

		A M h m 5·34	A.M. h m 9·34	P.M. h m 1·34	P. M. h m 5·34	P.M. h m 9·34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°.	inches	29·938	29·968	29·943	29·927	29·959	30·173	29·706
,, Press. of dry air,	,,	29·503	29·516	29·478	29·467	29·503	29·810	29·138
Thermom.—Dry bulb.	degrees	62·78	69·21	72·55	68·36	63·94	81·0	57·5
,, Wet bulb.	,,	58·47	61·73	63·53	61·66	59·69	68·3	52·0
Humidity of the air.	p. cent.	76·29	63·75	58·00	66·36	76·46	97·0	44·4
Dew Point.	degrees	54·85	55·97	56·81	56·41	56·15	63·6	45·6

GEORGE MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CIRCUIT DELIGHTS.

WHETHER the ancients who invented the Mythology (which Dr. Lempriere teaches to all young gentlemen studying classics), were particularly lazy people, and regarded toil as the greatest of evils, or not, I will not presume to decide; but as they always made the pains and penalties of their infernal regions to consist in the performance of never-ending tasks, I am disposed to think that they were not fond of too much exertion. The Greeks of the present day are notoriously lazy fellows, and perhaps the Greeks of old (though very poetical, and of infinite taste) were not much more fond of hard work. To them, at all events, the life of a South African advocate would have appeared to make a near approach to the unbearably disagreeable. We are not sure whether they might not, in concocting new infernal punishments, have condemned naughty people to be advocates down below, and to travel perpetual circuits. If so, they would have been only a degree more merciful than Her Majesty's Government at the Cape, which has condemned that unhappy class of men to travel about ten months out of the twelve.

A circuit in England is a pleasant affair, combining business and pleasure, recreation and profit. It used to be rather expensive, certainly, before railways were invented, as every man was obliged to travel with post-horses, for fear of the contamination of attorneys in stage coaches. Fresh men on circuit usually spent ten times as much as they earned; or, rather (as ten times nothing are nothing), they spent on each circuit a great deal more than they earned in the first half dozen years of their practice (?) at the bar. Railways have curtailed the expenses, and a man may now go the northern circuit without absolutely ruining himself or his "governor." He must still take private lodgings and avoid hotels, and still join the bar-mess, which is not the most economical of all modes of dining, though an exceedingly pleasant one; in fact, it would be difficult to find

better, merrier, and more intellectual society than that which is assembled at the mess in an English assize town.

We manage things very differently in South Africa—would I could add that we managed them more pleasantly! Of all the dreadful inventions to torture poor sinners (as, of course, all lawyers are), a Cape circuit seems the worst. Villainous roads, horrible accommodation, shocking fare, the slowest of paces, and the most extravagant charges,—these are only a portion of the evils and discomforts to be met with. Dangers to life and limbs are common enough, and the chances of being starved in the wilderness, smashed over a precipice, drowned in a river, or shot by a Kafir, are not so remote as to be classed among things ridiculously improbable.

Let me give a few of my experiences in this year of grace, 1859. The newspapers were full of accounts of tremendous hailstorms, which were not exaggerated, because it would have been next to impossible to exaggerate the truth. The clouds pelted us with ice cricket balls—that's all. The ice cricket balls smashed most things they came in contact with, including a few human, and a great many cattle, skulls.

Some time afterwards, I had the misfortune to find a farmer's house perfectly full when I reached it at sundown. The farmer was a good fellow, and was very sorry to refuse me accommodation, but he had literally none to give me. Another farmer, however, happened to be present, and offered me shelter in his house hard by. The offer was accepted gratefully; but when we reached my new friend's quarters, I was certainly a little bit surprised at them. The sitting-room was frightfully close, and was occupied by pigs, fowls, dogs, a young jackass, an old vrouw, and three or four black girls. I suspect the owner had never possessed, or at all events never learnt the use of, a broom. I did see some water during my sojourn in the house, but no soap; and I suspect the host would have been as much puzzled to comprehend what that useful manufacture really was, as a certain custom-house officer on an Italian frontier, who once wanted to seize my half-used cake of Old Brown Windsor, as a dangerous and revolutionary something or other. I am pretty well seasoned myself, but the "compound of villainous odors" pervading my worthy host's mansion was far from pleasant, and to a certain fair companion of mine, suggested much worse horrors than even those of a ship's hold, a heavy sea, and a head wind. Our bed I refrain from describing, because I have neither *eau de Cologne* or *eau de vie* at hand. We drove off in the morning, Madame pale and faint, and Monsieur happy enough to swallow the fresh breezes once

more. Still I thanked our good host for his real kindness—for he evidently had no notion that his apartments were not as sweet as all the "delicious odors from the balmy shores of Araby the blest" could make them.

These little accidents are rather common than otherwise on a South African circuit. One gets used to them, and adopts a kind of stoic philosophy which disregards them. I can take my bed in a boer's house, without criticising the color of the sheets, or speculating as to the probability of "B flats," or "F sharps," being the more likely accompaniments of the night.

But we have occasionally less agreeable adventures than these. On a recent occasion, we put up at a house of accommodation, which is commonly called a "smuggling shop," because the proprietor has no license, though he sells as much liquor as almost any canteen-keeper in the colony. Government, in its wisdom, refuses to license any house in this place, lest it should corrupt the morals of the people. The consequence is, the "smuggling shop," kept by a man and his wife, who were both very drunk when we first arrived, and became afterwards so helplessly and speechlessly so, that one (the lady) fell asleep, lying flat on a stone stoep at the back of a house, and the other tumbled into some dirty corner where he snored till daylight, both leaving their guests to shift for themselves. I may remark, that if Government licensed a house, there would be forthwith a respectable hotel for travelers; but as "morality" forbids Government to do that, travelers are left to the tender mercies of a couple of drunkards, and a smuggling shop supplies filthy liquor to all the abandoned of both sexes who require it.

I do not like to say much about roads, because the subject is too hackneyed; and every one knows that a drive on the frontier roads is about as pleasant as attempting to guide a tandem over the neck of land between Table Mountain and the Devil's Peak, and about as safe too. But there is one bit of road, which, from its extraordinary atrocity (I can find no other words for it), I must refer to. It is called Bushman's Hoek. The custom is to get a farmer who lives a short distance from the foot of the mountain to supply you with horses or oxen to drag you up the road. But how shall I describe the road itself? It is impossible to do it; for it is ten times more horrible than words can paint it. Your cart springs from rock to rock with bounds, each of which threatens to smash the frail structure to atoms. Your horses toil and pant, and slip and snort; your coachman halloos, and whistles, and swears, and whips, and slashes; your leader

tugs and pulls, and jumps aside and forward; your conductor (a right good fellow) tells you that "Jones's wagon went over here,"—that is, into a precipice of four hundred feet; and "Tomkins's here," and some one else's there. At two or three points, if you had sporting propensities, you might be inclined to take very moderate odds as to whether your cart would capsize or not; and at *one* place, I think, in fairness, you ought to *give* the odds, as it appears to be far more natural for anything in the world on wheels to topple over rather than to maintain its equilibrium.

The necks of advocates are, of course, unworthy of all consideration; but perhaps those of judges may be of some slight consequence to the nation; and I would, therefore, suggest, that as they are now to expose them three times, where they formerly exposed them twice, they should receive some additional salary, by way of compensation, as I presume that they are paid to some extent in consideration of the bodily perils they are exposed to.

On one part of our route, we met with something much more novel than anything I have hitherto related. At a certain little town there were three or four cases of small-pox among colored people in hospital. These were kept carefully secluded from the rest of the town, in which the disease had really not made its appearance. Yet so great was the alarm of the brave boers (those fine fellows who were to drive the English out of the colony with their long *roers*), that nearly every one of those summoned as jurymen and witnesses, positively refused to attend the court, and were fined in consequence. In addition to this, unpleasant rumors reached our ears that these gentry in the country barricaded their houses against every traveler, lest he should bring the infection with him.

We left the little town, carrying, I believe, no infection in our pockets. Towards evening we came to a spot where two roads branch off. That to the left was *our* road, and led past the house of a boer to whom we did not intend to pay our respects on the present occasion. But across the road which I call *ours*, were placed some large stones, as if to intimate that it was impassable. So we took the right hand, and only discovered, when too late to retrace our steps, in the darkness, that it was the wrong one. The house we sought was nowhere to be found; in short, we had been purposely sent astray by the bold boer, who thought it better to mislead all the travelers in the country, than to expose his house to the least chance of a visit from any one. However, we had to flounder on in the dark, till we heard the

barking of dogs, and discovered some Fingo huts. An intelligent fellow of that race came at our call, and informed us that we certainly were off our right road, and not likely to find it again; that the only house near at hand was a perfectly empty, uninhabited one, of which he had the keys, and to the use of which we were perfectly welcome. As it was a question of roof or no roof, we gladly accepted the offer. The door of the house was opened, and we entered in deep darkness; then we lighted some wax matches, and began by their aid to explore the mansion. Mud floors through which the ants had raised many a heap, and bare walls, were all that met our eyes, except those of the lady of the party, who saw and pounced upon a heap of broken wood and an old rush mat. The former was soon kindled into a fire, and the latter made a dais or seat of state. Then it turned out that one of the servants had a piece of candle, which was a very grand discovery. We were compelled to undergo the painful operation of swallowing a bottle of beer, in order to turn the bottle into a candlestick.

Another discovery was made—a couple of boards nailed together, the rude commencement of a door. This was to be our table. The kettle was boiled, the provisions were produced from our respective stores, the "board" was spread, and we ate like hungry travelers as we were, the men very happy, and the lady the happiest of the party—happier than on the night when the pigs, jackass, and villainous odors prevented her from resting. We men congratulated ourselves that the doppers were a set of ignorant curs; we smoked our cheroots on the stoep (the lady did *not* join in this), under a splendid sky; we laughed, and made atrocious puns, and told queer stories, and wondered what our learned brethren of the northern circuit would think of our mess; we took a glass of schiedam (I don't know whether the lady did), and then we prepared our couches. The mud floor, a railway wrapper, and a carpet bag, supplied bed, bedding, and pillow. Yet, somehow, we slept, and woke at daylight tolerably refreshed, though a little bit stiff about the hip bones.

We had exhausted our provisions, and so it became necessary to make our way to a farmer's house for breakfast. We reached one; but as we approached, bang went doors and bolts, and we were barred out. A furious attack on the door panels from the combined forces brought a young man to the door. We seized him cordially by the hand to his intense horror, and rushed into the room. A cry of dismay was heard in an adjoining chamber, and "curses not loud but

deep" from an old vrouw, who anathematized us all for coming and bringing infection there. As for the offending man who had unwittingly admitted us, the moment he returned to the bosom of his family in the next room, he was locked up by himself and properly lectured and sworn at for the enormity of his crime.

After waiting in vain for food (and we were getting ravenous), we tried to attack other entrances, but we were unable to force them. At last a very black messenger appeared, and keeping a long way off, suggested that if we went into another room outside, "misses" would send us some breakfast. But, fortunately, we had heard "misses" say, "Get them out anyhow, and then lock them out." So determining not to be trapped, we gave warning, through the black herald, that we would stay where we were (all day even) till food was brought to us. We were perfectly well aware that they would not venture into the same room with us, and so we had no fear of being forcibly ejected. Our message was received with dire wrath; but after a time the enemy gave in—provisions were sent to us—we devoured them—we paid for them honestly—and we drove away in triumph. We had beaten Mynheer Dopper on his own dunghill. By the way, the "oude baas," when he heard that one of the party had resolved to shake hands with him, rushed out at the back door, made his way up a rocky hill at the back of his house, and was seen no more while we remained at his place.

What else may be in store for us, I know not. We have just heard of the brutal murder of the civil commissioner of a neighboring district, with the field cornet. But as our disasters have been only of the serio-comic character, I will not believe that really serious ones are in store for us. Besides, it is always dangerous to attack a lawyer, and seldom worth while either. So I trust that the rest of our adventures will be no worse than these our past CIRCUIT DELIGHTS.

A. W. C.

HEINE'S POETICAL WORKS.

PART II.

"THE merit of Heine's lyrics has long been acknowledged. Heine is a poet, a poet in the most genuine acceptation of the word, a *creative* genius, a singer who sets everything into motion with his Amphion's lyre. When we read a poem of Heine's, what may be called sound-figures form themselves out of each word; the letters become flowers, the flowers

letters—an entire Grecian god-world arises. Everything lives around us. The trees become men, the men gods, the gods again trees, and so on in an eternal change of creation. Like Chamisso's Dervise, he anoints our eyes with magic salve, and we see the gold in the shafts of the mountains; we become even Sunday-children (fairy-children), and we see all the elves, and gnomes, and kobolds of the elements. The 'Book of Songs' is also a book of metamorphoses, the book of transformations. Now we may mourn with the 'Pine-tree on the bare height;' now we go devoutly with the 'Pilgrimage to Kevlaar;' then again we listen to the song of the Lorè, and hear 'what with the singing of the Lorely befel;' and again to the death-song of the 'Two Grenadiers.' Then we walk with Donna Clara, in the gardens of Granada; then, again, we see the 'letters of fire' in the hall of 'Belshazzar.' We are by turns, Greeks, Christians, Jews Indians; we see of everything, only the beautiful, the sublime. And how wonderfully the language bends itself to the thoughts! each picture has the proper coloring, each song the right melody, each contemplation the tablature befitting it. The gold of the German language is worked up into the smallest jewels, sometimes in antique, sometimes in modern fashion; the whole riches of the language are shown to us in thousand-fold combinations—all the melody that reposes in it. Now we glide away upon joyous dactyls, now we are rocked upon the 'sea of blue thoughts,' to the oar-stroke of trochees; then, again, we see-saw upon the elephant-back of the Indian rhythm."

It is related of Rubens, that with a few strokes of his brush, he made a weeping child out of a laughing one. In Heine we see the like. The old, the eternally new theme of love, is varied in every way. It is not the "*suspiro tritustre*" of Petrarch. Ah no! the sighs are interrupted by laughter—Petrarch's complainings alternate with Guarini's triflings. Now it is the classic love, "heaven-high exulting, afflicted to death," the *editio princeps*, love in folio with its sea-deep sorrow and heaven-high beatitudes; now it appears in the pocket-book formation, with gilt edges—small dramas, monologue-dialogues, trifling poutings, coquetting Cupids with arrows of wit."*

"Youthful sorrows" is the first portion of Heine's "Book of Songs," of which specimens of another portion, entitled "The Return Home," were given in a former paper. "Youthful Sorrows," as its name implies, was Heine's earliest work, and was written between the years 1817

* Extract from the preface to the second edition.

and 1821. "The Two Grenadiers" was written in Heine's sixteenth year, the Emperor Napoleon being at that time one of the gods of his idolatry. "Youthful Sorrows" is divided into several parts—dream-pictures, songs, ballads, and sonnets. The translator has not thought it worth while to observe this subdivision in his selections, as he has not been able to do what he considers sufficient justice to each separate part, and has been obliged to pass by the sonnets altogether, until a future time when he may have acquired more leisure and more experience. He is not sure, however, that the sonnets here alluded to have any particular merit. But he distrusts his critical powers, and is unwilling to break a lance with the friendly critic, who understands Heine's genius and language better than he can ever hope to do, but with whom he occupies a common ground of union in the hearty appreciation of Heine's muse.

I.

I dreamt of love's wild fever long ago,
Of lovely locks, of mignionette and myrtle,
Of lips too sweet such bitter words to hurtle,
Of plaintive strains from plaintive songs that flow.

Past are those dreams, and fled away those times,
And faded is the cherish'd form ideal!
And nought is left me, save, with passion real
What once I poured forth in tender rhymes.

Thou tarriest, orphan'd song! now may'st thou wend,
And seek the dreamy form, that prov'd so fleeting,
And having found her, give her this, my greeting,
To the airy shadow, airy breath I send.

II.

A dream, a fearful dream by night,
Made up of horror and delight;
Still haunts me many an awful form,
Still surges in my heart the storm.

It was a garden wondrous fair,
I thought to take my pleasure there;
Around me many flowers, and bright,
Look'd up, and fill'd me with delight.

The little birds, my head above,
Sang joyous melodies of love;
The cheerful sun, with golden showers,
Painted of various hues the flowers.

From plants, sweet airs of fragrance flow,
Softly and kind the breezes blow;
And all things beautiful and bright,
To pleasure and to mirth invite.

Within this blooming flower-land,
I saw a marble fountain stand;
And by it knelt a maiden fair,
Washing a piece of linen there.

Her cheeks so sweet, her eyes so mild,
She seem'd of heaven a fair-hair'd child;
And as I view'd the maid, I saw
That I had known her once before.

The lovely maid works hastily,
She sings a song so tastily;
"Ripple, ripple, water bright,
And wash for me this linen white."

The maiden, then, I went unto,
And whispered softly, "Tell me true,
Thou maiden, beautiful and bright,
For whom dost wash that linen white?"

Then spake she quick, then spake she loud:
"Prepare, I wash for thee thy shroud."
And when she thus had scarcely spoke,
The vision vanish'd into smoke.

Again enchanted, soon I stood
Within a savage gloomy wood;
The tree-tops reach'd the heavens, methought;
I stood amaz'd, and thought and thought.

And hark! a sound like axe's stroke,
The hollow forest-echoes woke;
I ran through bush and brake apace,
And came unto an open space.

Upon this island in the wood,
A mighty oak all lonely stood;
And lo! the maiden busily
Was chopping at the old oak tree.

Stroke upon stroke, without delay
She swings the axe, and hums this lay:
"Iron bright, thou must not rest,
Make me quick an oaken chest."

The maiden, then, I went unto,
And whispered softly, "Tell me true,
Thou maiden, beautiful and fair,
Whose is the box thou makest there?"

"The time is short," she quickly spake:
"It is thy coffin that I make!"
And when she thus had scarcely spoke,
The vision melted into smoke.

Around, the weary, weary heath
Lay bleak and bare my feet beneath;
I knew not how, I knew not why,
But strangely shuddering, there stood I.

I look'd behind me, and before,
And something white at length I saw;
I ran thereto, with might and main,
And lo! the lovely maid again!

Upon the heath there stood the maid,
And dug the earth with an iron spade;
To look on her I hardly dare,
She was so dread, and yet so fair.

The lovely maid works hastily,
She sings a song so tastily:
"Little spade, little spade, sharp and bright,
Dig me a grave with all your might."

The maiden, then, I went unto,
And whispered softly, "Tell me true,
Thou maiden, beautiful and fair,
What means the grave thou diggest there?"

Then spake she quick, "Be still, I have
Dug here for thee a nice cool grave."
And as the lovely maid replied,
A horrid pit there opened wide.

When down the pit I tried to peep,
My flesh with fear began to creep;
An unseen hand, with sudden stroke,
Push'd me therein—and I awoke.

V.

What drives my blood in maddening flow,
Why flames my heart in wildest glow;
My blood, it boils, and foams, and fumes,
And fiercest heat my heart consumes.

A dream that bodes me little good,
Has made to seethe and boil my blood;
There came the gloomy son of night,
And dragged me forth by weird might.

He brought me to a lighted house,
In which was held a wild carouse;
With torches' glare, and dance and din,
I reach'd the hall, and stept therein.

It was a joyous marriage feast,
Around sat many a merry guest,
And when the bridal pair I spied,
O woe! my sweet-heart was the bride!

It was my love, and she was bride,
A stranger man sat by her side;
I made no sigh, but stept aside,
Behind the rais'd seat of the bride.

The music play'd, but still stood I,
'Twas grief to me those sounds of joy;
The bride she looked so highly blest,
Her little hands the bridegroom prest.

The bridegroom fills his goblet high,
And drinks, and hands it tenderly
Unto the bride, who smiles a thank,—
O woe! 'twas my red blood she drank.

The bride she took an apple fair,
And gave it to the bridegroom there;
He took his knife, and cut it through,—
O woe! it cut my heart in two.

They lovingly each other eyed,
The bridegroom bold, embraced the bride;
And quickly gave her kisses three,—
Oh woe! 'twas icy Death kist me.

My tongue lay in my mouth like lead,
And never a single word I said,
A murmur rose, they clear the floor,
The bride and bridegroom dance before.

And as I stood, corpse-like, and still,
The dancers round began to reel;
Something the bridegroom whispered gay,
The bride, she blush'd, but said not nay.—

IX.

I lay and slept, and sweetly slept,
Remorse and grief were fled;
There came to me, all in a dream,
A bright and peerless maid.

She was as white as marble-stone,
And strangely weirdly fair;
Like unto pearls her eyes they shone,
And weirdly wav'd her hair.

And gently, gently mov'd herself,
The white-as-marble maid;
And on my heart she laid herself,
The white-as-marble maid.

How burns my heart like fire, and heaves
And beats with joy and woe!
The fair one's heart is cold as ice,
It beats and heaves not so.

"What, though my heart is cold as ice,
Nor heaves nor beats with love;
Still I can feel its mighty power,
And all its pleasure prove.

"Though blooms upon my cheek no red,
Streams through my heart no blood,
Yet struggle not, nor be afraid,
For then I'm kind and good."

She strained me wildly in her arms,
And made me sore afraid;
Then crew the cock—and vanish'd quick,
The white-as-marble maid.

IV.

O lay thy hand on my heart, my dear,
How it knocks in that chamber small,—dost hear?
There lodges a carpenter, ugly to see,
Who is busy making a coffin for me.

By night and by day such a noise he will keep,
With his hammering and knocking, that I cannot sleep.
Ah! master carpenter, prithee make haste,
For weary I am, and would fain go to rest.

VII.

Hill and castle down are glancing,
Mirror'd in the chrystal Rhine,
And my boat is gaily dancing,
Dancing in the bright sunshine.

Of the waves, in curling motion,
Peacefully I watch the play;
Silently awake the feelings
That within my bosom lay.

Though the glory of the river
Downward lures me, well I know,
Bright above and fair however,
Death and night are hid below.

Stream thou art the lov'd one's image,
Joy above, within deceit!
She too can so friendly greet me,
She can also smile so sweet.

IX.

With roses and cypress, and inlaid gold,
I would fairly and fondly adorn and infold
This book, like unto a holy shrine,
And lay within it these songs of mine.

O would I could bury the love in my breast!
On love's grave alone grows the flowret of rest;
There it blossoms and blooms, there it gather'd may be,—
But when I'm in the grave, 'twill bloom only for me.

Here now are the songs which so wildly once glow'd,
Like red lava streams, that from Etna have flow'd,
They rose and gush'd forth from the soul's deepest bed,
And many bright sparkles around them they spread.

Now misty and pale, and like to the dead,
Silent they lie in their narrow bed;
But again they shall glow, when over their grave,
The spirit of love its wings shall wave.

When its dew is shed, it will life impart
To the aspirations within my heart,
If this little book shall reach thy hand,
Thou sweetest Love, in a foreign land.

Then the charm of the song shall loosed be,
And the letters pale shall look at thee,
Look prayerfully into thy lovely eyes,
And whisper love's sorrowful melodies.

THE MOUNTAIN-VOICE.

A rider rides through the mountain vale,
  To dreary thoughts a slave:
Ah! go I now to my sweetheart's arms,
  Or down to the gloomy grave?
The mountain voice for answer gave:
To the gloomy grave!

And further rides the rider still,
  A deep sigh heaves his breast:
If then I must to the grave so soon,
  Well—in the grave is rest.
Assent the mountain voice exprest:
In the grave is rest!

A sorrow-laden tear there roll'd
  Down the rider's cheeks so pale;
If there only be rest in the grave for me,
  So in the grave 'tis well.
The voice's hollow echoes fell:
In the grave 'tis well!

THE GRENADIERS.

Two Grenadiers, weary and lame,
  From Russia to France were returning,
And when into German quarters they came,
  Their joy was chang'd into mourning.

For there they heard the people say;
  That Europe 'gainst France had risen,
That routed and gone was the *grande armée*—
  And the Emperor, the Emperor in prison.

Then wept together the two Grenadiers,
In heavy grief and mourning;
Said one: "I cannot help my tears,
How my old wound is burning!"

"The song is sung out," the other said:
"And life no longer I cherish,
But my wife and child, at home I dread,
Without my help will perish."

"What's wife to me, what's child to me,
To think of them now is treason:
Let them go beg, if they hungry should be,—
My Emperor, my Emperor's in prison!

"Grant me, my comrade, this one request,
If I now should die by chance,
O take my body and lay it to rest,
In the pleasant soil of France.

"The cross of honor, and scarlet band,
Shalt thou lay my heart upon;
And my musket give me into my hand,
And my good sword gird it on.

"And so like a sentry for evermore,
In my narrow bed, and damp,
I will lie, 'till I hear the cannon's loud roar,
And of neighing steeds the tramp.

"And when my Emperor rides over my grave,
And swords shall glitter and rattle;
Then, then I shall rise up out of my grave,—
For the Emperor, the Emperor to battle."

DON RAMIRO.

Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Warmly lov'd for many a year!
Hast resolv'd on my destruction,
Hast resolv'd it without pity.

Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Ah! the gift of life is pleasant!
But beneath us it is fearsome,
In the grave, the cold and gloomy.

Clara! joy for thee to-morrow,
Shall Fernando at the altar
Proudly greet thee as thy husband—
Wilt invite me to the wedding?

Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
Cruel are thy words and bitter,
More bitter than the cruel sentence
Of the stars which thwart my wishes.

Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
Of thy gloomy mood, now rid thee;
On the earth are many maidens,—
God, alas! has us two parted.

Don Ramiro, thou who bravely
Hast o'ercome so many Moors;
'Tis thyself thou now must vanquish,—
Come to-morrow to my wedding.

Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
I will come, yes, yes—I swear it!
I will dance a measure with thee;—
Good night, good night, I come to-morrow.

"Fare thee well!" the window clatter'd
'Neath it, sighing, stood Ramiro;
Stood a long time, like a statue
At length vanish'd in the darkness.—

At length, after weary wrestling,
Must the night too yield to morning;
Like a varied flower-garden
Lies Toledo, far extended.

Noble palaces, and buildings,
Glimmer brightly in the sunshine;
And the churches' high cupolas,
Glitter stately, as if gilded.

Like a bee swarm, humming, humming,
Are the festive bells resounding;
Songs of praise and prayer rise lovely,
From the many holy churches.

But behold! behold! how yonder,
Yonder from the market-chapel;
To and fro in wavy tumult,
Streams the varied crowd of people.

Stately knights and gracious ladies,
All the courtiers festive glittering,
And the bells they ring out clearly,
And the organ peals between whiles.

Yielding to them with obeisance,
In the people's midst advancing,
Stately step the youthful couple
Donna Clara, Don Fernando.

To the bridegroom's palace-entrance,
Whirls itself the throng of people;
There the marriage fete commences,
Splendid, after ancient customs.

Tournament and free carousing
Alternate 'mid loud rejoicings;
Quickly fly away the hours,
Till the night sinks down in darkness

In the great hall for the dancing,
Soon the wedding guests assemble;
And their varied garments sparkle,
In the light of many candles.

On the lofty seats of honor
Set themselves the bride and bridegroom,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando,
And they interchange sweet converse.

In the hall are gaily rolling
To and fro the human billows;
And the kettle-drums are beaten,
And the noisy trumpets shatter.

"Tell me then, O lovely lady,
Why thy glances are directed
Yonder to the hall's far corner?"
Thus, astonish'd, spake the bridegroom.

"See'st thou not there, Don Fernando,
Yonder man in pitch-black mantle?"
And the knight, he smiles and answers,
"Pooh! that's nothing but a shadow."

But the shadow in the mantle,
Was a man who now approaches;
And Ramiro recognizing,
Clara greets him, warmly glowing.

And the dance began already,
Joyously the dancers round it,
In the waltzes' wildest circles,
And the floor, it groans and trembles.

"To the dancing, Don Ramiro,
Would I thee with pleasure follow,
But in such a pitch-black mantle,
Shouldest thou have not come hither."

Strangely, with fix'd eyes, and piercing,
Looks Ramiro on the fair one,
Her embracing, says he darkly:
"Saidest not I should come hither?"

Then into the mazy tumult,
Press and squeeze themselves the couple;
And the kettle-drums are beaten,
And the noisy trumpets shatter.

"Wherefore are thy cheeks so snow white?"
Whispers Clara, strangely trembling.
"Saidest not I should come hither?"
Was the dull and hollow answer.

In the hall the candles twinkle,
Through the flowing stream of people;
And the kettle-drums are beaten,
And the noisy trumpets shatter.

"Wherefore are thy hands so ice cold?"
Clara whispers, coldly shudd'ring.
"Saidest not I should come hither?"
And they drift into the eddy.

"Leave me! leave me! Don Ramiro!
For thy breath is like a corpse's!"
But again, the darksome answer,
"Saidest not I should come hither?"

Smoking seems the floor, and glowing,
And the fiddles strike up gaily;
Like a web of magic weaving,
Everything seems turning dizzy.

"Leave me! leave me! Don Ramiro!"
Whimpers Clara 'midst the tumult.
Still Ramiro answers only:
"Saidest not I should come hither?"

"Then, in God's name, now avaunt thee!"
Clara cried with solemn accents,
And the word was hardly spoken,
When had vanish'd Don Ramiro.

Clara stiffens, death in visage,
And she swoons, by night surrounded;
And her gentle spirit visits,
For awhile, the realms of darkness.

Yields at last the misty slumber,
And she opens wide her eyelids;
But a new surprise is like to
Seal them up again more closely.

From the time began the dancing,
From her seat she had not risen;
And she sits still by the bridegroom,
Anxiously the knight entreats her:

"Speak, why are thy cheeks so death-like?
Wherefore is thine eye so troubl'd?"
"Ah! Ramiro?"—stutters Clara,
And her tongue was lam'd by horror.

But the bridegroom's brows are folded
Into stern and solemn furrows;
"Lady, ask not news so bloody—
Died to-day at noon, Ramiro."

BELSHAZZAR.

The midnight hour was drawing on;
In silent rest lay Babylon.

Only above, in the royal house,
The torches glare, and the lords carouse.

For there above, in the royal hall,
Belshazzar is holding high festival.

In glittering ranks the courtiers shine,
And empty the goblets of sparkling wine.

The courtiers' shouts, and the goblets' ring,
Sound right well to the stubborn king.

In the monarch's cheek the red wine glows,
With the wine his haughty spirit grows.

And madly and blindly, with sinful words,
He reviles Jehovah, the Lord of lords.

He boldly blasphemes in his foolish pride,
And the courtiers applaud him on every side.

And crying aloud, with a glance of scorn,
The servants hasten, and quick return.

They bear on their heads the vessels of gold,
That were robb'd from Jehovah's temple of old.

With impious hand the monarch grim,
Seizes a goblet fill'd up to the brim.

And he empties it quickly the ground upon,
And cries aloud in a mocking tone:

"Jehovah, I give thee eternal scorn,—
I am the king of Babylon!"

But scarce had the accents died away,
When a secret fear on his soul there lay.

The laughter was hush'd, each held his breath,
In the royal hall 'twas still as death,

And lo! and lo! in that royal hall,
A hand came forth on the whitened wall.

And the hand on the whitened wall did write,
Letters of fire—then vanish'd outright.

The king sat gazing, and ill at ease,
With death-pale visage and trembling knees.

Through the crowd of courtiers a shudder ran,
Nor utter a sound dared any man.

Of all the king's magicians who came,
Not one could read those words of flame.

But that night cut off, in his pomp and pride,
By his servants' hands Belshazzar died.

THE MINSTRELS.

To the joust of song the minstrels'
  Eager steps to-day are bent;
Aye, it is a curious contest,
  A most wondrous tournament!

Fancy, foaming, bounding wildly,
  Is the minstrel's battle-steed;
Art, his never-failing shield is,
  The Word, his weapon, good at need.

From the carpeted balcony
  Lovely ladies look adown,
But the right one is not yonder,
  With the proper laurel crown.

Other people when they venture
  In the lists, are whole and sound,
But we hapless minstrels enter
  There at first with deadly wound.

And he, from whose heart's recesses,
  Blood-of-songs most freely drains,
He is victor, and the highest
  Praise from loveliest lips obtains.

SALT-PANS AND SALINES.

In the fourth volume, and twenty-third number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, was published a very interesting account of the Cape Flats, as well as some practical and most useful information on forest trees; and though, in the conclusion, where the necessity of draining in particular situations is referred to, a slap is made at those who, like myself, are decided advocates for irrigation on a large scale, the fact stated with regard to a piece of land near River Zonder End, which had become impregnated with saline matter, and unproductive after having been overflown, during an unusual fall of rain, is one which is well worthy of reflection; and, had I not been too busily otherwise employed, I should before now have drawn attention to the absence of anything like a tolerable theory of the sources whence the salt in our natural salt-pans or lakes is derived.

Barrow, after starting the supposition that the south-east wind carries the spray of the sea inland, in the shape of a thick mist, depositing the salt on the ground, from whence it is carried in solution to lakes or reservoirs for re-evaporation and crystallization, immediately refutes his own theory, by mentioning the existence of pools of fresh water, close to some of these salt lakes, as well as the existence of salt-pans in the interior, far from the sea-coast. He next endeavors to solve the difficulty by supposing the water in the Swartkop's river salt-pan, to come in contact with a stratum of rock-salt. Our traveler, who does not attempt to

give the scientific name of the rock down to which he had caused to be dug, leaves us under the impression that the substratum of rock-salt cannot be situated much lower than four feet from the surface. Lichtenstein, who draws attention to the luxuriant vegetation on the margin of the lake, mentioning the *portulacaria afra* as seemingly in its true home, had not perhaps inspected the smaller salt-pans in the division of Swellendam, on whose immediate borders the very same shrubs grow which are found in the proximity of the fresh-water *vleys*, or small lakes, in the same neighborhood. Unlike the larger one at Algoa Bay, these smaller salt-pans are only temporarily filled with water; indeed, both travelers had instances of such pans before them close to the great Zwartkop's pan. And it must be more in allusion to these temporary pools that Lichtenstein says: "The name salt-pan is very appropriate, since the sun and the wind do here what in salt-works is done by art in flat copper pans over a fire." He proceeds to say: "Barrow's first idea upon these salt-lakes, I must wholly reject:" adding, "it scarcely deserves to be dwelt upon." Yet Lichtenstein adds no theory of his own as to the source whence the salt in the temporary pans is obtained, which the rain water first becomes saturated with, and then leaves crystallized after evaporation.

Burchell, from whom I take the liberty of quoting more largely, says:

"It is from an extensive, and, as is said, inexhaustible *salt-lake*, situated at about a day's journey to the southward of this (salt-pan ford), that the Hottentots of Klaarwater, and the natives of these regions, are supplied with this necessary article. The fact of ponds or small lakes of salt water being found so far inland, at a distance from all communication with the sea, is one which must strike every person as remarkable. The cause of it cannot, without absurdity, be supposed to exist in the climate or the atmosphere; since they are found in the vicinity of ponds and springs, the waters of which are perfectly fresh. They afford very good proof of the existence, within the earth, of a stratum of *rock-salt*, which, if not at too great a depth, might prove, if worked, to be no inconsiderable treasure to the inhabitants, when civilization shall have taught them its full value, and rendered it indispensable. These salt-lakes exist in various and very distant situations, far in the interior of this continent, as well as near the sea-coast. They are often solitary, though sometimes several are found within a short distance of each other, the most northern of

which I have been able to gain any intelligence is one about the tventy-seventh degree of latitude, eastward of *Litakoo.*"*

This writer therefore agrees with Barrow in asserting the probable existence of strata of rock-salt at a certain depth, but evidently supposes that depth to be so considerable as to make it doubtful whether such a mine would be worth working. I find nothing in the shape of a theory started by Thunberg, though a scientific man; and taking Burchell's to be the most likely one, the question remains, how is the salt, from the bowels of the earth, brought to the surface, in order to be mixed with the rain-water (for the smaller temporary pans only produce salt in those years when they become filled by showers of rain).

I can conceive of only one mode, which is, that the rain water descending till it gets into contact with the supposed substratum of salt, and becoming saturated, may possibly re-ascend, by capillary attraction, through the intervening sandy and other strata, and after undergoing evaporation, through the agency of wind and heat, leave the crystals of salt deposited at the bottom of the pans; but, I confess I am not certain in how far this mere guess would militate against the most modern theories respecting the laws of capillary attraction: whether, for instance, the heavier fluid would not be less likely to be attracted by the interior surface of a supposed natural capillary tube, than that possessing the lesser specific gravity. At all events, I give our scientific men what is generally called a nut to crack.

Mr. Wylie's published geological survey is almost restricted to Namaqualand, and when speaking of the brackishness of Karroo soil, he seems to take it for granted that all Karroo ground is unproductive, owing to superabundance of saline; whilst it would appear, from the warping sediment deposited on the banks of the Olifant river in George, and in many other places, that these salts (whatever they may be) cause that productiveness in the soil which is exhibited whenever a stream of water can be led over it, distinguishing it very obviously from soils formed by the designation of quartzose rocks, and known by the colonial name of *berg-veld*, or mountain soil.

It may perhaps be presumption in me to regret that the colonial geologist has not felt called upon to publish his views, from time to time, in this *Magazine*, or some other periodical, so that many of us might have had an opportunity of drawing his attention to such facts and phenomena

* Probably the great salt-lake of Livingstone and other modern travelers.

as daily come under the eye of the common observer. In this manner, the humblest amongst us might have aided in those researches which, we doubt not, will one day be fully published to the world, and prove of novel and undoubted interest to the cause of science.

Mr. George Thomson, in speaking of a great salt-pan or lake between the Hantam and the Orange river, then called the Bushman country, says: "When the occasional torrents of rain fall, it must be one sheet of water, and there can be no question, I apprehend, that this and similar collections of salt in South Africa are occasioned by the sudden and heavy rains washing off from the surface of the adjoining country the innumerable saline particles, with which the earth is everywhere impregnated, into these natural reservoirs."

Now, that a saline of some sort (though I am not sure that it is muriate of soda, or even that it contains muriate of soda) is certainly, as your correspondent above alluded to rightly supposes, brought by rain water from the surrounding country, the brackish plants and absence of other vegetation in the bottoms of many kloofs, and at the sides of many temporary rivers, sufficiently prove; but I have never observed this to happen, except where the country thus washed and drained, consisted principally of slate formation; and I am sorry to say, the question I have so often put has not yet been answered. Can any geologist or chemist tell us whether there is any difference in the composition of our clay slate and that of the ordinary formations in Europe?

Presuming, therefore, that the waters which inundated the land at River Zonder End were brought from the ruggens side of the river,—even allowing (which I do not) the possibility of great danger from irrigation by means of dam or rain water, collected in the ruggens, I contend that if the River Zonder End were dammed up, near the *French Hoek*, the mountain water collected from quartz and similar rocks would no more make *Bredasdorp*, if the River Zonder End could be led there, like a city strewed with salt and doomed to desolation, than any other village now and for years irrigated and kept fruitful by mountain streams.

I remain of the same opinion I ever held, and which I was among the foremost to advocate as far back as when the first agricultural journal was published here, namely, that without irrigation on a large scale, you never can have a very dense population, you never can grow grain to a very large extent, at a low rate; and my belief is, that a million of money spent by the colony on works for irrigation only

(disencumbering the question altogether from that of canal navigation), would be a profitable investment. We might begin with this very River Zonder End of which the writer speaks; and the best initiation the Government could propose would be, the appointment of a commission to inspect and lay down levels from certain portions of such rivers as are likely to cover with their waters the largest and most productive areas. In the extract published by me, from Captain Baird Smith's work, in the first volume of the *Magazine*, I have shown that in Italy, by means of *winter meadows*, they manage to keep fifty cows on seventeen morgen of land. We have as fine a climate as that of Italy, but you pay more for fresh butter by a great deal.

In conclusion, I would merely add that I find the attempt to explain the origin of vast layers of rock-salt, mentioned by Lyell, who refers to Miller, not very satisfactory in all cases. Major Harris's work on Abyssina is quoted. I have not seen it, but as that officer must have had opportunities of seeing some of the most remarkable of our South African salt-lakes, also, there may be valuable observations on the subject in his work.

F. W. Reitz.

METEOROLOGY.

Tables for facilitating the calculation, from the indications of the dry and wet bulb thermometers, the DEW POINT, the TENSION, or ELASTIC FORCE of aqueous vapor suspended in the atmosphere; and the HUMIDITY of the atmosphere—complete saturation being reckoned 100.

THE temperatures are in terms of Fahrenheit's thermometer; and the elastic force of vapor is expressed in inches of the barometric column.

Table 1. The dew point table has been derived from simultaneous comparisons of the wet and dry-bulb thermometers, with Daniel's hygrometer.

Table 2. The elastic force of aqueous vapor is deduced from elaborate experiments by M. Regnault.

Table 3. The humidity table has been calculated from tables 1 and 2, by dividing the numbers expressing the elastic force of vapor at the temperature of the dew point, by the elastic force of vapor at the temperature of the air, and multiplying the quotient by 100.

The method of using the tables is as follows:—Suppose the reading of the dry-bulb thermometer, which expresses

the temperature of the open air to be 66°·4; and of the wet-bulb thermometer, placed about six inches from the dry-bulb, to be 57°·6. The difference is 8°·8.

Opposite to 66°, and under the difference 8°, in table 1, is 14°·48, and under tenths of degrees 1°·45, then 14·48 + 1°·45 = 15°·9 (neglecting decimals under tenths); subtracting 15°·9 from 66°·4, the remainder (50°·5) is the temperature of the dew point.

The same result would be obtained by multiplying the value for 1° opposite to 66°, by the difference, thus— 1·81 × 8·8 = 15°·9, which subtracted as before from 66°·4, gives 50°·5 for the dew point. Both methods should be employed for greater security against arithmetical error.

Having calculated the dew point, the elastic force or *tension* is obtained from table 2, by simple inspection. Thus, parallel with temperature 50°, and under the decimal ·5, we find ·367 inch for the corresponding elastic force of aqueous vapor. And if the barometer reading at the time of observation be diminished by ·367, the remainder will represent the pressure of the dry air alone. For example, if the barometer indicated 30·322 inches, then 29·965 would represent the weight or pressure of the dry oxygen and nitrogen.

Next, entering table 3, with the reading of the dry-bulb thermometer, and the difference between it and the reading of the wet-bulb, we find parallel to 66° and under the difference 8°, the number ·60; also the change for 1° of difference is 4°, therefore the change for 0°·8 is 4 × ·8 = 3, which subtracted from 60, gives 57 for the *humidity*. The calculation may be made, by annexing two ciphers to the elastic force, corresponding to the dew point, and dividing by the elastic force corresponding to the dry bulb or temperature of the air. Thus, $\frac{36700}{648} = 57$. As in calculating the dew point, both methods should be employed for security.

For a second example, suppose the temperature indicated by the dry-bulb to be 80°·8, and of the wet-bulb 64°; the difference 16°·8. Barometer 29·965 inches.

Table 1. Parallel with dry bulb 80°·8, or 81°.

For difference of	10°	16°·80
„ „	6°	10°·88
„ „	0°·8	1°·34
	16°·8 =	28°·2
Dry-bulb		80°·8
Temperature of dew point =		52°·6

Table 1.—DEW POINT.

(ARGUMENT—DRY AND WET BULB DIFFERENCES).

Dry.	1°	2°	3°	4°	5°	6°	7°	8°	9°	10°	·1	·2	·3	·4	·5	·6	·7	·8	·9
											TENTHS OF DEGREES.								
°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°	°									
40	2·29	4·58	6·87	9·16	11·45	13·74	16·03	18·32	20·61	22·90	·23	·46	·69	·92	1·15	1·37	1·60	1·83	2·06
41	2·26	4·52	6·78	9·04	11·30	13·56	15·82	18·08	20·34	22·60	·23	·45	·68	·90	1·13	1·36	1·58	1·81	2·03
42	2·23	4·46	6·69	8·92	11·15	13·38	15·61	17·84	20·07	22·30	·22	·45	·67	·89	1·12	1·34	1·56	1·78	2·01
43	2·20	4·40	6·60	8·80	11·00	13·20	15·40	17·60	19·80	22·00	·22	·44	·66	·88	1·10	1·32	1·54	1·76	1·98
44	2·18	4·36	6·54	8·72	10·90	13·08	15·26	17·44	19·62	21·80	·22	·44	·65	·87	1·09	1·31	1·53	1·74	1·96
45	2·16	4·32	6·48	8·64	10·80	12·96	15·12	17·28	19·44	21·60	·22	·43	·65	·86	1·08	1·30	1·51	1·73	1·94
46	2·14	4·28	6·42	8·56	10·70	12·84	14·98	17·12	19·26	21·40	·21	·43	·64	·86	1·07	1·28	1·50	1·71	1·93
47	2·12	4·24	6·36	8·48	10·60	12·72	14·84	16·96	19·08	21·20	·21	·42	·64	·85	1·06	1·27	1·48	1·70	1·91
48	2·10	4·20	6·30	8·48	10·50	12·60	14·70	16·80	18·90	21·00	·21	·42	·63	·84	1·05	1·26	1·47	1·68	1·89
49	2·08	4·16	6·24	8·32	10·40	12·48	14·56	16·64	18·72	20·80	·21	·42	·62	·83	1·04	1·25	1·46	1·66	1·87
50	2·06	4·12	6·18	8·24	10·30	12·36	14·42	16·48	18·54	20·60	·21	·41	·62	·82	1·03	1·24	1·44	1·65	1·85
51	2·04	4·08	6·12	8·16	10·20	12·24	14·28	16·32	18·36	20·40	·20	·41	·61	·82	1·02	1·22	1·43	1·63	1·84
52	2·02	4·04	6·06	8·08	10·10	12·12	14·14	06·16	18·18	20·20	·20	·40	·61	·81	1·01	1·21	1·41	1·62	1·82
53	2·00	4·00	6·00	8·00	10·00	12·00	14·00	16·00	18·00	20·00	·20	·40	·60	·80	1·00	1·20	1·40	1·60	1·80
54	1·98	3·96	5·94	7·92	9·90	11·88	13·86	15·84	17·82	19·80	·20	·40	·59	·79	·99	1·19	1·39	1·58	1·78
55	1·96	3·92	5·88	7·84	9·80	11·76	13·72	15·68	17·64	19·60	·20	·39	·59	·78	·98	1·18	1·37	1·57	1·76
56	1·94	3·88	5·82	7·76	9·70	11·64	13·58	15·52	17·46	19·40	·19	·39	·58	·78	·97	1·16	1·36	1·55	1·75
57	1·92	3·84	5·76	7·68	9·60	11·52	13·44	15·36	17·28	19·20	·19	·38	·58	·77	·96	1·15	1·34	1·54	1·73
58	1·90	3·80	5·70	7·60	9·50	11·40	13·30	15·20	17·10	19·00	·19	·38	·57	·76	·95	1·14	1·33	1·52	1·71
59	1·89	3·78	5·67	7·56	9·45	11·34	13·23	15·12	17·01	18·90	·19	·38	·57	·76	·95	1·13	1·32	1·51	1·70
60	1·88	3·76	5·64	7·52	9·40	11·28	13·16	15·04	16·92	18·80	·19	·38	·56	·75	·94	1·13	1·32	1·50	1·69
61	1·87	3·74	5·61	7·48	9·35	11·22	13·09	14·96	16·83	18·70	·19	·37	·56	·75	·94	1·12	1·31	1·50	1·68
62	1·86	3·72	5·58	7·44	9·30	11·16	13·02	14·88	16·74	18·60	·19	·37	·56	·74	·93	1·12	1·30	1·49	1·67
63	1·85	3·70	5·55	7·40	9·25	11·10	12·95	14·80	16·65	18·50	·19	·37	·56	·74	·93	1·11	1·30	1·48	1·67
64	1·83	3·66	5·49	7·32	9·15	10·98	12·81	14·64	16·47	18·30	·18	·37	·55	·73	·92	1·10	1·28	1·46	1·65
65	1·82	3·64	5·46	7·28	9·10	10·92	12·74	14·56	16·38	18·20	·18	·36	·55	·73	·91	1·09	1·27	1·46	1·64
66	1·81	3·62	5·43	7·24	9·05	10·86	12·67	14·48	16·29	18·10	·18	·36	·54	·72	·91	1·09	1·27	1·45	1·63
67	1·80	3·60	5·40	7·20	9·00	10·80	12·60	14·40	16·20	18·00	·18	·36	·54	·72	·90	1·08	1·26	1·44	1·62
68	1·79	3·58	5·37	7·16	8·95	10·74	12·53	14·32	16·11	17·90	·18	·36	·54	·72	·90	1·07	1·25	1·43	1·61
69	1·78	3·56	5·34	7·12	8·90	10·68	12·46	14·24	16·02	17·80	·18	·36	·53	·71	·89	1·07	1·25	1·42	1·60
70	1·77	3·54	5·31	7·08	8·85	10·62	12·39	14·16	15·93	17·70	·18	·35	·53	·71	·89	1·06	1·24	1·42	1·59
71	1·76	3·52	5·28	7·04	8·80	10·56	12·32	14·08	15·84	17·60	·18	·35	·53	·70	·88	1·06	1·23	1·41	1·58
72	1·75	3·50	5·25	7·00	8·75	10·50	12·25	14·00	15·75	17·50	·18	·35	·53	·70	·88	1·05	1·23	1·40	1·58
73	1·74	3·48	5·22	6·96	8·70	10·44	12·18	13·92	15·66	17·40	·17	·35	·52	·70	·87	1·04	1·22	1·39	1·57
74	1·73	3·46	5·19	6·92	8·65	10·38	12·11	13·84	15·57	17·30	·17	·35	·52	·69	·87	1·04	1·21	1·38	1·56
75	1·72	3·44	5·16	6·88	8·60	10·32	12·04	13·76	15·48	17·20	·17	·34	·52	·69	·86	1·03	1·20	1·38	1·55
76	1·71	3·42	5·13	6·84	8·55	10·26	11·97	13·68	15·39	17·10	·17	·34	·51	·68	·86	1·03	1·20	1·37	1·54
77	1·70	3·40	5·10	6·80	8·50	10·20	11·90	13·60	15·30	17·00	·17	·34	·51	·68	·85	1·02	1·19	1·36	1·53
78	1·69	3·38	5·07	6·76	8·45	10·14	11·83	13·52	15·21	16·90	·17	·34	·51	·68	·85	1·01	1·18	1·35	1·52
79	1·69	3·38	5·07	6·76	8·45	10·14	11·83	13·52	15·21	16·90	·17	·34	·51	·68	·85	1·01	1·18	1·35	1·52
80	1·68	3·36	5·04	6·72	8·40	10·08	11·76	13·44	15·12	16·80	·17	·34	·50	·67	·84	1·01	1·18	1·34	1·51
81	1·68	3·36	5·04	6·72	8·40	10·08	11·76	13·44	15·12	16·80	·17	·34	·50	·67	·84	1·01	1·18	1·34	1·51
82	1·67	3·34	5·01	6·68	8·35	10·02	11·69	13·36	15·03	16·70	·17	·33	·50	·67	·84	1·00	1·17	1·34	1·50
83	1·67	3·34	5·01	6·68	8·35	10·02	11·69	13·36	15·03	16·70	·17	·33	·50	·67	·84	1·00	1·17	1·34	1·50
84	1·66	3·32	4·98	6·64	8·30	9·96	11·62	13·28	14·94	16·60	·17	·33	·50	·66	·83	1·00	1·16	1·33	1·49
85	1·65	3·30	4·95	6·60	8·25	9·90	11·55	13·20	14·85	16·50	·17	·33	·50	·66	·83	·99	1·16	1·32	1·49
86	1·65	3·30	4·95	6·60	8·25	9·90	11·55	13·20	14·85	16·50	·17	·33	·50	·66	·83	·99	1·16	1·32	1·49
87	1·64	3·28	4·92	6·56	8·20	9·84	11·48	13·12	14·76	16·40	·16	·33	·49	·66	·82	·98	1·15	1·31	1·48
88	1·64	3·28	4·92	6·56	8·20	9·84	11·48	13·12	14·76	16·40	·16	·33	·49	·66	·82	·98	1·15	1·31	1·48
89	1·63	3·26	4·89	6·52	8·15	9·78	11·41	13·04	14·67	16·30	·16	·33	·49	·65	·82	·98	1·14	1·30	1·47
90	1·63	3·26	4·89	6·52	8·15	9·78	11·41	13·04	14·67	16·30	·16	·33	·49	·65	·82	·98	1·14	1·30	1·47
91	1·62	3·24	4·86	6·48	8·10	9·72	11·34	12·96	14·58	16·20	·16	·32	·49	·65	·81	·97	1·13	1·30	1·46
92	1·62	3·24	4·86	6·48	8·10	9·72	11·34	12·96	14·58	16·20	·16	·32	·49	·65	·81	·97	1·13	1·30	1·46
93	1·61	3·22	4·83	6·44	8·05	9·66	11·27	12·88	14·49	16·10	·16	·32	·48	·64	·81	·97	1·13	1·29	1·45
	1°	2°	3°	4°	5°	6°	7°	8°	9°	10°	·1	·2	·3	·4	·5	·6	·7	·8	·9

Table 2.

ELASTIC FORCE OF AQUEOUS VAPOR IN INCHES OF MERCURY (TENSION) REGNAULT.

Temperature.	·0	·1	·2	·3	·4	·5	·6	·7	·8	·9
°										
32	·181	·182	·182	·183	·184	·184	·185	·186	·186	·187
33	·188	·188	·189	·190	·191	·192	·193	·193	·194	·195
34	·196	·196	·197	·198	·199	·199	·200	·201	·202	·203
35	·204	·204	·205	·206	·207	·208	·208	·209	·210	·211
36	·212	·213	·214	·214	·215	·216	·217	·218	·218	·219
37	·220	·221	·222	·223	·224	·225	·225	·226	·227	·228
38	·229	·230	·231	·231	·232	·233	·234	·235	·236	·237
39	·238	·238	·239	·240	·241	·242	·243	·244	·245	·246
40	·247	·248	·249	·250	·251	·252	·253	·254	·255	·256
41	·257	·258	·259	·260	·261	·262	·263	·264	·265	·266
42	·267	·268	·269	·270	·271	·272	·273	·274	·275	·276
43	·277	·278	·279	·280	·281	·283	·284	·285	·286	·287
44	·288	·289	·290	·292	·293	·294	·295	·296	·297	·298
45	·299	·301	·302	·303	·304	·305	·306	·307	·308	·309
46	·311	·312	·313	·315	·316	·317	·318	·319	·321	·322
47	·323	·324	·325	·327	·328	·329	·330	·331	·333	·334
48	·335	·336	·338	·339	·340	·342	·343	·344	·345	·346
49	·348	·349	·351	·352	·353	·355	·356	·357	·358	·360
50	·361	·362	·364	·365	·366	·367	·369	·370	·371	·373
51	·374	·375	·377	·378	·379	·381	·382	·384	·385	·386
52	·388	·389	·391	·393	·394	·396	·397	·399	·400	·401
53	·403	·404	·406	·407	·409	·410	·412	·413	·415	·416
54	·418	·419	·421	·422	·424	·425	·427	·428	·430	·431
55	·433	·434	·436	·437	·439	·441	·443	·444	·446	·447
56	·449	·451	·453	·454	·456	·457	·459	·461	·462	·464
57	·465	·467	·469	·470	·472	·473	·475	·477	·479	·480
58	·482	·483	·485	·487	·489	·491	·492	·494	·496	·498
59	·500	·501	·503	·505	·507	·509	·511	·512	·514	·516
60	·518	·520	·522	·524	·526	·528	·529	·531	·533	·535
61	·537	·539	·541	·543	·545	·546	·548	·550	·552	·554
62	·556	·558	·560	·562	·564	·566	·568	·570	·572	·574
63	·576	·578	·580	·582	·584	·586	·588	·590	·592	·594
64	·596	·598	·601	·603	·605	·607	·609	·611	·613	·615
65	·617	·620	·622	·624	·626	·628	·630	·633	·635	·637
66	·639	·641	·644	·646	·648	·650	·652	·655	·657	·659
67	·661	·664	·666	·668	·671	·673	·675	·678	·680	·682
68	·684	·687	·689	·692	·694	·697	·699	·701	·704	·706
69	·708	·711	·713	·716	·718	·721	·723	·726	·728	·731
70	·733	·736	·738	·741	·744	·746	·749	·751	·754	·756
	·0	·1	·2	·3	·4	·5	·6	·7	·8	·9

Temperature.	·0	·1	·2	·3	·4	·5	·6	·7	·8	·9
°										
71	·759	·761	·764	·766	·769	·772	·774	·777	·779	·782
72	·785	·788	·790	·793	·796	·799	·801	·804	·807	·810
73	·812	·815	·818	·820	·823	·826	·829	·832	·834	·837
74	·840	·843	·846	·848	·851	·854	·857	·860	·863	·865
75	·868	·871	·874	·877	·880	·883	·885	·888	·891	·894
76	·897	·900	·903	·906	·909	·912	·915	·918	·921	·924
77	·927	·930	·934	·937	·940	·943	·946	·949	·952	·955
78	·958	·961	·965	·968	·971	·974	·977	·981	·984	·987
79	·990	·994	·997	1·000	1·003	1·007	1·010	1·013	1·016	1·020
80	1·023	1·026	1·030	1·033	1·037	1·040	1·043	1·047	1·050	1·053
81	1·057	1·060	1·064	1·067	1·070	1·074	1·077	1·081	1·084	1·088
82	1·092	1·095	1·099	1·103	1·106	1·110	1·114	1·117	1·121	1·124
83	1·128	1·131	1·135	1·139	1·142	1·146	1·150	1·154	1·157	1·161
84	1·165	1·169	1·173	1·176	1·180	1·184	1·188	1·192	1·196	1·200
85	1·203	1·207	1·211	1·215	1·219	1·222	1·226	1·230	1·234	1·238
86	1·242	1·246	1·250	1·254	1·258	1·262	1·266	1·270	1·274	1·278
87	1·282	1·286	1·290	1·295	1·299	1·303	1·307	1·311	1·315	1·319
88	1·323	1·328	1·332	1·336	1·340	1·345	1·349	1·353	1·357	1·361
89	1·366	1·370	1·375	1·379	1·384	1·388	1·393	1·397	1·401	1·406
90	1·410	1·415	1·419	1·424	1·428	1·433	1·437	1·442	1·446	1·451
91	1·455	1·460	1·464	1·469	1·473	1·478	1·483	1·487	1·492	1·496
92	1·501	1·505	1·510	1·515	1·519	1·524	1·529	1·534	1·538	1·543
93	1·548	1·553	1·557	1·562	1·567	1·572	1·577	1·581	1·586	1·591
94	1·596	1·601	1·606	1·611	1·616	1·621	1·626	1·631	1·636	1·641
95	1·646	1·651	1·657	1·662	1·667	1·672	1·677	1·682	1·687	1·692
96	1·697	1·703	1·708	1·714	1·719	1·724	1·730	1·735	1·741	1·746
97	1·751	1·757	1·762	1·768	1·773	1·779	1·784	1·790	1·795	1·801
98	1·806	1·811	1·817	1·822	1·828	1·833	1·839	1·845	1·850	1·856
99	1·862	1·868	1·873	1·879	1·884	1·890	1·896	1·901	1·907	1·912
100	1·918									
	·0	·1	·2	·3	·4	·5	·6	·7	·8	·9

The same by multiplication,

1·68 × 16°·8	28	= 28·2
Dry-bulb		80·8
Temperature of dew point		= 52·6
Barometer		29·965
Table 2. Elastic force for temp. 52·6		= ·397
Pressure of dry air		= 29·568
Table 3. Parallel with 81°, and under difference 16°		= 39
Change for 1° = 2, and 2 × ·8		= 2
Humidity		= 37

By table 2. Elastic force for temperature 52°·6 × 100, divided by elastic force for temperature 80·8 $= \frac{\cdot 39700}{1\cdot 050} = 38$ differing by a unit from the table, and arising from the latter having been calculated to the second place only. And here it may be proper to mention, that in all cases where the humidity obtained by division differs by a unit from the table, the former should have the preference for the reason just stated.

The use of the tables would be facilitated, by drawing either ink or dark pencil marks across at every fifth degree of argument. And with respect to the third or humidity table, it will be remarked that the differences between consecutive columns on the same parallel are printed in small type, and at the beginning and termination of changes only. Thus, vertical column 9, the difference between 42 and 38 is 4, and it is the same down to the parallel of argument 68°, where it changes to 3. Between these points the 4 is not printed, for the same figure otherwise must have been repeated twenty-eight times. Column 12 would have required the figure 3 to be repeated fifty-three times; indeed the differences are so small, as to be instantly detected when looking for the round numbers, without needing numerical representation.

These tables are copied from the manuscript tables employed at the Observatory. The table for reducing the accidental temperature of the barometric column to the conventional temperature 32°, will be given in a future number.

T. M.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

It was in the good old city of Dublin, but in what exact year of the present century I cannot now recollect; your readers will, however, be sufficiently accurately informed as to the date, when they learn that the trial of Burke, and the awful disclosures of his accomplice, Hare, as king's evidence, were still fresh in the public mind; and timid people and females, in consequence, never ventured after dusk into by-streets, without casting occasional glances behind them, or passed the dark opening of a court, archway, or lane, without almost involuntarily quickening their pace. This, of course, was not always the effect of actual fear, but of nervousness, naturally caused by the tales of "Burking," then commonly related. It was, in fact, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-odd, and while the statement, that in Dublin one might—

> "See O'Connell spouting,
> And Lady Morgan making tay,"

still held good as a picture of the then present time in the Irish metropolis.

In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-odd, then, and on a clear, frosty morning, in the month of October, Dr. Herbert and his lady sat at breakfast, in a comfortable apartment in their well-known residence, No. —, Gardner-street.

The worthy doctor was one of those whose love for his profession was anything but an unrequited attachment; at least such would have been the conclusion arrived at by any impartial person, had he taken into account the number of substantial *gages d'amour* with which it daily rewarded its devoted follower, in the shape of fees. Dr. Herbert was at that time all but at the head of his profession; not only was he looked up to and respected by the public, whose estimation of his abilities kept his curricle in almost incessant motion, but he was beloved by the poor for his extensive and unostentatious charities, his kind and benevolent manners, and his gratuitous medical advice, and honored by the high consideration in which he was held by his brethren of the "faculty." So extensive was his practice, that the three pairs of horses in his stable had enough to do to enable him at a hard gallop to visit his daily round of patients, and receive the continual shower of fees, which were destined not only to keep up in his mansion the appearance of affluence, but to relieve many such cases of distress as are usually beyond the power of a physician to alleviate.

With a practice such as this, which often reduced his hours of rest to but two or three out of the twenty-four, and almost necessitated the habit of snatching short naps in his curricle as he dashed along the streets, one would have supposed his time to have been fully occupied; nevertheless, Dr. Herbert had found time to write and publish several medical tomes of plethoric magnitude, besides numerous essays and articles in medical journals; and his books are still considered standard works by the profession. In addition to all this, he was an influential member of the College of Surgeons, and held, besides attending all their meetings, the office of an examiner, in which capacity, his kind and gentle manners had often restored the scattered faculties of some "funked" candidate for a diploma, who, had it not been for the reassuring tones of Dr. Herbert's voice, would have been inevitably plucked, through sheer nervousness.

Dr. Herbert being such as I have attempted to describe him, the following facts, related to me by himself, deserve implicit credence.

On the morning in question, the only other person at breakfast with Mrs. Herbert and the doctor, was a youth of some eighteen years of age, Charles Herbert, the only son of Dr. Herbert's younger brother, who had been a lieutenant in the navy, and had now been some years dead. Since his father's death, Charles had, till lately, lived with his mother and sister with some relations in the west of Ireland; but now his uncle had invited them to make his house their home, partly (their means being scant) out of kindness, and partly to obtain their society for his wife, who wanted an intimate friend to be constantly with her; for she had no children of her own, and her husband's constant employment rendered him almost a stranger in his own house, from which, when he *did* enter it, he was liable the moment afterwards to be called away. No one but a doctor's wife can understand Mrs. Herbert's delight in having a single hour's uninterrupted converse with her husband.

The doctor's niece had died about a week before, and her mother was still confined to her bed, from the effects of her bereavement on a naturally weak constitution; and though the bitterness of the parting had in some measure passed away, Charles still seemed sad, and spoke but little; he had consented to accompany his kind uncle that morning, in order to be introduced by him to some of the medical professors under whose auspices it had been decided that he was at once to commence his studies as a medical student, and he tried to smother his grief, in so far as to appear pleased with

the prospect of entering the profession his uncle had chosen for him, although his love for his only sister had been such as is seldom felt for so near a relative.

The morning meal had just been disposed of, when a loud single knock resounded through the house, and immediately afterwards, a servant appearing at the door of the breakfast room informed the doctor that a man, on apparently urgent business, wished to see him. His master, who never allowed himself to be denied to any visitor, however humble, descended to his library, desiring the man to be shown in to him, and on his entrance, perceived him to be an unmistakable specimen of the class so frequently seen in Dublin, in appearance half car-driver, half "Charley" (as the old watchmen were called). He wore thick brogues, corduroy shorts, unbuttoned at the knee, a nondescript upper garment of grey frieze, and a "carline" hat, bound with a bit of hayband, in which was stuck a highly-seasoned "dudeen."

"Well, my man," said the doctor, "what can I do for you?" as his visitor, in evident trepidation, kept twirling his hat, and pulling at a forelock of red hair, apparently cultivated for the purpose,—"What can I do for you?"

"Och, holy mother! yer honor, it's the snatchers, the villins, and it's a false kay they had."

"Oh, a false key, eh? But what can I have to do with a false key?"

"The cimithery, docther jewel—the cimithery! the murtherin' villins has opened the vault."

"What vault? I can't understand what you are talking about. Here, sit down, and try to tell me the story from beginning to end, if I must hear it; but, remember, I have but little time to spare."

The man, seemingly much against his will, seated himself on the extreme edge of a chair, and by dint of much patience the doctor managed to gather from his disconnected narrative, that he was a watchman employed to watch a certain cemetery, near the grand canal, against the depredations of body-snatchers, or resurrectionists. Dr. Herbert had himself, some time before, purchased a vault in this necropolis, and his niece was the first and only one of his family whose remains had been deposited therein; and he now learned from the watchman that his niece's body had, during the previous night, been abstracted without his knowledge, although, as he himself declared, "The divil an eye he shut the whole blessed night;" and, on going past the entrance of the vault at day-dawn, he had found the door opened by a false key, and the empty coffin within it. The doctor dis-

missed the man, saying he would take sure means of recovering the body, and returned to the breakfast-room. He, himself, as a physician and anatomist, having no prejudices on the subject, would have thought little of his niece's earthly tenement being dissected (and doctors in those days were too much beholden to body-snatchers to feel any very great resentment against them); yet, for the sake of his sister and her son, he determined to have the body returned to its resting-place. And though he knew he could easily do so by merely writing a note of the circumstance to the authorities at each of the medical schools in the city, to one or other of which the "subject" would of course be sold, and at any of which his wishes would be sure to be respected by the body being given up without any noise being made about it, and without the resurrectionists being in any way compromised, he also knew that, as is usual in such cases, the snatchers would probably wait a week or so before attempting to dispose of their prey, till the noise of their exploit had blown over; and so, dismissing the subject from his mind, he shortly afterwards, accompanied by Charles, repaired to Park-street, where is the entrance to the Trinity College medical school. Charles was first introduced to Dr. Barker, the professor of chemistry; and then entering by another door, and proceeding along a passage, they found themselves in the private room of Dr. Harrison, the surgical and anatomical professor, to whom he was also introduced, and from whom he obtained a ticket constituting him one of the class attending Dr. H.'s lectures during the session just commenced. As it wanted yet half an hour to the time when the lectures would begin, the professor proposed to take Charles through the museum and dissecting-room, by way of initiating him in their mysteries. In the museum, the two doctors soon seemed to forget their companion, in a discussion suggested by some object to which one of them had called the youth's attention; and after a few minutes they passed out of the room still in earnest conversation, and without noticing that he had remained behind contemplating the immense skeleton of Magrath, the Irish giant, they proceeded to the dissecting room above stairs. A few moments afterwards, Charles, becoming aware of their departure, hastened after them. He left the museum, and taking some wrong turnings, passed through a room where he noticed a trap-door in the ceiling, and an object on a table covered with a white cloth immediately under it. There was no difficulty in recognizing the form of a corpse in the folds of the covering, and with a slight shudder he passed on, and, on leaving the room, found him-

self at the foot of a flight of stairs. Hearing his uncle's voice above, he ascended, and soon found the open door of the dissecting-room, from which the voice proceeded. Who can paint his feelings as his foot was on the threshold? Just within the door was the trap-door he had already seen from below, and just as he was about to enter, slowly, by means of pulleys, there rose through that trap-door the same corpse he had lately passed, now, however, divested of all covering, and with a ray of sunshine illumining its pale features—which, oh horror! he immediately recognized as those of his departed sister! He spoke not a word, but fell, as though struck by lightning, to the ground. Dr. Herbert, attracted by the noise, was by his side in a moment, and comprehended the whole at a glance. The body of Miss Herbert had been brought in that very morning, and was being elevated into the dissecting-room in the usual manner, at the very moment that her brother arrived at its door. He was conveyed home at once, and every care bestowed upon him, and after a most dangerous attack of brain fever, he recovered, but recovered only as a madman, and has ever since been the inmate of a private lunatic asylum. It is needless to say that Miss Herbert's remains were not dissected; and that neither her mother nor aunt were ever informed of the horrible cause of poor Charles's illness and derangement.

Φ.

A WEEK'S CANTER NORTHWARDS.

THE SUGAR-FIELDS OF NATAL.

PART I.—THE FIRST DAY.

The day was remarkably fine: the sun was shining cheerily from among bright, lazy-looking clouds, while the brisk east wind, borne to us from the glorious ocean of the Orient, enticed man forth from the humid atmosphere of the town to the full enjoyment of the colonist's highest good,—pure air. Before me lay a pressing invitation from a friend in the country to join him in a short trip up the coast. The temptation was irresistibly strong, the difficulties were simply *nil*. The consequence of this state of things naturally was, that, in half an hour, I was in the saddle, hieing away northwards. How different a signification, by the way, that term "north" has with us of the southern hemisphere, to that which it conveys to the mind of dwellers in the old world. To the latter, it is inseparably connected with shivering visions of biting cold, of ice plains and ice mountains, of snow showers

and frigid desolation,—of everything, in short, that is bitter, miserable, and frost-bound. To us, on the contrary, the *north* is a humid (or arid) region of brazen skies, of torrid sultriness, of unmitigated heat; either a parched desert of undiversified dreariness, or a rank wilderness of foul luxuriance. The north, however, to which I was now proceeding could boast none of these extremes,—it presented a "happy mean," a softened combination of these various characteristics, rarely met with; it was the Natalian county of Victoria, the very garden of South Africa.

Ten years ago the country I was about to traverse was a mere wilderness, an unreclaimed desert, without civilization, without cultivation, and almost without a white inhabitant. Let us now see what metamorphoses have been effected during these ten short years.

The first three miles, over D'Urban flat, is classic ground. It was here that, in 1840, the English force under Major Smith was besieged in close quarters by the Dutch farmers, and many a thrilling anecdote might be told concerning the privations and perils undergone during that turbulent period. Our task is, however, that of the traveler, not the historian.

After passing through innumerable clumps of evergreen bushes, out of each of which springs a grave, patriarchal euphorbia, we came to the banks of the Umgeni. This river, near its mouth, where I was about to cross, is about three hundred yards in width. Its turbid floods roll periodically downward from their birthplace in a spur of the Kathlamba monntains. Many a scene of rugged beauty does this stream pass through in its tortuous windings; though in Natal, alas, it has anything but a good reputation. Running directly through the centre of the inhabited portion of the colony, it frequently presents, in the wet summer season, a well-nigh impassable obstacle both to travel and traffic. At the lower coast drifts, unfortunately, the dangers to be encountered in its transit are two-fold. The prospect of an unpleasant immersion troubles the passenger but little in comparison to another source of "fear and trembling," which lies hidden within those muddy waters. "Huge monsters of the deep," voracious, ravening, man-devouring *alligators* infest the river. Bred in a small adjacent lake, they there rest *in petto* during the dry season; waiting only for the "rising of the waters," before they issue from their secluded winter retreat to carry on their work of devastation, and, like the dragons of old, to become a terror and scourge to the surrounding country. This last season their raids have been especially successful. Week after week has had its blood-

curdling account of some hair-breadth escape or appalling catastrophe. Happily, no person of European origin has, of late, fallen a victim to the rapacity of these gigantic amphibia. Let us hope that the white skin has "no charms for the savage" appetite of these reptilian monstrosities.

Such being the unpleasant associations connected with the river, it will well be imagined that, on arriving at its banks, I did not rashly rush into the swollen stream. Has the reader ever stood by a flooded river, with the unpleasant certainty that to achieve his object he must indubitably first place himself on the further shore? If not, I can assure him the position is a perplexing one. Being, however, of a nervous temperament, and *not* being given to aquatic diversions, I had but one course before me, and that was to make use of the ferry. The vigorous use of my lungs, therefore, speedily brought the boat over from the other side. As a sort of compensation for the tediousness of the transit, the good ferryman regaled me with various experiences of his own among the alligators, and having again gained *terra firma*, he showed me a "live specimen" of the tribe he had been fortunate enough to entrap that day. The aspect of the monster, however, with other facts regarding the doings of the race, I purpose, with the editorial consent, to present to the reader in a special paper.

Having re-saddled my nag, which, by the way, had, according to colonial usage, been *towed* astern of the boat, I proceeded onward. The road for some distance skirts a long lagoon, which stretches up northwards from the river's mouth, between the beach and the mainland. Acting on a hint from my friend at the ferry, I kept a sharp look-out for alligators on the opposite bank, of which the reptilian sybarites made a kind of *chaise longue*. I was not disappointed. There, stretched along the edge of the bank, about a hundred yards from where I rode, was an object more nearly resembling the trunk of a palm or poplar tree than anything else. Long, grey, and tapering, it seemed only an inanimate log. So still did it lay that I was becoming incredulous as to its vitality. My doubts were, however, soon dispelled. The venerable alligator (for I afterwards learnt it was the patriarch of the entire tribe) curved round his gigantic tail. His whole body visibly vibrated, and then, with one tremendous splash and plunge, he sank beneath the dark, torpid waters of the Lethe-like lagoon.

Greatly refreshed by the spectacle just witnessed, and the consciousness of having actually seen a "live crocodile," in its normal state, I pressed forward with still keener zest. For

thirteen miles northward the main coast road passes through the dense bush jungle which gives a peculiar character to the sea-board regions of Natal. The term *forest* would hardly impart to the reader's mind a correct conception of what this jungle consists. Large trees there certainly are, but few and far between. These woodland Titans are, in most instances, veritable forest ghouls. Their pale, twisted, and misshapen trunks, along and to which crawl and cling innumerable parasites, their far-outstretched or earth-embracing branches appear from amidst the mass of tangled underwood which spreads beneath, like so many occasional forest Gullivers writhing under the cords of Lilliput. Without this profuse undergrowth, however, the bush would, comparatively, be devoid of beauty. A tree covered from its topmost crest to the ground with one vast carpet of convolvoli looks infinitely more picturesque than it would were those weirdly branches bare and leafless. Then the more humble ferns, which contentedly cluster around the feet of their aspiring neighbors, are indescribably beautiful and new. The botanist who devotes himself to the study of foliage will find innumerable unique specimens in the bushy tract I am now traversing. One feels a certain pleasure in passing through tracts where the vegetation is in many instances comparatively rare and altogether new. The three-cornered nuts with which this bush is covered produce ink of a very fair quality. That lustrous flower, with the rich yellow corolla and ruby-tinted flower, is the blossom of a plant which is known to yield a fine fibre. The funereal-looking euphorbia yonder, rising so solemnly from the subjacent bush, is the Natalian upas. Let its milk-like sap enter your blood, or penetrate into any other vitally-susceptible part of the human frame, and the mystic light which man calls reason becomes dim and darkened, and the clouds of idiocy forthwith enshroud the mind. The long drooping leaves of that oriental shrub, our native palm, *alba strelitzia*, are fabricated by the lithe fingers of Kafirs into very handy and serviceable baskets. And so we might proceed to enumerate a list of indigenous botanical treasures, much too long for the pages of this magazine, but very interesting to those minds who busy themselves with the prospective resources of this fair young colony.

Through a bush such as this my road now lay. The sun was rapidly sinking, and the mellow notes of many a Natalian songster ran musically through the odorous air. These bushy regions are, in general, but sparsely inhabited; the expense of clearing is not overbalanced by the richness

of the soil, which, in such localities, has been naturally manured by the vegetable depositions of ages. A long brisk ride, therefore, is apt to become tedious, unless, indeed, the traveler can find sermons, not certainly in "stones and brooks," but in flowers and foliage.

About five miles from the Umgeni I passed a rude "shanty," which, as a type of many Natal homesteads, may be noticed. The structure, perhaps, in its extreme dimensions, measures about twenty feet by ten. The walls are "wattled," "daubed" with mud in some places, while, in others, the basket-like basis is exposed. A rude thatch roof affords sufficient protection from the elements. One strange incongruity which marks the place is the fact that the windows are smart pieces of Gothic iron-work. Another incongruity is the bright, gaily-dressed, cheerful little figure in the doorway, holding a buxom baby, and looking remarkably well pleased both with herself and her surroundings. The "house" is placed to one side of a large cleared and cultivated patch,—a speck of civilization amidst the surrounding wilderness. Many such humble homes there are in this land, lively monuments of British industry, peaceful pledges of Britain's high mission. Horny hands and honest hearts, manful strugglers in life's great battle, a benison be with you, I say; the hard-earned blessing of future competence be yours.

The sun was just setting as I turned from the road into a narrow path, over which the great umbrageous trees met in shady consort. I had yet half a mile along this by-way, in the deep sand of which I could discern the recent footprints of a "tiger," or, correctly speaking, a panther. These animals are both fierce and cowardly, though occasionally the farmers have to suffer the loss of a calf, pig, or other small fry, by reason of their feline depredations. In such cases, meat impregnated with strychnine is laid in the robber's way, traps are set, and other precautions taken, which generally end in the untimely end of the night prowler. The rich-spotted skin thenceforth decks the best parlor of the exultant settler. The half mile being traversed, I emerge into more open ground, where the long rank grass, however, overtops my head and shuts out prospective view. A little further, and the cleared ground of an extensive homestead opens out in front. This I know to be the farm of Mr. L., a highly respectable and intelligent young English farmer. The land close by me, with its charred stumps, brings to recollection the Canadian clearings of the north. Sweet potatoes are planted here, and therefore the expensive

process of "stumping" is not required. Beyond this, stretching up the low hill, on the brow of which is placed the house, come the arrowroot grounds. The crop has, however, been gathered and manufactured, and the empty calico trays are being cleared of their dazzling contents for the last time this season.

Standing by the simple fabric, termed, *par excellence*, the mill, I found Mr. L. himself, clad, as every farmer ought to be, "in his shirt-sleeves." I hail him and he hails me, the more heartily as I am an unwonted visitor in "those parts." It being Saturday evening, he gives his Kafirs sundry admonitions before they commence their weekly orgies. Be it here known that on Saturday of every week the Kafir servitors of the colonists are permitted the luxury of a "meat supper" (being vegetarians the rest of the week), at which feast of good things they exhaust their physical strength and pulmonary powers by Bacchanalian songs, accompanied with the customary bodily contortions, till long past the "small hours."

My host, meanwhile, speedily inducted me into his household mysteries. Let me describe the tenement, for it, in its turn, is a type of Natalian farm-houses of a superior stamp. It is a long, substantial building (one-storied, of course) and unwhitewashed. The walls are plastered with a kind of red mud, which has a warm and cheerful aspect; a long, broad verandah, encircling three sides of the building, suspended from which are sundry ponderous bunches of bananas, free to the fingers and appetites of all comers; a lengthy row of rooms, opening out into each other, and having mostly doors also on to the verandah. Such is the exterior of the house. Inside, we have comfort without luxury, competence without extravagance. A well-lighted, comfortably-furnished parlor; a steaming, well-supplied tea-table: a smiling, pleasant hostess, and what else would the traveler or the reader have?

Mr. L.'s farm was a model one of its kind. He turns his special attention to no particular staple production, but cultivates successfully many of the minor products. He showed me his coffee-trees,—fine shrubs, whose bright, glossy leaves and multitudinous purple berries gave promise of a rich harvest. For bananas, his farm is perhaps unrivaled. In every direction may be seen long double rows of these graceful and tropical-looking trees, all converging towards their common centre, the house. This tree is said to possess other useful qualities besides the material substances derived from its rapid growth and unexampled fruitfulness. It is an established fact that the proximity of bananas to a dwelling

is highly desirable in a hygienic point of view. Their long, broad leaves suck up, through their myriad pores, the innumerable and invisible particles of noxious vapors and prejudicial gases which so frequently poison the atmosphere in warm climates;—another beautiful instance of the admirable applicability and fitness which distinguish all the works of the Supreme Artificer.

Before leaving the hospitable dwelling of Mr. L., I cast my eye from his elevated verandah over the surrounding scenery. The short evanescent twilight was rapidly becoming merged into the full rich rays of the risen moon. The dark bushy hills on every side were waning into misty indistinctness. Up from the little valleys around came silvery lines of vapor, so light and delicate that one might almost have thought them the work of the elves, with which northern tradition peoples the eventide of such sylvan regions as these. The golden west was fading into tints of dreamy violet,—while down below, the leaves of the bananas might be heard rustling. Through the still air came the music with which Natalian ears are nightly serenaded,—the dulcet notes of frogs and crickets: while now and then the song or chant of Kafirs was varied with the lowings of the home-returning oxen. On such scenes as these we Natalians are ever gazing. Fair land of my adoption, how bright art thou! Long blest, oh Eden of Africa, be thy green and glowing habitudes!

The night having set in, with golden glory, I moved forward. Of all sorts of journeyings, moonlight rides delight the most; and feeling satisfied with myself and the world, I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the scene. So completely did I yield myself to this dreamy enchantment, that, on rousing from a somewhat lengthened reverie, I found my nag had left the road, and following her own sweet will, was traversing a path of her own. This was perplexing, being a stranger to the immediate locality. However, having good faith in my steed's discretion and foresight, I pressed hopefully on. After coming in contact with various bushes, and other insignificant *contretemps*, I saw at last the lights of a house near at hand. Towards this I steered, and, like all presumptuous mortals, found myself in a mess,—otherwise, in a bog. Scrambling through this, I found myself in a cane field, a fact on which I congratulated myself. After treading down a considerable quantity of the young rattoons, and starting two bucks, there suddenly gleamed ahead the light of an unlooked-for furnace. This I knew at once to be the boiling-house of Mr. W. (since, alas! dead), a most estimable

man, and an industrious planter. The glare of the fires, the wild fantastic figures of the naked Kafirs, heaping up fuel in the furnaces, and brandishing huge sugar ladles, had quite an unearthly effect.

I rode up *sans ceremonie*, like other colonists, and being a comparative stranger, at least in the uncertain moonlight, introduced myself, and dismounted. Mrs. W.'s plantation is interesting, as showing on how small a scale sugar-manufacturing can be conducted. The "battery," or boiling-pans, consists of two large pots, or boilers, under an open shed. The mill was peculiarly diminutive. My interest in this object was immensely heightened by Mr. W. saying, "That, sir, is Morewood's mill." On hearing this, I looked on the simple piece of machinery with positive awe. Before me were the two small rollers, about eighteen inches long, and worked by two Kafirs, by means of which Mr. Morewood manufactured the first sample of sugar ever produced either in Natal or South Africa. What an "antiquity" in the future this will be! How coming ages will gaze on it with veneration, and treasure it with scrupulous care!—the lever by which Natal was first lifted into notice,—by which our colony first proved her fitness for the production of a staple which has been a source of incalculable wealth to Mauritius, the West Indies, and other British dependencies. The relic had fallen into worthy hands; it was never allowed to be idle. On these fine autumn nights, its iron cylinders were kept constantly at work, re-pressing from the prolific cane its saccharine juices.

Being the eve of Sunday, Mr. W. was finishing the day's work earlier than usual. A few final armsful of fuel, and the juice would have reached its proper consistency. Cheerily the flames glowed and flickered; cheerily the sparks flew out like fire-flies, through the silvery night; cheerily beamed the faces of the planter and his good lady, while the merry swarthy visages of the black laborers glistened with the streaming exudations with which their heated bodies were bathed. The scene altogether was a delightful one, the more so from its novelty. At last the final moment arrived. The fire was suddenly quenched, the ladles were vigorously brandished, and the thick treacly syrup was poured into contiguous tubs, there to be covered up to cool, till Monday morning, when the substance would have granulated, and the operation be complete.

Having obtained the necessary directions from Mr. W., and having had my pockets filled with juicy oranges by the lady of the house, I again moved on, never, alas! to see again

the worthy planter who has since passed into the regions of the unknown land,—a loss to his family and to the colony.

The mists of night were gathering fast and thick, as I neared my friend's habitation. His light gleamed before me as a beacon long before I reached it. At last his house assumed definite proportions; and I presently found myself settled within the pleasant circle of his domestic household.

Such were the sights and scenes I saw in a three hour's ride from D'Urban. The second day's journeyings I must postpone.

ENCLOSURES FOR SHEEP.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

In marked contrast to a past era, the progressive advance of our colonial agriculture is daily becoming more and more apparent, and we are daily also becoming more awake to the necessity of accelerating the movement by encouraging the man of enterprise with suitable rewards, and by submitting his successful operations to public inspection. In grain farming this can be effected practically by personal examination of his crops, and by exhibiting the implements he uses. Something also may be accomplished through the medium of the press—more, perhaps, than any council of farmers or their delegates could effect by oral debates, though the latter process has some staunch advocates. There are, however, some novel ideas and some peculiar subjects which may be all the better for a little preliminary ventilation, before they are launched across the startled vision of our rural community taken promiscuously. Amongst such subjects is the one now offered for the consideration of those who read the *Cape Monthly Magazine*. It may be new to many; it must possess some interest for those whose fortunes are embarked in pastoral ventures, and the writer hopes it may not be very tedious to the general reader. With this brief preface, the question of permanent enclosures, on a large scale, for grazing purposes, is now introduced.

The intention of this paper is not to lay down general principles upon one solitary experiment, but to show the successful working of the idea as carried out by Mr. Michael van Breda. The farther development of the theory depends (as will be seen hereafter) so much on local circumstances

and appliances, that the general adoption of it all at once cannot be recommended, though the subject possibly may be discussed to advantage.

The sheep enclosure (or, rather, park, for it measures about seven thousand morgen, or fourteen thousand acres) at Zoetendal's Vley, in the Strandveld, Caledon Division, was made by Mr. Michael van Breda, in the year 1854. It is situated between the lake Zoetendal's Vley and Struy's Bay, near Cape L'Agulhas. The boundary on the north is the Honingnest River, which flows into the lake, and out of it into the sea from west to east. It is closed in towards the east by the sea, on the south by a stone wall and trench, and back on the west by the lake Zoetendal's Vley, and a bank and ditch. The stone wall on the south side is one thousand two hundred yards in length, four and a half feet in height, four feet in breadth at the base, and two feet at the top. This is a dry wall of limestone quarried on the spot. The trench and bank are about one thousand four hundred yards long, the trench four feet deep, the bank four feet high, covered with bushes on the top. The fence on the west is a trench (inside), and the earth thrown up to form a bank on the outside, the trench and bank being two thousand three hundred yards in length. This portion of the work being the line of demarcation between the farms Zoetendal's Vley and Visscher's Drift, a half share of the expense was contributed by the proprietors of the latter place.

The cost of the stone wall—namely, one thousand two hundred yards, at 1s. 3½d. per yard, was £67 10s. The earthworks—namely, one thousand four hundred yards on the south, and half of two thousand three hundred yards on the west, altogether two thousand five hundred and fifty yards, at sixpence per yard, was £63 15s. Thus the whole of these apparently heavy undertakings cost Mr. Breda only £131 5s., and the expense of keeping in repair the trenches, and covering the bank with bushes, amounts to about £10 per annum. But it must be acknowledged that there are few farms in the colony possessing the same natural advantages and facilities for such a work, with the sea on one side, a river and lake on the other, and limestone on the surface, where the ground could not be excavated.

The lake contains good drinkable water for sheep, as does the river, also in most years, and at convenient distances from one another, are found dams or ponds containing water in the driest seasons. The prevailing winds being west and south east, and the sheep usually facing the wind when feeding, they move backwards and forwards, and cannot fail to find

water on every tack. The high road from Bredasdorp to Struy's Bay forms a thoroughfare through the enclosure. The entrance is a causeway across the Honingnest River, where a house has been built for a watcher to keep the gate closed, and a general look-out. During lambing time, the enclosure is drawn regularly every second or third morning by a pack of foxhounds under efficient discipline, and thus the jackals, wild cats, ratel, muishonds, &c., &c., are kept down. What may be done in this way towards the extirpation of noxious vermin (agriculturally considered) will be apparent, when it is known that the first year's hunting at Zoetendal's Vley produced a return of twenty-four jackals killed, whilst, in the last two or three seasons, not above two or three brace have been accounted for. On one occasion, Mr. Breda came across the spoor of a full-grown tiger, and having full confidence in the pluck of his English foxhounds, he gallantly cheered them on to their new game, and after a chase something more exciting than usual, they ran into him dashingly.

The number of sheep placed in the enclosure the first year was two thousand ewes, a few months before lambing, and about one thousand wethers, but the latter were drafted out when the lambs were about three months old. The lambs at shearing time, that is to say when from six to seven months old, were found to be one thousand seven hundred and fifty. The second year the lambs remained with their mothers until they were eighteen months old. After the second and third years, about six thousand sheep, including lambs and yearlings, were always in the enclosure, and the annual increase varied from one thousand eight hundred to two thousand and fifty. The old ewes were taken out for slaughter purposes, and occasional sales kept the breeding ewes down to between two thousand and two thousand three hundred. The return of washed wool from these ewes, hoggets, and lambs averaged from two and a quarter to nearly two and a half pounds each. Last year was the worst, the shearing result being twelve thousand eight hundred and sixty pounds gross from about six thousand sheep, not including wethers.

Three rams are generally allowed for every hundred ewes, and are admitted into the troop about the middle of December, so that the first lambs are dropped about the end of May. The rams are taken away late in March, so that no lambs can come after August. The sheep are generally shorn in November, after being washed in the lake. The whole flock are collected in one day by six men, some on horseback and some on foot, with whips, and seldom are any left behind.

The sheep which are found scabby at shearing time are dressed with tobacco-water and ashes, arsenic being now wholly avoided as a remedy uncertain and dangerous. The condition of the sheep in the enclosure *at all seasons* is the best proof of their health and their enjoyment of a life so free. Sheep kept in kraals and turned out to feed in hot weather stand in clumps, as if stupefied, for half the day, and return home almost as empty as when they went out; whilst those who can choose their own feeding time, in an enclosure like Mr. Breda's, graze chiefly at night and sleep during the day. The ewes, therefore, always remain in good flesh, and bring up their lambs well; in confirmation of which, it is sufficient to say, two thousand and fifty lambs of last season gave two thousand nine hundred pounds of washed wool. It may be as well to add that the sheep are pure merinos. Ewes lambing for the first time may get occasionally separated from their lambs, and a small per centage of loss occurs in this way, but it does not amount to the average casualties amongst lambs dropped in kraals or sheds. Twins are not uncommon; and, generally speaking, the mothers are very fond of their lambs, on account of being in good condition, and having plenty of milk. Their maternal anxieties are also probably increased by their wild life, as their natural instincts with regard to vermin dangerous to their offspring would, of course, be heightened. The ewes generally lamb amongst bushes, or reeds, or in some sheltered corner, and thus their lambs are protected from the inclemency of the weather, and remain undisturbed till they are fit to travel a little. At that season the ewes have not far to go for water; and sheep drink very little when the herbage is fresh and green.

The sheep kept thus in their natural state, produce heavier and better fleeces than they can do under the general kraaling system of the colony. They are seldom troubled with the scab, and those that are (chiefly the lambs and hoggets in the autumn of the year, when they are changing their teeth), recover without dressing. In fact, they never are dressed, except at shearing time. The "Tong" and "Klauw Ziekte" which created such havoc throughout the western districts in 1858, was hardly perceptible amongst Mr. Breda's sheep at Zoetendal's Vley. The enclosure is so situated that the sheep never need be moved out of it, for they have a change of veld inside, ample for all sanitary requirements. Part of the pasturage is *Duineveld*, or downs. This forms the seaboard. The remainder consists of flats and limestone hills, the latter abounding in a great variety of herbs and

heather, out of which the sheep can accommodate their particular tastes and fancies.

Now, in following the example of Mr. Michael van Breda, some caution must be observed, for it is not every farm which presents a large area of ground capable of enclosure, and possessing at the same time the advantage of a variety of veld. A change of pasture is essential to the health of the sheep, at least in the Strandveld runs. A near relative of Mr. Michael Breda's, seeing his great success, tried the same plan on a farm nearly adjoining Zoetendal's Vley, and after a few months, had to take his sheep out for that variety of grass which they could not obtain inside.

In addition to the increase and improvement of the wool, and the improved average of lambs annually, and the diminution of casualties, from diseases of various kinds, the saving of outlay in servants' wages and rations is very considerable. For the six thousand ewes, hoggets, and lambs kept in the park at Zoetendal's Vley, at least nine herds would be required, and their wages and food, at the customary rates, would scarcely amount to less than £250 per annum. In order to render large enclosures, for mere grazing purposes, advantageous to the farmer in our western districts, the natural facilities of the place will be the first question. Then will come into consideration the kind of veld, the varieties of pasture available within the proposed ring-fence, the permanent supply of water, and the quality and price of labor at hand. Supposing all these to be favorable, such local advantages will not wholly suffice, as there must be bush and inequalities of ground to protect the sheep and lambs from cold wintry winds, and driving rains; and there should be also, if possible, a magistrate at hand of sufficient energy, activity, and determination, to hunt down and extirpate the two-legged sheep-lifting vermin of the country, in the same way as Mr. Michael van Breda has cleared away with his hounds all quadrupedal intruders. No doubt a fat wether, taking his *siesta* in a quiet kloof, is a temptation to a roving Hottentot, as he would be to a prowling jackal, but a regular sheep-stealer prefers going to a kraal for his mutton, and for one felony of this kind that can be brought home, fifty go unpunished. This fact, the farmers complain, seems to be ignored by many magistrates, whose decisions but too often are regulated by the market value of the animal, instead of the great prevalence of the crime. Where there is no rural police to protect the farmer, surely the law, when put into force, ought to make itself felt.

B.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT FISH RIVER BUSH.

BY AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

CHAPTER III.—A FRONTIER OUTPOST SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

When I emerged from my weary resting-place into the open air, the first blush of dawn was just gilding the dark tops of the rugged chains of kloofs which form buttresses, as it were, to the high table-lands now part of the division of Peddie. The moon, nearly at the full, was sinking behind the quaint, flat-topped, bushy hills which bound the Fish River Valley, and form the horizon of the scene to the westward,—the sky possessing that clear and mysterious steely, cold gray light, a first mixture, as it were, of the golden rays of the sun with the more pale and silvery ones of the moon, which is peculiarly striking at the first appearance of dawn. Large masses of white, smoky-looking mist rested on the deep bed of the river and the lower parts of the valley, and, as yet, concealed from me the nature of the stream,—the tops of the willows and mimosas which fringed it standing up like little islands. The mimosa and other bushes sparkled with a profusion of bright dew-drops, which, in the morning light, looked frosty as icicles. Dimly skimming through the mist that hung over the river, flew flocks of wild ducks and other birds which haunt our inland streams, up or down, to their several breeding-places, in the deep and unfrequented reaches of the river, called gats, the haunts of the sea-cow, where human foot seldom disturbed them. Around me stood four or five ruinous-looking wattle-and-daub buildings, which formed the soldiers' barracks, and some other erections of a similar nature which served for stables, commissariat stores, and other purposes. At a little distance was one in somewhat better condition, which I was told was the residence of the contractor's agent, or person who superintended the supplying of the post with provisions (under the general contractor, resident in Graham's Town); and who also kept in it a small winkel or shop, for the sale of a few necessary articles to the soldiers, such as coarse shirts, coffee, sugar, and brandy,—all other liquor being strictly prohibited. On a rising ground a few hundred yards from the river, stood the quarters of the commissariat department, built of brick, with a flat roof, and the only substantial house at that time on the post. The works of the new barracks and fort were, at the time I speak of, just barely commenced. The buildings I have described, although on the immediate Kafir frontier,

and only separated from the powerful tribes of Pato and Eno by a river nearly always fordable, appeared to be placed without the least disposition for defence, being totally without any surrounding earthworks or flanking defences. Scattered along the river banks, were a number of Fingo and Kafir huts: and a large kraal, an enclosure for sheep and cattle, close to the post,—and which, in the summer season, added much to its miseries, by the immense myriads of flies and volumes of bad smells it engendered,—finishes the picture of Trumpeter's Drift sixteen years ago. Outside the huts which formed the barrack accommodation for the soldiers were lying, *al fresco*, the stalwart forms of some twenty-five or thirty soldiers of Her Majesty's —th, snoring away on their straw palliasses or great coats, which they had dragged out of their huts, to escape the stifling air and insect annoyances of the yet young autumnal season they were, in-doors, subject to. Round the huts, in particular, in which the Hottentot soldiers of the Cape Rifles were stationed, and in whose walls, in spite of an occasional whitewashing, the cimex tribe reveled, lay a perfect host of half-dressed men, women, and children, quite promiscuously. Indeed, at this period, few ever thought of undressing when going to rest at a frontier outpost, but kept in readiness to turn out at a moment's notice, at the least alarm. A drowsy-looking sentinel or two moved slowly among the sleeping forms around, looking as contented and happy as possible under every circumstance, until the serjeant of the detachment appeared (buddling himself into an old red jacket), and a blast of the bugle, denoting 5 a m., startled the sleepers, who quickly got on their feet, bundled up their bedding, lighted their pipes, and went down to the river (from which, by this time, the mist began to rise), to perform their morning ablutions. Small wreaths of smoke now began to appear from the Kafir huts at this side of the river, and from the many kraals which dotted the banks on the other side. Lowing herds of kine, bleating of sheep, and baaing of goats began to be heard on all sides, jolly Phœbus' disk began to emerge out of the thickets of the Kafirland hills, and dogs barked and leaped about, as if greeting him. Shouting of Fingoes, and loud peals of laughter, mingled with many an exclamation of fun, which savored wonderfully of sweet Munster and the rock of Cashel, rather than of Kafirland, at length presented the little world of Trumpeter's Drift on its legs, and wide-awake. I will not soon forget the fine young light-hearted detachment I saw that delicious cool morning enjoying themselves at early dawn. I observed their rising up. All did not, some did, bend their knee, and address a

prayer, brief albeit, to their Maker. They had nothing but nature around them; and the Scotch Presbyterian and the Irish Catholic both appeared to feel its influence.

CHAPTER IV.—EVERY-DAY LIFE AT AN OUTPOST.

MAN they say is born to eat, as well as to sorrow, to make love, and do other wondrous things; and I fear very much that the monotony of a soldier's life on a frontier outpost makes him look at the victualing department as one of the most important in his political economy. I now witnessed the solemn preparation for the great business of the day. The contractor's agent, a sour-seeming individual, with a face redolent of Cape "smoke," accompanied by two or three Kafir myrmidons and a hideous-looking old Bushman with one eye, called Danster, arrayed in a sheep-skin toga, and armed with a tremendous gun, with a bore large enough for a wale piece, went to the cattle-kraal, opened it, and after careful inspection of its tenants, selected his victim, which was retained in the kraal, with three or four more oxen, no doubt, future victims of an early date, while the rest were driven off in charge of their herds (Fingo youths), well armed with guns, as was indeed necessary in these troublous times. The services of the patibulary-looking Bushman were now called into action; the bullock victim was speedily sacrificed; and within a brief period the post was provided with an abundant supply of rich, substantial beef. The baker, in the meantime, had drawn his oven, containing sundry batches of loaves of good, sound brown bread, which the sturdy kibes of a couple of stalwart Kafirs had, the evening before, kneaded and jumped on in the dough trough, until finally reduced to a proper consistence. Bread and meat was all the food provided for the men by the commissariat. All other luxuries, such as vegetables, coffee, sugar, &c., they should get whenever they could, and not seldom they had to do without them altogther.* One good, however, was effected,—the soldier was allowed to cook his ration in any way he liked; and owing to the exposure got thus, as it were, in the field of actual warfare, an old South African soldier, or Kafir war veteran, suffered far less in the late Crimean war than other troops wanting in actual experience. All was now bustle and preparation, for the poor soldiers were young, and had good appetites, and the morning air was "nipping cold;" and, heartily sympathizing with their feelings, I turned my footsteps mechanically in search of my own breakfast—the Fruhstucken or early

* The want of vegetables was particularly felt on the frontier posts.

bites of our Saxon forefathers: and six o'clock is early enough, in all conscience. Tim, with a face beaming with smiles radiant of sweet county Cork, or the golden vale of Tipperary, came running up with an immense tin dish laden with beefsteaks, whose sanglant aspect might the multitudinous seas incarnadine. The Kafir boy had lighted a fire of nice clean embers, and sat smoking his pipe, and preparing some sticks for the carbonatjies. A Kafir female, of most primitive aspect—dressed in a sort of a greasy leather petticoat, rather open in the front, and with the upper half of her rather redundant person rather profusely exposed, with a young child of a few months old trussed up on her back, and who, every now and then, made a violent attack on the fountains of his nutriment, temporarily secured from him—but still with an open cheerful good-humored face, and teeth white as pearls, was squatted on her knees, roasting a few handfulls of raw coffee in the old frying pan, our pot and pan of the night before. This, when she judged scorched sufficiently, she reduced to a powder between two stones, rubbing them together with a sort of twist, only to be acquired by a certain practice. This, then, gentle reader is the secret of the afterwards celebrated green coffee which drove Lord Aberdeen from office and poor Mr. Filder, almost lunatic, broke Lord Raglan's heart and sent Sir G. Brown home on sick leave, made our national military economy and commissariat arrangements, *pro tem.*, the laughing-stock of Europe, and made my friend, Sharpe Brassy Fitzgrubbins a D.C.G., C.B., L.H., A.M., &c., &c., &c.,—a perfect living post, on which honor was proud to hang her decorations. And all the reader will ask—Why? Because though they had sent the green coffee, they quite forgot the frying-pans and the paving-stones! The said reader will therefore pardon me if I venture here a little digression, in the manner of the ancients, on the subject of green coffee.

CHAPTER V.—GREEN COFFEE.—A ROMANCE OF THE CRIMEA.

My old friend, Sharpe Brassy Fitzgrubbins, served in one of the many Kafir wars, in a junior capacity in the commissariat department: active, lively, not deficient in self-esteem; a good carver, fully alive to the importance of putting cookery on the same footing as electro-galvanism, astronomy, and other natural sciences. He was, however, rather theoretical than practical; one of those men who, when the army lacked bread, would propose feeding them with cheese cakes; and, when bullocks were wanting for wagon transport, would suggest the importation of camels from the Cape de Verde Islands. A good office man, well got up in Phillips' "Million of Facts;" neat in his person as Jeremy Jessamy,

he was, however, totally out of his line in the vulgar duties of the tented field, or even under the tent of a wagon, especially in hard weather, if he had not his dressing-case, his douche bath and bidet with him. At the end of the Kafir wars, however, he had got some small promotion: from a treasury clerk he had risen to be a D. A. C. G., and had got the medal; but his genius not being properly appreciated by a great, coarse, practical, half-butcher half-baker commanding officer of his, a man who would put his hand to anything, and who had managed to please Wellington in Spain, and Maitland and Smith in South Africa, in time of necessity,—my friend went home, apparently doomed to spend the last ten year's of his life on half-pay, which, inasmuch as you can't have then an excuse for hanging yourself, is rather worse than no pay at all. Fitzgrubbins, who was, however, a philosopher on a small scale, took it, as you would take an aloe pill, with a shrug and a wry face, and spent the leisure time it gave him in haunting the avenue of the treasury, and making poor Sir Charles Fluellyn's (the oracle of all commissariat honor at the time) life miserable; and, as the old hall-porter, Muggins, used to say, "was the most persevering character as ever he seed." But then suddenly arose a muttering and grumbling of war on Europe; the Northern Bear waxed fat and epicurean, and wanted to devour the Ottoman Turkey—roast, if possible; to which the English Lion, the French Eagle, and the Sardinian Marmot said, "They'd see him blowed first!" And so at it they went, hammer and tongs, regardless of all expense: soldiers, men of all ranks, civil and military, who had once seen a scrimmage in their lives, were in immense demand: refugee Poles, Italian Carbonari, Deutsch Tugendbunden, Hungarian patriarchs, all were welcome; but the puzzle was to the big-wigs, who were now sitting in council of war in Whitehall, on the army supplies in the field, where to catch a smart commissariat officer who had ever seen a shot fired, or slept all night in the open air, without getting a cold in his head,—as all the men who had served in the Kafir war, the only modern war extant, barring the Indian, were scattered over the face of the earth, from Norfolk Island to Berbice. All the nobs were present. There was the chief, the brave old Raglan, anathematizing secretly many of those around him as a set of muffs, and unfavorably contrasting them with his Peninsular recollections; and the dashing Cardamon, the pink of cavalry officers; and Sir Charles Fluellyn, the most statistical and economical of treasury officials; and old Adjutant-General Snooks; and the Fidgety

Fidler, the head of the victualing department, whose poor brain was almost addled at the responsibility so suddenly thrust upon him; and many other notabilities of that eventful period besides. Important questions were that day decided. There was no difference of opinion as to how beef and pork, and biscuit and bread, and hay and oats, should be supplied to the expedition; but they all appeared suddenly to come to a stand-still when the subject of coffee was introduced. "We never drank coffee when we were in the Peninsula." "Get it from Dakin's, in St. Paul's Churchyard," lisped Cardamon, "Lady C. is fond of coffee, and she says he has some remarkably good real mocha at 2s. 4d., nicely got up in leaden packages." "Send it out roast," growled old De Lacy Evans, "the British Legion got it so in Spain, and got some of those gimcrack steam engines we see in the grocers in Holborn, to grind it." "Or, rather, in hermetically sealed patent double-barreled coffee pots," politely suggested Sir Charles Fluellyn, who delighted in big-wigs. "I'll call for tenders to-morrow for it—the lowest of course to be accepted." "Or ready made, in hogsheads, a pint issued to the men with sugar or treacle, twice a day," says Snooks, who once drank a cup of cheap chickory in a coffee-shop in Vauxhall Road. "Or ready mixed *cafe au luit*, which is excellent," added Lord Lucan. "If sent so," said Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals, Bumfoosle, who was the scientific man present, "the cafeine principle will be decomposed, and alcoholic saturation of the eleine will be the consequence, forming a duplicate peroxide of nitrogen which would be fatal to the nervous system." "One for his nob!" whispered old Sir G. Brown to Colin Campbell. "That settles the question," whistled Fidlar, "in a medical point of view." "Pray, Sir Charles, is there, by any chance, any officer of your department who has seen coffee used in the field present just now in London?" asked Lord Raglan, quite bewildered by this variety of opinion. "If so, we had better have him up here, and ask him his personal experience at once." Deputy Inspector-General Bumfoosle here stood up to deliver a lecture on the alkaline principle of cafeine, but was coughed down. Sir Charles, thus apostrophised, suddenly thought of his tormentor, my friend Fitzgrubbins, and a Life Guard's orderly was dispatched post haste, as fast as his boots could carry him, to the Treasury, to seek him. Fitz was just leaving the hall, old Muggins declaring, "It was no use whatsomdever coming there no more, as Sir Charles was getting quite savage," when the orderly entered, booted and cuirassed up to the chin, bearing an open missive from Sir C. F.:

"Send Mr. Fitzgrubbins over immediately to Whitehall." "Ah! ah! young man!" exclaimed the agitated porter, "if you havn't been and done it. I'm blessed if the big-wigs over the way in Whitehall, where the council of war is sitting, arn't going to have you up and pitch into you for tormenting poor Sir Charles. My eyes! I wouldn't be in your shoes for nuffin' whatsomdever." Fitz cast a glance of contempt on Muggins, and followed the orderly, with a beating heart but composed face, the bright jack-boots and silver cuirass imparting a sort of brassiness and iron to his feelings as he received the word of command to enter the awful sanctum. "Courage, friend Sharpe," whispered he to himself, as he mounted the stairs to the council, "you can't be worse off than you are, and this moment may make thee or break thee." And so he entered with a pale but determined visage.

"Mr. Deputy-Assistant Sharpe Brassy Fitzgrubbins, of Her Majesty's Commissariat Department," said Sir Charles Fluellyn, "Lord Raglan, Lord Cardamon," &c., &c. Mr. Fitz bowed, and looked as if he would faint, and the big-wigs looked enigmas. "Well, Mr. Grubbins," said his lordship, "you have served, we hear, in the last Kafir war. What's your rank?" forgetting what Fluellyn had announced (as, indeed, few could remember the interminable titles of that distinguished department). "Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General Sharpe Brassy Fitzgrubbins, my lord, at present on Her Majesty's retired list," repeating all his titles, in order to keep up his dignity, "Ho! hum! haw!" was exclaimed by all the big-wigs. "But you have served in South Africa?" continued his lordship. "Oh yes, my lord; I hope with distinction, in two severe and terrible wars; in fact, killed several of the enemy." "And eat them, I'll be bound," whispered old Campbell to Evans. "Oh, never mind that, now," said his lordship. "We want you to tell us all how you got on with your coffee in the field. Did you issue it roasted, or ground, or ready-made, or how? Or, did you issue tea or cocoa to the men?" "By no means, my lord; we issued it green!" At this word, a general exclamation of surprise and admiration was heard throughout the council; like Columbus making an egg stand on its end by breaking it—the thing was simple, but no one ever thought of it before. Thus encouraged, Fitz, who perceiving the feeling of the council was turning rather in his favor, burst into an eloquent harangue on the virtues of the British soldier in general, and green coffee in particular. "My lord, as to tea and cocoa, they're quite out of the question; they're not professional. Just imagine the gallant British army denom-

minated as a host of tea-drinkers!" exclaimed he. "I have seen the armies and national guards of some of the first nations in the world, but I'd back the British soldier in the field against the world for readiness of invention, fertility of imagination, and a good, sound appreciation of good cookery: and his ration of bread, meat, and green coffee, and other luxuries go twice as far as with the soldiers of any other European or foreign nation, except the Kafirs, who, on occasions of scarcity, live on their shields, karosses, veldschoens (a sort of shoe, my lord). Now, my lord—and gentlemen—*we* used green coffee, when I served in the Kafir war, and —with my own hand killed....." "Stick to the point, Mr. Deputy-General Fitzgrubbins, if you please." "Well, my lords and gentlemen, as I said, we issued out green coffee; and you just issue your green coffee, roast it in a frying-pan, get a couple of stones, and rub them about thus (imitating the action of the Kafir woman already described), put all tea, tea-pots, and tea-kettles under martial law, and I pledge my professional reputation as a D. A. C. G. on half-pay, that the British soldier in the impending contest with the enemy will not only provide himself with a cup of as delicious coffee as your lordship probably would be furnished with by your *maître de cuisine*, but also in time to create for himself a due supply of frying-pans and paving stones—" ("And of muffins," grumbled Campbell.) "What's green coffee?" muttered Lord Lucan, "I always thought it was a brown powder." "Isn't coffee a dark-red liquid?" lisped young Lord Bagwig, of the household battalion.

Poor Fidler felt as if he was in a trance, and looked quite flabbergasted. How did the green coffee escape him? Poor man! He had had greatness thrust upon him, and he was no longer the Fidler of the Peninsular campaign

"That will do, Mr. Deputy Fitzgrubbins," said my dear old Lord Raglan, "we are much obliged to you for your useful hints. You may retire." Sharpe retired backwards, making a lowly reverence to the big-wigs, as if he was walking in the clouds, and convinced he had made a grand success, and that the green coffee was a hit: and he was right. Some how or other, the pale brazen face of the man, and his iron frying-pans, and his paving-stones, and his green coffee, and his eulogium on the character of the brave British soldier, including his hints of the Kafirs he slew, astonished and prepossessed in his favor all the council.

"Upon my word, a smart and intelligent officer," said the good-natured Raglan. "Fluellyn, you had better secure his services at once." "He appears to have a perfect apprecia-

tion of the quality of a British soldier," said Snooks, "and has killed his man, too (which Snooks never had done). I vote we have him up, frying-pan, paving-stones, and all, hut-setting, for an experimentum." "And coffee-pot," suggested Campbell, who had some fun in his composition. "Practical men, like Mr. Fitzgrubbins, I beg to venture to suggest," blandly smiled Mr. Fidler, "are the men we want; and we all know Kafir war commissaries are men now worth their weight in gold, just at present." (Poor Fidler had horrible forebodings.)

In this Sir Charles and all assented; and it was resolved that Mr. Deputy-Assistant Commissary Fitzgrubbins, with a cargo of green coffee, should accompany the expedition to Constantinople; but, unfortunately for the nation in general, and Mr. Fidler in particular, the frying-pans and paving-stones were by some accident omitted.

It will be needless here to enter into any long rigmarole history of our victories and of our misfortunes on the Crimean shores; suffice it to say, that the green coffee was safely landed at Balaklava, while the ministering sprite, who was at the magic touch of his frying-pan to have converted it into "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," was, by some fluke or other, after the battle of Alma (for which he wore a clasp, and of which he enjoyed a fine perspective view from the top of a baggage wagon), sent to Eupatoria, or Varna, or some other out-of-the-way place; so that, in the beginning of winter, when the green coffee came into action, "York was wanted," and not to be found. The green coffee was served out to the troops in its primitive rawness; and not a master mind in the whole British camp, so much had the cold and the mud dulled their faculties, was found wide awake enough to instruct the raw levies, fresh from the bogs of Connemara or the wilds of the Scotch highlands, in the mystery of the frying-pan—poor lads who, as poor Tyrone Power used to say, "didn't know tay-tay from coffee-tay." Paddy Houlagan, from Ballyporeen, "biled it; but divil a bit was it like the bewtiful coffee-tay he used to drink at Father O'Mulligan's temperance tay parties, whin he first listed in sweet Clogheen." Sawney M'Tavish, from the Carse of Gowrie, put it in his soup, but "he coud na taste it ava, and it gave him a sair wame." The nearest approach to utilising, was by a smart active boy, who put it in his pipe and smoked it. Some few roasted it in their helmets, or their canteens; but then who could have suspected the British recruit of improvising a grinding machine, in the absence of the regulation coffee-mill. Lord Raglan was savage; Mr. Fidler fell into

a state of the deepest and gloomiest despondency. *The Times* got hold of it, and blazoned it all over Europe—Mr. Russell, their correspondent, having been asked one cold morning to breakfast by a captain of the Grenadier Guards, whose servant produced a kettle of green-looking liquid, tasting like ditch water, with the stewed berries on a separate dish. All, in fact, was fast rushing to ruin and despair, when my friend Sharpe Fitzgrubbins, shortly before the battle of Inkermann, again appeared on the scene. He sought an interview with Mr. Fidler, who first upbraided him with his cursed recommendation of this horrid green coffee, but who was silenced, when he was reminded that the frying-pans and paving-stones were left behind. Lord Raglan, Earl Cardamon, and the other big-wigs, whose daily cup of the Arabian berry would have disgraced a Mile-end coffee-shop, were in raptures, and in a week Fitz was appointed an A. C. G., and temporarily installed, with full powers, as Deputy-Inspector of the Breakfast Department and Instructor-General of Coffee-roasters and Grinders. He might be now seen parading the camp from "early morn till dewy eve," but at a convenient distance from the trenches, surrounded by a staff of assistants bearing frying-pans, old tin dishes, twelve-pound shot, and other necessary apparatus. The whole "general camp, pioneers and all," who could be spared from the trenches, officers and men, were busy receiving *viva voce* lectures in the mysteries of coffee-making from this admirable man. The whole air was redolent of Mocha, and perfumed like the Cigar Divan in the Strand, where you get a first-rate cheroot and a cup of excellent coffee for fourpence. The very smell reached Sebastopol, and Prince Menschikoff himself, who, a month or two before, in a sneering and taunting way, used to send a pack of Cossacks, with a white flag, bearing a kettle of hot coffee, with his compliments, to Lord Raglan, was now only too glad to borrow a frying-pan or two of Fitzgrubbins' best fresh roast, when his supplies were failing him. Honors now fell fast and thick on Fitzgrubbins. The Guards' fellows, sprigs of nobility, who, like young Norval, "had heard of battles," used to ask him to their well-furnished mess tent, when he used to make their hair stand on end with his valiant deeds in the bloody and fatal Kafir wars he had served in. On the eventful morning of Inkermann, he commanded the rear-guard of bakers of the first division, and had the honor of being thanked personally by the commander-in-chief for the delicious breakfast of hot rolls and coffee he had in readiness at head-quarters, when his lordship returned victorious, after defeating the enemy.

Shortly after, when the fine weather was coming on, Mr. Fidler collapsed, and was succeeded by that tremendous luminary, Sir Bombastorus Macksham, the great gun of all commissariat officers. Sir Bombastus, hearing so much of Fitzgrubbins having saved the English army, and knowing something of him previously (for they both had served in the Cape), made him his private secretary and factotum. Peace was proclaimed at last, and the day of reward for distinguished services at length came. Sir Bombastus was called on to name the good boys, and you may be sure, after his chief's name, the private secretary did not omit to clap in his own. Honors literally showered on him; he was made a D. C. G., he got the C. B., and the Crimean medal with seven clasps (he had the Kafir war medal before). My uncle's cousin, Louis Napoleon, on Sir Bombastus' recommendation, made him Chevalier of the eleventh class of the Legion of Honor; Victor Emanuel gave him the Order of Merit; Abdul Medjid, who was a great coffee-drinker, his little enameled cross. Besides these, he got the French and Turkish war medals, and the Hospodar of Wallachia actually instituted a new order, called the Order of the Frying-pan, for his especial benefit. And yet, besides all these, he always wore on state occasions the large silver medal he got from the Humane Society, a few years before, for pulling an old woman out of the Serpentine, which was about the size of a small pancake. One decoration, the Victoria Cross, he could not succeed in obtaining, although Sir Bombastus warmly recommended him for it, on the plea of the number of lives his hot coffee saved, and that is the only skeleton in Fitzgubbins' house—without that, what are all his other decorations!

Fitz is now at home in charge of the Twaddle department, commissariat branch, Horse Guards. His tailor, Mr. L. Philip, of the West Strand, London, a worthy Snyder of the Jewish persuasion, from whom he had his original outfit, on a long credit, says, "'Pon hish word, Mr. Fitzgrubbins, when the other war breaks out, if you go on dishaway, you must hire a man to carry your decorations, or let me fix them on your back, for there is no more room on the front of your coat."

Fitzgrubbins now quietly enjoys his dignities; he has married an heiress from the city; and when sitting of a morning in his villa in Putney, chewing his muffin, and sipping his mocha, his thoughts often wander back to the terrible winter of 1854 and 1855, and the scene of the Crimea; a lambent smile gradually irradiates his pale features, and he emits in a gentle half whisper, half chuckle to himself, "Ah, how jolly green *they* were."

ADAMASTOR:

THE TITAN OF TABLE MOUNTAIN.

"Adamastor was one of the forty-five children (according to the Egyptians) of Titan, or Titanus, a son of Cœlus and Terra, and brother to Saturn and Hyperion. His father was the eldest of the children of Cœlus; but he gave to his brother Saturn the kingdom of the world, provided he raised no male children. When the birth of Jupiter was concealed, Titan made war against Saturn, and with the assistance of his brothers, the Titans, he imprisoned him till he was replaced on the throne by his son Jupiter. This tradition is recorded by Lactantius, a Christian writer, who took it from the dramatic compositions of Ennius, now lost."—*Vide* LEMPRIERE.

"The war between the Titans and Jupiter, lasted ten years. At length, the Titans being vanquished, Jupiter remained in peaceful possession of Heaven, and his opponents were buried under vast mountains thrown on their heads."—*Vide* BELL'S *New Pantheon.*

"In fiction, too, this voyage of Bartholomew Diaz (to the Cape of Good Hope) was very notable, as it presented an occasion for the writing of one of the most celebrated passages in modern poetry, a passage not easily to be surpassed for its majesty and tenderness, and for a beauty which even those tiresome allusions to the classics, that give a faded air to so much of the poetry of the sixteenth century, cannot seriously disfigure nor obscure."

"It is to be found in the *Lusiadas* of Camöens, and indicates the culminating point of Portuguese discovery in Africa, as celebrated by the national poet."—HELP'S *Spanish Conquest in America*, vol. i. p. 69.

Adamastor is thus described in the *Lusiad:*

"An earthy paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect arose his hairs of withered red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoined, his gnashing teeth's blue rows.
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes, glowing from their dusky caves,
Shot livid fires: Far, echoing o'er the waves,
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore,
With hollow groan, repeats the tempest's roar."

MICKLE'S *Translation of the Lusiad.*

THE preceding extracts form the text of our subject. "'Tis an old tale, and often told." Portugal's great poet, her "last great man," has made the ancient story subservient to his narrative of the famous effort of his country to divide with Spain the wealth of the Indies, and the realms of Prester John. It required the mind of a poet to appreciate the ventures of these early mariners, "and what adventure it was! new trees, new men, new stars, to be seen; nothing bounded, nothing trite; nothing which had the bloom taken off it by much previous description! These early voyagers, moreover, were like children coming out to take their first gaze into the world, with ready credulity, and unlimited fancy, willing to believe in fairies and demons, Amazons, and

'forms of a lower hemisphere,' mystic islands, and fountains of perpetual youth." The historian here quoted, who has reinvested with an undying interest a portion of the historic tale, not wholly told by Robertson and Prescott, speaks of the "tiresome allusions to the classics," which, however, he admits "cannot seriously disfigure or obscure" the "Lusiad." The writer of this paper has to thank the historian for introducing him to the beautiful poem of Camöens, and on reading it he was irresistibly reminded of that other poem, or rather fragment, to be found in the works of the English poet who alone, since the time of Shakspere, inherited the genius of him who found—

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Every scholar will remember them. They cannot be repeated too often, and are not out of place here:

> "Oh! never rudely will I blame his faith
> In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
> The human being's pride that peoples space
> With life and mystical predominance;
> Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
> This visible nature and this common world
> Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
> Lurks in the legend told my infant years
> Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
> For fable is love's world, his house, his birthplace—
> Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
> And spirits; and delightedly believes
> Divinities—being himself divine.
> The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
> That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
> Or forest—by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished
> They live no longer in the faith of reason!
> But still the heart doth need a language; still
> Doth the old instinct bring back the old names:
> And to yon starry world they now are gone—
> Spirits or gods—that used to share this earth
> With man as with their friend: and to the lover
> Yonder they move—from yonder visible sky
> Shoot influences down. And even at this day
> 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
> And Venus who brings everything that's fair."*

Schiller, referring to the same idea, says:

> "The old fabled existences are no more,—
> The fascinating race has emigrated."

* S. T. Coleridge.

If it be so, one of these beautiful "fable existences" has its home at the Cape of Good Hope. With the history he has referred to in his hand, and the poem it quotes in his heart, the author has stood by the side of Adamastor, and looked out upon the sea, which all

"Unchangeable, save to its wild waves play,"

is still that same which bore upon its bosom the first discoverers. He did not see in his "mind's eye" the fleet of Vasco de Gama, but the pioneer bark of Bartholomew Diaz; of whom Camöens should have sung, if poetry were just, and history were true. He gazed at the mountain, and the voice of the Pilgrim of the "Lusiad" seemed still to linger there:

"Oh, wondrous faith of ancient days," he cries
"Concealed in ancient lore and dark disguise."

He looked at the retreating vessel, and the tones of the angel host

"Whose guardian care
Had ever round it watched,"

came to his ears with a longer and more prophetic song; and finally his thoughts shaped themselves into verses, which lacking the "majesty and tenderness" of the beautiful original of Camöens, tell the tale of Adamastor, and the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, in manner following:

A vessel comes upon the dancing wave
From that bright shore where Tagus' waters lave
The Lusitanian home of venturous men
Who ne'er may look upon that home again.

The "Isles of Fortune" now no longer bound
The world's scant knowledge of the deep profound;
Henry,* from Sagres' Tower, has seen return
Captains and ships that tell of farther bourne.

And now stout Diaz, hugging well the shore,
Has passed each spot where vessel came before,—
New lands and scenes their aching eyes define,
And on, and further still, extends the line.

In that, the world's last great heroic age,
Brave hearts were simple, and the young were sage,
Courage and wisdom had not from them hurled
Faith in the legends of the older world.

Whene'er they passed the bounds well known before,
Fancy would people every distant shore,
And images of terror and surprise
They daily thought to see around them rise.

* Prince Henry of Portugal, born in 1394, third son of John I., of Portugal, and Philippa, the daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, fixed his abode upon the promontory of Sagres, at the southern part of Portugal, "whence, for many a year, he could watch for the rising specks of white sail, bringing back his captains to tell him of new countries and new men."

But now, with fixed determination bent,
To seek the realms of Ind they onward went;
Doubt, mixed with daring, stilled all idle mirth,
They feared to perish at the end of earth.

For airs less balmy breathe from off the land,
Stern and more desolate appears the strand,—
Tempests in air, billows in mountains roll,
Storms round, within, vex every fainting soul.

At length, when evening's shades around them close,
Distant and dim the vapory clouds disclose
A shape—so vast, horrid, and stern it seems,
They wait with awe and doubt the morning beams.

The anxious night passes at length away,—
From the far east appears the opening day,
But still they see the form stupendous stand,
As though to warn intruders from the land.

By fleecy locks the mighty mass is crowned,
Grandeur and danger compass it around,—
With front of adamant, its lengthening shape
Presents the Guardian Genius of the Cape.

And as the vessel struggled in the morn,
By currents drifted and by winds o'erborne,
From out those writhing sides, that monster head,
Came sounds of warning, prodigy, and dread.

When all were awed, some noble spirits rose
From the deep fear each sinful mortal knows,
Courage imperial, dauntless daring high,
That would all earth achieve and brave the sky.

Out Diaz spoke, and at the hero's side,
Columbus'* brother stood, in manhood's pride:
"Monster, severe, learn that the men who tread
These planks of wood, have souls that know not dread.

"They seek to glean the treasures of the earth,
To prove their country's and their manhood's worth;
Trusted and sent, this is their purpose high,
To nobly struggle, or to bravely die.

"Great is the land whose soil these freemen trod,
Upon each forehead is the cross of God,
And by that holy sign we seek to know,
And charge thee tell us, Monster, what art thou?"

The filmy hoary locks that strewed its head,
At this demand seemed slowly backward led,—
Revealed huge caverns in the place of eyes,
And answered in the tones of winds that rise.

At each deep sound, preceded by the gust,
The land enveloped seemed with clouds of dust;
Brave hearts attended, each with visage pale,
As Adamastor uttered thus his tale.

* "It is a fact of great historical interest, and a singular link between African and American discovery, that Bartholomew Columbus was engaged on this voyage."

"O, daring sons of men! mine is the vastness of material form,
Yours is the grandeur of the soul:
My granite substance had its being ere your era dawned,
Yet yours will live when every particle of mine is dust.
But know, within my heart resides an animating force
That once could utter forth expression's fire:
And still, though chained and bound, to me belongs
A memory of things unknown to men,
Which now, as challenged, I will pour into your ears:

Huge and uncouth as seems my aspect,
Rugged and fearful though my sullen sides,
To me, in ages past, belonged
A love as pure as is the air which circles me,—
Strong as my substance—warm as the sun
Whose rays enter, and then re-issue from my heart.

Of Titan race I sprang, and in the olden days
When Chaos ruled, we struggled with the gods for the pre-eminence.
Youngest and last of all that race am I,
And Adamastor was I named:
Unto me at my birth there came
The power, the ruggedness, and majesty of all my race;
But also was infused into my being
Knowledge of other principles than strength bestows,—
The sense of beauty and the power of love.

I saw the dawn of loveliness on earth,
I gazed on Thetis, queen of all the sea,
And with impassioned words I sought
Within her breast to raise an answering fire:
"Look not upon my outward form," I said,
"But feel the pulses of my heart;
My springs of being flow towards thee,*
And my arm of strength will thee enfold
With tenderness and love unknown—unfelt before."

Oh, I mistook dislike and fear for seeming coyness:
Nought was propitious to my strong desires.
The gods beheld the struggles of my nature,
And knowing well that from the union of strength with beauty,
—Of Cœlus, heaven descended, and Terra queen of earth—
My own great race had sprung,
Jove, who himself had sought for Thetis hand,
Fearing another race beside his own might win high heaven,
Thus intercepted my design.

So strong had grown the passion of my love,
That every fibre of my being—all my spirit's fire
Expanded with a force that burst impediments;
And thus prepared, I came as to an ambush,
Where concealed lay what seemed to be the mistress of my soul.
I forward sprang, and with delicious force
Clasped to my bosom the dear object of my life and love:
When lo! the envious gods deceived my hopes!
And in the place of her whom I had sought for as my other self,
A rugged mountain in my arms I bore.

* "Trust me cousin, all my being sets to thee."—*Tennyson's Locksley Hall.*

What words can tell the shivering recoil
That passed through all my frame?
With shame and sorrow filled, I thence withdrew
Unto the farthest confines of the south.
But still the vengeance of the gods pursued me;
And here arrested am I doom'd to stand
Until the destiny which men accomplish
Shall have been fulfilled.

But not alone I stand: within the fissures of my sides
Come creeping up the lilies which adorned the brow of her I loved.
Above, around me, floats in mid air the odor of her breath:
Within the indents at my base, nymphs of the sea
Come to disport upon the sand, and with them
Oftentimes my blinded eyes discern
Thetis, now bride of Peleus—mother of Achilles;
And each receding tide which unfolds the beauteous vision,
Advancing, hurries it from my sight and leaves me to despair.

Such was I: such I am! And until now,
None of the human race have ever burst the ancient bounds,
Or come, like Jason, with his Argonauts
In search for fleece of gold,
Within the limits of my dread domain.
This have you done, and like the Delphic oracle,
To you I speak these words of warning and of doom:

These seas of storm, this empire of the sun,
Shall never yield advantage to your land:
Another race shall grasp your heritage:
Another name than yours shall claim your honors;
Another people shall fulfil the destiny that might have been your own.
Your bravest sons shall meet with death upon these arid shores—
Your beauteous daughters languish and die amid the scenes which
I look down upon;
Your mightiest navies be engulfed within the ocean at my feet:
Your deeds, your names, your land become like me—
A Beacon and a Monument of things which were.
Return is vain: the veil is torn, the deed is done!
Whate'er the destiny of man, he enters now on its fulfilment:
No influence of mine henceforth shall e'er prevail—
And Adamastor speaks no more.

When danger surpriseth
The heart of the brave,
Then courage upriseth
To shelter and save:
For never forsaken
Is he who shall trust
In the manifold tokens
Which wait on the just:
Who struggling with danger, and malice, and ruth,
Knows that God loveth bravery, honor, and truth.

How wond'rous the lesson
Which troubles impart,
When the holiest benison
Dwells in the heart;

And voices will come
To the good and sincere,
Which never are known
To base spirits that fear:
And thus with the sounds Adamastor sent forth,
To the Poet and Hero each one had its worth.

When the storm had subsided,
And nature was bright,
By some 'twas derided
As a vision of night;
But the chieftain arose,
And this prayer he addressed
Ere' he sought the repose
Of his much needed rest:
Oh, Father of Mercy! avert from our land
The presage of evil which comes from this strand!

The angels who guided
The barque on its way.
And who unseen, still guarded
The chief as he lay,
Composed him to slumber,
And bade him rejoice:
"Think not of the danger,"
Said their 'still small voice,'
"When thy voyage is over, its perils withstood,
Thy monarch shall hail it an omen of good." *

The whisper the angels
Addressed to the chief,
To the heart of the meanest
Brought also relief;
A boy, whose high courage
Ne'er failed in the storm,
Was awed by the presage,
And lay down forlorn:
But a spirit, commissioned by orders above,
Went forth o'er the seas on this mission of love.

In a cottage in Spain,
Where the stripling was born,
His mother was weeping;
But there, ere the morn,
The angel bent over,
Her face gleamed with joy,
And the kiss of his mother
Was borne to the boy:
And bright thoughts of home and of happiness came,
To dispel the illusions of terror and pain.

The father, who thought
Of his home by the shore,
And whose eyes closed in doubt
Of e'er seeing it more,

* Diaz named the point of his discovery Cape Stormy; but the king (John II. of Portugal) "seeing in it an omen of better things, re-named it the Cape of Good Hope."

In the voice of his wife,
The embrace of his child,
Forgot all the strife—
All its terrors beguiled:
And uprose in the morn, renewed and refreshed,
For the dreams of affection are never unblessed.

The lover, o'ercome,
As he sank to repose,
Sent his thoughts to the home
Whence his happiness rose;
And the maiden who ever
In dreams of the night,
Thought still of her lover,
Was blest with his sight:
For communion exists between hearts that are true,
Though oceans may sever the object from view.

To the dreamers thus sleeping
Below and above,
Came to each words of greeting,
And message of love.
But the waking may ever
Such influence feel,
And a spirit thus whispered
The man at the wheel:
A wind from the south is approaching this way,
Which shall carry you homeward with no more delay.

Then as silently, merrily,
Onward they go,
And the waters so cheerily
Play round their prow;
The music of Heaven,
In strains that prolong
The accents of blessing
In words of a song,
Gave the deck all the firmness that's felt on the sod,
For the melody came from an angel of God.

The tones which gave comfort,
And courage, and hope,
Were the same which in concert
The angels had spoke,
When the message came down
To the shepherds of old,
And the tale of redemption
Unto them was told:
Oh, list to the sounds which the humble still hear,
When their spirits are fainting and bowed down with fear

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

Why hath the past such power
To speak and to awe the brave?
Why may the tempest lour,
And the sea be the sailor's grave?

Nothing that e'er has been
Ever shall cease to be;
Nought that e'er was seen
Shall mortals cease to see,

Dangers which the tempest brings
In the heart, or on the sea,
Are as nought to the faith that springs
In the soul eternally.

And the believing heart,
And the discerning eye,
Shall lessons deep impart,
And behold unceasingly.

Not unto us, I ween,
Spirits though we be—
God's holy messengers we seem
Upon earth and sea,

And as such we issue forth—
Yet to us it is not given
To share in the deeds of earth,
Or reveal the will of Heaven.

But men the workers are
Upon the world so fair,
And for their sakes we offer up
The spirit's earnest prayer.

Oh, Father! guide aright
The wayward sons of men;
Let all their actions in Thy sight
Be those that Heaven win!

And the land thy sons have found,
Though it seemed to be their grave,
Let it henceforth be renowned
As the land of the brave!

Let valor guard the strand,
And, from the centre to the sea,*
Be it hailed by every land,
As the land of the free!

And its people's tongues prolong,
Whomsoe'er they be,
A continuous holy song
Of Hosanna unto Thee!

The men who brought the gallant ship
Have long since passed away,
But their venture bold, and the mountain old,
Remain with us alway.
And gross is the sense that cannot see
In the outline of its form,
As it rises grandly out of the sea,
'Mid the fury of the storm,

* "From the centre right down to the sea."—*Cowper's Alexander Selkirk.*

The Titan shape of the mighty Cape,
At the end of the southern shore;
And the mists that spread on its lofty head
Make the semblance still more sure.

And oft, when the surges of the storm
Encircle Adamastor's form,
The poet will list to the sounds which rise,
And think them Adamastor's sighs:
And in the tones of each wind that moans,
His spirit will hear Adamastor's groans.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

Amongst other remedies which have been suggested for preventing a repetition of the want of specie, and its withdrawal from circulation, may be mentioned that of limiting, if not entirely doing away with, the issue of notes from the different banking institutions; the establishment of a Government issue department; the establishment of a local mint and local currency; the advantage of all specie shipments being entered at the Custom-house; and the repeal of the usury laws, if such exist. In a former number, we took occasion to refer to the excessive circulation of notes by the banks of this colony, as compared with the coin in their coffers, and we see no reason to alter the opinion we then entertained, that excessive trading was the necessary consequence of this facility of issue. The manner in which the whole community is linked, either by being bank shareholders or holders of notes, and the facilities which the banks are compelled to give to each other, in times of pressure, will probably prevent any serious loss ever occurring; but this in no way lessens the danger which actually exists, and which might some day, by the force of circumstances, prove disastrous. The relief to be obtained by the Government undertaking the issue of notes, and preventing, by act of Parliament, the local banks from circulating them, would be, at best, but a partial measure, and the commerce of the colony would be very much at the mercy of one Government officer, whose timidity or disposition might cripple mercantile operations considerably. We can, however, perceive much benefit from Government bank-notes being made a legal tender, and the revenue departments receiving them as cash. Bank shareholders would, it is hoped, not object to their being deprived of the right to issue notes,—the benefit of which, in some institutions, is by no means commensurate with the anxiety it entails on the proprietors. A local mint and currency would probably prevent a vast quantity of specie being exported from the colony; but this is beset with difficulties, not the least of which is the expense. In any country, vast outlay must be made, and an expensive establishment be kept up; but where the metals of which the coins to be struck have to be imported, and that, too, from countries with which there is no reciprocal commercial intercourse, the expense is materially increased. It has been argued that the arrangements of the commissariat chest, to which a large portion of our specie finds its way, would not allow of a local currency,

but we may point to Ceylon, Canada, and Australia, as colonies where local mints are established, and in which the commissariat chest has probably to receive coin of the local currency.

Where specie is shipped by the mercantile firms of the colony in freight, it is almost invariably the custom to have the particulars entered in the manifest, and, consequently, the ship's clearance; but we imagine that the largest amount exported is made to captains, in payment of the net proceeds of the ships' cargoes, and is handed over to them, without appearing on the Custom-house books. We almost fear that any proposal to remedy this would be inoperative, although we should be glad if it were otherwise.

The question of the repeal of the so-called usury laws is about to be raised in the House of Assembly; and its operation, with respect to promissory notes and bills of exchange, will probably, ere long, be felt. To our minds, a settlement of the question is one of the things needful to the future welfare of the colony.

The two Houses of the Colonial Legislature have lately had under discussion the relative advantages of issuing the debentures called for by the local Government notice in England, or in this country, and the extension of the period at which tenders should be received. The colonists would have had reason to be dissatisfied with the proposal made for their issue in England, as they would thereby have been debarred from investing in the stock of the colony, except at a sacrifice of interest, agency fees, &c., in transmitting funds from this to London. When these debentures were first determined upon, the proceeds were intended for the purpose of obtaining funds for immigration into the colony; and as these funds would necessarily have been required in England, to a greater extent than here, their issue in London would have been the most economical for the country. But the state of things is now altered; the money is required here, and if a colonist has, by his honest industry, saved £50 or a £100, on which he is receiving 4 or 5 per cent. from the local banks or Savings' Bank, is it not right that he should have the opportunity of obtaining 6 per cent., and at the same time of feeling that he has an increased interest in the material prosperity of the country. The national debt of Great Britain is her greatest protection against revolution. We think, however, that it would have been unadvisable to issue these debentures so immediately after the pressure which our banking community has just recovered from, and we feel sure that much alarm would have been felt by those who are in want of discounts if £50,000 or £80,000 in specie were known to be on the eve of withdrawal from circulation. On some banks the pressure might have been heavier than on others, and it would have been inconvenient, probably, to pass £20,000 or £25,000 over the counter of any one of these institutions, when their customers were clamorous for discount. As the resolution of the House of Assembly now stands, the English capitalist will have an opportunity of investing if he pleases, although not on equal terms with the local bank depositor.

The Attorney-General's motion for a published return, monthly, of the balances in the banks, for the purpose of enabling the public to ascertain if over-trading takes place, is decidedly a step in the right direction. We should be glad, however, if he would follow it up by introducing a bill for the restriction of the issue of notes. We have stated above our reasons for believing that it is only by an unusual pressure that any serious loss to the community can be incurred; but it is the duty of the legislature to devise means for thus guarding against all contingencies.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FIELD SPORTS IN CEYLON.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

BY E. L. LAYARD, ESQ.

We have often wondered that some of the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* have never communicated any of their adventures "by flood and field" to its amusing pages. We feel sure that they would not be unacceptable to many; and if the lighter and more stirring anecdote were accompanied by a faithful record of the habits of the game pursued, such pages would prove of equal value to the naturalist.

As a proof of what we urge, we have but to point to the pages of the late *Indian Sporting Review*, now changed to the *Indian Field* newspaper. We see them teeming with adventures, with deeds of daring, wrought by the hands of our countrymen in that sunny clime; deeds that have taught them to contend against fearful odds of men far worse than the denizens of the forest, more blood-thirsty, more malignant, more cunning. England may thank her field-sports for the training of her heroes, and long may her sons carry with them to every clime their love for the chase. Alas for old England, when the last hound shall open upon the wily fox; when the last crack of the rifle shall be heard amid the hills of Scotland!

We still, however, may have left to us the glorious snow-capped peaks of the Himalaya, and the noble forests at their base,—the homes of the tiger, and bear, the wild bull, the deer, and many a rare antelope and the lion may still roam over the sands of Africa. While this be so, we believe that indomitable love of manly and generous sport will fire our young men to leave the comforts of their homes, and brave the drought of the one and the awful precipices of the other; and where these men go, there will be found among them many a one who will be looking for information as well as *sport*. For we are glad to

perceive that a more scientific spirit is abroad, and that the sportsman can also be an observer of nature.

An officer with whom we lately had the pleasure of making acquaintance, on his way from India, visited the museum, and gave us much valuable information on the habits of some of the Indian animals. Among other curious observations, he informed us that he had watched the musk deer for days together, trying to discover the use of the two enormous tusks, or rather *tushes*, with which it is provided, and which may be seen in the skull in the museum.

He had never detected their making the slightest use of them, either in seeking their food or fighting, or in any other way; but having wounded one, and catching it by the hind legs, he was surprised to see it repeatedly thrust its fore feet between the tushes and the jaw, force them asunder, and allow them to spring back by their own great elasticity. What can this be for?

We will now endeavor, with the help of our note-book, to recall some of our own adventures and observations in "India's utmost Isle;" we will also enlist our old and long parted friends, who over our camp fires have "fought their battles o'er again;" and we will try to amuse and instruct any one who may care to read what we write.

Many of our friends in this country have never seen a bear. We are happy to say we can introduce one to them,—a small one, and a smaller cub. Both now stand in the museum. They give one an idea, however, of the kind of animal that, when full-grown, is dreaded by the Cingalese villager far more even than the elephant.

The bear of Ceylon, *Porchilus labiatus*, is a formidable animal. It is nocturnal in its habits, rarely appearing abroad during the day. It feeds on roots, berries, and fruits; climbs trees with facility, in search of the nests of the red ant, and of honey; it also digs into the hard mud dwellings of the termites, or white ants, an operation in which the peculiar curved formation of its powerful claws affords it immense assistance. With these weapons, likewise, they inflict terrible injuries on those exposed to their fury. It is said they will lie in wait for solitary travelers along lonely jungle tracks; and in the northern province, one constantly falls in with persons who have been frightfully wounded, generally about the head and face, which are always the points of attack.

The female bears carry their young ones on their backs, which are furnished with a thick bunch of hair, to which the little ones cling.

The best method for killing bears is that generally adopted in the jungles of the north, during the dry season, when all but a few tanks are dried up. To these the wild animals resort in great numbers, to drink or prey upon each other. A hole is dug near the water, and surrounded by bushes; in this the shooter conceals himself. An ambuscade thus formed is called an "ola" by the Tamuls. It is by no means a safe proceeding, as the gloom generally precludes a very correct aim being taken, and the flash from the barrel for some moments completely blinds the shooter, and renders him incapable of repeating his fire, if the wounded and infuriated animal should charge into his retreat. Two persons, therefore, generally go together; and while one fires, the other shades his eyes from the flash, and in his turn prepares to act on the defensive. Bears are not the only animals thus destroyed; the following anecdotes will illustrate the kind of game met with, and the danger attendant on it:

A gentleman employed in the centre of the northern province was passionately addicted to this kind of sport, his avocations preventing him from following game by daylight. Wherever he went, the natives, knowing his deadly aim and cool courage, constructed him olas by the most frequented tanks, and great was the slaughter his two-ounce rifle caused among the savage denizens of the forest. Before, however, this weapon came into his hands, he used to shoot with a common fowling-piece; and one night, his own weapons not having arrived, he took with him a flint gun, belonging to the modliar, or headman of the village; a Moorman elephant-catcher, and his own brother, completed the party, and just before dark, he found himself at the ola prepared for him. A slight inspection showed that game was abundant in the neighborhood. Tracks of deer of all kinds, of leopards, and bears were profusely dinted all round the muddy margin of the fast retreating water; and above all, were the footsteps of a gigantic elephant, mingled with many smaller ones.

Our friend's brother not having a gun, it was deemed expedient that he should mount a tree, from which he might see the sport, and be out of harm's way. Being a sailor, this was easily done, and the other then ensconced himself in his ola. As the short eastern twilight darkened into night, many of the lesser animals, such as hogs, and the smaller deer, came, quenched their thirst, and then hurried back, for fear of the prowling leopard. They, however, came and went unmolested, as the sportsman was taking up a new encampment, and wanted some dried elk meat for his larder, and he therefore reserved his fire, lest he should disturb the drinking place.

He lay in his ambush for a couple of hours, but no elk came, and he was thinking of firing at a spotted buck, when two elephants emerged from the jungle, and advanced leisurely towards the water. About half way across the open plain of mud, which in wet weather formed one end of the bank, they suddenly stopped, and began trumpeting and screaming. Our friend could not understand this manœuvre, and thought they winded his brother in the tree, and meant mischief. He gazed intently at them for some time, till he felt his arm touched by the Moorman, who whispered in his ear in Tamul, "Shoot, shoot! three hundred dollars worth; shoot, shoot!" Turning his head, he encountered the fixed look of an enormous elephant, whose splendid tusks had excited the cupidity of the Moorman. They were the finest pair Mr. Q—— had ever seen, and he used to say that three fat men might have sat on each of them with perfect comfort! The animal was standing close to the ola, quietly looking down on it, and so close, that another step would have brought him into it. He was too near for an effectual shot, even by day-light; and when Mr. Q—— ran his hand down the barrels, he was horrified at finding them dripping wet from the night dews, and he doubted if the powder would ignite. What was to be done? He raised the gun to his shoulder, determined if the huge brute came on, to fire both barrels, and bolt. "Shoot, shoot!" again urged his companion; "three hundred dollars, shoot, shoot!" Prudence suggested "wait," and luckily prudence for once prevailed. For full half an hour (it seemed half a night), the man and the beast eyed each other, the two elephants in the distance screaming and trumpeting loudly. At length the tusker stalked away, and joined his companions, and then Mr. Q—— breathed again. "Lost! lost!" groaned the Moorman; "three hundred dollars, lost! lost! the whitest, purest ivory! Gone! three hundred dollars, and all gone! *Ammah* (oh mother), three hundred dollars! Why did you not fire? three hundred dollars!"

The other explained his views, and to illustrate them, drew trigger on a fine boar which was leisurely quaffing his fill at a few paces' distance; the flint clicked against the steel, the sparks fell in a glittering shower, but no report followed. Piggy raised his head at the noise and light, and trotted off. Click fell the other hammer, and fiz-z-z-z went the powder in the pan and barrel, the bullet falling a few yards from the muzzle.

The spectator in the tree said he saw the elephant walk straight out from the jungle, and approach the ola, and for a long time he feared his brother had been trampled upon and

killed; and "I wonder," said he, "that the beast did not attack you." "What for do that?" replied the Moorman, "him not care, I make charm;" and he produced from his waist-band a dirty bit of ola leaf, on which he had scribbled a few cabalistic characters, and with this he considered himself safe from any attack!

A few nights after this, not feeling inclined for sport, the gentleman allowed the Moorman to take his guns, and accompanied by a little Portuguese boy, also armed, to proceed to the same spot. Night had hardly fallen, when a double shot was heard, quickly followed by two more, and presently both the parties rushed into the tent, covered with blood, without the Moorman's gun, and frightened out of their senses. The lad recovered first, and stated that they had hardly concealed themselves before a large bear came down to within a few paces of their hole. The Moorman, in spite of his charm became extremely frightened, and against the entreaties of his younger companion, fired both his barrels into the animal, who, in his turn, became the assailant, and charged into the ola. Out rushed the hunters, and the bear closed on the Moorman, who dropped his gun, and yelled for assistance. This was promptly given by the brave boy, who ran up to the bear, and, placing the muzzle of his gun against his breast, fired. It had the effect of drawing the animal's fury on himself, and the Moorman, though still armed with his "codally," or bear-axe, took to his heels. The animal now raised himself to tear down his juvenile assailant, but was met with the second barrel, which had been coolly reserved. This fortunately beat him off, and the lad also made his way home. As soon as the Moorman saw the bloody state of his dress, he vowed he was dreadfully wounded; he threw himself on the ground, and roared in agony. His clothes were taken off, and bandages brought, but "no scaith had he nor harm,"—we cannot add, "nor dread." The blood that dyed him and the boy came from the bear's body as he brushed against them in the scuffle! !

The most vulnerable spot, indeed almost the only one where a wound is instantaneously fatal, is in the triangular white mark under the breast of a bear. Sportsmen are so well aware of this that they often reserve their fire until the animal rises on its hind legs to seize them in their arms; this being their mode of attack. The natives generally carry with them a little sharp heavy axe, mounted on a supple handle of some length. It is next to impossible to strike a bear on the head with any other weapon, as he will guard off a shower of blows with his powerful arms; the spring, how-

ever, of the axe-handle causes the weighty little head to bend over and fall within his guard, and not unfrequently split his skull—but this is not always the case.

We remember once, when on a shooting excursion in the southern province in the jungles of Hambantott, falling in with an unfortunate wretch, who, having shot a stag, returned with a party of his companions, to carry it home. For the convenience of tracking it, he had relinquished his gun, and brought with him only his little axe. He was stooping down forcing his way through the underwood, when he became aware of the presence of two bear cubs, and before he could retreat, the old one rushed on him. He struck at her with his axe, but warding off the blow, she buried her claws into his head, tearing away the whole of the flesh of one side, with the eye and cheek; he fell, and the infuriated brute then seized him by the arm, near the shoulder, and bit the bone into small fragments. Of course, his companions fled, taking the gun with them, and the poor man, utterly in the power of his assailant, could only sham death, and hope that the brute, having satisfied her fury, would leave him, for they are not carnivorous. Nor was he mistaken—after licking his bare scalp, an operation which he described as resembling the application of burning coals, she withdrew with her cubs, and the man crawled home. Never shall we forget the sight he was, with his half-healed wounds; and during our excursion in that district, we saw many persons so mutilated.

We once were near making a closer acquaintance with one than we desired. Driving our wife and child in a small gig, and mistaking the road, we turned up a disused track. Knowing it would eventually lead to our destination, we pushed on. Presently a jungle fowl crossed the path, and we jumped out to give him the contents of a pea rifle, which always rested by our side; just as we drew the sights upon him, the shaggy form of an enormous bear emerged from the jungle and confronted us; the horse shook with fear, and refused to move. Oh! what would we not have given just then for D. Q.'s two-ouncer! We reflected for a moment—one *must* be sacrificed if matters come to the worst; *we* might have a chance, the weak woman none. On came the brute with the usual swinging motion (they go on both legs of a side at once) and a low muttered growl. "When he charges," we whispered, "whip the horse, and drive on as fast as you can." "No! I shall stand by you," was the reply, and we saw the gleam of a carving-knife that we had taken in the gig. When within a few paces of us, Bruin raised himself up: remembering the effect of a sudden fear on animals from the human voice,

the war whoop of the Red Indian came to our lips, and we *did* wake the echoes of that old grey forest. With one bound, the brute sprang into the underwood; with one ditto, *we* sprang into the gig; and if the wheels did not catch fire with the friction, it was not the fault of our dear old horse.

As a single man, with a good rifle, we should have no objection to visit beardom; but as "a married man with encumbrance," why, we were not sorry to bid adieu to Mr. B., and will leave him till next month.

A WEEK'S CANTER NORTHWARDS.

THE SUGAR-FIELDS OF NATAL.

SECOND DAY.—A PASTORAL VISITATION.

How pleasant it is, when away from home on a pleasure jaunt, after waking up in the morning, with the strong conviction that a hard day's work and turmoil is before you, to find, on the resuscitation of your dormant faculties, that you have, really and truly, left the dust of business behind, and for a short time, at least, are breathing the atmosphere of life in its freest and most enjoyable form.

Such were my thoughts as I shook off the shackles of sleep on the second morning of my peregrinations, and went out to enjoy the delicious air of morning. Now, a Natal morning *is* something to think about. I defy the most perverse mammon-worshiper to be wholly unaffected by its exhilarating influences. As for myself, I trod the earth a renovated being. The air sparkling with brilliancy,—so clear and pure that the most distant hills cut the sky with their outlines of chiseled distinctness; so buoyant, that care, trouble, and like cankerous things of earth, seemed to have vanished like myths into the past,—was in every respect so genial and soul-expanding, that with unwonted magnanimity, I longed that the whole multitude of stifled, smoke-inhaling, closely packed beings, crowding the fever-fraught cities of the north could enjoy, with me, the health-giving atmosphere of this southern and sun-blessed clime.

My friend's residence was badly situated. The house was in a hollow. A great burly hill on one side, a heavy rise on the other, a valley behind, a valley in front, the latter closed in by two mountain-side precipices, twelve miles off; a sluggish stream below the hole: these components formed a landscape which, out of Natal, might have been considered pleasing, but which, *in* Natal, would always be looked upon as a failure.

This, however, is not progressive, and the reader will be better pleased when he hears that at eight my worthy host (who belonged to the cloth) and the writer mounted their nags and pushed onwards. Getting out of the unfortunate basin in which the house is placed, we came upon a fine open, undulating country, dappled with bushes, thorn-trees, and other light vegetation of a stunted nature. The thorn-tree, or mimosa, predominates, and the air is scented with the rich perfume of its ball-blossoms. Beneath us is the green, rank grass, bright with the tinted petals of many a strange exotic flower.

A ride on a fine morning through a country like this is a treat, and we found it to be so. Visible here and there, scattered over the wide expanse of country which now greeted our eye, were occasional homesteads and frequent fields. At some of these, my companion (who was on a pastoral visitation) had to call. In every such instance, a hospitable welcome was freely accorded. It was interesting to lead out some of these humble but hard-working settlers; to entice them into the solution of their indomitable efforts at colonization. Here and there grumblers would be met with; discontented spirits, who would probably have had the same grievances to descant upon if settled elsewhere. These, however, could not but confess that they had been tolerably successful; could not but admit that matters might have been worse; others again would be cheery and hopeful, full of trust for the future and thankfulness for the past. The struggles of all had been many and great. When they first came, ten or twelve years ago, the country was almost wholly without white inhabitants; it was still the undisputed abode of savagery and barbarism. These early pioneer settlers, with stinted means, but strong, manful, hearts had to reclaim this wilderness. Some, many of them, failed in the attempt, and long ago, disappointed and down-hearted, left the scene of their bootless labors. The rest, with more determined wills and more industrious hands, still remained, still maintained the battle with adversity and loss. In the end, they have been in some sense rewarded. They have formed a home, humble though it be; they have made a living, though often it has been, alas, but a poor one; they have contrived to hold on, till prospects have brightened, and the fruit of honest toil begins to be gathered into the garner; but more than this, they have kept their own self-respect,—kept their own strong ungangrened hearts, earned for themselves the esteem of their fellows, and the veneration of those who come after them.

A stranger traveling through this district would probably be surprised to meet with such general intelligence as the settlers exhibit. They are mostly men of some little education, and though unpolished in appearance and unobtrusive in deportment, they collectively possess a greater amount of intellectual superiority than the agricultural settlers of most other colonies. Sir George Grey, when here in 1855, was remarkably struck by this fact.

In one or two instances, I found that the lady of the house, the good-wife, was the grumbler. Accustomed in the old country to a comfortable home, very likely to hired assistance, respectable females who emigrate to a newly-settled country have to bear the brunt of the hardships; naturally enough they sigh for the domestic comforts or social amenities they left behind. In some cases, I am bound candidly to confess, that I could not but think that these retrospective sorrowings were produced for the occasion, and for effect. They afford a fitting opportunity for letting strangers know that the fair hostess was at one time a very different personage, and in very different circumstances to what she appears to be at present. "When I was at home, I had plenty of servants to attend to domestic matters; I had time for reading and study; but since I came out here——." After all, however, human nature will show itself, and the female mind is prone to——. Being a bachelor, I had better, perhaps, be silent on such matters.

Crossing the Little Umhlanya, a stream which rises six or ten feet in a few hours, and subsides with equal rapidity, we came upon Smerdon's Flat, a fine open piece of land. Here, striking off from the main road, our path lay through a field of sugar cane, about one hundred acres in extent. On one side the ratoons were a fair size, and with their long blade-like leaves had a very rich and luxuriant aspect. On the other side, the sprouts were just appearing above ground. Sugar cane, it may be well to inform the reader, is propagated by planting cane-tops, or pieces of cane about a foot in length, containing two or three joints. These are placed longitudinally in deep furrows, and from each joint a sprout, or eventual ratoon, generally springs. In about two years this is ready for crushing.

This precise spot was, four years ago, the scene of a strange encounter. When the house there, a few yards distant, was being built, the workmen were suddenly astounded by seeing, one morning, quietly browsing in front of the building a herd of three or four elephants. These animals, abundant though they used to be, have for many years past seldom

been seen in such close proximity with civilized habitations. A hunt was immediately extemporised; the enemy was surrounded and cannonaded: tumbling about hither and thither, blowing elephantine blasts, with their trunks upraised and their huge ears flapping, they seemed like things distracted; till finally bursting through the cordon of not very valiant sportsmen, they sought refuge in a bushy kloof to the right, from which they found a means of escape, with the loss of one small companion, into the adjacent forest, which extends for many a mile along the coast. Probably, if these good workmen had been used to handle tools of a deadlier description, the slaughter might have been greater.

Galloping over the flat, out of which rise some very magnificent euphorbias, we reached the bush, and came upon a country blacksmith's shop, with his forge pleasantly placed under an umbrageous tree, so that he can refresh himself, when at his smith's toil, with enchanting glimpses of the delightful scenery around.

The road now has narrowed into a mere path, for the pastoral visitation requires that we should take a circuitous, but, at the same time, very picturesque route. Forest-bush on every side, but not, as yesterday, flat and unprospective. Hills, open patches, and deep descents abound, in consequence of which the view is often both expansive and varied. The trees are also larger and more stately, and the foliage, if anything, fresher. Here and there we stumble most unexpectedly on snug, cosy, little cottage homesteads, with considerable fields of waving green stuff around. One of these, with an incongruity not unfrequently met with, was lighted by means of imposing Gothic windows, the cast-iron frames of which had probably been imported by some person of very large intentions indeed. The products grown are varied. Oat-hay, sweet potatoes, and arrowroot have predominance. Neither are sweeter things forgotten. Invariably, in one corner may be found a patch of bananas and pine plants, the staple fruits of the coast.

Now we descend into a deep valley, and cross the Great Umhlanya, a river (so called) about thirty yards wide, and, happily for us, of little appreciable depth. Here we encountered a long train of Kafirs, with shields, spears, skins, feathers, all in gala fashion. They look formidable enough, but with satisfactory deference salute us with the usual declaration—"I see you, our chief," and pass on. Turn your head, however, and you will see them standing still, gazing back at us, wondering and asking who we are? what we are?

and where we can be going? Zulus, like all other offshoots of humanity, have the bump of curiosity largely developed.

Up more hills—beneath more trees—past more homesteads, achieving more pastoral visitations, and we again descend into a valley, this time of larger and more notable dimensions, down which runs to its great ocean destiny the river Umhlote. This is a more important stream, about one hundred yards from bank to bank, shallow enough now, but deeper when the rains come on. The valley extends into a large and fertile flat, which is dotted over with long lines of white things, the meaning of which for a time greatly puzzles me. We ride up, therefore, to one of these phenomena, and the problem is solved. This flat is a great bleaching ground; washing on a very large scale is, during part of each year, carried on here. The tubs at present are full, and the washermen hard at work; the head of the establishment is himself spreading the articles out to dry. My reader must not, however, mistake—this is no grand soap-and-water undertaking, neither is an atom of "blue" ever seen here. The fact is, we are at an *arrowroot* manufactory, and the white objects are the calico trays on which the pasty fecula is drying. That pile of tuberous roots has just been earthed up, they are not even washed yet. When freed from dirt and all earthy particles, they will be ground or *gratered* up, by a tin cylinder, pierced like a large grater. This mashed pulp is then passed through many changes of water, till all the fibrous, husky parts have, by floating on the surface, been cast off, and only the pure fecula remains. This, when taken from the tubs, in large pieces, resembles plaster of Paris, and is, or ought to be, of unspotted whiteness. This paste is then broken up, and put into the calico trays, which in their turn are exposed to the full power of the sun's rays, both to dry and to bleach their contents. In course of time, as their dryness increases, these lumps are broken into still lesser pieces, or rather, as the water is evaporated, their cohesiveness gives way, and they finally resolve into small angular granulated particles, very similar to tapioca. The principal object of the manufacturer is to produce an article as white and speckless as possible, and to this end every precaution is taken to remove the slightest appearance of dust or smut. The effect of these trays on the eyes is very dazzling, and I should imagine eventually injurious to the sight. Experience has yet to prove whether this is the case or not.

The intelligent owner of the establishment gave us every detail as to the mode of manufacture, and proceeds derived.

From the simplicity and inexpensive nature of the process, the cultivation of arrowroot is the principal resort of our small coast farmers, and many a handsome living is being made by its culture.

Having traversed the flat, we ascended Mount Moorland, a beautiful rise, on the top of which is a neat little Gothic church. The view from the summit of this elevation is most enchanting. Directly beneath you is the flat, dotted over not only with the batch of trays we had visited, but with many another group besides. To one side is a small lake, dark and reedy; beyond that, the river, winding in, till it reaches the sea, which is clearly seen, blue, and foam-flecked, about three miles off. Inland, on every side, are delicious slopes, interspersed with dark wooded ravines and more prominent bush-covered hills, all refreshingly green and varied. Such a view as this compensates a man for much trouble and vexation. It expands his soul, kindles his emotions, and makes him in every way a higher and better being.

My clerical companion had occasion to call at a lowly-looking tenement, placed in sylvan seclusion, on the brow of a wooded valley. We rode up to the door, therefore, and dismounted. The room we entered, on the invitation of the owner, served both for shop and sitting-room, the shelved walls being piled up with groceries, blankets, beads, pickles, and innumerable other commodities. The owner and myself had come out in the same ship nine long years ago, and on the mistress of the house entering, I was amused at the ecstacy she exhibited on discovering that I was a shipmate. Such a stream of questions, such a flood of retrospection, such incredulous protestations,—I was absolutely overpowered. The good lady had only been once to D'Urban since she landed, and, shut up in her country home, the varied incidents of that memorable voyage had served her as food for meditation and gossip during the many subsequent years. I was literally in for it. Every one of my fellow-passengers was brought on the stage, and his or her doings had to be faithfully narrated. Then came suggestive recollections or reminiscences of the voyage itself; the troubles we went through, the grievances we had to bear, the extortions practiced upon us, were all raked up and canvassed. I verily believe that had I not made a sudden bolt, the fair interlocutor would have kept me chair-bound till the following week. Nevertheless, it was pleasing to find ancient memories still cherished, to find that old friendships and associations are never altogether forgotten or effaced.

Once more in the saddle, we skirted the road for three or four miles, again recrossed it, and entered the diminutive but thriving village of Verulam. This little township boast sabout twenty cottages, situated on a rise sloping down to the Umhlote, and surrounded on all sides by bold and picturesque hills.

Putting up our horses, we sauntered through the hamlet, interesting as one of the things "that shall be hereafter." The cottages were small but comfortable, and the children playing about rosy and English like, which last is the best recommendation they can have. Passing a neat brick building, my inquisitive and vagrant eyes see inside books and papers, and remembering that Verulam has its literary institute, I opine that this is the library, and enter accordingly. Nor am I mistaken; this *is* the reading-room, and a very creditable affair, too, with its five hundred volumes of books and regular supply of periodicals. Who will say, after this, that we Natalians intend to retrograde? Here this little village has already planted the germs of future literary organisations, has already provided strong, wholesome intellectual food for the mental capacities of its inhabitants. Such is the beginning of all real empire—such is the surety of national success. Let such institutions be spread far and wide through the length and breadth of these South African colonies, and assuredly we shall be assisting to advance the course of human progress.

So much do we find to interest us in the village that the sun is not far from the horizon, when we again saddle up for our last stage to-day. The country continues as beautiful and varied as ever, while the road is level as a bowling green. Strong mineral indications exist hereabouts, and at various times enthusiastic delvers have imagined they had discerned both gold and silver. The thought is suggestive; and I cannot help looking at those hills and valleys with a certain degree of pensive interest, as the possible Bendigo and Ballarats of our sunny land. One subterranean production, however, of a greater eventual importance than either the yellow god or his fairer sister, is positively believed to abound throughout these regions: I speak of coal; once exhume his sable sun-dried majesty from his primeval tomb, and our little colony would shoot a-head through the waters of prosperity at an amazing rate.

These cogitations are, however, becoming dry. It was all but dark when we entered the imaginary township of Victoria, with its three or four cottages. My companion went to quarter upon a parishioner; I, instead, was doomed to the village inn.

One of the many things I look forward to with pleasure, is the revival of hostelries in the old English style along our country by-ways. I long for the sterling comforts of those old-fashioned days, and fear greatly lest we should at once stride into the full-blown luxury of modern hotels. The inn I now resorted to was intensely colonial,—a long thatched building, a white-washed sitting-room, with home-made sofa, dirty table-cloth and broken china ornaments, a clay floor, with Kafir mats and rickety chairs. I am not, fortunately, a fastidious person, nor was I at that moment inclined to be discontented. I, therefore, resolved to be "jolly" for the night.

Having done justice to a batch of eggs and a decayed ham, I was in a fit state to receive the well-disposed attentions of a loquacious individual opposite, who seemed determined, *nolentem volentem*, to make me his auditor. He was a tall, grizzled, soldierly personage, full of anecdote and gossip,—in every respect the impersonation of an old campaigner. I was not long in finding out not only that he had formerly been a soldier, but that he was personally acquainted with some of the most thrilling events of our early history. There is no more true or interesting method of becoming conversant with historical incidents than by listening to the recitals of eye-witnesses such as these. The present narrator's description of the massacre of the boers, at Blauwkrantz, immediately after the first entry of the Dutch into this colony, was so original that I cannot but think it merits publication. It is short and pithy.

"I was there, sir," he said, "connected with a Dutchman; a very good kind of man he was, but too much given to schnapps. We was all outspanned near the river, expecting nothing, and waiting for the deppytation as had gone to the Zulu king, Dingaan (him as killed his brother), to come back. One day there came to the camp a Kafir, an old fellow he was, and a decent kind of man. In coorse, we could not speak to him, not knowing the language, nor could he jaw to us for the very same reason. Howsomever, he took up one of the little uns, and drew his fingers across its throat, which was to signify, as we guessed, that the Kafirs was a-coming. The big men then fell to consulting, but what they did or said, I was one as never heard. Well, the next day we heard a tremenjus shout, and they, that was the Zulus, bust right upon us in thousands and thousands, yelling and screeching, and kicking up such a shindy as I never before had heard, neether as I ever do wish to hear again.

Well, the men, they were so taken by surprise, as to have time to do nothing. In fact, sir, them Zulus did stick them and stick them, before many of them had made out as what the matter was. For myself, I thought it the best way to hook it, and so I cut my stick as fast, sir, as my pins would carry me. Now, sir, at Bushman's River, which as 'praps you know, is nearly twenty miles off, there was a lot more wagons outspanned, in which the boers knew as little of what was going on as we did before; but when I and some others as managed to get away reached them, they set to work, sir, to prepare for the Zulus, if they came on. Well, sir, the next morning the Zulus came to the other side of the river, which was very full at that time. When they tried to come across one by one, they found as the water was a-running too strong for them, so they turned back. All this time you must know, sir, that we was a-firing at the black devils as fast as our guns could be loaded, to do which the women was helping. When the wretches found they could not cross the river one at a time, they joined hand in hand, and tried to get across in that way. Howsomever, our balls was always a breaking the chain, though there was so many of them that the line joined again in a jiffey. At last, as we was getting tired of this, Pretorius, him as was the headman, had got a six-pounder which we had with us, loaded with bullets. This we fired at the Zulu devils, and lord, sir, if you'd seen how they screeled and ran. They cut as if old Nick himself was after them. We sent another charge into them, which only made them run the faster; and they never came back after that. Ay, sir, but the way them wretches had killed the women and children was dreadful. We found one young lady, Miss ....., lying at the bottom of a wagon, under a heap of blankets, nearly dead. She had seventeen stabs in her body, but is alive and living still."

Such reminiscences as these, though not of the pleasantest, form the constant theme of many an ancient colonist. Who can wonder that, with such terrible recollections crowding their memory, the Dutch colonists of the interior display unwonted and unwarrantable harshness in their treatment of native tribes?

What an atmosphere of romance invests the early history of these southern colonies. Romance, because fiction, is falsely supposed to be the only vehicle for the narration of perilous enterprise and critical adventure. Thus fiction itself is a misnomer—a lie. Here we have stern realities; clear blasting truths; glowing facts written in blood and

carnage,—proven by bleached bones, brainless, sun-dried skulls, and constant exhumations of ghastly mortal remains,—buried deep in the brooding vengeful breasts of rough, stern men. Unnoticed by history, ignored by antiquarian searchers after ancient rubbish, these terrible events, too recent to be historical, shall yet fill one of the darkest pages of human annals.

As I went out into the quiet starlight and looked on the peaceful and enchanting world around, I could not but hope that, wisely governed and bravely peopled, this smiling land might be spared in the future such ruthless inflictions, such dire devastating visitations.

OUR VILLAGE BELL.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.)

In the steeple of our village hangs
A sweet sonorous bell;
Its airy chimes on my childhood's ear
As heavenly voices fell.

When, after an absence long, I came
Back to my home again,
Its sounds in the dreamy distance shower'd
On my heart like blessed rain.

In its voice I thought I heard the sound
Of the valley's joyful lay:
My sister's voice, so loving and sweet,
My mother's lullaby.

Again I am here; but sadly float
Its tinklings on the breeze,
And the strokes of its hammer come to me
Like sobbings through the trees.

Why? In that isolated tower
The same bell-voices throng,
As they sing the valley's vesper hymn,
Or its merry matin song.

Ah! 'tis because, since I was a boy,
Oft it has rung a knell—
So often has pealed for those whom I love
The passing funeral bell!

Σ.

HOW I SPENT HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY.

My name is Puddles, and I am a loyal subject of her Majesty Queen Victoria. I never boast—it is contrary to my principles to do so; but I assert positively that there is no more loyal subject than myself in all Her Majesty's dominions. My lot has been cast in this remote colony, but even here I never omit to read the court circular, and to observe which of the little princes or princesses rode, or walked, or was taken for an airing; and whether her Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort walked on the slopes, or drove in the home park, at Windsor. To me there is a fascination in that portion of the *Times* which records these matters, that I seek in vain amongst the parliamentary debates, the police reports, and the shocking accidents.

I do not care to tell the reader what I am. Perhaps I was unfortunate in business at home, but that is a matter of no consequence to any one but myself—and my creditors. At all events, I am thriving in Cape Town; and Mrs. Puddles is quite tired of letting out my waistcoats, and enlarging the waistbands of—but never mind. It is, however, a matter of some surprise to me how I continue to keep in such excellent condition, debarred as I am from beholding the sunshine of royalty. I cannot explain it; but I know that I take every possible opportunity of taking a sight at (I mean looking at) Sir George Grey, as the nearest approach to royalty in this benighted* land. He is, in fact, her Majesty's viceroy, and I admire and respect him accordingly. I bow to him on every possible occasion, and I was once gratified by hearing him distinctly say "Puddles," as he passed me in the street,—which proves that his Excellency knows me.

Now, with all my feelings of devoted loyalty, it may easily be imagined how delighted I was to read the programme of the entertainments provided for celebrating her most gracious Majesty's birthday, in this good city of Cape Town. First there was to be a levee—then a review—then a regatta —and then a ball. I resolved to see them all, as the best way of testifying my loyalty.

On Tuesday, the 24th May, 1859, I rose early, and the first sight which gladdened my eyes was H. M.'s steamer *Hermes*,

* A miserable punster suggests that it is Sir George who is be-knighted.—Ugh!

with all her flags displayed, just as the Parisian hosiers in the Rue St. Honoré hang a line across the street, with all their gayest patterns of pocket handkerchiefs displayed on it by way of advertisement. It was a beautiful sight. The first sound that smote on my ears was that of a gun—some piece of irregular artillery, doubtless fired by some enthusiast in loyalty like myself,

I dressed myself with extreme care. Mrs. Puddles ironed the creases out of my best coat, and assisted in arranging my smartest necktie. Twice were my boots sent back to be more highly polished, till at last they would have served Narcissus for a looking-glass.

As the time drew near for the levee, I proceeded with deliberate steps to Grave-street, having provided myself with a neat card, embossed with elegant devices, and inscribed in a fine bold hand, "MR. PUDDLES." On my way, I fell in with plenty of my friends, some of whom were evidently envious of the figure I cut, and one became so frantic at the sight of my gloves, that he rushed off in despair; the last view I had of him was as he flew along the street with his coat-tails streaming in the wind, in search of a pair of gloves "like Puddles's."

In the ante-room, I was jammed up with army and navy officers, in all the glitter of gold lace; clergymen in silken robes and spotless bands; judges in ditto, and one of them in a wig that must have taken at least six very bushy horse tails to make it. It was charming. Then there came Mr. Speaker and *his* wig—pooh! a couple of tails would make *his!* and the serjeant-at-arms with his mace, which I respect because it is surmounted by a crown, but which is still vastly like the gilt gingerbread ornaments of a stall at Greenwich fair. I felt proud of the society in which I stood. And when the door of the reception chamber was thrown open, and every one made a rush at it, digging his elbows into his neighbor's ribs, regardless of whether he was a judge, a parson, a winkler, or a consul (or both the latter rolled into one). I confess I fancied for a moment I was pushing my way into a theatre, and that the aide-de-camp crying out the names was the box-keeper shouting to his deputy the numbers of our respective boxes and seats. But the fancy lasted only for a moment. "Mr. Puddles," cried the aide-de-camp, and I stood in the presence of her Majesty's representative, and the bow I received I shall not soon forget. It is quite evident that Sir George was struck by the style of Puddles.

And now for the review. When I reached the Parade,

H. M.'s 59th regiment were just marching on to the ground. Shortly afterwards came the gallant Volunteer Artillery, consisting of a battery of three guns, and, really, if some of the privates were not a trifle stouter than privates can generally contrive to become on a shilling a day, they might have been almost mistaken for regulars. Next came the detachment of Cape Corps, capitally mounted. Then followed the Cape Royal Rifles (infantry), of whom Cape Town is so proud, and with such good reason too. And lastly came the Volunteer Cavalry, resplendent in blue and silver, steel helmets, and nodding plumes.

About the same time arrived the new general, looking every inch a soldier—and that is not saying a little, for there are a good many inches of him. I was determined to see all that could be seen, and so I thrust myself vigorously into the crowd, getting a capital place, with only the drawback of having close behind me a man on a very wild steed, that performed every variety of equine gyration at each shot that was fired, and seemed to have been brought out only to show that his rider could keep his seat—highly gratifying to him, no doubt, but hardly safe for the necks or limbs of other people.

Now I am not a soldier, and I know nothing at all about military tactics, and therefore it would scarcely be proper for me to attempt any description of the manœuvres that were gone through. I can only tell a few things that I saw and heard. I heard the battery of three guns fire in capital time, and saw the gunners working like galley-slaves—the stout men especially, as if determined to show they were as active as the lean ones. I saw half the dogs in Cape Town scampering madly over the ground, yelling in every key in or out of the gamut. I saw aides-de-camp galloping frantically from the general to the soldiers, and back again. I saw the Cape Corps horses jump about as if they were not so familiar with gunpowder as they ought to be. I saw the troops parade slowly past the general, and I saw the artillery horses sometimes stick hard and fast, in spite of whip and voice, and I saw the artillerymen gallantly putting their shoulders to the wheel (in the most literal sense), to shove the horses on, whether they liked it or no. Occasionally, I saw the same horses bolt, and insist upon going at a gallop, when they should have only walked—and altogether I pitied the drivers.

I saw the 59th form squares, but I did not see the Cape Royals do the same; I saw the Cape Corps charge, but I did not see the Volunteer Cavalry do likewise. I heard

three glorious cheers given for the Queen, in which I joined with such effect, that I have been hoarse ever since. And at last I saw and heard so much altogether, that I fairly ran away in confusion, just as the Cape Corps charged right up to the place where I stood, and one fierce-looking private, cutting and slashing with his sabre, seemed to have singled me out for destruction.

Returning consciousness found me seated before a basin of soup and a bottle of Allsopp, with something of a headache to remind me of the sights and sounds that were past. I could not spare much time for eating and drinking, but set off to the odoriferous regions of the fish-market, to see the regatta.

All the bay was alive with boats, and every ship was decked in all her colors, making as pretty a display of colored rags as a patch-work quilt ever yet exhibited. Bang went another gun from a distant jetty, and away went some sailing boats—but I know very little more of nautical than of military tactics, and therefore I won't describe. I saw a moral, however in the boat race which I had not found in the review —how easy is it to run before the wind of prosperity, and how hard to beat up against the gale of adversity!

There were rowing matches too, and here again I read a moral—men will labor ten times harder for pleasure than for work. Who would not consider it most horrible drudgery to have to tug away for hours at an oar, and now and then peep over his shoulder to see where he is going to? And yet rowing is a fashionable and popular amusement, and even I, Puddles, have "caught my crabs" in the Thames.

I believe the regatta was a success. I am sure I saw several amphibious looking mortals very much excited about it, and the Malay ladies, in their picturesque costumes, were chattering around me with a volubility that even French market women could not approach.

Then the ball! As I have neither described the review or the regatta, I feel that I am in duty bound to describe the ball. I said I was not a military man, nor a naval man, but I must not say that I am not a dancing man, or I shall lose all favor with the fairer portion of my readers; besides which I really have undergone a very severe course of polka, and *deux temps*, and have worked harder to maintain my credit as a human teetotum, than I am quite sure is justified by the result. So I must try to describe the ball, though I labor under the disadvantage of not having seen it. The truth is, that Mrs. Puddles was not invited, because Mrs.

Puddles has omitted her proper calls; Mrs. Puddles having lately been on "togt" with her husband. I am sorry, for Mrs. P.'s sake, because she really does like a dance—*and a supper;* and although I made a good bargain or two on our journey, I can't, of course, afford her such a supper as she would get at Government House, to say nothing of dancing partners in gold and silver lace.

But any one can describe what he *has* seen—let me try if I can describe what I have *not.* In the first place, there were two bands—one a military, and one a town band, and though the former is a much finer affair, the latter is much better to dance to—thanks to the violins, which are indispensable to a quadrille band. Next, there were a great many uniforms—military, naval, diplomatic, and fancy; and every man in a uniform thought himself a much finer fellow than every man in plain clothes, and as the ladies were of the same opinion, it must be a correct one. There was a great deal of muslin, a great deal of silk, satin, velvet; a profusion of false flowers, and a few real ones; plenty of false jewelry, and a fair supply of real; a great deal of beauty (as a matter of course in a Cape ball-room), and a good show of would-be beauty. And the former never had a spare space on its engagement card, and the latter always said it "would look and see if it could find one," and always *did* find one in spite of its doubt. There were dowagers who kept a stereotyped smile on their faces all the evening, till they got sleepy; and very young gentlemen of extreme modesty, who looked melancholy all night till supper time, when they broke out a little, and afterwards attempted unknown dances and steps to the vexation of their partners. There were couples who constantly found the dancing-room too hot, and went to cool themselves in retired seats in dark corners. There were vehement protestations on behalf of fathers of families towards the small hours, that they *must* go home, and strong promises on the part of daughters to start "directly after this waltz"—the breaches of such promises being innumerable. There were fluttering hearts, pressed hands, weary legs, and aching heads when the good-night was really said, and——; but what else? Such was the ball, deny it who can; and I challenge any one who was present to dispute the accuracy of my description.

As for me, I drank her Majesty's health at home with Mrs. Puddles, and retired to bed just as Captain Snooks was arranging his right hand on the top of Miss Tomkins's *tulle* and crinoline, and starting for the first polka.

A. W. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT FISH RIVER BUSH.

BY AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

CHAP. VI.—EVERY-DAY LIFE AT AN OUT-POST *(continued)*.

I think my readers will cordially agree that by this time breakfast ought to be ready, and so it was. My friend laughed heartily at the recital of my night's misfortune, and consoled me by the assurance that, in a few days, I would be used to all that sort of thing—the ants, fleas, bugs, and crickets of an out-post hut especially selecting the strangers for their repast and amusement. The breakfast was an average one for Trumpeter's Drift,—a large dish of fried beefsteaks, garnished with dark-looking ration bread, and washed down by a rather unsavory decoction of the manipulated coffee beans, whose preparations had hung my old friend Fitzgrubbins with such a *batterie de cuisine* of war medals. Of milk we had none, all the cows on the post, as Tim quaintly remarked, "were bullocks, bad luck to them; and the bucks were all in kid." An old cracked pot held a vile greasy mixture, called sheep's tail fat, with which Tim imbued sundry thick slices of toasted bread. "The thieving wild cats had eat all the eggs, or throttled all the ould hens on the post;" but plain as our fare was, we had at least a good, keen appetite to enjoy it; and a short residence on a frontier outpost, I very soon found, would make one soon put up with the worst of many of the luxuries of more civilized life. After breakfast, my friend Tom, and his man Tim, laid their heads together to get rid of some of the insect annoyances of the night before. To use the words of Tristram Shandy: "Tim was a fellow well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain; my friend Tom took him for a servant, and of an excellent use was he, attending him in the camp, and in the quarters, as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse, and indeed from first to last waited upon him, and served him with great fidelity and affection." The result of the deliberation was, that the unlucky iron bedstead was dragged out and soused into a hole in the Fish River, there to remain until the cimex population gave up the ghost. The Kafir female made her appearance with a mat basket full of cow-dung, and received Tim's instructions, couched in an Amakaso-Tipperary-Batavian patois, to "mak schoen and smeer the flure; and dud mak de thieving ants." A sinister-looking Irish female, rejoicing in the euphonious

appellation of "Nelly McClune," was summoned to put a stitch in the ceiling, and hem a patch on the calico window; after which duty, and after being refreshed with a dram, she, with many profuse blessings on the "good gintleman," proceeded to assist Tim in putting our household affairs in some degree of regularity, overhaul our foul linen, and make up our arrears of shirt buttons; and then my friend and I, taking up our guns, started out to take a ramble over the locality of that part of the Fish River bush that Trumpeter's Drift is situated in.

CHAP. VII.—THE FISH RIVER BUSH AND FRONTIER FORTIFICATIONS.

The Fish River bush is rather a vague designation of the rough, irregular, and bushy valley through which the Great Fish River runs in a very tortuous and irregular course from where it passes through the Great Winterberg range of mountains, until it reaches within a few miles from the sea, at Kafir's Drift. On the right, the valley is bounded by the high plateau on which is situated Graham's Town, and which continues gradually sinking to the level of the sea by Governor's Kop, the Koomes, &c., to the Fish River mouth. On the left, by the high Rand, as it is locally called, between the Great Fish and Koonap Rivers, and the high plateau of South Victoria, presenting on both sides moderately high land, much intersected and furrowed with deep and precipitous kloofs, the beds of dry torrents, generally covered with a thick, yet generally low, but almost impervious bush, of euphorbia and other succulent plants, growing on a scanty soil of hard red clay, resting on a blue slaty rock, the colors of which blending with the sombre green of the vegetation, throws a peculiar gloomy and savage cast over the naturally wild character of the scenery. From many high points of the high lands on each side of the Fish River valley, many extensive views of it may be obtained, none of which, however, are equal to the *coup d'œil* of the whole region, as seen from the south on the Governor's Kop, a few miles from Graham's Town; and from the north, on the top of the Koonap Hill; and, indeed, from either of these points the prospect is most striking, as far as savage, gloomy scenery, still, and apparently devoid of all animal life, is concerned. In many places, the valley is very narrow, not more than three or four miles from the crest of one table land to the other. In other places, however, it expands to a width of several miles, the country more or less covered with dense bush, formerly the abode of immense herds of elephants, buffaloes, and other large animals, amongst which the rhino-

ceros held a distinguished place; the valley abounding with the fiery euphorbium and other equally acrid plants, the favorite food of the species rhenoster. Intersected as the region is with water-courses, it is yet remarkable for the want of running streams or fresh water fountains, although brack water is found in many places. The climate is excessively hot in summer, and in winter the mornings, and nights are often bitterly cold; yet rough and inhospitable as this region generally is, it is found remarkably well adapted for sheep-farming, and many a farm of three or four thousand acres, which, a few years ago, might have been purchased for a very few pounds, or a span of oxen, or a wagon, are now valued at thousands. The Great Fish River itself runs in a deep bed through the valley, generally between high banks of red clay, which it seems to cut through, until it reaches the blue slate rock, and lies far too low beneath the general level of the bottom of the valley to be made available for the purpose of irrigation, except in a very few places. After a drought of any continuation, the river becomes little more than a chain of pools, often green and stagnant; but often without any warning, owing to heavy thunder-storms on the high mountain ranges in which it takes its rise, it comes thundering down like a wall four or five feet in height of red, muddy water, sweeping away all before it, and spreading dismay among the Hottentot washerwomen of the outposts on its banks, and the unfortunate wagon-driver who may have arrived at one of its drifts or fords half an hour too late. On some occasions, such as the great flood of February, 1848, it has been known to rise upwards of forty feet in a few hours; and it is a curious sight to see the willow trees which grow on its banks come floating down the stream, tenanted by leopards, monkeys, and other tree-climbing mammalia, suddenly overtaken, as Tim would say, "in the wet."

In a military point of view, the Fish River first became of importance when, in 1784, the Dutch Government proclaimed it as the eastern boundary of the Cape colony, although for many years, even after the occupation of the Cape by the British Government, the only posts established were a few temporary miserable wattle-and-daub affairs at Roodewal, near Somerset, Lombard's Post, and a few other points; but it was not until after the Albany immigration of 1820, that any permanent measures were taken to establish a line of defence along what, at that period, was our eastern frontier, pushed on as it was after the Kafir war of 1819 to the Keiskamma. We accordingly find, after this period, our most advanced post at Fort Wilshire, supported by sundry

little mud forts and wattle-and-daub barracks at Hermanus Kraal, now Fort Brown; at Double Drift, at that time important, although now an unfrequented pass on the river; at Kafir Drift, covering Lower Albany; at Trumpeter's, always looked on as a central position; and higher up along the river as far north as Roodewal, many temporary posts, at which the officers and men of many of his Majesty's corps of that period spent many a long day of dullness, monotony, and privation, compared to which the gallant defenders of her present Majesty's forts in South Africa live, as my friend Tim would classically express it, in clover. But it was not until after the Kafir war of 1835-6, when the ministry of the day had disallowed the wise policy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, and ordered the neutral country, which forms now the division of Victoria, to be restored to the Kafir chiefs, and our actual boundary to be again the Great Fish River, as it had been nearly fifty years before, that any regular system of military defence was organized for our frontier; and that, in 1837, the present Major-General Lewis proposed a chain of military stations, extending from the Zwarte Kei River near the Twee Tafelbergen to the sea at the mouth of the Great Fish River, including the military posts of Retief, those at Fort Armstrong, Eland's River, and Blinkwater, in the Kat River settlement, Fort Beaufort, Howess's and Botha's Post on the Kat River, Forts Brown, Cometjies, and Trumpeter's Drift, on the Great Fish River; while a short distance in the rear were Cawood's Post, Bathurst, and Graham's Town; and in advance, occupying a most important position on the high land, between the Great Fish River and the Keiskamma, was Fort Peddie.

General Lewis's plan of frontier defence was approved of by Sir G. Napier, at that time governor of the colony, and was actively carried out, with a few modifications, until the close of the war of 1846, when the re-occupation of British Kaffraria by Sir H. Smith, and the taking up of the Buffalo line, led to the abandonment of many of the outposts in the Fish River Valley. Since that time, the posts at Double Drift, Cometjies, Botha's Post, and other places more or less in the rear, many of which cost thousands of pounds, have fallen to ruin, while fresh mushroom forts have plentifully sprung up in the valleys of the Amatola and other places between these mountain fastnesses of the Amakosa and the mouth of the Buffalo.

General Lewis's posts were to have been all solidly and well constructed. They consisted of a strong, defensible, loop-holed enclosure, and in many cases of a tower mounting

a twenty-four pounder, with ample commissariat stores and stabling; and, indeed, it may be safely said that one of them, manned by fifty determined men, with an adequate supply of beef, biscuit, and fresh water, might set all united Kafirdom at defiance. But the old posts, such as Trumpeter's was when I first visited it, were indeed wretched places, built without any regard either to defence or to the comfort or convenience of the unhappy defenders. And bad as Trumpeter's Drift post was, there were others, I afterwards saw—Botha's Post and Post Retief, for example—still worse. General Lewis, in his plan of frontier defence, also proposed bridges over the Great Fish, Koonap, and Kat Rivers, and the bridge at Fort Brown and that at Fort Beaufort were built from his designs, at the expense of the home Government. He also felt the importance of improving the roads connecting the outposts, and designed a grand military way, extending from the Zwarte Kei to the sea; only a part of which, now called the Queen's Road, between Graham's Town and Fort Beaufort, was ever executed.

The old frontier wattle-and-daub outposts were generally built by fatigue parties of military, and at a very low rate of working pay, the principal expense being for transport of the materials, which were generally procured from the nearest bush. Some few were built on what is called the "soopjie" system; that is the workmen were remunerated by a dram or two daily of Cape brandy. But as I have before observed, situated as they were within the grasp of an insidious and artful enemy, who then occupied, in large numbers, the left bank of the Great Fish River and Kat River, and constructed with a strange disregard to external defence, they appeared almost to invite an attack, or at least incendiarism, the rotten wattle-and-daub walls and thatched roofs being as combustible as tinder; and it is my opinion that at any period whatever, between the years 1837 and 1841, if the Kafirs were so inclined, they might have burnt every military out-post between Kafir Drift and the Zwarte Kei, except perhaps Graham's Town and Fort Beaufort, and butchered every one of the occupants,—so careless and neglectful were the little garrisons, dwelling as they did in barracks which a firebrand tied on an assegai, and thrown from a little distance, might have fired at any moment of the night.

The system of garrisoning these forts was equally bad. For an out-station like Trumpeter's, for instance, twenty-five or thirty men of a regiment lately arrived from Europe, and half a dozen Hottentot Rifles, were deemed a strong garrison, and this perhaps would be under the command of a raw ensign,

aged seventeen or eighteen years, with little or no knowledge of the world beyond his school experience, if he ever had any. This youth would naturally rely on his sergeant to remove all regimental difficulties from his path, and having no society, and seldom seeing strangers, his evil propensities, if any existed, would soon begin to develop themselves. It is not often in a marching regiment that a young sub of limited means is burthened with a large library, or has attained that amount of knowledge in natural history that would enable him to read "books in brooks," or "sermons in stones," let alone to find "good in everything." A solitary residence in the Great Fish River valley would be, for a few months at least, to a naturalist or philosopher, a glorious treat. To Ensign Spruggins or Lieutenant Muggins it was a bore and an abomination. The heat of the climate, the miserable "cuisine," the horrid cimex tribe, and other entomological abominations, the wretched monotony of the daily military routine, the craving diurnal demand of "what the deuce am I to do with myself to-day?" were, I much fear, in ill-regulated youthful minds, the cause of much evil. Some sturdy young hearts struggled against these feelings, and these I generally found took inveterately to shooting anything and everything, and it was a happy hour for them when they began to stuff birds; others sought for consolation, alas! in the brandy-bottle, or acting on the principle that misery makes strange companions, condescended to be, as Lady Morgan would say, "hail, fellow, well met!" with Mr. Contractor's Agent Stiggins; or Mr. Deputy Assistant Commissariat Issuer Wiggins; or with his very trustworthy and faithful halberdier, Mr. Sergeant Higgins, whose lady washed his shirts, and whose worthy self, his juvenile commanding officer's eyes blindfolded, occasionally procured for the brave sentinels of the garrison a supply of Cape nectar, or winkled on a small scale, sufficient in a few years to enable him to retire from her Majesty's service on a comfortable competency. This was not the worst; Messrs. Stiggins, Wiggins, and Higgins, perhaps, had fascinating daughters, perfectly chaste though artful wives, and Ensign Spruggins or Lieutenant Muggins occasionally fell victims either to the seductive arts of the fair ones, or yielded to the sirenic, yet too often, alas! mercenary blandishments of the artful, though chaste wives. It would never do, especially if Spruggins and Muggins were members of the aristocracy, either of wealth or of ancient family, to intermarry with the best of the Stiggins, Wiggins, or Higgins; neither would it do to lay bare before an ill-natured and malignant world the tender passages that had taken place

between them and the aforesaid female members of the latter respectable families. In this case, one remedy alone existed: if the youths had, or were supposed to have, "lots of tin," they were obliged, to use a vulgar though expressive phrase, "to fork out;" and many did so, so nobly and liberally, that, perhaps till the day of their death they never got over it. The world may say I am ill-natured, and that Ensign Spruggins, if he loved faithfully and truly, would have been amply rewarded when he received the plighted hand of the fair Susan Higgins at the hymeneal altar, low in wordly gear as her patrimonial endowments might have been; but still, when I see the heir of the unentailed Glen Withershins' estate, county of Aberdeen, North Britain, now occupying the humble position of railway check-taker on the Great Caledonian line, disinherited by his surly old father a rich retired sugar-baker, of Glasgow, who bought out the "rale ould original" Glen Withershins, and for his sole reward receiving the virgin hand (sullied as it was with many a blot) of the fair Susan Higgins, daughter of Sergeant Higgins, of her Majesty's 999th regiment of foot, addicted to drink and of a vile, bad temper, a bad washerwoman, and a neglecter of sewing on buttons,—I humbly suggest that the estate of Glen Withershins, with all its mines, turfaries, salmon fisheries, grouse shooteries, red deer stalkeries, &c., were lost by the poor heir at a price, as the French say,—"Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle." Depend upon it, old Glen Withershins is as knowing an ancient file as ever was bred in the neighborhood of the "saut market;" but he never reckoned, when he let his daring but weak-minded son enter her Majesty's 999th regiment of foot, that he would have fallen a victim to the blandishments of the daughter of that wily old color sergeant, Higgins, of the same corps. Glen Withershins wanted to found a family by an alliance with some tip-top sawyer—a Campbell, a Percy, or a Courtenay. Poor old buffer, after all his labors, his foolish boy, inheriting, no doubt naturally, the old blood, married a Higgins, and instead of now ruling as a little king the wildernesses and deerstalkings of Glen Withershins, he now, luckless loon, is "monarch of all he surveys," only as far as the railway platform is concerned. If any of my frontier readers think this is exaggerated, let them recollect the fate of Lieut. ——, of her Majesty's —, who commanded at —— Post, not more than eight or ten years ago. And his was by no means a solitary instance. In the introduction to these sketches I have already briefly alluded to more than one case quite as unfortunate, to say the least of it, as this.

KINGSLEY'S POEMS.

BY AN OBSCURE INDIVIDUAL.

I AM a plain man: a remarkably humble and unpretending colonist. I do not arrogate to myself the possession of a degree of intelligence more than most people; I would not even go so far as to term myself an intellectual man. I look at all things through a matter-of-fact, and, I hope, common-sense medium. My calling in life, though sufficiently respectable, is not particularly influential. I have never coveted the pains and pleasures of official dignities, simply because my disposition is naturally retiring, and because I have generally found that the tinsel honors of colonial office-bearers, in whatever capacity, invariably become smeared by the dirt of public ingratitude, or tarnished by contact with the priggishness of conceited upstarts. I am thus satisfied with the peaceful amenities of my own domestic circle, and my ambition reaches no further than to receive the appreciation and applause of the select few who happen to be "near and dear" to me.

Notwithstanding that I am thus doomed by an inexorable fate to live, and perhaps to die, an ordinary mortal, I at the same time hold very strong views on many subjects. Though not an author myself (beyond occasional contributions to the *Wandsbeck Comet*), I both read and privately criticise the works of those who are. During the long winter evenings, especially, I apply myself to the study of modern literature, thanking God, while doing so, that he has conferred on some men a breadth of intellect and a keenness of mental vision which enable them to teach their more benighted fellow-mortals, and to enlighten all coming ages with the rich products of their high intelligence. I look upon these book-teachers of men with the greatest reverence. The power they exercise seems so universal and immense, and the thoughts which they express so high and ennobling, that I often, in my own simple speculation, wonder whether in the realms of the Hereafter they will not rise to higher and more glorious spheres than those other immortals who, when on earth, sat at their feet, and learnt of their superior wisdom.

It would take many more pages than can be allowed to this article, were I to give the reader my views—those of an obscure and unlearned man—on the various kinds of literature. I now intend to speak only of the lightest class of writing, known as poetry. It may seem odd that a downright *literal* individual like myself should ever be guilty of what is

sometimes termed the *foolishness* of reading poetry. The fact is, however, that I take things as they really are, without reference to the opinions of other people. My experience, limited though it be, goes to show that the searcher after deep thoughts, fine sentiments, and real practical knowledge of the human heart and emotions, will meet with much more success in the metrical productions of even our modern poets—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning—than in the ponderous folios of those professed preachers of morality, who prose laboriously on through logically correct and grammatically faultless essays. I, therefore, do read poetry, and do it with much profit and pleasure; always, however, excepting the new spasmodic school,—my understanding is too obtuse and my temperament too quiet and stolid to appreciate or digest spasm. Those broken lines, those startling imprecations, those wild, "horrific" interjections, destroy my clear apprehension of the sense, and shock my ideas of harmony. The time also which is required to fish out the sentiment intended to be embodied is more than ordinary mortals can reasonably spare. Spasmody, therefore, has, in my case, to make way for purer poetry, for more melodious versification. The wild lyric notes of the spasmodist's harp remind me rather of the screech owl's dissonance than the nightingale's symphonies.

Great was my curiosity and gratification, when a dear friend, the other day, placed in my hands a small green octavo volume, bearing the new but significant title of "Andromeda, and other Poems, by Charles Kingsley." Now of all recent writers, Kingsley is one of those for whom I have the highest respect. It is true but few of his works have reached my isolated hermitage in this secluded corner of Africa. It is true my knowledge of his writings has, to some extent, been gleaned from the opinions and critiques of reviewers and magazine writers; but, at the same time, the little I have seen of his productions indisputably proves him to be a high-hearted, honest, manly, outspoken Englishman, proud of his country, proud of his countrymen, and proud of his faith. In reading of him, and from him, I feel that he is emphatically one of *us;* that he is the true brother of all real workers; that he is one of the foremost standard-bearers, one of the hardest fighters in that great battle of right against wrong, of light against darkness, of popular progress against oligarchic stagnation, which is for ever waging amongst the grand human elements of the civilized world.

It is only but a few months ago since I read aloud "Tom

Brown's School Days" (a work of the Kingsley school) to an admiring and a breathless circle of young relatives, who, alas! doomed to South African knownothingism, were previously all unwitting of the English schoolboy's glories and triumphs. Long before the hundredth page was reached, the years of later life had been quite forgotten, and in imagination I was again a schoolboy, enjoying myself, after the manner of schoolboys, with many a congenial chum, in the old college playground of my English boyhood. Dear to the colonist's mind are these old recollections. Treasured up in many a rough antipodean breast are these precious memories of long-forgotten school-days. Dearly prized will that book be (and rightly honored the author) that can recall in such magic words to the wanderer's mind such pleasing and reproachless reminiscences.

It has not been my good fortune to read very many of Charles Kingsley's writings. Those that I have read receive my hearty admiration. In the deep philosophy of "Hypatia," in its keen depicture of refined and sinuous heathen fallacies, monstrous errors, cunningly embellished by a sublime fancy—an Ethiop in a seraph's robe—and in the grand antagonism of its marshaled theurgics, I discern the same manly love of stir and struggle, the same uncompromising search after truth, the same earnest, practical, utilitarian spirit, which distinguish his other novelistic writings on religious and social progress,—"Westward, ho!" and "Two Years Ago!" though I must confess my knowledge of the last-mentioned is but second-hand. Then, again, in those occasional papers one sometimes meets with, in the pages of "Fraser's" or other magazines (which hardly required the initials C. K. to ensure their recognition), what a thoroughly English hatred of abuse and love of popular rights and liberties! what a keen appreciation of nature's lavish gifts! what a hearty enjoyment and participation in all manly occupation, sports, and exercises!

But this long digressive dissertation has brought me and the reader very little nearer the book which forms the text-work of this sketch. I took up "Andromeda" suspiciously. It seemed so improbable that a writer of Kingsley's calibre and vigor should be able to confine the free flow of his thoughts within the cramped limits of verse or rhyme. Such impetuous aspirations, such fervid nervousness of expression, must surely require some outlet disallowed by metre or measure. In fact, I feared spasmody in its worst form—spasmody gone mad. All such fears were, however, groundless. I need not have trembled for the reputation of my

favorite. The hexameters of the Levantine legend fell as musically upon the ear as those of "Evangeline." No "refrigerating" shrieks resounded from the "abysmal horrifications" of some "distraughten" heart; no parenthetical imprecations or wild adjuration marred the melody of the poet's periods. Let the reader, however, judge for himself.

The principal poem, "Andromeda," is a simple enough and ancient story, finely expressed, full of noble sentiments, and suggestive of high ideas. The scene is laid on the shores of the Syro-Mediterranean sea. The coast is ravaged by "a monster bred of the slime," "shapeless, a terror to see," which "devoured of the fairest, cattle, and children, and maids." Cassiopæia, the queen, has offended the ocean deities, by likening her only daughter, the heroine Andromeda, to "Atergate, queen of the sea." For this truly maternal offence, the gods have to be propitiated by no less a sacrifice than that of the innocent maiden herself, who is accordingly conveyed in state to "the sea-girt rock, which is washed by the surges for ever," where the priests set their "guiltless victim."

——— Most beautiful, shaped like a goddess,
Lifting her long white arms widespread to the walls of the basalt,
Chaining them ruthless with brass.

What deep pathos there is in the parting of the distracted and self-reproachful mother from her child; and how much is expressed in her wish that she may

Go to the grave in my sorrow,
Childless and lone; may the gods never send me another to slay it.

The despair of the maiden, on being left "alone in the darkness," is to me very touching, while her address to the ocean is full of poetic beauty:

Oh, dread sea! false sea! I dreamed what I dreamed of thy goodness,
Dreamed of a smile in thy gleam, of a laugh in the plash of thy ripple;
False and devouring thou art, and the great world dark and despiteful.

The description of how, before the coming of the "mystical sea-maids"

——— The surges
Sank, as the breeze sank dead, into smooth green foam-flecked marble,
Awed—

is a fine simile, and true to fact. The intimate acquaintance of the author with the "wonders of the shore" peeps out here and there, when he speaks of

Silvery fish, wreathed shell, and the strange lithe things of the water.
Coral and sea-fan, and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean.

How the bonds of the maiden were ultimately severed by Perseus, "golden-haired, ivory-limbed, ambrosial;" how she

was wooed by that favorite of the gods, and how he gained his prize by killing the "sea beast," I leave the reader to find out. Besides, true poetry is not valued for its literal interpretation, but for the sentiment embodied. Of course, being a plain man, my views may be erroneous, and open to censure, of which the reader will be the best judge. I shall, however, give a few choice extracts. How grand is the description of a wind-storm:

Over the mountain aloft ran a rush and a roll and a roaring,
Downward the breeze came, indignant, and leapt with a howl to the water,
Roaring in cranny and crag, till the pillars and clefts of the basalt
Rang like a god-swept lyre, and her brain grew mad with the noises;
Crashing and lapping of waters, and sighing and tossing of weed beds,
Gurgle and whisper and hiss of the foam, while thundering surges
Boomed in the wave-worn halls, as they champed at the roots of the mountains.

Passing by his apostrophe to the sun, we find, in the following lines, the great heathen belief in future oblivion powerfully indicated:

Why wilt thou follow me down? Can we love in the black blank darkness?
Love in the realms of the dead, in the land where all is forgotten?
Why wilt thou follow me down? Is it joy, on the desolate oozes,
Meagre to flit, grey ghosts, in the depths of the grey salt water?

The old love of "heroism" may be detected in two or three places. Kingsley seems to have an instinctive sympathy for those

> Who dare, in the god-given might of their manhood,
> Greatly to do and to suffer.

Our author is evidently no believer in celibacy. He (probably experimentally) believes in the efficacy of the "blessed state." Listen to chaste Athene, "the wise one":

Dear unto me, no less than to thee, is the wedlock of heroes;
Dear, who can worthily win him a wife not unworthy; and noble,
Pure with the pure to beget children, the like of their father.
Happy who thus stands linked to the heroes who were, and who shall be;
Girdled with holiest awe, not sparing of self; for his mother
Watches his steps with the eyes of the gods; and his wife and his children
Move him to plan and to do in the *farm*, and the camp, and the *council*.

It seems to me that this passage has particular reference to the circumstances of South African colonists, and should especially be taken to heart by parliamentary members of all grades. I trust that all prospective "candidates" for seats will profit by the hint, and before standing at the poll for legislatorial honors, take the precaution of first standing at the altar, not of public opinion, but of Hymen.

I fear space will preclude any further extracts from this poem. Towards the close, we have a glimpse of the old legendary mythology on which was based the astronomical nomenclature:

—— Till dying I set thee
High for a star in the heavens, a sign and a hope to the seamen,
Spreading thy long white arms all night in the heights of the æther,
Hard by thy sire and the hero thy spouse, while near thee thy mother
Sits in her ivory chair, as she plants ambrosial tresses;
All night long thou wilt shine.

Fitly does the poem close: the lovers have gone to enjoy the fruition of their hopes; the joyous immortals of the Olympic heavens are spending the time, as is meet, in the "white linked dance," and other celestial rejoicings. To a mind like Kingsley's, however, this ending, otherwise so appropriate, is but imperfect. Poem and fiction though it be, there must be a higher moral more clearly pointed at, a purer sentiment more distinctly indicated. Thus it is that we are told in conclusion, how the matchless Pallas Athené

—— Still in her chamber
Bent herself over her loom, as the stars rang out to her singing,
Chanting of order and night, and of foresight, warder of nations;
Chanting of labor and craft, and of wealth in the port and the garner;
Chanting of valour and fame, and the man who can fall with the foremost,
Fighting for children and wife, and the field which his father bequeathed him.
Sweetly and solemnly sang she, and planned new lessons for mortals—
Happy who hearing obey her, the wise, unsullied Athené.

This is the poetry, not of mere language, but of action; the poetry of an earnest heart, thirsting for the well-being and exaltation of all humanity. The poetry which every colonist should especially lay to heart for the guidance of himself and country. After reading these lines, I subsided into a reverie. Deep thoughts of the inevitable future which these southern colonies will have to meet rushed across my mind. Athene, disembodied from her heathen god-nature, became the spirit of wisdom and right which appeals to the high attributes of every human soul. Should we, as a germinating nation, listen to her wise dictates, and walking warily, because of pit-falls into which other nations have prematurely fallen, move steadily and surely forward to the achievement of the high destiny which is ours, as a member of the great Anglo-Saxon family of nations.

If space permitted, I could thus descant for many more pages, about the hidden meanings which, in my simplicity as a plain man, I fancy may be discerned in this legendary

poem. It seems to me to symbolise in a way quite accordant with ancient ideas, the grand theorem of Christianity itself,—the Great Sacrifice for fallen man. And it typifies the triumph of right and truth over monstrous wrong and error, and incites to the steadfast prosecution of all high and holy objects, all young and hopeful hearts.

I have little more to say. Regarding the other and shorter poems, they all bear the stamp of a great mind. Some are peculiarly quaint and original, perhaps too much so. In fact, I must confess, one or two of them are quite incomprehensible. Through the main portion of them, however, there breathes the same heroic, daring, enduring spirit. Nearly all, however short, embody some one particular, prominent idea or burden. What a concentration of wisdom is comprised in the following brief "Farewell:"

> My fairest child, I have no song to give you,—
> No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey:
> Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
> For every day.
>
> Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
> Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
> And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever
> *One grand sweet song.*

The next piece must be the last. The fire and energy it displays is in remarkable contrast to many of the namby-pamby sentimentalities which pour from the press now-a-days:

THE WORLD'S AGE.

> Who will say the world is dying?
> Who will say our prime is past?
> Sparks from heaven within us lying
> Flash and will flash to the last.
> Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
> Man a tool to buy and sell—
> Earth a failure, God forsaken—
> Ante-room of hell.
>
> Still the race of hero-spirits
> Pass the lamp from hand to hand:
> Age from age the world inherits—
> "Wife, and child, and fatherland."
> Still the youthful hunter gathers
> Fiery joy from wold and wood:
> He will dare, as dared his fathers,
> Give him cause as good.
>
> While a slave bewails his fetters,
> While an orphan pleads in vain;
> While an infant lisps his letters,
> *Heir of all the ages' gain!*

While a lip grows ripe for kissing,
While a moan from man is wrung,
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young.

I have now finished my prosings. They are published, not because I am vain enough to suppose there is any inherent merit in them, but because I would fain endeavor to bring to the wide notice of my fellow-colonists an author whose writings tend to the development of all manly and ennobling characteristics; because I desire to see rising on these South African shores a race free and hardy as their northern ancestors, but blessed with a degree of intelligence and enlightenment to which their remote progenitors never even approached.

O. E.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE OLD TRAVELERS.

BURCHELL.

Of all the explorers of this part of the world, there is none to compare with Burchell for accuracy and minuteness of observation, none more distinguished for truthfulness of description, and that careful sifting of facts and freedom from exaggeration which are the main requisites of a traveler.

It is true that he announced no startling facts, perhaps made no very remarkable discoveries. This could hardly be expected, for much of the ground had been already traversed by others, but he well made up for this by the clear light which he brought to bear on many things indifferently or incorrectly described by his predecessors. If he did not break new ground, he came to that already opened up with the advantage of a more varied knowledge than that possessed by any of the older travelers. Inferior, perhaps, to Thunberg in systematic botany, he was more alive to the more important applications of that science, especially to the great questions connected with the distribution of the various families of plants, the investigation of which has made Robert Brown so famous as the greatest botanist of our age. His geographical catalogue of African plants has not been published, but notices of the most striking are given in his book, and his descriptions of new species, though not so full as would be desirable, have proved an important addition to our knowledge.

Still less can he be compared with Le Vaillant, as a zoologist, but his labors in that field have not been few or unimportant.

He was sufficiently versed in the physical science of the day. He attended especially to such points as had a bearing on geographical science; and his map, so far as it was the result of his own observation, was perhaps more correct than any other that has been made of the country.

But Burchell's great excellence is the calm common sense which is, with few exceptions, everywhere conspicuous in his book, so different from the ridiculous vanity of the clever Frenchman, from the exaggeration and wonder-making tendency of the Kolbens, van der Stells, and Patersons, or the absurd theorization Barrow and of some distinguished modern travelers.

He had, like all men, his weak points. He is disposed to rhapsodize about certain scenes that scarcely warrant the enthusiasm, and to break out occasionally in the middle of his story with reflections on things in general, many of which might probably be dispensed with; but his pet weakness seems to be the pertinacious and rampant way in which he attacks his contemporary, Barrow. The latter is, no doubt, open enough to criticism, for his book is flimsy, and in many respects absurd,—much of it founded on hearsay, and even, when the result of his own observation, the observation seems to have been of a very loose kind. But Burchell would have consulted his own dignity more by leaving his rival to sink or swim by his own merits, and the castigation, if castigation was merited, would have come better from other hands.

Prepared as Burchell thus was for his undertaking, knowing how to observe and what to observe, which is not always the case with our modern explorers, his work is perhaps the best that has ever been written about this country; and as I have lately had occasion to visit many of the scenes therein described, I have been struck, not only with the accuracy of his observation, but with the little change that has taken place in many tracts of the colony since his time.

It is now forty-eight years since Burchell made his great journey from Cape Town through the colony, and onwards, through the Orange River, near Brieska Drift, so recently brought before the public in connection with the late Victoria tragedy; and yet no very great change has taken place either in the country or its inhabitants. Those who know how rapidly our eastern and many parts of our western districts have progressed would be astonished and disappointed to find how little effect the long interval of fifty years has had upon our inland population. The numbers have, of course, increased, but the condition and rude mode of life remain pretty much the same.

In the present notice, therefore, I propose to compare briefly

the present with the past, revisiting with the reader some of the old scenes and localities rendered classical by Burchell's descriptions, and observing how much or how little they have been affected by the lapse of half a century.

We need not dwell on Cape Town, which, with all its improvements, still retains a sufficient leaven of the past, in its lofty stoeps and odorous gutters, which seem as unchanging as its sand or south-easters. Nor, on the brighter side of the picture, need we remark how little change has taken place since Burchell gallantly asserted of its ladies that they were as well-dressed and as handsome as his own fair country-women.

Leaving Cape Town behind, and following him on his journeys among the wine-farmers of the Paarl, the Breede and Hex Rivers, we find often the same names, the same manners, the same general good-nature and hospitality which now exist; the only difference being that two generations have passed away. We find the towns of Caledon and Wellington and Worcester, and some few villages in spots which, in Burchell's time, were solitary farms; we find good roads and bridges where were formerly deep sand-tracks and dangerous drifts. The pont by which Burchell crossed the Berg River is an institution which still remains, and a good institution in its way. The wagon in which he traveled was an exact counterpart of the Cape wagon of the present day; scarcely a single detail has been altered. The early wagon-makers must have been clever fellows to strike out a contrivance which our clever ones for fifty years have been unable to improve upon or to amend. Strange to say, the price paid by Burchell for his wagon, £88, is about the exact sum for which a good country-built wagon can be purchased in the present day.

While at Tulbagh, Burchell purchased a second wagon from a wagonmaker at Winterhoek, Jacob de Bruyn, and still a Jacob de Bruyn exercises the same calling, only a few miles distant, at Mostert's Hoek.

Mostert's Hoek, the present Mitchell's Pass, being then little more than a cattle-track, as I have been told by old Bokkeveld farmers, a wagon could carry only three or four hundred pounds down, and nothing at all up. A fearful road it must have been, for the old track is still visible; now climbing up over a projecting shoulder of the mountain, then descending abruptly into the river bed, to repeat the same process on the other side. The only road, in Burchell's time, available for a loaded wagon was that of Hex River Kloof, and this, of course, he took. There were even then farms all along the

path, occupied for the most part by ancestors of the present families; for we still find the Hugos, the du Toits, du Plessis's, and de Vos's, with their trim homesteads and vineyards, nestling in the valleys, where the dark green and gold of the orange groves may be seen in winter contrasting boldly with the snowy summit of the mountain.

After we have ascended the hill at the head of Hex River we are in quite a new country. We have crossed the mountain wall that separates the chosen region of the vine from those higher tracts where frost and snow are not unknown; separates, too, the fortunate region of sea-borne mists and refreshing rains from those arid hills and plains which wait hopelessly for the clouds that try in vain to pass their mountain barrier. The country we have now arrived at is one more subject to change, as well from its comparatively barren character as from the necessarily pastoral condition of its people. Accordingly, we find that more alterations have taken place than in the fertile lowlands. Many a new homestead has made its appearance, many families have passed away, and their very names are almost forgotten.

The farm of Pieter Jacobs was, in Burchell's time, the last on this side the Karroo, and our traveler speaks warmly of the kindness and hospitality of its owner. The place derives an additional interest, as being marked on most of the maps, its latitude having been determined by Burchell. On some maps, if not on all, it is laid down in a wrong position, between the Straat and Pienaar's Kloof, instead of which, it is between the Straat and Karroo Poort. The farm is that of Bok Rivier, and the present occupier is Jan van der Merwe. The entire family of Jacobs has disappeared from the neighborhood; the only man of the name I have seen is a half-caste trek-boer of the Wittebergen. Some of the sons settled in the Nieuwveld, and Daniel and Stephanus Jacobs, trek-boers of the Hope Town district, are probably descendants of Burchell's host.

It has been supposed that the Karroo Poort, through which our traveler journeyed, was Pienaar's Kloof, but his description shows clearly that it was the present Karroo Poort, and many a wagon is now outspanned by the karree trees figured in a sketch at the end of chap. 10, vol. 1, in Burchell's work. The wonder is, they seem to have grown no bigger since his time, but, from the gnarled and antiquated look of one of them, I am satisfied that it is the self-same tree by which Burchell's wagons stood forty-eight years ago.

The karree trees here alluded to belong to the *rhus* genus, all the species of which have trifoliolote leaves, and small, clustered berries of an acid, slightly turpentine flavor. The

rozijnjebosch of the lower Orange River, the karreebosch, so common along the middle and upper parts of its course, the taaibosch, of which the Hottentot bows are made, and the karree or besiebosch, which covers most of the stony kops and ridges of high land of the interior, all belong to this genus, which is, perhaps, the most extensive genus of shrubs and trees in South Africa.

The view of the Karroo does not seem to have made any great impression on Burchell. The rhapsodizing of Lichtenstein and Barrow about its sea-like extent and grandeur, would prepare us to expect something nearly, if not quite so striking, as the Asiatic steppes and Llanos of the West, so eloquently described by Humboldt; but if we have indulged any such anticipations, disappointment awaits us. From the Poort itself little can be seen, owing to the high bushes which skirt the river bed. Emerging from these on the flat, an extensive plain is before us, but it is shut in on two sides by mountains, with one or two exceptions of no marked shape or outline; even the Roggeveld range, which most people suppose to be a lofty wall of mountain, is either not visible at all or represented by a bluish line on the horizon. The Karroo plain, with its red, sandy soil and scattered scrubby bushes, presents, in the dry season, a most dreary and dismal aspect. After the winter rains its monotony is relieved by the gaudy display of flowers.

There is far more grandeur in a barren waste of sand, or in a grassy plain, than in a flat, peppered over with ant-hills and small round bushes, and which, seen from a slight elevation, bear a ridiculous resemblance to the scattered tufts of wool upon the head of a Hottentot, which no effort of imagination can convert into a sublime or beautiful object.

Yet, though grandeur or beauty is wanting in the Karroo, there is much to interest the observer in the bright green thorns and karrees that fringe its river beds, and in its curious and peculiar vegetation. Burchell has well observed that four of the orders of plants most characteristic of the Cape—the heaths, the buchus, the proteas, and the restiaceæ,—die out here, and are never found in the country northward; but this is only what is to be expected from the great rise of the country in that direction.

Many of the peculiar plants of the Karroo, though not found on either side of it, appear to follow its course to the northward as far as Namaqualand. The curious *codon royeni*, of which Burchell found only a single plant in the Karroo, as was the case with Thunberg also, is common enough in some parts of Namaqualand, and species of *zygophyllum*, *stapelia*

and *aristida*, mentioned by him, are probably the same as some of those found in Namaqualand.

The farms passed by Burchell in the Roggeveld Karroo, those of Gert Snyman and Gert Vischer, are, I believe, now abandoned, and only used as cattle stations in the winter, although the garden planted by the latter occasionally affords a welcome supply of fruit to the thirsty traveler. If inclined to build up improbable theories on insufficient grounds, we might adduce this desertion as a proof of the general desiccation of the country, and back it by the broad dry river channels of the Karroo, but might be puzzled to show why or wherefore such desiccation should take place.

The readers of Burchell will recollect his description of Gert Snyman, the veld-kornet, and the woodcut of his miserable abode, the counterpart of many a boer's house in the Roggeveld at the present day.

Two sons of Snyman now live in the rising village of Ceres, one being landlord of the somewhat primitive inn there, where a sojourner can perhaps see as much of the varieties of country life as in any place in South Africa. The wheel of time, in its fifty turnings, has brought ups and downs to them as well as to the Jacobs. They live in a better house than the Snyman of yore, and wear broadcloth instead of leather crackers; but the flocks of sheep and goats that gladdened the eye of the ancient veld-kornet, as their long columns wound homewards at sunset, under their canopy of dust, are, alas! no more—gone with the paternal acres. The only sheep old Jacob fleeces are the passing wayfarers; and I must say that, whether Dutch or English, he does it with a tender hand, as if he loved them, and they rather seem to like it, too.

Neither of the Snymans have any recollection of our traveler.

A few miles from Snyman's, Burchell passed the habitation of another veld-kornet, Gert Vischer, whose family he describes as being superior in manners and appearance to those around them. Of the patriarch's thirteen tall sons and daughters, few now remain. I believe but one, Gert Vischer, or Fister, as the name is there pronounced, of the Reit River, beyond the Roggeveld, near the Bonteberg of maps. He is the identical son whom Burchell mentions as having driven him up the Roggeveld mountain, the present Vloksberg. His companion on that occasion, Piet Mulder, is long since dead.

Young Gert was then about twenty-two years of age, and though he is now above seventy, he has forgotten nothing

that passed on that occasion, even the conversation they had along the road. He described to me the appearance of the traveler, and the peculiar arrangements of the *bloemzoeker's* (flower collector or botanist) wagon, as if he had only seen them yesterday. Old Gert had never again heard of the *bloemzoeker*, or of his book, and was amazed to find that a stranger should know anything of his family two generations back.

On showing him the woodcut of Gert Snyman's habitation, he proceeded to favor me with much of the private history of that family; and the way in which he spoke of them showed that the Vischers and Snymans had been no better friends than neighbors usually are.

I was anxious to cultivate old Gert's acquaintance, in order to be allowed to hunt the ostriches, which were numerous on his farm, and carefully preserved. The old man assured me, in his quaint way, that formerly the birds were so tame as to come among the cattle kraals, and up to his very door; but that he never could succeed in getting them to come near enough to have their feathers plucked.

When I asked him for leave to shoot, he said, I was quite at liberty to shoot them if they would only let me; but that his birds were very wide awake, more wide awake perhaps than I was, which turned out to be pretty nearly the case.

Gert's sons, so far as I could see of them, inherited but a small portion of their father's wisdom or industry. One of them seemed to have long since come to the conclusion that the greatest happiness of human life was to have little to do, and do that little as seldom as possible.

In one respect Cobus was fully alive to the responsibilities of his station. He had married, as he said, a young and handsome wife—(she was none of your sylphs or attenuated females); and this sacrifice of his ease he considered was all that society could at present expect from him.

It is too frequently the case, more so in the interior of the colony than elsewhere, that neither the present nor the rising generation will bear comparison with their forefathers, either in energy or intelligence. The more or less isolated state of a pastoral life, the want of any means of instruction, in a country where, until lately, there was neither magistrate, church, nor school for hundreds of miles, are sure to leave each generation more ignorant than the preceding; and this retrogression is rendered more striking by the progress of the more populous and favored districts.

The descendants of old Gert Vischer, of Burchell's time, are scattered far and wide. So many rejoice in the patriarchal

name, that they have been distinguished by nicknames. Five Gerts I have myself encountered. The last, residing by another Reit River, is a man of importance, a judge in Israel, a high and mighty politician of the Orange River Free State. Like all his family, he is distinguished by that power of sustained eloquence which, when exercised on trivial subjects, is apt to be disagreeable: he is, in fact, a tremendous talker; and on a late occasion, in Fauresmith, I recollect how the lookers-on shrugged their shoulders, as he fastened on to our respected Governor, just as he was about to start for Bloemfontein; but I think the result convinced them that Gert had not all the talk to himself,—for in half an hour he had been converted, by the Governor's peculiar Rareyising process, from being a red hot anti-Britisher into a very harmless federalist.

All the Vischers that I have seen appear to have two distinguishing traits or characteristics: all have the "gift of the gab," and all grow vegetables. What the connection may be between these two, I shall leave the philosophical reader to determine, merely premising that a proper consumption of cabbages and carrots may favor the conversational powers more than the corresponding amount of fat Cape mutton, the sole food of their brother boers.

Having accompanied Burchell thus far to the northern border of the Karoo, and the base of the Roggeveld, we shall leave him there for the present, to resume our gossip on a future occasion. A. W.

HALL'S SOUTH AFRICAN GEOGRAPHY.*

THE CHRONOLOGY OF THE CAPE.

We briefly announced the appearance of the volume whose title is quoted below, when it was on the eve of publication, and presented then a concise summary of the subjects of which it treats.

We advert to it again, on the present occasion, not for the purpose of formally commending it to public approbation. A work of which nearly two thousand copies have been sold among the sparse population of the Cape, and within a period of three months, stands in need of no further praise; its merits have been acknowledged, and its purpose is being successfully accomplished. We refer to it now only to glean from its pages some scraps of information which may prove

* Manual of South African Geography, by Henry Hall, R. E. D. Cape Town: Saul Solomon and Co. 1858.

either interesting or instructive to the reader. We shall not attempt, however, to enter upon topographical details; and shall leave honorable members of the legislature to relieve the tedium of weary debates as often as they can with spicy geographical controversies respecting the local habitation or the names of the Dordrechts, Dogberrys, and innumerable additional rising villages, which, great within their own circles, and rejoicing all of them in their churches, canteens, and blacksmiths' shops, are by the rest of the colonial world forgotten or unknown.

Passing over, then, the sections of the book containing a general description of the country, and of its various districts (and which, however, are full of the most valuable, and, upon the whole, wonderfully readable information), and passing over too, though more reluctantly, the exceedingly inviting chapters on the physical geography of South Africa, we turn for the present to the appendix to the work, and limit ourselves to the copious "table of chronological events relating to the history of South Africa generally, physical and political." This alone is worth far more than the price of the whole book. It extends over twenty-seven closely printed pages, and contains the materials of a history which could readily be amplified into a portly volume. We must content ourselves here with a brief recapitulation of a few of the most prominent, significant, and characteristic incidents and events. The table begins with recording the apocryphal circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians, in the time of Pharaoh Necho, 610—596 B.C. Passing from that over a long period of two thousand years, we find that in 1484, Diego Cam, a Portuguese captain, and Behren, of Nuremburg, reached twenty-two degrees south latitude, and erected for the first time the symbol of the Christian faith on Cape Padrone, near Walwich Bay; that two years later, Bartholomew Diaz pushed his adventurous voyage further southward still, landed at Alexander Bay near the mouth of the Orange River, rounded the Cape without seeing it, landed and planted the cross on the island of St. Croix, in Algoa Bay, pressed still further eastward, to the Great Fish River, and in 1488 returned to Portugal, with many a romantic tale to tell of the dread Cabo del Totos Tormentos, for which appellation his royal master, John II, with ardent expectation of the future glory of his realm, substituted the existing name of Cabo de Boa Esperanza. Nine years later, in 1497, Vasco de Gama, on the memorable voyage which amply realized the most aspiring hopes of John II, landed at St. Helena Bay, and was there wounded in the leg by

the natives while taking the altitude of the sun. Soon after this, we find Mossel Bay, then Angra San Blas, becoming famous as a port of call, and in 1501, it is recorded that Pedro de Nueva, touching there, "found a letter in an old shoe," from Pedro de Alazde, describing how affairs stood at the time in India. Two years afterwards, in 1503, Table Bay was visited for the first time by Antonio de Saldanha, one of the commanders of the fleet of the redoubtable Albuquerque, and continued to be known by his name for a century afterwards, when the Dutch Admiral Spielberg dubbed it Tafel Baai. During that century we find repeated allusions to visits to Saldanha Bay (Table Bay), by the Portuguese navigators. In 1508, Francisco D'Almeida, Count of Abrantes, the first viceroy and governor-general of Portuguese India, was killed in an undignified conflict with the natives on the shores of the bay—apparently the first European victim on these coasts.

Table Bay has the honor of being the first port in South Africa visited by any British fleet. This occurred in 1591, under Captain James Lancaster, afterwards the distinguished arctic navigator; and, as if with prophetic vision of the future true British aspirations of the Eastern Province in these latter days, we find that two years afterwards, in 1593, he paid Algoa Bay the high honor of anchoring there, and was unfortunately detained in it by contrary winds for six weeks!

The first visit of Dutch merchantmen to Table Bay was in 1595, when a fleet of four ships, under Jan de Molenaar, with Cornelis Houtman, as pilot and supercargo, anchored there after a voyage of two years and four months. For the next half century, the visits of Dutch and English fleets were about equally numerous. In 1608, the Dutch Admiral Cornelius Maaklof left three rams and seventeen ewes on Robben Island; the following year, Captain Kelly took away from there several sheep, "the fattest he ever saw," and left lean ones in their place; and five years later still the English made an unsuccessful attempt to establish a convict settlement on the island. In 1615, Sir Thomas Rowe, the ambassador from James I to the Great Mogul, touched at Table Bay. In little more than two hundred years later, the lineal descendant of that same Mogul was deported in an English war steamer as a wretched convict to an inglorious exile at Rangoon! In 1620, formal possession of the Cape of Good Hope was taken by Captains Shillinge and Fitzherbert, in the name of his Majesty James I; but actual occupation of it seems never to have been contemplated.

In 1648, we come to the first steps which led to the possession of South Africa by the Dutch. In that year the Indiaman *Haarlem* was wrecked in Table Bay. In 1659, Jan Leendert and Nicholas Pront, of that ship, presented a remonstrance to the Dutch East India Company, setting forth the advantage "of making a fort and garden at the Cabo de Boa Esperanza;" and in the same year Van Riebeek visited the Cape for the first time, as surgeon to the fleet of Wallebrandt Geluysen. As the result of all this, three years later, on the 8th April, 1652, Dr. van Riebeek landed in Table Bay, empowered to form the settlement which Leendert, and Pront, and himself, had so strongly recommended. The history of the settlement during the first three years of its existence has already been set forth in the earlier numbers of this *Magazine* in sufficiently minute detail; and here, we shall therefore confine our attention to a few incidents of an amusing character. A fort was erected without delay, but not exactly in perfect accordance with the doctrines of the future Vauban; for we find that, on the 23rd January, 1653, the brave defenders of it were in dreadful alarm lest the lions that roared around should take it by storm. The want of supplies pressed severely on the garrison from the very outset. Five months from the landing of the party, Herman van Vogelaar, volunteer, was sentenced to receive one hundred blows from the butt of his musket, "for wishing the purser at the devil for serving out penguins instead of beef and pork." Twelve months afterwards, the Hottentot interpreter, Herry, absconded, taking with him all the cattle of the settlement; and six months later still, some brave explorers of the party found on Table Mountain "a dead bosmanneken, called in Batavia an ourang-outang, as large as a small calf, with long hairy arms and legs, of a dark grey color, which our people eat from hunger, for there is little nourishment in the pot-herbs."

To add to the scarcity, a system of juvenile immigration was established from Holland, in some respects analogous to that recently in vogue among ourselves,—"young girls being sent from orphan houses in Amsterdam to the Cape;" and besides, the population was being rapidly increased in another fashion. On the 8th January, 1655, it is gravely recorded that "the chaplain's wife gives birth to a second son, and all the other ladies are also soon likely to follow her example." Affairs about this time, however, presented a more favorable aspect; arrangements of an amicable character were made with the natives, by which cattle supplies were furnished with toler-

able regularity, and large schemes of various sorts were being agitated for public improvements. One of them was for cutting off the Cape peninsula from the continent and the native borderers altogether, which the governor-general and the council of the Indies declared, as various economical wiseacres in the British parliament declare still, to be "indeed a good thing if it could be easily effected." One other project of a more feasible character was for "the formation of a stone pier, to extend seventy roods into the sea."

Prosperous, however, as many of the affairs of the settlement went on, scandal-mongers existed in those days, as in later times. The excellent ladies of the garrison, notwithstanding the meritorious services rendered by them for the general improvement of the place and the increase of its population, were the unhappy victims of dastard slanderers. But justice was prompt and vigorous in inflicting appropriate punishment on the offenders; and in the official records of 1657, March 15, it is set forth that "Jan Wouters, assistant, was sentenced for blasphemous injuries against the characters of females at the Cape, including the commander's wife, to beg pardon on his bare knees, to be bored through the tongue, to forfeit his wages, and to be banished three years. Sentenced graciously in consequence of the pregnancy of his wife." The system of trial by jury had not then been introduced into South Africa, or one might be justified in inferring, from the mildness of the sentence, that the scape-grace "assistant" had been tried by a panel, if not bench, of the unhappy ladies whom he had so blasphemously traduced.

In the following year (1658) the prototype of our present parliament had its first commencement, in the shape of a council nominated of four *free* men—the epithet "free" being interpreted, of course, on the well-known principle of *lucus a non;*—and in 1659, exactly two hundred years ago, the first war between the European intruder and the African native broke out, the scene of the contest being in the immediate vicinity of Cape Town. Three years later, the military establishments of the new settlement appear to have still been in a primitively uncomfortable plight; for Commander van Wagenaar humbly prays "the Council of Seventeen to send him by next ships a little coarse window glass and lead to glaze the windows of the fort, now only covered with some coarse cotton." But even then a taste for the fine arts and domestic embellishments was beginning feebly to be developed; and the same worshipful council are requested to

supply "a few common paintings to cover the ugly bare walls of our front hall, as well as two or three of our desolate dwellings."

In 1666 small-pox and measles made their first appearance as an epidemic; but whether the medical men who exerted themselves at that time for the salvation of the lives of the burghers were as scurvily treated by the Government as their successors have been two centuries later by the free British colonial legislature, does not appear. At the same time, the most Draconian protection was furnished to native produce, for we find that two unfortunate scamps, Anthony Jans and Anthony Arenz, by name, were sentenced to be flogged, to work in irons on Robben Island for three years, and forfeiture of four months' wages," all for the heinous crime of "stealing a cabbage!" Shortly after this the settlement began to extend its boundary beyond the Liesbeek, and in 1672, the district of Hottentots' Holland was sold to the company, by Prince Dhour for eighty-one francs! and a contract was made between Commander van Overbeek and various Hottentot chiefs for the purchase of all the land between Hout's Bay and Saldanha Bay for four thousand reals, paid for by merchandise worth only thirty-three florins. Five years later, a proclamation was issued by Governor Beek, urging the farmers on to greater exertions in agriculture, "as the directors had said that the country cannot be called a colony which cannot grow its own corn." We heartily recommend this precedent to the favorable notice of our existing Government in 1859. It is quite as much needed and appropriate now as it was two hundred years ago; and it would serve as an admirable prefatory appeal in connection with the elaborate system of co-operation on which our various colonial agricultural societies have lately determined.

In 1684 a new and extensive scheme of immigration was established. We are quaintly told that in that year "fifty farmers and mechanics and fifty young maids are sent out from Amsterdam to the colony, and settled about Stellenbosch and Drakenstein." We presume, of course, that the fifty farmers and mechanics in question were not all pledged to celibacy, nor were the "fifty maids" all nuns. In the next year, and three succeeding years, this immigration was followed up by the arrival of the French Huguenôts, three hundred in number, inclusive of men, women, and children. They all settled down in the neighborhood of the Paarl and Stellenbosch, and Fransche Hoek, and their descendants constitute some of the most valuable elements of

our heterogeneous society to the present day. There are exceedingly few details or any information extant now of this remarkable settlement, or of the subsequent and gradual dispersion of their families over the districts around. In Fransche Hoek itself scarcely an heirloom of the olden time is to be met with, nor have even traditions of any interest been handed down. The ruins of the first buildings are still pointed out; the memory of the devoted Père Simon, the pastor of the exiled flock, is sincerely revered; and an educational institution has been erected a few years ago on the site of the ancient church, and called Simondium, in commemoration of his name. To this subject of peculiar interest to the colonial antiquary we shall take an early opportunity of recurring at greater length.

In 1699, Van der Stell, the elder, resigned the government, and retired into private life, near Stellenbosch, where he died some thirteen years after. His son succeeded him, erected the governor's lusthuis and gardens at Newlands, the lusthuis in the Government Gardens, at Cape Town, now Government House, and enlarged and enriched the family mansion at Hottentots' Holland, now the property of Mr. Theunissen; and after a career of tyranny, oppression, and peculation, was recalled and disgraced in 1707. In 1702, we find mention made of an exploring party of forty-five burghers, with four wagons, having traveled eastward into the country of the Kafirs; and in 1737 it is recorded that, in consequence of the murder of some hunters, licenses were no longer granted to hunt in that direction.

The year 1759 marks an important epoch in the history of the Cape. It was then that the missionary enterprise which has since advanced so widely, and has accomplished so much for South Africa, had its first commencement. The Moravian missionary Schmidt arrived, and established the well-known institution of Genadendal, among the Hottentot population. The labors of the "brethren" there were not received with favor by the authorities at Cape Town, and five years later, Schmidt was compelled to abandon his post, and return to Europe. We have lately been informed that some interesting, and probably valuable, records of this period are still extant. Journal letters were kept regularly at the station, in which every incident that occurred from day to day was narrated with quaint minuteness, and these were forwarded to Europe regularly by every opportunity. They are now preserved among the archives of the Moravian institution at Hernhütt, in Germany, and copies of them, we believe, could still be obtained through the Moravian agents.

In 1751, the country was visited by a scientific man of European reputation, the astronomer Abbé La Caille, commissioned specially to survey an arc of the meridian, and thus set at rest the contended question of the uniform oblate sphericity of the earth in the southern hemisphere as well as the northern. He lodged at No. 2, Strand-street, now the stores of Messrs. Searight, and his observatory was in the back court of the dwelling. The base line of his survey was in Zwartland; his measurements were completed in 1753, and the conclusion at which he arrived, owing to the imperfection of the instruments at his disposal, was erroneous to a considerable extent. The same ground has been again gone over a few years ago by Mr. Maclear, in an elaborately precise and careful survey, and with the most satisfactory results.

In 1761 was formed what may be termed the nucleus of the existing Public Library of Cape Town; for it was then that Mr. Dessin bequeathed his library of five thousand volumes, many of them exceedingly rare and valuable, as a legacy in trust to the Dutch Reformed Church. At the same time, too, were bequeathed by him several choice old paintings, which we sadly fear have since gone to wreck and ruin, under the neglect of their reverend and unartistic custodians.

In 1771, we meet with eminent names in the records of the Cape, in increasing numbers. In that year Captain Cooke arrived in Table Bay for the first time, on his voyage homeward in the *Endeavour;* Bernard St. Pierre, the author of "Paul and Virginia," visited the Cape also; in the following year three more explorers and travelers arrived—Mason, Sparrman, and Thunberg; and in 1774, Nelson, then a junior officer, touched at this port, on his way to the East Indies.

During the next three years, we hear of frequent commandoes against the Bushman hordes on the rapidly extending frontier. In the three last of them, we are informed that five hundred and three Bushmen were killed, and two hundred and forty-one prisoners taken, and with a loss to the settlers of only one boer. One may very safely entertain the charitable belief that the slaughter was by no means so formidable as those numbers would indicate. In later times, we know that the Kafirs destroyed by our own military patrols on paper, in general orders, were so astoundingly numerous, that it seems a standing miracle how any one of the wretched race has escaped extermination.

Of the political disturbances of this period, up to the

arrival of the English fleet, and the capture of the Cape, by Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig, a very full exposition has been given already in the pages of this periodical; and we shall conclude this present series of chronological jottings, loosely strung together, with a brief and passing reference to a few special events of an interesting character which occurred during that interval.

In 1776, Lieutenant-Governor Henning endeavored to introduce Spanish sheep into the colony, but was frustrated, says Captain Cook, by the people, who thought the fat of the native breed could not be compensated by wool. A similar attempt had been made by the Batavian Government full fifty years before, but it met with similar obstruction and failure. It was little dreamt of then that before eighty years more had past, the colony would be dependent upon that same contemned staple as by far the most important article of its productions, or that in the year 1858, the exports of it should amount to two million pounds.

Between 1778 and 1779, further explorations were made into the interior,—northward, by Mr. Paterson and Colonel Gordon, as far as the Orange River, then first called by that name; and north-eastward, by Governor van Plettenberg, to the Zeekoe River, a few miles distant from the present town of Colesberg. In 1780, rumors of war and invasion reached the Cape. The English fleet, under Commander Johnstone, bound for a descent on the Dutch settlement of South Africa, was met off St. Jago by the French fleet under Admiral Suffren. The latter, after an indecisive fight, pursued his course for Table Bay, and on his arrival communicated the news of approaching danger, and tried hard to put the place in a state of tolerable defence. It was then, and by him, that the military lines extending from Fort Knokke to Zonnebloem, and now in partial ruins, were first constructed; and in the following year, the Amsterdam Battery was built. Johnstone's fleet followed after Suffren's, and surprised and captured the Dutch fleet, while snugly anchored in Saldanha Bay. In 1782, the French naturalist, Le Vaillant, arrived, and commenced those travels, the high colored narratives of which in his published volumes, have lately led some critics in the London periodicals to doubt the existence of either author or travels in any other than a mythic sense. In 1785, the East Indiaman *Pigot*, put into Algoa Bay, and several of her passengers who landed there traveled overland to Cape Town. This event, simple as it was, occasioned no inconsiderable alarm, and led to the formation of the division of Graaff-Reinet, " to prevent any foreigners from

settling at the Baai Algoa." In 1791, the circumnavigator Vancouver touched at Simon's Town, and found the variation of the compass then to be twenty-five degrees forty seconds west. Some ninety years before, according to Kolben's account, it was eleven degrees fifteen seconds west. In 1686, Father Tachard set it down at eleven degrees thirty seconds. In 1792, the Moravian missions were renewed at Genadendal; and now, for the first time, slaves professing the Christian religion were, as a high favor, declared admissible to the communion of the church. In 1793, one flock of merino sheep was introduced into the Cape by Colonel Gordon, and they were sold after his death to some settlers on their way to New South Wales, where they formed the origin of the great sheep farming interest which since has done so much to raise Australia to the exalted position which it now occupies. In that same year, the Commissioners Nederburgh and Frykenius arrived from Holland to inquire into the abuses and grievances long charged against the Government; in the following year they left for Java, and transferred their powers to Sluysken; and in the next year, again, fresh troubles broke out at Graaff-Reinet and Swellendam. At the latter place, a free republic was declared, and burghers dubbed themselves "citizens" and "nationals" as glibly as the most rampant Jacobins in Paris. Before the close of the year, these disturbances came to an unlooked-for termination; the English fleet arrived in False Bay; the battle of Muizenberg was fought; the Dutch commander capitulated on the 16th September, and General Craig was forthwith declared the first English governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. V.

HON. WILLIAM PORTER, ESQ., ATTORNEY-GENERAL

Mr. Porter's long career in this colony has secured for him the respect and attachment of so large a portion of the inhabitants of all classes, creeds, and opinions, that the gift of his portrait, which we this month present to our readers, will be lightly esteemed by none: with very many it will be a treasured possession.

Hon. WILLIAM PORTER, Esq.

It may cause disappointment that, with the exception of the information afforded by himself in a late speech in the House of Assembly, that his father was a Presbyterian minister in the north of Ireland, we can supply no biographical notice of the Attorney-General. But so thoroughly is he interested in the progress of this country and in the well-being of its inhabitants—so distinguished a place has he for twenty years occupied in all efforts for the moral, social, political, and religious advancement of our population—that we rejoice to claim him as our own and not merely as a sojourner, and hesitate to think that ties stronger than any which attach him to the Cape bind him to a distant country, or that the strong attraction of his fatherland may yet withdraw him from our midst.

It would have been strange indeed, if, when Mr. Porter, in 1839, left Ireland to assume his present office, those among his friends who possessed insight into character and ability did not feel regret rather than satisfaction at his early success. The selection of a comparatively young man, not many years at the bar, might be a flattering recognition of talent; but his acceptance of the appointment was a retirement from the race for distinction, a farewell to promotion at home. Some must have felt that the time would come, and the opportunity would be seized, which would see him a leader in the courts, and when, confident in intellectual strength and rare oratorical power, he would, in the legislature, be no mean successor of the great array of Irish statesmen and orators, beginning with Burke and ending with Plunkett.

At this day, their anticipations would have been verified. It is not too much to assert, when Mr. Whiteside is Attorney-General for Ireland, and Mr. Napier, Lord Chancellor—great names though these now are—that their contemporary, fully the equal of the head of the bar in eloquence, not inferior to the head of the bench in legal acquirement, would have risen to similar eminence.

Viewed in the light of ambition alone, Mr. Porter's course was wrong; his error was one even now to be deplored. It is but in a comparatively limited sphere that he holds the undisputed first place in the senate and at the bar. But endeared as he is to his fellow-colonists, revered by many as a benefactor, and beloved as a friend, he may possibly value his position here as highly as the more splendid prizes which have escaped from his grasp.

Political criticism is excluded from these pages. We may not discuss the course pursued by the Attorney-General in

the questions of political interest, agitated in the late Legislative Council during the period of transition from the old legislature to representative institutions, and for the last five years in the House of Assembly, and less frequently in the Council. It is sufficient to say that whatever these questions may have been—whether relating to the civil rights of the colonists, to the condition of the native tribes, to the reform of the law, or to educational and religious affairs—the same exhaustive industry, unwavering honesty of purpose, and wonderful eloquence have contributed to their elucidation; the same respect for the opinions of others while combating them, the same generous feeling which has ever prompted him to take the part of the weak against the oppression of the strong, have been exhibited.

This hatred of oppression, indeed, and anxious study to avoid injustice are marked peculiarities of Mr. Porter's character, and are nowhere seen to more advantage than in the conduct of prosecutions in the Supreme Court. The voice is from the bar; but on the bench the speaker could not weigh the proofs of innocence or of guilt more fairly in the balance. Little remains for the judge to supply when his has been the last address to the jury; for the facts have been arranged with calm precision, every endeavor has been honestly used not to exaggerate appearances or to excite prejudice against the prisoner; all circumstances from which innocence may be inferred have received their fair consideration. For the due fulfillment of the functions of a prosecutor at the public instance, clear intellect and complete knowledge of law are needed; but thorough goodness of heart and strong feelings of humanity are even more indispensable. It may with pride be said that in this colony the conviction of an innocent man is an occurrence scarcely known. The merit of this is in no slight degree due to the manner in which the duties of the Attorney-General's office are performed.

In the union of this love of fairness and justice with a conscientious determination to master the work in hand, whatever it may be, lies, more than in his eloquence, the secret of the powerful sway which he exercises over men's minds. All know that he is just, and will never knowingly misrepresent. All know, likewise, that an industry which would be remarkable in a northern climate has not flagged in our warmer latitudes; that he ventures an opinion on no subject except after reflection and study of all its details, and therefore, that there can scarcely be misrepresentation of fact from ignorance.

When he came hither he found a system of law differing

widely from the common law and the equity of the English and Irish courts. A new study, commenced amid multitudinous duties, was prosecuted with an assiduity worthy of the Dutch commentators themselves, until, in a brief time, the Dutch-Roman law was appreciated and mastered. In all his public conduct, this devotion to the work in hand is evident. It is alike seen in addresses to the jury, in arguments on involved questions of law, in the discussion of political questions in the legislature;—no speech is fragmentary, no opinion incomplete, no public paper wanting in fullness and symmetry.

It is equally seen in very different pursuits; the work, if to be done at all, is to be done well. During the Indian rebellion, Mr. Porter, then a private in the Volunteer Rifles, was among the first zealously to undertake actual duty when the troops were dispatched to the East. At present, Captain Porter, of the cavalry, at the head of his well-mounted troop—when the gown is laid aside for the helmet and sword—is so perfectly fitted for command, that it requires some effort to feel assured that the tall officer, with the gallant bearing, evidently the master of his men, is the logical lawyer, who in the morning, armed with musty parchments, maintained a keen conflict on the construction of a will,—who on the previous day had in the Legislature proclaimed the eternal truths of justice and right, and had battled against class legislation with "that highest sort of speaking which consists of close, vehement, and rapid argument—of reason made red hot by passion."

Without the zeal and capacity for work, which we have pointed out, whatever may be a man's natural gifts, he never becomes an orator. Men are apt to forget the homage due to the honest toil which has been applied to achieve such a result; the years of patient study and reflection which have contributed to the clear utterance of the noble thought and its happy illustration; the severe practice which has brought the memory to such perfection that it can be overtasked by no details; the lucid order which denotes a subject thoroughly examined and understood.

Burke, especially, from Mr. Porter's frequent and respectful references to the glowing pages of the orator-statesman, and from intrinsic evidences in his speeches, appears to be the model which he has proposed to himself. He has the philosophic mind of his great countryman; similarly capacious stores of knowledge, whence at any moment an argument or example can be drawn; the imaginative faculties in rare excellence; the same untiring industry; but the exuberance

of ornament which pervades the diction of the author of the Reflections on the French Revolution is avoided, though not from lack of power; and the simple, nervous English, expressing grand ideas in language almost intelligible to a child, and the apt illustrations which the sacred writings often afford to his discourses, tell of another source of the chaste grandeur of his style,—a careful and reverent study of the Scriptures.

To a stranger what has been above written may seem extravagant eulogy. The governors whose executive councilor Mr. Porter has been, his brethren in the administration of the Government, the members of the legislature—the bench and the bar, could bear witness that his public character is not overstated. And not a few to whom he has extended the right hand of sympathy in their adversity, "the widows and the fatherless in their affliction" whom he has solaced, the recipients of a generous charity, where the left hand has not known what the right had done, can give testimony that the possessor of the greatest intellectual influence in the colony is even more the model of a Christian gentleman.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The accessions of new books received at the Public Library last month are numerous, and on the whole of a very high character. The following is a list of them:—Clayton's Personal Memoirs of Charles II; Edwards' Memoirs of Libraries; Kaye's Christianity in India; Hamilton's Lectures on Metaphysics; Transactions of the National Association for Promoting Social Science; Murray's Handbook for India; Lady Coopland's Escape from Gwalior; Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans; Miller's Sketch-book of Geology; Wilson's New History of the Conquest of Mexico; Calendar of State Papers; "Domestic Scenes, 1627—28," by Bruce; Gosse's Evenings with the Microscope; Trollipe's Italian Women; Trübner's Guide to American Literature; Ellen Raymond; Round the Sofa; The Wife and the Ward; together with all the periodicals for the month of April.

Of these one of the most fresh, interesting, and valuable, is Mr. Kaye's "Historical Narrative of Christianity in India." It is the production of a writer well versed in the accomplishments of style, as intimately acquainted with Indian history and Indian life as any man living, and thoroughly unsectarian, liberal, and large-minded in his religious sentiments. The book consists, to a great extent, of biographical sketches, limned with the skillful hand of an artist, and blending together into one continuous and consistent whole. There are innumerable passages

throughout the volume, which remind one irresistibly of the brilliant pages of Macaulay himself. In these hurried notes we can only refer briefly to a few characteristic extracts. Passing over the introductory allusions to the mythic story of St. Thomas' apostolic labors in Southern India, and the historical certainty of the progress of the Syrian church in that same region, we come down to the occupation of Goa, and the surrounding country, by the Portuguese. They established monasteries, they built churches, but they made few genuine converts. Proselytism, in the time of Albuquerque, was a matter of state policy, not of Christian zeal and devotion. The viceroy, we are told, "in order to breed up soldiers, very wisely got the Indian maids made Christians, and married them to the Portuguese, that they might not always stand in need of fresh supplies of men from Portugal." But then succeeded a new era; Ignatius Loyola founded the new order of the Jesuits, and inspired them with a measure of that burning zeal with which his own soul was filled; and Francis Xavier went forth on his apostolic mission:

It was in the spring of the year 1541 that the first missionary of the new society of Jesus turned his clear, blue eyes, for the last time, upon the orange-groves of Spain, and set his face towards the shining Orient. A Portuguese vessel, destined to carry out to Goa a new Indian viceroy, reinforcement of a thousand men, suffered the great-hearted enthusiast to slink silently on board, and to mingle with the noisy crowd of soldiers and mariners on board. No pleasant well-fitted cabin was there for him — no well-supplied "cuddy table"—no outfit that he did not carry on his back. He pillowed his head upon a coil of ropes, and ate what the sailors discarded. But there was not a seaman in that laboring vessel, there was not a soldier in that crowded troop-ship, who did not inwardly recognize the great soul that glowed beneath those squalid garments. No outward humiliation could conceal the knightly spirit; no sickness and suffering could quench the fire of that ardent genius. The highest and the lowest held converse with him; and, abject, prostrate as he was, he towered above them all, alike as a gentleman and a scholar. And when, thirteen months after the vessel sailed out of the port of Lisbon, its rent sails were furled, and its strained cables coiled before the seaport of Goa, there was not one of the many enthusiasts who now, as they dropped down her weather-stained and shattered side, shaped for themselves in imagination so brilliant a career in the great Indies, or heaped up such piles of visionary wealth, as stirred the heart of Francis Xavier.

But his career was only that of the Christian missionary, and the riches that he was to gain were countless thousands of human souls. It was Xavier's will to suffer. The King of Portugal had ordered that, on his passage to India, a cabin should be placed at his disposal, and furnished with everything that could render tolerable the discomforts of a sea life.

But he had rejected these kingly offers, and contented himself with the bare deck as his home; a single cloak to shelter him in the foul weather, and a few books to solace him in the fair. And now that he had reached the point at which were to commence his apostolic ministrations, the same spirit of self-denial and self-dependence animated him in all that he did. He had prayed before his departure for more stripes; he had asked the Divine goodness to grant him in India the pains that had been faintly foreshadowed in his Italian career. He had carried out all sorts of briefs and credentials from regal and pontifical hands; and

the bishop now eagerly tendered him assistance and pressed upon him pecuniary support. But he refused all these episcopal offers, and sought no aid but that of God. The more dangers seemed to thicken—the more appalling the difficulties that beset his path—the more agonizing the trials he endured—the louder, the more earnest was his cry, "Yet more—O my God!—Yet more."

The following sentences do justice alike to the noble-minded men of whom they are written and to the liberal sentiments of the Protestant who penned them:

Protestant zeal is only contemptible, when it denies that Francis Xavier was a great man. Delusions he may have had strong as ever yet wrought upon the human soul; but the true nobility of his nature is not to be gainsaid. He faced the most tremendous trials with a courage and a constancy of the highest order, and prosecuted the most arduous and astounding labors with an energy and a perseverance scarcely exampled in the history of mankind. He found himself suddenly thrown into the midst of a mingled community of natives and Europeans, of which it was hard to say whether the one or the other were sunk in the deeper and more debasing idolatry.

What he did among them, and how he extended the field of his apostolic labors over Malacca, Amboyna, Ternate, Java, and Japan, Mr. Kaye sets forth in his brilliant pages; but we must pass on. Xavier was succeeded by unworthy men, whose mission was less to make new converts than to reduce old ones to subjection; the Christians of St. Thomas were crushed under the subjugation of Rome; the Jesuits took, then, to converting the heathen by becoming heathens themselves; and, finally, the "new Brahmins," as they called themselves, were detected to be Feringhees in disguise, and the natives rejected their ministrations with anger and contempt. The next period of which we read is subsequent to the establishment of the early English settlers. There was very little of Christianity there. The early settlers were often men of intemperate habits and licentious lives, outraging decency and scandalizing Christianity—"a terror to the natives of their adopted country, and a reproach to their own." As some of the natives expressed it, in their broken English, "*Christian religion, devil religion; Christian much drunk; Christian much do wrong; much beat, much abuse others.*"

Passing on to the commencement of the eighteenth century, the first Protestant missionaries were sent out to India by a Danish society, to the Danish settlement of Tranquebar; and the English Christian Knowledge Society contributed in aid of the undertaking the munificent sum of twenty pounds! The men were Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Plutscho. "Their reception was not encouraging; their countrymen shook their heads; started difficulties, almost regarded them as madmen. But they comforted one another; sought strength from God; and remembered the example of the apostles. .. ... It was hard to say whether the intolerance of the native priesthood, or the immorality of the European laity, at Tranquebar, were the greater

obstacles at the outset to the success of the mission. ..... They numbered their converts at first only by tens; but when, in the year 1756, they celebrated their jubilee, it was shown that, during the ten years which had preceded that event, nearly three thousand souls had been brought over to the Christian faith." These men were the first fruits. About this time we are introduced to the venerated name of Schwartz:

Hyder Ali ravaged the Carnatic, and the European power in India was shaken to its very centre. But in the midst of all this desolating warfare, the Christian missionary pursued his work, and only quitted it for a time when called upon to play the unaccustomed part of mediator between the two contending powers. The fierce Mohammedan zeal of the tyrant of the Mysore had not been proof against the holy rectitude and mild enthusiasm of the apostolic Schwartz. He had heard of the good man to whom money was no temptation, and whose lips never uttered guile; he had heard of one meek, lowly, yet full of courage, who had suffered much, and done much for God and man, but had sought nothing for himself; and when he was now told that the English wished to treat with him, he said, "Let them send the Christian to me; I need fear no deceit from him." So Schwartz was summoned from Tanjore, where the erection of his church was then mainly occupying his thoughts, to play the part of an ambassador of state; and the one man who was deemed incapable of falsehood and fraud,—the one Christian who, it was believed by the Mussulman ruler, would not violate an engagement with a native prince, proceeded to Seringapatam.

When, at a ripe old age the devoted missionary died, the warmest panegyrics were pronounced on him by the authorities of Leadenhall-street, as by his own disciples in the east. "Our two greatest sculptors, Bacon and Flaxman, carved his image in marble."

In the fourth chapter, Mr. Kaye introduces his readers into Bengal, sets forth the labors of the missionary Kiernander there, and presents graphic and truthful sketches of the state of Anglo-Indian society during the administration of Warren Hastings. Nor does he do this in any censorious or pharisaic spirit. He describes the drinking, gaming, and dueling habits of the community in vivid colors; the miserably degraded condition and tone of the press, the infamy of the Nautches, and the universal system of concubinage with native women, "which," he says, "morality is bound to reprobate, but which, all the circumstances of temptation fairly considered, all charitable allowances rightly made, is not without its claim to be regarded with mercy and toleration." The orthodox pulpits of the Company's chaplains were then powerless to effect any improvement; the chaplains themselves paid more devotion to the collection of lucre than the preaching of religion, and several of them returned, within brief terms of years, to England, with fortunes amassed of from £25,000 to £50,000. During the administration of Lord Cornwallis, the tone of society, generally, improved vastly, as is evidenced by the improved tone of the press; but the vitality of the christianity which was still professed, may be estimated from the following:

One lady claimed great credit to herself as a venerator of the Sabbath, because she once read over the Church Service whilst her ayah was

combing her hair. Another who had lived twelve years in Calcutta, where there was a church, said that she had never gone (to church) all that time, because no gentleman had ever offered to escort her and hand her to a pew!

We are next introduced to Charles Grant and Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, and the encouragement which they gave to Christian effort is spoken of in warm praise. Simeon, of Cambridge, appears also on the scene; and proceeding from his school of the prophets, we have the names of David Brown, Claudius Buchanan, Henry Martyn, Corrie, and Thomason. Almost contemporaneously with these, were the memorable Serampore brotherhood, of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. Mr. Kaye's graphic sketches of the career of these distinguished men is fraught with deep and even romantic interest. But we have dwelt too long on the subject already, and can only find space to add that the history—which does not profess to be exhaustive, but only suggestive—is brought down to the present period; and that in his concluding chapter, the author discusses, calmly and with great ability, the present aspect of Christianity in India, and the duty of the government in relation to it. He perfectly approves the policy laid down in the Queen's late proclamation, by which the Government as such becomes perfectly neutral, but removing every obstacle which might impede the progress of missionary exertion:

To the missionary and to the schoolmaster merely will be left the direct work of preaching and of teaching. There is no want of appointed laborers, and there is no need, therefore, that the servants of the Government should tread in those special vineyards. But no man need complain, therefore, that he is prohibited from doing the work of his heavenly Master. By the blamelessness of his life, by the gentleness of his demeanor, by his abundant charity, by his deeds of mercy, by his steadfast assertion of his holy religion, proving that he is not only ready, if need be, to die for his faith, but what is better still, to live for it, he may make the people by whom he is surrounded so enamored of Christianity, that they will exclaim, "Surely the religion which bears such fruits is not a delusion and an imposition."

"The Sketch Book of Geology" is another posthumous contribution to the fascinating works of the lamented Hugh Miller, on this his most favorite subject. It is edited by his widow, and consists of six lectures addressed to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, with an appendix of miscellaneous memoranda, notes, and studies selected from the author's private papers. None of them have ever been published before, and it was the intention of Mr. Miller to have incorporated them into his contemplated *opus maximum* on the Geology of Scotland. The lectures are equal to any productions of his brilliant pen that have hitherto appeared. They are full of the most exquisitely graphic descriptions, minutely accurate in every scientific detail, but nowhere degenerating into what he himself speaks of as "stiff diagrams and hard names; dead strata measured off in geological exposition by the yard and the mile, and enveloped in the obscuring folds of a Babylonish phraseology."

He conjures up, in true poetic spirit, bright visions of past geological ages. Images of creations that have come and gone in the remote primeval epochs are marshaled up before us in all the picturesque beauty and grandeur of their originals; and "invested with the light that never was on land or sea, they cease to be of the earth earthy, and form the ethereal stuff of which the visions of the poet are made." We should add that an introductory preface is furnished by Mrs. Miller, giving a *résumé* of the progress of geological science within the last two years.

Another invaluable work included among the accessions of the month, is the annual volume of the "Transactions of the National Association for the advancement of Social Science," for 1858. It presents at first sight a dry and forbidding aspect; on closer examination, it will be found brimful of the most interesting, practically important, and highly suggestive matter. It furnishes a record of the sayings and doings of those eminent social reformers who assembled last year at Liverpool to deliberate on some of the gravest questions that can affect the welfare of a nation. It opens with an admirably appropriate sermon on the subject of religious motive, preached by the Lord Bishop of Chester. This is succeeded by the luminous address of Lord John Russell, expatiating on the objects, the achievements, and the constitution of the association; and is followed up by elaborate and eloquent orations from Lord Brougham on the diffusion of knowledge, by the Chancellor of Ireland on jurisprudence, by the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., on education, by the Earl of Carlisle on the punishment and reformation of criminals, by Lord Shaftesbury on public health, and though last, not least, by Sir James Stephen on colonisation. The several departments into which the association is divided, are for jurisprudence and amendment of the law; education; punishment and reformation; public health; and social economy. Among the numerous writers whose papers we meet with in this volume, under the several heads we have mentioned, are such names as Symonds, Horace Mann, Ruskin, Monckton Milnes, Hill, Kingsley, Florence Nightingale, Chadwick, and Connolly; and the whole round of all the social problems of the day is discussed by them in detail, in a wise, thoughtful, temperate, and practical fashion, which cannot fail to be attended with the best results.

Some special extracts from the work, and such of them as shall be peculiarly applicable to the circumstances of our own colony at the Cape, we shall endeavor to find space for in an early number. In connection with this, we take the liberty of again reminding the committee of the Public Library of the propriety of their procuring annual copies of the Transactions of some others of the great learned societies of England. Those of the British Association, for example, are by no means costly; and they comprise an admirable compendium or record of all the prominent discoveries and advancements achieved in science from year to year.

One of the recent volumes issued by the Geological Society contains the only published exposition of any value, and a most valuable and magnificently prepared exposition it is, too—of the geology of South Africa. It has now been published for at least two years, and a copy of it has never yet, by any chance, found its way to the boasted central colonial library of the Cape!

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

Twice during the month of May, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, have the records of the House of Assembly of the Cape of Good Hope borne the important statement that in a would-be civilized country the repeal of the usury laws is considered inexpedient and undesirable. It would be an insult to the good sense of our commercial readers to expatiate upon the necessity of a clear understanding as to whether such a law does really exist in this country, but we may point out, that even before the repeal of the penalties on usury in Holland, exceptional cases were made wherever mercantile transactions were concerned, and that the difficulty everywhere seems to be to estimate what amount of interest may really be considered usurious. The evident disinclination on the part of respectable persons to render themselves liable to the imputation of taking more than six per cent., induces others, who are not quite so scrupulous, to lend money at higher rates, *sub rosâ*, than they would obtain, if all had an equal chance in open market. An alteration is feared by some as likely to affect the amounts of loans on mortgage, especially if the rate of interest should at first be much higher on ordinary securities, such as promissory notes, bills of exchange, than it now is; but of this we have not the least fear. In England, where the rate of interest paid on the funds is, at the outside, three-and-a-half per cent., and fluctuations occur in the money market from two to twelve per cent., mortgage bonds are almost impossible to be procured, the rate continuing steady at five per cent., and the securities being considered undeniable; so would it be here, if any man having funds invested in first mortgage bonds should be rash enough, for the chance of making an extra per centage, to call them in. He would find a difficulty of re-investment in these permanent securities, when he required it. Borrowers have assuredly no ground for alarm when the change comes, as come it will before long. We would walk many miles to hear the law-lecturer lay down the law on this subject.

The Attorney-General's motion, calling for a monthly statement of the cash balances, and other assets, as well as of the liabilities of joint-stock banks, was a step in the proper direction, and if acted upon cannot be considered as otherwise than beneficial. The advocates of free trade in money are said to have been inconsistent in supporting this motion; but we hold that publicity is required, and is not necessarily restrictive in its effects. If the joint-stock banks in this colony were trading under a limited liability act, the public would require periodical statements, in order that it might see how far these institutions were being conducted in a satisfactory and careful manner; and the publication of weekly statements by the first banks of the city of London is in no way considered as restrictive, but as advantageous to all parties

concerned. We cannot, however, leave this subject without commenting on the amount of bills under discount on 31st December last.

Mr. Porter stated that at that period the fixed deposits might be estimated at £547,000, the current accounts at £813,000, and the amount of notes in circulation £403,712; whilst the bills under discount in the several banks of the colony amounted to £2,241,762. The principle generally laid down for safe banking is, that "bills discounted" should not exceed the amount of capital and fixed deposits, added to two thirds of the average current accounts and circulation. Taking the capital and reserve funds of the banks at £646,403, and adding to that the amount of fixed deposits, and proportion of circulation and floating deposits, in the aggregate £1,358,142, we find that the amount available for safe discount is £1,964,545, or £277,217 less than that of the paper actually discounted by the colonial banks, irrespective of assurance and other institutions. Reverting to the calculations contained in our review of July, 1858, we find that the bills under discount on the 31st December, 1857, were £2,142,822, or £236,029 in excess of the amount which they should have been, in accordance with the principle above referred to.

For facility of reference, we subjoin a comparative statement of the position of the chief items at the end of the years 1857 and 1858.

	1857.	1858.
Bills under discount	£2,142,822	£2,241,762
Deposits	1,204,494	1,360,933
Cash in hand	344,378	379,387
Circulation	440,585	403,712

This exhibits an increase in the bills discounted, and in the deposit and cash accounts, with a decrease in the item of circulation.

The importations during the month have been limited. Two vessels with coffee have arrived from Rio, bringing accounts of a rise in price of that article, owing to a difficulty in getting produce to market during the rains. Sales have been slack of most articles; and we hear of two, if not more, cargoes of American notions being stored and held, in consequence of the importations being heavy and the demand, especially on the frontier, very slack. It is most difficult to bring produce to market in many places, owing to the continued drought, and wool is consequently brought into Port Elizabeth in comparatively very small quantities. Freights are nominal, and ship agents require some ingenuity to obtain cargoes for the vessels consigned to them. Discounts are much easier in some of the banks, but exchange on London remains without variation.

Considerable discussion has taken place, both in and out of Parliament, respecting a deviation in the line to Wellington, and a branch line to Wynberg. The guarantee principle was repudiated as regarded the latter, and no decision has been come to as to the former up to the time of our going to press.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR MARCH, 1859.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time
Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Fah.	Thermometers. Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.	Dew Point.	Humid. of Air. Sat. = 100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind. Force.	Direction.	Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
Mar.	inch.	°	°	°	°			inch.			inch.	
1	29·903	74·62	60·76	84·0	61·6	50·80	44·6	29·530	1·3	S		0·
2	29·867	72·22	64·02	87·2	65·0	58·18	64·6	29·380	4·6	S ½ E		0·3
3	29·936	65·94	61·72	74·0	60·6	58·32	77 0	29·447	7·7	S		3·8
4	29·953	66·52	58·34	70·6	61·0	51·86	61·0	29·564	7·0	S		0·9
5	29·847	71·06	61·10	75·0	64·0	53·68	55·6	29·433	5·5	S ½ W		1·3
6	29·855	71·42	61·92	88·2	59·6	55·04	59·0	29·420	1·0	NW b N		6·1
7	29·973	63·54	60·56	72·0	55·7	58·18	84·0	29·487	1·7	NW ½ W	0·025	4·1
8	30·026	67·64	60·68	75·3	61·5	55·24	65·4	29·589	1·4	SSW		0·9
9	29·981	68·18	61·52	74·5	63·0	56·36	66·6	29·526	5·4	S ½ W		6·2
10	29·872	71·62	63·36	84·2	58·8	57·44	63·8	29·399	1·0	SW ¼ S		2·4
11	29·980	61·46	57·30	78·0	52·6	54·12	79·8	29·560	0·9	NW	·006	8·0
12	30·024	68·12	63·12	75·0	58·0	59·20	73·6	29·521	3·0	SbW ½ W		4·3
13	29·980	68·02	63·24	75·0	58·0	59·58	75·6	29·469	2·9	S ½ E		0·7
14	29·986	67·28	61·06	77·0	58·2	56·26	69·2	29·532	0·9	S ½ W		3·7
15	30·100	65·48	56·28	72·0	60·7	48·82	55·0	29·752	2·2	S b E		3·3
16	30·157	65·52	56·70	70·4	60·7	49·64	58·0	29·801	3·8	S ½ E		0·7
17	29·997	69·26	59·08	77·5	63·0	51·28	53·6	29·619	3·1	S ½ W		1·6
18	29·837	66·54	59·36	82·8	55·0	53·96	67·0	29·420	1·5	SW		9·6
19	29·966	62·18	59·22	68·0	58·0	56·76	83·0	29·504	1·6	NW ¾ W		1·6
20	30·076	66·56	61·30	73·0	59·8	57·10	72·2	29·609	1·1	WSW		2·2
21	30·010	67·02	60·98	79·3	55·0	56·40	70·6	29·554	0·6	S ½ E		0.5
22	29·985	67·48	63·06	78·0	60·2	59·76	78·6	29·470	2·7	SSE		5·2
23	29·985	64·30	59·92	77·2	58·0	56·34	76·4	29·530	1·1	WNW		2·8
24	29·992	67·06	62·34	80·3	57·8	58·74	75·8	29·495	0·7	S b W		3·3
25	29·905	74·14	63·72	87·7	62·7	56·28	55·2	29·450	0·8	SWbW ½ W		1·1
26	29·968	71·48	63·84	86·0	65·0	58·32	66·2	29·478	2·6	SbW ½ W		4 0
27	29·932	67·26	61·46	74·2	59·0	56·98	71·0	29·466	1·3	SbW ½ W		2·1
28	30·019	66·40	60·28	78·9	54·3	55·66	70·6	29·573	0·2	SW ½ W		2·1
29	29·988	65·00	59·96	75·2	55·4	56·00	74·2	29·538	0·7	WSW		4·8
30	29·911	63·46	60·94	67 8	61·3	58·80	85·2	29·414	4·2	NW ¼ N		8·0
31	30·022	61·58	58·08	64·8	59·0	55·14	80·0	29·586	3·0	S ½ W	1·020	4·7
											Sum,	
Mean,	29·969	67·37	60·81	76·9	59·4	55·81	68·8	29·520	2·4	SW ½ S	1·051	3·3

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

		A.M. h m 5·34	A.M. h m 9·34	P.M. h m 1·34	P.M. h m 5·34	P.M. h m 9·34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°.	inches	29·955	29·989	29·963	29·956	29·981	30·186	29·785
,, Press. of dry air,	,,	29·527	29·533	29·511	29·499	29·530	29·838	29·340
Thermom.—Dry bulb.	degrees	61·30	69·21	74·97	67·55	63·80	88·0	54·0
,, Wet bulb.	,,	57·61	61·83	63·86	61·28	59·49	67·7	52·6
Humidity of the air.	p. cent.	79·6	65·5	53·8	68·3	76·7	98·0	29·0
Dew Point.	degrees	54·5	56·2	56·0	56·4	55·9	61·7	45·3

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

SAUL SOLOMON AND CO., STEAM PRINTING OFFICE, CAPE TOWN.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOTES ON THE MARITIME DEFENCES OF THE CAPE COLONY.

Hardly had van Riebeek landed on the shores of Table Bay, in April, 1652, when he commenced entrenching himself. His "château" was probably an earthwork enclosure, on or near the site of the present castle, comprehending within its bounds a few rude huts, and sufficiently strong to repel any sudden attack from the aborigines, whose cattle-kraals almost touched the advanced posts of the white man, whose territory was then bounded to the eastward by the Liesbeek River; but certainly, in 1662, sufficiently uncomfortable when Governor van Wagenaar prayed for a "little coarse window-glass and lead, to glaze the windows of the fort." Our old Dutch rulers soon, however, commenced throwing up out-works, and we read of an earthen fort, as constructed in October, 1652, at the Salt River, probably near the present site of Craig's Tower, or Montagu Bridge; and in the collections of records compiled by Moodie, we get occasional notices of small forts, constructed as the territory of the original settlers enlarged along the flanks of Table Mountain, on the kloof between Table and Camp's Bays, and other places. In 1665, it was, however, resolved by the Council of Seventeen, who then swayed the destinies of the Dutch East India Company, to build a regular castle, constructed according to the rules of Vauban and Coehoern, the great masters of fortification of that period, and whose master-pieces at Lille, Valenciennes, Bergen op Zoom, and Breda still exist; and Commandant-General Goske was entrusted with the task. It was resolved to place the new castle sixty roods east of the original one, which thus must have stood near the east end of the Grand Parade.

It would be difficult, at the present day, to discover the motives which actuated the original constructors of the castle of Cape Town in placing their stronghold and citadel in its present position,—as Barrow calls it, the sink of Table Valley; except that inveterate tendency to copy the manners

and customs of Vaderland, which led to the introduction of the wet ditches of Holland into Batavia and Demerara.* As a work of defence on the land side, it is far stronger than was necessary for any attack that might have been expected from the aborigines, and far too weak, and too much commanded by surrounding heights to be of much avail against an invading force of any European power tolerably well provided with heavy artillery. On paper, certainly, to any one inexperienced in the mysterious diagrams of Vauban, Coehoern, or Cormontaigne, it looks a most formidable pentagon, with proper bastions at its angles, well provided with ravelins, and all the other paraphernalia of ditches, envelopes, glacis, &c.; but heaven help the poor defenders, if they were subjected to a whiff of shot and shell, *a la* Sebastopol. Few of the buildings are, we believe, bomb-proof; and like many other threatening-looking bullies, we fear our castle of Cape Town, like that of Dublin, the fortress of Edinburgh, and the tower of London, is kept up far more as a recollection of the past, than for any real use as a work of defence at the present day. Barrow, no doubt influenced by the opinions of the military authorities of his time, utterly condemns it.

The Imhoff battery forms a sort of out-work, or saluting battery to the castle itself, and is called after Baron van Imhoff, governor-general of the Dutch East Indies, who was inaugurated into his office in the castle in 1743. Since the last occupation of the Cape by the English, in 1806, the works of the castle have not been materially altered; although, in many points, they have been strengthened, the armament of guns has been increased, and many works of earth rebuilt in substantial masonry. The defects of the position of the castle were, however, early perceived by the English Government, to whom a project was submitted by General Craig, in 1796, to build a citadel on the Lion's Rump, which, however, owing to our abandonment of the colony in 1803, was never carried out. As a convenient barracks and store, the castle is very useful, but as a work of defence, as we have before observed, it is of little value. If a few hostile privateers felt inclined to walk off with the shipping in the anchorage, and our castle guns were brought into requisition, it would be a mere case of "save me from my friends;" as the poor insiders would decidedly suffer more

* It must be recollected, however, that about this period, the Batavian republic were rapidly acquiring the empire of the seas; as Capt. Cabbe says in the farce—

In the time of the Rump,
Brave Admiral van Trump
With his broom swept the chops of the Channel.

than the outsiders; and if we were besieged on the land side, half a dozen howitzers on the flanks of Table Mountain would soon make the castle of Cape Town too hot for its inhabitants. The other forts, however, in Table Bay—Amsterdam, Chavonnes, and Craig's Tower—bear strongly on the anchorage.

Few, if any, of the original buildings within the pentagon of the castle, remain. The bell, according to Mr. Hall's chronological tables, bears date 1697, and the principal part of the existing quarters and stores appears to have been built or rebuilt in the time of Governor van Plettenberg, between 1780 and 1785. Before the capture of the Cape by the English, the court of justice, the residence of the Governor, the treasury, and other public offices, appear to have been kept in the castle.

The original designer of the castle, no doubt, had in his eye some of the, at that time, crack frontier fortresses of the Seven United Provinces. A fine capacious ditch has accordingly been provided, into which, *Heu, miserrime!* the drainage of nearly half the town has been directed, very much, there can be little doubt, our readers will say, to the discomfort of the miserable inhabitants in the hot season, it having become a favorite watering place of the town musquitoes in the summer months; and in variety of stinks, it rivals Cologne itself.

The armament of the sea face of the castle, and the Imhoff battery, is tolerably strong. The latter is a substantial work, faced with cut granite, mounting a formidable battery of guns—18, 24, and 68-pounders; and if there were no shipping in the way, it would sweep Table Bay at least one and a half mile from the shore.

Our old Dutch rulers were not, however, long in finding out the weakness of the castle, especially when Table Bay became the rendezvous and assembly place of their East India fleet. Between 1700 and 1796, we find batteries erected at Rogge Bay, just under where St. John's Church now stands. In 1719 or 1720, the Chavonnes battery was first erected, called after the Marquis de Chavonnes, a refugee Huguenôt nobleman, who was governor of the colony from 1714 till 1724. Simon's Town appears to have been used as a naval station in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the redoubts and old works at Muizenberg Pass appear to have been thrown up about 1751. Between this period and 1796, the Dutch Government seem to have paid considerable attention to the strengthening of the defences of the Cape peninsula at least. The lines, the redoubts on the flank of Table Mountain, Amsterdam battery, the batteries at Camp's and Three-anchor Bays, appear all to have

been erected about the period of the American war, when the republic of the Seven United Provinces was in alliance with France ; and when Admiral Suffrein, in 1781, after his fight at St. Jago, escaped from Commodore Johnston, he landed a considerable force from his fleet, who materially assisted in putting the defences of Table Bay in good order.

When, however, the English fleet, under Admiral Elphinstone, Sept. 26, 1795, landed in Simon's Town, their guns very soon turned the flank of the Thermopylæ of Muizenberg, as Barrow calls it, whose batteries since that time have been allowed to fall into decay. Again, in 1806, the English, landing a few thousand men near the Blaauwberg, avoided the dangerous batteries of Chavonnes and Amsterdam, and the whole of the lines, and their flanking batteries and blockhouses, surrendered without firing a shot, although, if properly manned, even to this day, they are capable of making a stubborn defence. Since the occupation of the Cape by the English, that Government, wisely considering that the real defence of the Cape colony is, after all, her fleet, have constructed but few new works, and have let many of the old ones fall to ruin. Whatever nation is most powerful at sea, to that nation will be given colonial empire. All England can, or probably will do, for many of her colonies, not fortified rocks like Malta or Gibraltar, or strong arsenals like Halifax, Quebec, or Corfu, but extensive regions like Australia, the Cape, and many other of our possessions, is to put them in that state that they may be safe from a *coup de main*, and escape the affront of being plundered or bullied by a few privateers.

During the occupation of the Cape in 1795-6, Sir J. Craig, at that time commander-in-chief, built the battery and tower which bears his name near Salt River, he also repaired or constructed several of the block-houses on the Devil's Hill, flanking the lines. The batteries between Chavonnes battery and Camp's Bay have been for many years dismantled, but in case of an European war, they could be very soon armed again.* In 1825, several new batteries were constructed in Simon's Bay, which are still kept up. In the other colonial bays, with one or two exceptions, there are no works of defence, and except in Algoa and Mossel Bays, perhaps little need of them; but in the former bay, it must be confessed, where such a large town has sprung up and so much valuable property is at stake, that Fort Frederick is about as poor a specimen of the science of fortification

* Barrow was foolish enough to say that Three-anchor Bay could hardly be landed in, owing to the number of old anchors lying in it. When did a vessel ever cast anchor there?

as her Majesty's dominions can afford. Indeed, it is our opinion, the defenders, if attacked, would suffer much more from the walls tumbling down about their ears, than from any hostile missile that might reach them from an enemy's fleet in the anchorage. It was built in 1796, and is merely a square redoubt, fit at that period to protect the beach against the attacks of the united Kafirs and Hottentots, who were then ravaging the neighborhood.

In 1795, the English landing at Simon's Town, as we observed before, flanked the Muizenberg passes with their fleet, and soon drove out the defenders, who retired on Wynberg, and being further pushed, eventually capitulated. In 1806, we landed on the other side of Table Bay, fought a battle with the same result, so that, hitherto, owing to the merciful interposition of Providence, the inhabitants of Cape Town, have been saved the necessity of proving the strength of their defences. The uncertainty of making a safe landing in Camp's Bay, and the ease with which it can be commanded, both from the old batteries at the Kloof block-house and Camp's Bay, we think precludes much danger from that point. If, however, our signal-man made down, a French fleet about to run in there, we do not consider there would be much difficulty in getting a battery of heavy guns in such a position as to enfilade the kloof road before our invaders had landed. The same observation applies to Hout's and the other small bays of the Cape peninsula.

In this end of the colony at least, thank Heaven, the horrors of war have left but a light trace behind them. Our eastern brethren, on the contrary, like an "eel," have got rather accustomed to be skinned periodically, and have seen, as Sydney Smith says of the Austrians and Russians, "scenes of war three or four times over." We do not, for a moment, anticipate evil; we have no doubt, if a French fleet were signalized as landing at Blaauwberg, our brave Cape volunteers, our splendid cavalry, and stalwart artillery would prove game to the back bone. But still, an invasion is an ugly thing, let it be managed how it may. Imagine our worthy treasurer-general suspended by the toes, until he confessed to the horrid band of Zouaves, whose hands he had fallen into, where he had buried or secreted the last parliamentary surplus in the treasury; or our excellent and Christian dean put to the gauntlets by a rude soldiery, to compel him either to embrace the errors of Romanism, or else surrender the church plate. Fancy the worthy directors of our five local banks, with halters round their necks, and a bonfire of bank

paper at their feet, with the dread alternative before them of being strung up to separate fir trees on the Parade, by a few spirited Chasseurs de Vincennes, or telling plainly where rude hands might be laid on the last half year's published "assets." Think of our museum and library turned into a barrack or a stable, and the stuffed hippopotamus ripped up, to get at the contents of his paunch, for filling a rifleman's mattress, or for providing bedding for his charger; and a young cub of a French drummer walking off with a pocketful of our "copper othos, or our Scotch baubees," out of the coin case. Imagine our gold mace marched off with by a French dragoon, and the excellent sergeant-at-arms, in his bagwig, compelled to carry it before him, while the honorable Legislative Council, and its worshipful president, in full fig, and the House of Assembly, Mr. Speaker, the municipality and ward-masters, all carried off from their wailing wives and families, as hostages for the contribution of £250,000, levied on the community at large. Think of an order of the day issued by the French commandant, decreeing that twenty-five "demoiselles de la première qualité," provided with suitable dowers, should attend at eleven a.m. the following day, at the "Eglise de St. George," there to receive the hands of an equal number of "jeunes braves" of the army of South Africa,—future marshals of the empire.

"What the deuce is the good of thinking and imagining all this d——d stuff?" says a good-natured friend of mine at my elbow. "I say, my old fellow, I've hit on a plan, to secure Table Bay at all events. Nature has already fortified us. Look at the wonderful escarpment of Table Mountain, and the two out-works of the Devil's Hill, and the Lion's Head, let alone his Rump, which of itself beats the Malakoff hollow. Clap on each of these elevated points some dozen or two of these wonderful Armstrong rifled cannons we hear so much about, which have brought their inventor a baronetcy, and £2,000 a year, tools that carry five miles, and will hit a man at seven thousand yards, without fail, and I ask you, as a sensible man, what Frenchman will ever come within twenty miles of old Tafelberg when he spies their muzzles grinning at him? As to all that rubbish of yours about our twenty-five young damsels, I give you my word that if the old French commandant *in futuro* would issue a decree, seizing on a like number of our ancient maids, widows, or wives, to reward his young braves, he'd find lots enough of the community who would applaud the act. My dear sir, it's quite time enough to fret about contingencies, as to who may, or who may not, be future rulers of Cape Town. If,

on the one hand, France and Russia be looming minatory, like sulky giants, on the northern horizon, have we not our gallant volunteers, horse, foot, and artillery,—Tulbagh and Worcester, Malmesbury and D'Urban, exclusive of the sacred Cape Town phalanx, rising up like bright stars on the southern,—so many glittering steel points to repel all invaders. Give me, then, these brave young heroes," he exclaimed, warming into a fit of enthusiasm, "on the plains of Blaauwberg, backed by half-a-dozen brigades of red coats, and a few batteries of artillery, and, trust me, the myrmidons of any foreign invader who dares to touch the sacred soil of our native land will meet such a reception as can only be given by freemen, living under the glorious Cape-British constitution, and under the best of queens and governors, to the trembling minions of a despot, though armed and moustached to the teeth. At the first whiff of grape, they would evaporate like——

"Holloa!" said I, "pray thee, stop thee there."

My friend continued, however, his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, in what Sheridan calls "a kind of poetical second sight":

I see the field of battle—
The gallant Captain Porter on his prancing steed.
Our line is formed. The valiant Jones leads on the van:
Smith, Brown, and Robinson succeed.
I see the Wynberg Rifles in the rear.
And now I hear the thundering of their guns;
I hear the conqueror's shout! I also hear
The wretched Frenchmen's groan. I see the glittering helms
With horsehair deck'd ride flashing through the crowd,
Slicing off heads like pumpkins. I see——

"Hold!" I exclaimed, in the words of the worthy governor of Tilbury Fort; "Peace! thy fears have turned thy brain. The French invaders, sure, thou can'st not see—because they are not yet in sight."

And now a few words of comfort in conclusion. Let us assure our readers that a war between two such powers as France and England, let Louis Napoleon be ever so crafty or secret in his movements, can hardly at the present day be improvised. Straws show the direction of the current, and a thousand trifles, apparently as light as air, mutually warn the intending belligerents to get ready for the combat. If a war ensues between France and England, which may the Heavens forefend! we South Africans may safely depend on the foresight of the authorities at home, as well as on that of our excellent Governor here. England knows the value of her South African possessions too well to let them be lost, either for want of defenders or the means of defence. We have at this moment no cause of quarrel with France, and we

believe that the Emperor Napoleon III would be positively mad if, in the present state of European affairs, he dreamt of taking the British lion by the beard. But still, when the honorable member for Port Elizabeth, actuated by the most patriotic and honorable motives, has brought the matter before the public, a little ventilation of the subject will, of course, be beneficial. We have, no doubt, an immense line of unprotected coast, but except at a few points, such as Cape, Simon's Town, or Port Elizabeth, it would hardly pay an invading army to land. The plunder of a few isolated farms, or the capture (if the Eastern Province was selected) of a prime lot of oat-hay, firewood, or pumpkins, would prove but indifferent booty for a French Zouave regiment; and we even question if a lot of prime unwashed wool, in grease, or a "pulk" of Mosenthal's best imported rams would even be acceptable. Would the copper bags of Hondeklip or the pickled "harders" of Saldanha Bay pay? We doubt it. As to money, we all know there would be none in the country, barring bank paper, or bills at three months after date, which would hardly be current on the "Bourse;" for the celebrated riches of the Boers' wagon-chests would speedily vanish, on the first news of an invasion. Let us, therefore, not fret for imaginary evils, but trust in the foresight of our rulers, which we feel sure will not be wanting in the hour of peril; and pray fervently that we may be delivered from battle, murder, and sudden death.

It may be here not irrelevant to remark that a most overweening opinion of the superiority of vessels of war over land defences has been, more especially since the bombardment of Acre, entertained, but which not only previous, but recent facts have given grave cause to doubt. Major Straith, in his excellent treatise on Fortification, has given several instances where rude and almost improvised batteries, such as those on the coast of Corsica, and near Flushing, have driven off, and repulsed with immense loss, the attacks of heavy ships of the line. We all know that, in the attack on Algiers, by Lord Exmouth, many of our ships were in great peril; and in Acre, our success was principally attributable to the explosion of a magazine; but in situations where a man-of-war cannot range close up to the object of her attack, the land battery generally gets the best of it. Witness Sebastopol, Cronstadt, and other fortresses, during the late Russian war. Let not the mind, therefore, of the worthy William Mathew Harries be troubled beyond measure; there is hope for our dear little primitive Fort Frederick yet—that is, if we can only keep the walls from falling down about our ears.

FIELD SPORTS IN CEYLON.

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

[CONTINUED.]

OUR friend Q.'s avocations in the field led him abroad very early: and he was one morning threading the windings of an elephant path, through the leafy arcades of the jungle, just as the sunbeams broke over the wild and thinly inhabited plains of the "Wanny," a track in the northern province celebrated for the number of bears that it contains.

He came suddenly upon a small open patch, in the centre of which stood a thick leafy tree. While crossing the glade, he heard the most singular sounds, grunts and squeaks, and snarls and roars, mingled together in strange confusion. Never losing an opportunity of joining in any row where wild beasts were concerned, Q. peered into the jungle to obtain a sight of the fun and "shove in his oar," if possible. Nothing was visible; but on listening attentively he made out that the noise came from the solitary tree, and a commotion was very apparent in the branches. A few strides placed him under it, and looking up he saw a huge bear sitting on a thick branch, doing gallant battle with myriads of red ants, who fought like fury for their rich white pulpy larvæ, on which Master Bruin was taking an early breakfast.

If any of our readers know the dreadful burning sting these large red ants can inflict, they would better realize that bear's feelings. Fancy, gentle reader, whoever you may be, sitting down on red hot darning needles. This was our fate once. We were "circumwenting" some rare, and to us at the time new, water-fowl, and after dodging for some time in vain, we requested a friend to go round the lake and drive them, while we ensconced ourselves among the bushes on the margin. Keeping our eye on the coveted prize, we backed ourselves into the mangroves, and meeting with a firm resistance, which we took for a branch of sturdy dimensions, we sat—oh, horror! the fancied branch gave way, and we plunged through a huge nest of those fire-biting devils. Never—never shall we forget it! The matted leaves parted with our weight, thus affording additional egress to the infuriated millions, we were covered from head to foot, and had no resource but to throw away our gun and rush headlong into the marsh and souse into the water, scaring the precious ducks, for which our soul longed. When we had rid ourselves of our clothes, and completed

the slaughter of our enemies, we crept cautiously back to look for our gun; the angry little brutes had found it, and were clustering over it, and driving their fangs into the very metal of the barrels; wherever they could nip it, there they had fixed, and we pulled them to bits, leaving their heads and jaws still fast to the edges of the metal.

And now, kind reader, fancy Mr. Bruin's sensations as thousands of these ants, with maternal and paternal and all that sort-of-thing feelings outraged by seeing their helpless babes, swathed in swaddling clothes, descending into Mr. Bruin's ruthless maw, penetrated his shaggy coat, or found their way to his less defended lips or eyes. Clutching a handful of the nest and pupæ, Bruin crammed them into his mouth with a snort of satisfaction, but an ant left on his moustache, like a drop of pea soup on your own, has reached the skin of the lip, and with the desperation of "do and die," has plunged his envenomed fangs, deep deep into the flesh. "Ho! ha! hi! b-u-r-r-r!" growls Bruin, and with desperate efforts he wipes his mouth with the sleeve of his coat. It's of no use; and roaring with pain he tears at it with his hooked claws. Just at this moment a whole troop, who have run along the thick branch on which he is sitting, have got under or through the skirts of his "Petersham," and with a loud yelp and a jump, which nearly upsets him off the branch, Bruin claps his paw on the afflicted part; a good scratch seems to do wonders, but a fresh attack, this time on his eye-lids, causes him to withdraw his claws and again rub his face; and then—— Oh, the tempting young juicy white pupæ! Another mouthful. Ah! hullo!—another chap got through the "Petersham." O-o-h!

Q. used to say he never laughed so much in all his life. He rolled against the trunk of the tree, his rifle slipped from his powerless hand, and the tears ran down his cheeks; it was, he affirmed, the most ludicrous sight that had ever fallen in his way. Suddenly, the bear became aware that his breakfast party was observed, and with a fierce growl, he prepared to descend, and square up to the intruder.

But bears are a cautious race—they never like the sudden shock to the system that a clear jump of some twenty or thirty feet would give; so Mr. Bruin began, in usual bear fashion, to descend like a ship taken a-back, "stern foremost," as Jack would call it. Now Q., who enjoyed a joke as much as any one, knew—what some men do not—when to leave off, and by the time Bruin had got half-way down the trunk, and had his arms and legs wound round it to ease his fall, Q. had recovered his gun, wiped the tears from his eyes, and was

ready to place the gun to his head, and hurry him to the tomb of all the Capulets.

During a great drought that occurred some years ago in the "Wanny," large numbers of bears were killed in the wells of the native villages, into which they descended for the purpose of getting drink, and from which the sandy soil, affording no foot-hold for their claws, precluded their escape. So numerous were the casualties that occurred, so great was the dread of the natives of these brutes, that they changed their customs on their account, and instead of the women going to the wells for water for domestic purposes, the men used to go in parties of six or eight at a time, and well armed.

One of the weapons used in attacking bears is a strong spear, furnished with a revolving iron disk, placed some distance up the shaft. If the spear be fairly planted in the animal's body, he will never think of retiring, but, anxious only to attack his foes, presses up the shaft, until arrested by the disk, which he immediately grasps. If the disk were a fixture, the spear would be wrenched out of the sportsman's hand in a moment, but as it revolves, the animal only turns it upon itself, and thus affords time and opportunity for a second spear, or other weapon to be used against him.*

We have alluded to the ants' nests, which form a portion of the food of the Ceylon bear. A short account of the singular method in which these insects form it may not be uninteresting. To those who have not witnessed the operation, *as we have done*, the account may appear fabulous; but we can vouch for its truth. When the ants have determined upon founding a new colony, or removing to a new nest, as they frequently, for some unexplained cause, desert their habitation, a convenient site is chosen, and the knowing little wretches proceed to join two leaves, or the tops of two thin branches together, to form the support of the nest, which varies in size from that of an orange to that of a man's body. One ant will run to the end of the leaf or twig and hang himself over, another will run along his back and suspend himself to his comrade's hind legs, and another will do the same, and so on, till the chain is long enough to reach the desired leaf below. Both ends then commence to "pull in the slack:" other chains are

* A similar spirit possesses the little brown bear of Canada, and stories are told of many Indian hunters, who, armed only with their hunting-knife, would provoke the animal's attack. Holding their knife to their breasts, they would retreat to a tree, previously selected, and round which the bear could not join its arms; the animal would endeavor to hug them, its usual mode of destroying its assailants, and unable to do so from want of its proper fulcrum, simply press the pointed blade into its own chest, the hunter guiding it to the animal's heart.

hung over in all directions, and gradually the edges are brought near enough to be sown together with a fine strong silk which they have the power of evolving, and thus the nest is begun.

It is curious to see how carefully the upper leaves are placed with an *overlap*, tile fashion, so as to turn the heaviest rain, and keep their winter store for their young from injury.

And, by the way, this reminds us of that beautiful scriptural illustration, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise, which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

Every fresh fact learnt in the natural sciences, tends but to confirm the truths of the Scripture. Natural science is not opposed to Scripture, and though many look upon us as more than a heathen, because we believe that the world was not formed in seven days, and that the deluge did not reach as far as Cape Town, still we must hold to those opinions, and many others equally dreadful, because we believe that they go very far to prove the authenticity of the Bible.

Had we seen nothing but the ants of a cold climate, we should have doubted the wisdom of Solomon in directing the sluggard to the ant, because we could not have discerned the utility of the example. The ant in such places is dormant, torpid, during the cold season, and does not require food. Not so in the warmer climate, where Solomon wrote; there, as in the tropics during the rains, the ant is not abroad during the cold weather, but she is not asleep, and must eat, and thus we see the wise man's wisdom in advising the sluggard to copy her ways, and work while summer and harvest time are present.

Another little illustration flashes across our memory, which we cannot refrain from giving, though we travel away from Ceylon. *N'importe*, we wish to instruct and amuse, and Asia Minor will suit as well as Ceylon.

"As lonely as a sparrow on a house-top." Who ever saw a sparrow looking lonely on the house-top? If we ever saw one alone, it was because he had either just thrashed a rival from the coveted ridge-tile, or was keeping his eye upon his wife in the spout, bristling with rage and jealousy, every feather erect, hopping to and fro, and chattering in unmistakable tones of anger. *This* pert, impudent bird serve for the beautiful image of the Psalmist? Impossible!

What then? A summer's ramble amid the "Isles of Greece," and the shores of the Bosphorus, enabled us fully to realize the beauty and aptitude of the simile.

Morning after morning, we were awakened by the melancholy plaintive song of the "solitary thrush" (*Turdus solitarius* of naturalists), which selects a house-top, or solitary rock, if in the wilds, and there perched alone, pours forth its almost wailing song, as if mourning for the loss of some friend. We have rarely heard a more plaintive note, and often did we recall the beautiful Psalm, and long to expunge the mistranslation that exists in it.

JOURNAL OF JACOB VAN REENEN,

IN SEARCH OF THE "GROSVENOR'S" WRECK AND CREW.

Of the many wrecks which have conferred so mournful a celebrity on the southern coast of this continent, from the shipwreck of the discoverer of the Cape of Storms to the destruction of the *Shepherdess* lost but yesterday on Cape Receife, none has attracted more notice or excited more painful interest than that of the *Grosvenor*, East Indiaman.

This vessel sailed from Trincomalee on the 13th June, 1782, homeward bound, with a large crew and a number of passengers, and was wrecked early on the morning of the 4th of August following, on the south-eastern coast above the Umzimvooboo, or St. John's river. The greater portion of the crew, and apparently all the passengers, amongst whom were some officers of rank, several ladies, and a number of children succeeded in reaching the shore, only to encounter misery and destruction in a worse shape than that they had just escaped. Nine of the European crew, and some of the Lascars, ultimately reached Cape Town. The rest of the crew, the officers, the passengers, men, women, and children, all perished. The adventures and fate of one of the latter, a young gentleman, named Law, of the tender age of only eight or nine years, constitute one of the most affecting portions of the sad narrative.

The boy seems to have been a great favorite, and when the shipwrecked people divided themselves into several bands, in the hope that one at least might escape, he was taken charge of by the pioneer party, and especially entrusted to the custody of the ship's steward, who devoted himself to his little charge.

The gallant child shared all the toils and privations of the party, bearing stoutly "ineffable toils," to use the language of the simple and pathetic narrative which records his sufferings, until they reached a locality, conjectured by Mr. George Thompson, in his well-known Travels, to be somewhere

on this side of Sunday River. Here, alongside the fire, where the horny hands of the tender-hearted seamen had laid him, the poor child breathed his last, only two days before the survivors met the first party of friendly boers. The narrative says "the witnesses to this affecting assistance (of the seamen to young Law) bestowed a last sigh on the departed innocent, and leaving him in the place where the cold hand of death had arrested him, moved on. The steward, who still continued ill, did not find his illness or his sorrows alleviated by this fresh affliction; on the contrary, the loss of a young person he so much valued, and who so long had been the object of his tenderest care, nearly overwhelmed him, and it was with the utmost difficulty his companions got him along."

The next day, the steward himself, "whose benevolence ought to immortalize his memory, followed this little favorite into another world." Henry Lillburne was the name of this affectionate attendant. Upon the arrival of the first party of survivors in the colony, the Dutch governor humanely dispatched an expedition in search of those left behind. They were fortunate enough to save seven Lascars, two native women, and three of the white crew; the rest, it was concluded, had all perished. For some years, however, the feelings of relatives in England were harrowed at the mere possibility of some of the crew or passengers, especially the women, surviving amidst the savages.

The colonial Government again moved in the matter, and in the year 1790 fitted out an expedition under Mr. Jacob van Reenen, with instructions to proceed to the locality of the wreck and ascertain whether any of the *Grosvenor* people still survived. None were found, and it may now be assumed that all met the fate which overtook their little fellow-passenger, Law. A belief is, however, still prevalent in England —indeed it has very lately been asserted, in one of Chambers's publications, to be the fact—that three young ladies, daughters of General Campbell, and passengers in the *Grosvenor*, survived the perils of sea and land only to meet the worse fate of being compelled to become the wives of one of the Kafir chiefs. Faku is commonly supposed, even in this colony, to be a grandson of one of the Misses Campbell. Van Reenen's journey, only eight years after the wreck, however, establishes the fact of the death of all the European women who landed from the *Grosvenor*. The two aged white women (from one of whom Faku may be descended) who were wrecked in their infancy, and had forgot their native names and language, could not have formed part of the *Grosvenor's* passengers.

But what puts the question effectually at rest is the passenger list of the *Grosvenor*, which seems to be very carefully drawn up, and which does not give the name, even, of Campbell. This seems decisive.

The following republication is a translation from the Dutch MS. journal of Van Reenen, made by Captain Riou, R.N., "the good, the gallant Riou," of the author of the "Battle of the Baltic." He was killed in command of the *Amazon*, at the battle of Copenhagen, under Nelson.

The original is a thin quarto, of which only one hundred copies were published. It is now very scarce; the writer of this notice has only met with two copies, one his own, the other in the possession of Mr. George Thompson. It is, of course, *not* to be found in the Public Library, not even in the tattered, dirty, and mutilated condition in which that institution keeps its wretched collection of works on South Africa.

From its rarity, it is deemed worthy of a reprint in these pages. F.

JOURNAL OF A JOURNEY from the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, undertaken in 1790 and 1791, by JACOB VAN REENEN, and others of his countrymen, in search of the WRECK of the HONORABLE THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S SHIP, the "GROSVENOR;" to discover if there remained alive any of the UNFORTUNATE SUFFERERS. With additional NOTES and a MAP, by CAPT. EDW. RIOU.

Tuesday, 24th August, 1790.—Jan Andries Holtshausen, Hilgert Mulder, Lodewyk August Prins, and myself, Jacob van Reenen, set out from Kaffer's Kuyls river with four wagons, and in seven hours arrived at the little valley near the Gous river.

Wednesday, 25th.—We proceeded from the before-mentioned valley to the Lange Touw, and passed the Gous river.

At nine o'clock at night, one of our baggage wagons was overturned, which obliged us to unharness. Had traveled seven hours this day.

Thursday, 26th.—By break of day, the wagon having been put to rights, we traveled on to the Klyne Paerde kraal*, which was again a seven hours' journey.

Friday, 27th.—We were now at the beginning of the Hattaqua's klooft, and had traveled only three hours towards the Groote Paerde kraal‡, when one of the hindermost fastenings of one of the baggage wagons broke, which was repaired at the house of Jacob Ruyter.

Saturday, 28th.—Thence we proceeded five hours, to Savraana kraal.

Sunday, 29th.—From which place we journeyed on to the Was river, where Hilgert Mulder and Lodewyk Prins, taking the road through the Lange kloof, left us, and having agreed to meet at the Assegaye wood,

* Little Horse village.

† The word kloof signifies a passage between mountains.

‡ Great Horse village.

on the other side of the Bosjesman's river, Jan Andries Holtshausen and myself took the route through the Caroo, as the nearest way. At ten o'clock this night one of the baggage wagons was again overturned; which accident happened between the Camnasie and Doorn rivers. We had this day traveled eight hours; and having put the wagon in order, proceeded.

Monday, 30th.—At eight o'clock in the morning we forded the river Camnasie; and by the time it was dark, in a journey of eight hours, the Elephant river was passed.

Note.—The Camnasie falls into the Elephant river.

Tuesday, 31st.—We this day traveled seven hours, in the course of which we crossed the Elephant river six different times.

Note.—As our route was to proceed along the banks of the Elephant river, we were frequently under the necessity of crossing and recrossing it, in order to preserve the best track.

The Cangoos river discharges itself into the Elephant river.

Wednesday, 1st Sept.—We, this day, crossed the Elephant river five times, when Holtshausen and myself left the wagons, and, mounting our horses, proceeded to the warm bath at Tjaart van der Waldt's, situated above the Elephant river. Here we saw the bath, which is very powerful and salutary for several diseases. Van der Waldt promised to meet us at Stephanus Scheeper's house in the Winter hoek*, where we agreed to wait for him.

We had this day traveled eleven hours.

Thursday, 2nd.—Returned to our wagons. Passed the river eight times to its source, and arrived at the dwelling of Anthony Nortie Lyd, which we left, and proceeded eight hours to the Capok kraal.

Note.—The Elephant river discharges itself into the Gous river, and the Gous river into the sea in or about St. Catherine's bay.

Friday, 3rd.—Departing from the Ganna kloof, and leaving the black rocks on our left, we took the way to Winter hoek; and, having traveled seven hours, arrived at the deserted dwelling called Dieniedouw.

Saw several Terra Natal fowls.

Saturday, 4th.—Thence proceeded five hours farther, to a deserted dwelling called Koeye fonteyn†.

Sunday, 5th.—Were obliged to remain the whole of the day at this place, owing to a very heavy fall of rain.

Monday, 6th.—Traveled forward again, and in six hours arrived at the beginning of the Winter hoek.

Saw several tracks of spring bucks‡.

Tuesday, 7th.—This day, in five hours, we arrived at the place of Stephanus Scheepers in the Winter hoek.

Wednesday, 8th.—Remained here all this day.

Thursday, 9th.—Tjaart van der Waldt and his son, Pieter van der Waldt, came to us.

Friday, 10th.—Preparing to depart on the next day.

Saturday, 11th.—Left this place in company with Jan Andries Holtshausen, Tjaart van der Waldt, Pieter van der Waldt, and Stephanus Scheepers, and in seven hours arrived at the Groote§ river, which falls into the Camtours.

Sunday, 12th.—Thence, for eight hours, through a fine meadow country, to the Wolves fonteyn.

* Winter corner.

† Fonteyn signifies a spring.

‡ A small kind of deer.

§ Great river.

Monday, 13th.—From which place, in ten hours, we arrived at the Sunday river, which keeps its name until it falls into the sea, and is in this spot (the Caroo veld) quite dry.

Tuesday, 14th.—We were obliged to halt this day, as the river was too deep to pass.

Wednesday, 15th.—Forded the river to a little brook overgrown with thorns, and in five hours traveled over the Bruynjies heights in the Caroo veld.

Thursday, 16th.—Thence onward seven hours to Bosjesmans river, through a country of fine long broken grass and small shrubs*.

Friday, 17th.—Forded the Bosjesmans river, and, having traveled ten hours, arrived at the house of Hendrik Janssen van Rensburg.

Saturday, 18th.—Here we rested. Jan Andries Holtshausen and myself, mounting our horses, rode to the Assegaye wood, the place of our general rendezvous, to see if the rest of our party were arrived.

Sunday, 19th.—It being very rainy weather, and none of our companions having yet joined us, we remained at the wood all day.

Monday, 20th.—Three wagons of Cornelis Mulder, the wagon with the boat, and one belonging to Hilgert Mulder arrived; and with them Ignatius Mulder and Philip Holtshausen, who told us that the rest of our companions, purposing to return the next day, had gone on horseback to the mouth of the Bosjesmans river, in order, if possible, to persuade Solomon Fereira to accompany us. We immediately rode back to our wagons, to prepare every thing for the journey, having appointed the next rendezvous at the Brakke river.

Tuesday, 21st.—The whole of this day was employed in making preparations for our journey.

Wednesday, 22nd.—Proceeded three hours to the Brakke river.

Thursday, 23rd.—Here we rested, all our party being assembled excepting Jacob Joubert.

Friday, 24th.—Left the Brakke river with ten wagons, each provided with double teams;† fifty-six horses and forty armed Hottentots; and and in four hours' traveling arrived at the Little Fish river.

Saturday, 25th.—Four hours elapsed in getting the baggage, boat and wagons over the river; whence we proceeded three hours to the Great Fish river.

Sunday, 26th.—It was with great danger we crossed this last-mentioned river; after which, we arrived in four hours at the spring called Kruyers kraal, the boundary of the Christians and Kaffers.

Monday, 27th.—We this day got on five hours, to a little brook, to which we gave the name of Punch, as the weather being exceedingly cold, our punch, for that reason, was made rather strong.

Saw a great quantity of game, and shot two male eelands.‡

Tuesday, 28th.—We traveled hence eight hours farther; and passing over a small brook called Caaga, came to a vast plain, extending as far as a river called Caapna, or fine meadows; which name it highly merits from its delightful situation. The whole country is intersected with rivulets capable of overflowing the adjacent meadows, and possesses every requisite for becoming a most convenient and charming settlement. It

* The grass of this part of the country grows to a very great height, and is very coarse; and when dried by the heat of the sun, is beaten down and broken by wind and heavy rain.

† A team consists of twelve, fourteen, and sixteen oxen. And by double teams is meant two teams for each wagon, to serve for relays.

‡ A large and very hansome animal of the elk kind.

is well adapted for cattle, as it is covered with an abundance of long broken-down grass. We here met with a great quantity of different sorts of game. Shot two buffaloes.

Wednesday, 29th.—Proceeded six hours farther; but were under the necessity of halting to unharness, as old Holtshausen was taken exceedingly ill with the gravel.

Thursday, 30th.—This day we traveled seven hours, to the Kat* river, or Kaffers', or Hottentots' Hunca river, and arrived at the first Kaffers' kraal, were we where visited by several of those people.

In the evening we posted a night watch.

Friday, 1st. Oct.—Passed another brook at the beginning of the Keiskamma, where several Kaffers came to us from their chief, Captain† Sambee. We sent two of our people (Kaffers) to him, to ask permission to travel through his country, and that he would supply us with interpreters. Passed another small brook and arrived at the Keiskamma, where we shot two birds, unknown to us: the Kaffer name for them was Heemoe, which signifies "I see something." It is a bird about the size of a large blue heron, but perches in trees and in woods, has a tuft of hair on its head, in the shape of a paint-brush, of a yellowish color, with black stripes; the head or crown like black velvet, a blue neck like a heron, black and white wings, and long feet.

We had traveled this day eight hours.

Saturday, 2nd.—Proceeded, and this day traveled seven hours; during which we saw several Kaffers. We came to the determination of leaving this country and getting over the Kaffer mountains as soon as posible, dreading otherwise the encountering delays, or worse consequences, as these people were at war with each other, Captain Sambee being opposed to Captain Jaccaa, who, with considerable loss, had been already twice beaten.

The two Kaffers that we had sent to Captain Sambee returned to us with a message from the captain, expressing his sorrow that he could not come himself, owing to his being unwell; and wishing us a good journey. Above all, recommended to us particular caution respecting the nation with which he was then at war: informing us likewise that the country to which we were destined was dangerous and difficult to pass.

After having procured two Kaffers as guides, we crossed the river Keysana.

Sunday, 3rd.—Ascended the mountain; and, after having got on five hours, were under the necessity of stopping and unharnessing on account of the rain.

Monday, 4th.—We this day proceeded five hours; but in order to effect a passage over the mountain, were obliged to cut our way through a large wood.

Three Kaffers came to us with an intention to accompany us on our journey.

Tuesday, 5th.—Having got over the mountain, and passed through a branch of the Black Key river, called Hommonpoefoege, we arrived in the Bosjesmans' land, at a small brook, where the Bosjesmans had painted in the cavities of the rocks very natural resemblances of several wild beasts; amongst them was that of a soldier with a grenadier's cap.

We this day had traveled the distance of ten hours, and had seen bonte-bucks, two lions, and other wild beasts.

* Cat river.

† Captain is an appellation which has been given to the chiefs of districts or tribes by the colonists of the Cape. And by this title they are distinguished by their subjects.

Wednesday, 6th.—Traveling onward, we proceeded this day eight hours, to a great river called the White Key.

Van der Waldt descried three Bosjesmans that were hunting; and pursuing them, laid hold of one, to whom he gave a bunch of beads and a piece of tobacco; and then letting him depart, he promised to return to us to show us our way.

Thursday, 7th.—Here we rested; some of the party making excursions on horseback, with an intention to shoot sea cows,* but none were seen.

Friday, 8th.—Crossing the last-mentioned river, and pursuing our journey four hours, we came into a plain country.

Saturday, 9th.—Rode five hours over a fine plain, interspersed with thorny bushes, and passed a river, which keeps the same name as the one before mentioned.

We, this day, shot an eeland.

Sunday, 10th.—Proceeded five hours farther, and passed another river of the same name as the last-mentioned.

Monday, 11th.—Traveled again the distance of five hours, and passed another river. In the meanwhile, we shot two eelands and a male buffalo. Saw three tigers, and met with a great quantity of game.

Tuesday, 12th.—In five hours and a half traveling we came to the river Somoe. This is the last that discharges itself into the Key; which is the largest river running through the Kaffer land, and has always checked the progress of former travelers.†

Wednesday, 13th.—Passed the river Somoe, situated in a beautiful country, and in five hours came into the country of the Tamboekies.

Thursday, 14th.—Arrived at the Doe, or Mud river, in a journey of seven hours.

Pursued and shot three male elephants.

Friday, 15th.—Cut out the teeth of these animals, and proceeded the distance of four hours.

Saturday, 16th.—We this day traveled nine hours: and in the mean while rode out in search of more elephants, but found none. However, we saw and came up with a lion and a lioness, which had killed a buffalo. Tjaart van der Waldt shot the lioness.

Sunday, 17th.—We had only proceeded three hours from our last resting place, when we were obliged to halt and unharness, owing to heavy rain.

Monday, 18th.—During our stay at this spot, several of the Tamboekies visited us; amongst whom was the chief, Captain Joobie, and, subject to him, Captain Louve. We gave them presents, and procured from them three Tamboekies, as guides.

Tuesday, 19th.—We still remained here, in order to shoot sea cows, of which we shot two, shown to us by the Tamboekies. We were this day astonished at the arrival of Jacob Joubert, who came to us with a wagon, attended only by eight Hottentots. Great as our joy was, in having another Christian of our party, our astonishment was not less at the boldness of the enterprize, in following us through such unfrequented deserts, merely because he had promised to join us.

Wednesday, 20th.—We now harnessed again, and proceeded five hours, passing a river called Nabagana. In the course of the journey, we saw a lion, which was the largest that the most experienced amongst

* The hippopotamus so called.

† Excepting the party who went in search of the crew of the *Grosvenor* in the year 1783, in consequence of the account given of the wreck of that ship by the few seamen, who, by traveling along the sea coast, were so fortunate as to arrive at the Cape, about four months after the accident happened.

us had ever seen. We pursued it; but it escaped into the bushes, and we saw no more of it.

Thursday, 21st.—Traveling onward five hours farther, and ascending a great height, we saw a large river called Bosjie, about the distance of two hours from us; but to which we could not descend, owing to the steepness of the approach.

Friday, 22nd.—Here we halted; and whilst some of us were employed in exploring the best route to take, others went in quest of sea cows, and shot five.

Saturday, 23rd.—Harnessed and proceeded five hours again; but were obliged to go a great way round about, in order to avoid precipices. It was by far the worst traveling we had as yet met with, owing to rocky hills and underwood.

Sunday, 24th.—Rode onward five hours to the river Bosjie, which comes from far inland.

We this day shot twelve sea cows.

Monday, 25th.—Forded the river, and proceeded three hours.

Tuesday, 26th.—We thence passed over a very steep mountain, and in seven hours came to a river called Nooga, having in the course of that distance shot four buffaloes and six elephants.

Wednesday, 27th.—Rested this day: in the mean while, some of the party shot a male elephant.

Thursday, 28th.—Forded the last-mentioned river; when we saw the sea about the distance of two hours off. Here we met with a horse that had escaped from a party, which had, seven years ago, gone on a similar expedition in search of the unfortunate Englishmen. It belonged to one Daniel Potgieter, was quite wild, and, on our approach, ran into a herd of eelands: but we pursued him, and at length caught him: he was the next day quite docile, and was mounted.

We now passed the river Nodei; and had this day traveled the distance of six hours.

Friday, 29th.—Saw several elephants, of which we shot seven. After traveling seven hours, we arrived at the river Tathaa; where we shot a sea cow; and were visited by two of the Tamboekies, which was something extraordinary, as, ever since the 18th instant, when we parted with Captain Joobie, we had seen no natives; this tract of country having been depopulated by the father of Captain Sambee, called Gagabee Camboesa, who drove them and all their cattle into his own territory. Such few as are at present remaining, hide themselves in the woods and caves, and live solely on sea weed, and whatever they can procure by hunting.

Saturday, 30th.—Having passed the last-mentioned river, which is a very large one, we came, in a journey of six hours, to the Dombie, or Young Maiden river. It was from this part of the country that formerly, before Gagabee laid it waste, the Kaffers and other nations got their women, in trading with the parents.

Sunday, 31st.—We traveled the distance of four hours; when we were under the necessity of stopping and unharnessing near the river Tasana, in order to explore a way. Several persons, seven years ago, got as far as this river, in search of the unfortunate crew of the *Grosvenor*, whence they returned back

Monday, 1st Nov.—Lodewyk Prins shot a sea cow in the nose, which afterwards came to the shore and was killed. Passed the river, and advanced only four hours, as we were obliged, in order to proceed, to cut through two woods.

Tuesday, 2nd.—Thence we rode two hours, to a wood, where we shot

an elephant; but were obliged to unharness, as I was taken excessively ill with violent pain in my limbs, and a lameness in my right arm, which prevented my being any longer able to endure the motion of the wagon.

The weather was very unsettled, changing suddenly very often in the course of the day, and for two hours we had a very severe thunderstorm.

Wednesday, 3rd.—We left this spot, and arrived on a height, whence we saw several villages of the Hambonaas, a nation quite different from the Kaffers; are of a yellowish complexion, and have long coarse hair frized on their heads like a turban. We sent four of our men to the chief, whose name is Camboosa, with a present of beads and a sheet of copper. Five of them came to us, to whom we gave small presents of beads. They told us, that subject to them was a village of *bastaard** Christians, who were descended from people shipwrecked on that coast, and of which three old women were still living, whom Oemtonoue, the Hambonaa captain, had taken as his wives.

Thursday, 4th.—Proceeded an hour, when we were stopped by heavy rain; but mounted our horses and rode to the before-mentioned village, where we found that the people were descended from whites, some too from slaves of mixed color, and the natives of the East Indies. We also met with the three old women, who said they were sisters, and had, when children, been shipwrecked on this coast, but could not say of what nation they were, being too young to know at the time the accident happened. We offered to take them and their children back with us on our retnrn; at which they seemed very much pleased.

Friday, 5th.—We now traveled on seven hours; in which distance we passed the Little Mogasie river, on the banks of which is situated the *bastaard* village, where they have very extensive handsome gardens, planted with Kafir corn, maize, sugar canes, plantains, potatoes, black beans, and many other things: they had also some cattle.

We crossed also, the Great Mogasie river, where is the residence of the Hambonaa captain, Camboosa.

During this day, we shot seven sea cows.

Saturday, 6th.—Proceeded seven hours, near to a very large river, called Sinwoewoe, or Sea Cow river, where we understood from the natives that there was still an Englishman remaining alive of the crew of the unfortunate ship the *Grosvenor*.

Sunday, 7th.—Arrived at the river, after two hours' traveling; but were obliged to unharness, as it was too deep to pass, on account of the flood. We, therefore, waited for the ebbing of the tide: and in the mean while saw on the opposite bank the before-mentioned Englishman, to whom we immediately called. He spoke the Dutch language; but, from the width of the river, we could not make out what he said.

Monday, 8th.—We forded the river; when this so-called Englishman came to us, and told us that he was a free man, and had sailed in an English ship from Malacca. He promised to conduct us to the place where the *Grosvenor* had been wrecked; adding that there was nothing to be seen, excepting some cannon, iron ballast, and lead: he likewise said that all the unfortunate crew of that ship had perished; some by the hands of the natives, and the rest by hunger.

The natives here brought us some gold and silver, to exchange for red beads and copper articles, of which they seemed excessively fond.

This day we had only proceeded two hours.

* The Dutch word *bastaard*, as it is here used, signifies a bastard or mixed breed. The Cape people, for instance, call all those Hottentots, bastard Hottentots, whose race has been intermixed with the slaves brought from the East Indies, Mosambique, &c.

Tuesday, 9th.—We now rode on four hours, to a river called Woewanpoevoe, where we shot a sea cow.

Wednesday, 10th.—Passed this river and proceeded five hours farther, to the river Tanwoeta.

We now concluded, as this so-called Englishman, who was to conduct us to the spot where the wreck lay, did not make his appearance, that he was a runaway slave from the Cape: in which conjecture we were confirmed by one of our *bastaard* Hottentots, called Moses, whom this man had asked who his master was; and being answered by the Hottentot that Jacob van Reenen was his master, he then asked if it was a son of old Jacob van Reenen, or Cootje, as my father was commonly called; the Hottentot answered yes: he then told him he was well known at the Cape, and had a wife there and two children. The fear that we should lay hold of him and carry him with us, most probably prevented his ever returning to us again.*

* There can be no doubt that this man is the person mentioned in the narrative of the loss of the *Grosvenor*, compiled from the examination of John Hynes, where he is called a Dutchman, by the name of Trout; to elucidate which, the following are extracts from that narrative:

"They soon after were met by a party of the natives, consisting of about thirty, whose hair was made up in the form of sugar loaves, and their faces painted red. Among them was a man who spoke Dutch. His name, as they afterwards learnt, was Trout.† Having committed some murders among his countrymen, he had fled to these parts for refuge and concealment. When he came up to the English, he inquired who they were, and whither they were going; and on being told that they were English, had been cast away, and were endeavoring to find their way round to the Cape of Good Hope, he informed them that their intended journey would be attended with unspeakable difficulties; that they had many nations to go through, and many deserts to pass, exclusive of the dangers they would experience from the vast numbers of wild beasts they were sure to meet with; all which, he said, would render their attempt nearly impracticable.

"This information did not in the least contribute to raise the spirits of the shipwrecked wanderers. They offered the man any money he should require, to conduct them to the Cape, but could not prevail upon him to undertake it. The reasons he gave were, that he was afraid of putting himself into the power of the Dutch. Besides which, as he had a wife and children among the natives, he was well assured they would never consent to let him go, if he was ever so much inclined to do it.

"The next morning they were joined again by Trout, the Dutchman, who informed them that he had been on board the wreck, and had got from it a load of iron, pewter, lead, and copper, which he was now carrying to his kraal. He then inquired how they came to fall out with the natives, an account of which he had received. He advised them to make no resistance in future, especially, as from their not having any weapons of defence, all opposition would be ineffectual. And he was of opinion that if they followed this advice they would meet with less obstruction from them. He was dressed in a morning gown, belonging either to the captain, or to one of the passengers; and when he had held this short conversation, he took up his load of plunder and marched off. At this interview he was quite alone.

"They now arrived at a large village, where they found Trout, the Dutchman, who showed them his wife and child, and begged a piece of pork. He told them that this was his place of residence; and again repeated that the natives would by no means suffer him to depart, even if his inclination led him to return to his own country.

"He gave them further directions relative to their journey, and informed them of the names of the places they had to go through, with the rivers they had to pass. During this conversation they were surrounded by a great number of the natives."

"† In the account given by Price, Lewis, Warmington, and Larey, the first party of the shipwrecked crew that reached England, this man is supposed, from his being of a lighter color than the natives, and having straight hair, to be a Malayman. But it is much more probable that, according to Hynes, he was an inhabitant of the Dutch colonies, which extend almost to the borders of Kaffraria; and his color and hair pronounce him to be of that mixed breed, between the Dutch and negroes, with which those settlements are known to abound. And his conclusion is undoubtedly confirmed by his name (Trout) which Hynes is able to give."

Thursday, 11th.—We remained the whole of this day by the side of the river, it being too high to pass.

Friday, 12th.—Having passed the river, and traveled three hours, we arrived at a wood, through which we were to cut our way.

Saturday, 13th.—We got through this last-mentioned wood, and were obliged soon after to cut through another, having proceeded only two hours.

Sunday, 14th.—We this day proceeded three hours, and crossed a river called Bogasie, at the mouth of which, in the sea, we shot two sea cows.

Here the natives brought us potatoes, sugar-canes, corn, and beans, likewise gold and silver, for which we exchanged with them beads.

Monday, 15th.—Traveling onward, we passed a little brook near the sea side.

Here Jan Andries Holtshausen had the misfortune to fall into a pit of burnt stakes * by which he was terribly wounded in the palm of his left hand.

We now came to a height that we could not pass without great danger and difficulty; and where we learned that the wreck was not far off. We therefore determined to halt, and to go on horseback to the spot, to see what could be discovered.

Jan Andries Holtshausen, Tjaart van der Waldt, Cornelis Mulder, Hilgert Mulder, and myself, with Ignatius Mulder, mounted our horses and rode the distance of one hour and a half: when Jan Andries Holtshausen and myself were obliged to return to our wagons, owing to the necessity there was of dismounting and leading our horses through a river, in order to proceed, the bed of which was full of holes and rocks: and as I was exceedingly troubled with a great pain all over my limbs, and old Holtshausen, who had regarded his wound as a trifle, not having even applied a bandage to it, found his hand very painful, we neither of us dared venture on such an undertaking.

At our return to the wagons, we administered sweet-oil to Holthausen's wound, and made use of every other means in our power to assuage the pain; but it still continued and did not in the least abate.

At night, our companions returned to us, and told us they had been at the spot where the ship was wrecked; but had then found nothing of it remaining, except some cannon, iron ballast, and lead They brought with them two pieces spermaceti candle, and some fragments of English china.†

The wreck lay four hours from this spot, in which distance there were seven rivers to pass, for which we had no name.

We this day shot a sea cow.

Tuesday, 16th.—Some of our companions went again to the spot, where the wreck lay, but saw nothing more than what has been already mentioned. Hilgert Mulder brought with him a piece of red sapana wood.‡

We this day shot two sea cows.

* A pit is dug, and large stakes are driven into the bottom that stand upright, with their upper end sharpened to a point that is hardened by fire. Branches of trees and grass are laid over the points so as to conceal them and the pit, by which the elephant is taken unawares, and falls into the snare. In this manner the natives kill that animal.

† English white or yellow earthenware, called so by the people of the Cape.

‡ By this name the Dutch call a wood they bring from Japan, used in dyin g It very much resembles the Brazil wood. The French call it sapan.

Wednesday, 17th.—On this day, with some others of the party, I rode to the above-mentioned spot; but saw nothing but five cannons and a great quantity of iron ballast. It was plainly perceived on a spot of ground between two woods, that the people had made fires and sheltered themselves: likewise, on a rising ground between the two woods, was a pit, where things had been buried and dug out again: this confirming to us what the runaway slave had told us; that everything had been dug up and dispersed very far into the country. We also understood from the natives, that the greatest part of the goods had been conveyed to Rio de la Goa, to be there sold; which place, as well as we could learn, was from this spot a journey of four days, or of forty or fifty hours.

Thursday, 18th.—Tjart van der Waldt, Hilgert Mulder, and Jacob Joubert rode along the sea side, about two hours farther to the northward than where the remains of the wreck lay; but could find nothing more than what has been already mentioned.

It was now determined that we should return home; as, in the first place, several of our draught oxen had died, and many of those that remained were in a very sickly condition; besides, that old Holtshausen, from the excessive pain he suffered by the wound in his hand, became very impatient to get back.

The natives hereabouts expressed very great astonishment at our taking such great pains to come in search of the unfortunate crew. And the chiefs, and indeed the whole of them in general, promised that if any similar disaster should ever happen in future, they would protect and take care of the crew that might come on shore, and conduct them to us, if they could only be assured of obtaining beads, copper, and iron for so doing; which we promised.

It is to be observed, that to this place we had traveled three hundred and seventy-seven hours: which was two hundred and twenty-six hours beyond the limits of the Christian possessions; or rather, so much beyond any Christian habitation. The distance from the Cape to the Great Fish River is two hundred and twenty-one hours: thus we computed that we were now distant from the Cape four hundred and forty-seven hours.

MEDICAL REFLECTIONS.*

The most educated, as well as the uneducated, generally fancy that he is the best medical man who, immediately upon seeing the patient, is able to write a prescription, or who has for every possible symptom a ready-made cure. How frequently is it not the case that a physician being called to a sick man, who has been attended previously by a quack—and alas, there are but too many of them in the colony—finds medicines nearly for every symptom. The real physician laughs at the credulity of people, who fully believe in all those aperient mixtures, sleeping draughts, gargles, cough

* The following "reflections" are from the pen of a medical gentleman. We do not profess to form any conclusive opinion on the subject ourselves; but many observations occur in the paper which certainly seem supported by common sense—the concluding remark especially!—Eds.

sodorific and other mixtures; lotions for the head, laxative pills, and heaven knows what else. But he himself will be looked at with wondering gaze, if, having finished his examination and diagnosis, he puts away all those things, and prescribes only one simple drug, or perhaps nothing at all. Yet the physician sometimes sees the greatest and best results arise from "doing nothing," as people call it. There exists a vast difference between doing nothing altogether, and prescribing a profusion of medicines. The profession calls it the dietetic regimen. This is the most rational course, but it requires deep knowledge of the structure and economy of the human body, and can therefore only be followed successfully by scientific medical men. It does not want much knowledge or talent to prescribe for a simple and palpable disease, or to administer a draught for this or that conspicuous symptom. But it wants deep knowledge and experience to prescribe the fit regimen for the sick, concerning food, air, light, warmth or cold, quietude or motion, etc. Because it is of the greatest importance, whether the food we administer to a sick man is to be plain or rich, fluid or consistent, warm or cold, fat or albuminous, —whether we allow warm or cold water, a bright or moderated light, or whether we order cold or warm application, quietude or motion. In most cases, these are the real factors which we have to thank for disease relieved, though it is wrongly attributed to medicines. So, also, in most cases of external and internal pains, is the recovery due to the warmth alone. You may attribute it to the warm air, warm water, warm fermentation, warm clothing, etc., but not to the leeches, cupping glasses, liniments, plasters, or sodorific mixtures. So it is with most of the cures produced in bathing places; the air and water are mostly the healing agents, and not the mineral substance, which the water contains. Of course, it is not right to go too far with this dietetic regimen, it is not right to try all diseases with one or other of those abovementioned remedies alone, as people do, who pretend to cure everything with cold water, or hunger, or gymnastic exercise, or electricity or faradisation, &c. Each case of sickness ought to be examined carefully, and if recognized, it ought to be helped to proceed in its natural course.

But what is disease? Medical men not long ago thought, and it is the general opinion held by those not belonging to the profession even at the present day, that disease is something altogether abnormal, contrary to health and life. They oppose, therefore, disease to health, and consider both as positive existences. The functions of the healthy body become

the functions of health, and the functions of the sick body become the functions of the disease, or even of nature (*vis medicatrix naturæ, Galen*), which they admit as a third existence, and characterize by certain symptoms. The body becomes now the battle-field of these three powers. Generally, health prevails in the body, but sometimes disease comes on. Having made its *entrée* into the system, it chooses its private dwelling either in the brain or liver, or in some other part, or is wandering about, striking one organ after the other. Sometimes, two diseases invade at once, begin to fight and overwhelm each other, or combine and form a third disease. Nature, which is always lying on guard in the body, now prepares to fight. Recovery takes place when nature gains the victory, which consists in removing the disease from the body—death is the victory of the disease, which dies indeed in the murdered body.

This harmless and comfortable system was acknowledged from the time of Galen until within a short period, by all medical men, and still exists amongst other people. The whole system is so easy to be understood, so natural, why should it not therefore be true also?

But we distinguish quite different phenomena in going to a patient, and in the dissecting room, if our mind is not preoccupied. We perceive that all those unusual appearances, which we call disease, show nothing strange or unusual, we see that the life of the sick goes on according to the same laws as that of the healthy man. The laws are not changed, nor the functions; they only appear under unusual conditions. We see a man who till yesterday enjoyed the best health, breathed quietly, and showed the most regular circulation, with an even pulsation of the heart, and a warm skin, to-day in his bed with quick respiration, palpitations of the heart, burning skin, &c. We pronounce him sick. The quick breathing, the frequent pulse, the hot skin, are symptoms of the disease; the laws of the respiration, circulation, and formation of the warmth are unchanged, but they exhibit themselves under peculiar conditions. And what do we find by a post-mortem examination? We find changes, but not strange ones; the same structure which is formed and nourished by a healthy circulation, &c. In the case we are instancing, we find the lungs condensed and hard, and the fine air vessels filled with some fibrinous or other substance. But where is here the strange body? All this is formed according to the same laws, which also prevail in a healthy state. Therefore, we say once more, the disease is

nothing foreign; disease is life under unusual conditions, but is not itself abnormal.

Taking all this into consideration, we may easily perceive that very little is to be allowed for medical treatment, and this little is a very difficult one. The physician, therefore, will never drug the patient at the first sight, but having examined the disease, and having tracked the causes, will try first to remove these causes, and if too, late, will rather help those unusual conditions to transform themselves into their natural ones. But is this the case if he prescribes medicines for every symptom, as does the quack doctor? In the end, the physician will do more good in preventing disease through rational diet, than in curing disease with medicines. But this, alas, only the physician of the future will be able to realize. If the medical man of the present time should put the dietetic treatment in the foreground, he would not prosper, because *populus remedia cupit, i.e.*, without blue pills and epsom salts no man can live in these days. Therefore, every class of practitioners, if they only give medicine, are tolerably sure to satisfy their public; and still for a long time, old women will be called in after the physician, who says that this or that sick child will recover only by changing his food or diet. An old woman (say the people) has always more experience than a young physician, and why are medicines in the world at all if they are not to be administered? On the other hand, perhaps formerly another medical man prescribed, in a similar case, a certain medicine, which always helped to cure the person. But would the sick man or child not have recovered without the medicine? How many medical men are there in the world who feel scruples in their conscience for not having bled a patient before his death, or for not having applied some leeches, or not having administered some other medicines than those they gave—instead of feeling scruples for not having regulated the sick man's diet, or not having allowed fresh air, or the right food. They rather resemble the medico who, because he felt bound to do all in his power for a man dangerously ill, at last pushed his theory so far that he always extracted his patient's healthiest tooth!

It would be too much to tell how little the medical man knows himself about the real effect of the medicines he prescribes, and, on the other hand, how many lives have been saved in administering some medicines in the right time. But still this truth remains—

"It is not the medicine alone which cures."

Burghersdorp. L. H., M.D.

VERSES.

A seraph, from the throne of God,
Flew forth into the world abroad:
And now like maiden's softest sigh,
And now with clarion voice on high,
Proclaimed—"God's will be done!"

A wretch lay festering with his sore,
No medicine found him,—he was poor;
And as he writhed upon the ground,
Eager he caught the soothing sound,
And smiled—"God's will be done."

Her love—her life! was struck by death,
The wife stood mute, with gasping breath
And clenched hand—her cheeks all glow!
She heard—her tears began to flow:
She wept—"God's will be done."

Drenched with his blood on battle plain,
A soldier, 'mid his sharpest pain,
For loved ones—groaning, bitter cry—
Listened, then calmly turned to die:
Murm'ring—"God's will be done."

The winds were fierce, the waves were dark—
Hopeless! upon the sinking bark
Two sisters pale with terror stand.
Straight with raised eye, and twain clasp'd hand—
They pray—"God's will be done."

No eye had marked a hunter's slide
Down the steep glacier's frightful side:
Already vultures shriek above!—
Softly float down those words of love—
Sole hope—"God's will be done."

A gang of slaves, with many a curse,
Was driven,—or whip, or torture worse:
Some heard the silvery notes in air,
And, crushed no more by wild despair,
Sang loud—"God's will be done."

On softest pillows gently laid,
Frail flower before its time decayed:
A young child's life fast ebb'd away,
His last fond tones were heard to say—
Mamma!—"God's will be done."

And so, where'er that seraph goes,
Pouring sweet balm on human woes,
From peasant's cot, from lordly hall,
Or baby-life, or prince, or thrall,
Like incense still ascends from all—
Those words—"God's will be done." E. S. W.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

One of the advantages of a periodical like the *Magazine* is, that its pages do not run so great a risk of being torn up or turned into trunk-linings as those of a newspaper—of which, indeed, I recollect in some law case in this colony, a particular copy could not be had anywhere. But it is exactly because the *Monthly* is not intended to be a mere ephemeral production that its contributors should be somewhat careful whilst penning an article.

Not being able, then, to plead ignorance of these sound principles, I should not feel very comfortable were I asked why I ventured to put to paper such hasty and crude ideas as the following: but I know that many subscribers are educated farmers, and to draw and rivet their attention to a subject, which it is now the proper time to keep stirring, is the sole object of these lines.

It is pretty generally known that the Colonial Parliament will soon vote a large sum as an annual contribution for the encouragement of agriculture. A scheme has been devised by which the interests and wishes of the district agricultural societies may be represented through their delegates, and plans will soon be matured to hold large annual shows in various parts of the colony by rotation. I confess my idea was this: if the Government granted, say £800 for the Western Province, and a dozen societies contributed on an average a sum of £40 each, there would be a sum of £1,300 or £,1400 to distribute annually in this part of the colony. It might be said that once in twelve years would be a long time for each locality to wait for its turn to come round; but if we take the distance at which the different villages are situated from each other,—if we had a sliding-scale, making the contribution of each district proportionate to the less or greater access it would have to the shows held in neighboring districts, the advantage of large prizes and a greater gathering of implements, as well as agriculturists, would have gone far to compensate for the disadvantage of having the meetings at each locality, only like angels' visits; that is, unless we take a very narrow-minded and extremely selfish view of such matters. I must confess, however, that I have reason to doubt whether my notion of the optimism of the plan be the right one, when I see so many of my friends who are observant of what is going on around them differ from me in opinion; and they may be quite right in fearing that, unless a portion at least of the annual government grant be set

aside for the purpose of encouraging and sustaining permanent local efforts, zeal for the cause will grow more and more lukewarm, and the roots or branches (whichever metaphor you prefer) being destroyed by the canker-worm—apathy, the stem itself may decay and die, till even the watering-pot of the treasury could not revive its sapless fibres.

In a letter which appeared in a Cape Town paper a few weeks ago, the writer seemed to think that I had, at the meeting of delegates in the Exchange, expressed my doubts as to the utility of agricultural societies in the mother country, whilst, in fact, all I said was that, though the necessity of such institutions there was less, where very wealthy landed proprietors and noblemen liberally tried experiments and tried new systems—even in England and Scotland, agricultural societies were meeting with increasing encouragment. How much more, then (was the natural inference), are such societies needed in our colony, where few are able to afford the risk of failure in the introduction of any new implements, breed of animals, or system of culture; and where, when such attempts are successful, the whole community shares the benefit of the enterprise. It must be evident that such a "mutual assurance" against possible loss as a Government contribution is founded on rational principles. There is still a vast field open for the efforts of zealous and patriotic men, as well as for those who look to their own selfish interests alone. Who has proved that we cannot, with advantage, rear a dozen different breeds of sheep, suited to different soils and situations? How much is there not to be done to give the Angora goat a fair trial? Who has ever tried the *Ayrshire*, the *Devon*, the *Argyleshire*, or the *Alderney* breed of cattle to such an extent as to leave something like a certainty to go upon? Then as to horses. I do not presume to measure myself with Colonel Apperley or Mr. Bayley in knowledge of horse-flesh; but, without arrogance, I may be permitted to doubt whether the former gentleman, in particular, was not mistaken in ascribing the defects of the Cape horse a good deal to Arab blood, of which I suspect less exists than he supposes. Besides, whatever may be the "beau ideal" of a cavalry horse, the question which is secondary to the remount agent may be a primary one to the breeder,—namely, what breed pays best? All these are questions for agricultural people to meet and talk about, and write about, and, by rewards and prizes obtain the settlement of. The Alpaca may yet be introduced with advantage; and if, in future, the Cape of Good Hope Society takes care to classify the different breeds of sheep, cattle, horses, and

pigs, giving prizes far each peculiar breed, we shall be making a step in the right direction. No society in England would think of offering a prize for the best pig, sheep, or bull; for if a Southdown and Leicester were to be brought up for competition, the judges would have to award the premium to the one that had the most wool and mutton on him, which would be tantamount to a decision that no other breed but Leicesters should be reared in Great Britain. Coming to agriculture in the more restricted sense—with large sums as rewards and inducements for growers in different parts of the colony, who can doubt that there are isolated spots, though not necessarily of small area, where peculiar wines of a very remarkable kind may be grown? How much cannot a society, aiming to further the interests of the wine-growers, do, to overcome the detrimental effects of a routine system, which individual merchants are afraid to be the first to subvert? The encouragement of the best descriptions of fruit, particularly of such as may form an article of export—(the olive not excepted)—the introduction of new species of grain and artificial food for live-stock, particularly if connected with irrigation—(a subject on which I had better not touch, lest it should end in a Water Supply Bill on a large scale),—all these form a rich harvest for the committee and members of the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society. And last, though far from least, in a colony where hands are scarce, there is no point to which the efforts of the society can be turned with greater chance of positive and undeniable benefit than the introduction of agricultural machinery of every description—from the wool-shear and pruning-hook to the thrashing-machine and corn-mill. If we had only a census and statistics, to show how many agricultural machines for turning up the soil, reaping the crop, and fitting it for use are now employed, compared to the produce reaped and the hands required—with a similar calculation quintennially, I think it will be proved that, on these items alone, the amount now about to be voted will be capital invested to such a sufficiently calculable advantage as to make the ultimate benefit incalculable. Let the prizes for the best implements be handsome, and certain to be offered from year to year, and the distant manufacturers in England and America, and perhaps other countries, will not be backward in competing and sending their machines for trial to the most distant parts of the colony. At each exhibition, their agents will collect the opinions of practical men on the spot; and with the reports of the local judges, they will be best enabled to propose new and varied alterations, adapted to our climate, soil, and pecu-

liar local circumstances. I do fervently hope that a new era is dawning upon us; the temporary attempts hitherto made, the fits and starts by which our agricultural societies have hitherto tried to do the work, will be superseded by a permanent and systematic plan, which was all that was needed; and the £1,500 a year from Government will act like a galvanic battery on the almost lifeless district societies, some of which had dwindled to a mere shadow: indeed, when I saw their pictures drawn by an enthusiastic *painter*, they looked more like the ghosts of agricultural societies than realities. By this time, next year, let us be able to give the members of the legislature, who have generously, and without grumbling, voted the ways and means,—as well as the Governor, who was so ready to accede to our request,—a good account of our stewardship. To do that properly, we might initiate something like an agricultural periodical by means of an annual report; correspondence with European, American, and colonial agricultural societies will follow in time—as well as the obtaining of a regular supply of agricultural periodicals from different countries, from which may be extracted and published all such information as may be made applicable to the circumstances and requirements of our Cape farmers.

I cannot add much more, as I have already commenced with the word *lastly* many sentences back; but, depend upon it, the hospitable owner of Mulder's Vlei understood the way to attract people to agricultural meetings. To show what a country can produce, all agricultural gatherings should end —with a dinner. It has been proved an efficacious plan in every part of the colony, and though *some people* at Fort Beaufort may consider it peculiarly English, if you ask *many* between Stellenbosch and the Paarl, you will find that, even in the far west, the idea is *spreading*.

F. W. R.

THE FASTNET ROCK AND LIGHTHOUSE.

At the extreme south-west of Ireland, about eight miles from the nearest point of the mainland, stands the Fastnet Rock, in the midst of the open ocean, and exposed to the full swell of the Atlantic, which, driven along by the westerly gales, and with the impetus due to an unbroken course of many thousand miles, launches all its fury upon this insignificant obstacle. Were it a low or half tide rock, like most of those along our coast, though more dangerous, it would be far less interesting. Standing up, as it does, like a bold

pinnacle, ninety-seven feet above the sea, and crowned with the picturesque light-house, towering to an additional height of one hundred feet or more, under any circumstances it would be a striking object; but its exposed situation, inaccessible for many weeks together; the wild life led by the men who now reside upon it, almost as wild as that of the sea birds, who had formerly made it their home; the fearful tales they tell of wrecks and winter storms, give it an interest unsurpassed by that of any natural object upon the British coast.

About five years ago, some time during the summer of 1854, I found myself residing at a little fishing village on the south-west coast of Ireland, rejoicing in the name of Baltimore. Whether this was the original from which the transatlantic city on the Chesapeak derived its name, I know not; but if it was, it would scarcely feel proud of its Irish namesake.

A few fishermen's huts, a grog-shop, sometimes miscalled a hotel, a coast-guard station, with its usual half-pay lieutenant,—in this case blessed with about half a dozen more than the usual tally of grown-up daughters,—and one or two ancient tumble-down mansions, tenanted by equally ancient maidens, as good-hearted and as unsophisticated as the old ladies in "Craanford," were all that was left of Baltimore. And yet the place had its resources,—resources that we might now sigh for in vain. A broad river estuary, running up ten miles into the land, a small but beautiful harbor, with the rocks coming down boldly to the water's edge; sheltered from the Atlantic swell by the rocky islands of Shenkin and Cape Clear—to those who had any feeling for nature, or taste for those pursuits that bring us more closely into communion with nature, fishing or shooting, or boating, the place was tolerable enough. To sail of a summer evening out of the smooth harbor between the high perpendicular walls or sandstone rock, of which the Knysna heads are only a feeble imitation, and mount over the long green Atlantic rollers, without a curl or fleck of white, till they rebound from the tall cliffs, or roll into the dark caverns, to drift cautiously into one of these caves, over forests of seaweed waving fathoms below, till the water becomes smooth and the daylight is almost gone,—between lofty walls, dark, and damp, and slimy, but with brilliant stains of red, and orange, and bright green sea mosses or confervæ, are pleasures which do not fall every day to our lot.

For the month, therefore, I remained here, time did not hang heavy on my hands. I was soon joined by a friend

fresh from Old Trinity, who was a great acquisition in many respects.

In the first place, there were great difficulties about the supplies. Beef and mutton were institutions that had almost died out in this remote part of the world; fowls and bacon were to be had occasionally, but one could not eat fowls and bacon every day. There were quantities of fish, but what became of them always remained a mystery; probably they were taken to more promising markets than that of our village. One thing was certain, we seldom got any. This state of things did not suit the views of my six-foot friend, who was blessed with a particularly good appetite; so he set to work, and I must say succeeded in his foraging much better than I could possibly have done. Our great opponent was an old half-pay captain, who, having nothing else to do, was continually on the look-out, and if a fish, or fowl, or hare came into the place, was generally sure to pounce upon it. He had an old grudge against us, for two reasons. He had hired one or two rooms in the grog-shop above mentioned, and occupied two others, out of which we dispossessed him. Besides this, we had beaten his big four-ton boat with our little one, and left him aground on the island, with his mast over the side. But my long friend was soon able to beat him at his own game. He entered into treaties with the venders of fowls, and established relations offensive and defensive with the only man who ever condescended to bring his fish to the home market, and, not unfrequently, bought the fish or lobsters that were coming as presents to the ex-fire-eater, and had them cooked conspicuously under his very nose. So long, therefore, as we remained here, we got through tolerably well.

Having exhausted all the interest of the mainland and neighboring islands, and made an excursion to Cape Clear, we determined to take up our quarters in the latter. Cape Clear is a rocky island, about two miles long, by one in breadth, separated from Shenkin, an island of the same size, and close to the mainland, by a deep passage called the Gascanane Sound. As it is the most south-west point of the Irish coast, and usually the first land sighted by homeward-bound ships from North America, it has long been considered a point of importance, and a fine light-house was erected many years ago, almost on the highest part of the island.

This was long considered to answer all the requirements of navigation. But, of late years, shipwrecks had occurred both on the island and adjoining mainland, under circumstances which proved that the light had not been seen; and, as it

had long before been decided that these high lights were dangerous, it was resolved to build a light-house nearer the sea level, either on Cape Clear island, or on the Fastnet, a rock about six miles further seaward. The last was decided on, and the Fastnet light-house was commenced about the year 1849, and finished about the beginning of 1853, and had been in operation for about a year and a half, at the time of my visit. I speak altogether from memory, and may be mistaken a little in the dates.

While residing at Cape Clear, in the hut of the chief fisherman or pilot of the island, almost the only man who could talk English, we heard such stories of the lonely rock, and it looked so inviting, that we determined at all risks to pay it a visit. So, choosing a fine day, we pulled out of the small cove called the South Harbor, in a strong yawl, with eight stalwart rowers, our host of the island taking the post of skipper. As we began to clear the island, a sea was running like that one meets in fine weather off Cape L'Agulhas, which tossed our heavy boat about like a feather, and somewhat astonished my companion, whose aquatic experiences were more of Dublin Bay than the open Atlantic. But once out of shoal water, we pulled easily on till we came within a few hundred yards of the rock, and great was our disappointment to see that there was no possibility of approaching nearer,—not the slightest chance of effecting a landing; for the sea, although there was scarcely a breath of wind, was breaking forty feet high. On the margin of the rough water lay a number of large fishing boats at anchor, tumbling about like so many porpoises,—the masts of one sometimes crossing those of another at right angles. A small jagged point of rock, at a few fathoms' distance from the main one, sent up each dark roller in a smoky cloud, such as may often be seen over the Whale Rock in Table Bay. It was a sea that would have delighted the soul of Van der Velde or old Vernet. I do not think I have seen a finer sight. As we pulled round the rock, one half lay in dark shadow, while the seaward side, looking like the end of a great wall, a hundred feet in height, with barely room for the light-house to stand upon it, was lit up faintly by the declining sun, and backed by a massive purple cloud, with a rainbow on its margin, just disappearing. It was a sight such as may be seen once or twice in a lifetime,—such as can never be seen but in a land of pale sunshine and humid skies. We returned to the island disappointed, yet well repaid.

Next day, we watched the rock in vain with our glasses, to discover if there was a chance of landing. On the third

day our old skipper thought we might make the attempt at dead low water. We soon found ourselves alongside the rock once more; and, after a good deal of knocking about, got close under its lee, in the space between the Fastnet and the smaller rock, a space about three boats' lengths in breadth. Here, for many minutes, we were bandied about from rock to rock, our boat swaying between the two, like the bob of a pendulum, each time describing a quarter circle, as it was carried on the wave about twenty feet up the rock and back again. Having got a line on board from the lighthouse men, as the boat rose on the wave, the skipper watched his opportunity and sprang on the rock, clambering up the rude slippery steps cut into its side, before the next wave reached him. It was most exciting work, rendered still more so by the shouting of the boatmen, two of whom fended off with boat-hooks, while a couple more had hold of the line, and who, though hardy fishermen enough, did not like the work, knowing that if the boat once touched, it would be instantly upset and knocked to pieces, as had been the case many a time when the light-house was building. After one or two ineffectual attempts, in which we ran a pretty fair chance of feeding the fishes, we followed the skipper's example, another man then landed, and the rest pushed off out of harm's way as speedily as possible.

There was another way of landing on this side. A mast was firmly let into the base of the rock, and stayed to ring-bolts on the side of the latter. A long gaff ran out from this, and had at its end a block or pulley, by which a basket could be lowered, but the tackle seemed so old and rotten that we preferred to take our chance of leaping ashore.

The rock is about one hundred yards in length at the base, about thirty in width, and the same in height. As seen from Cape Clear Island, it somewhat represents a small hand-bell, of which the light-tower resembles the handle. From other points of view, it looks narrower, and the sides more perpendicular. The light-house is somewhat higher than the rock, or about one hundred and ten feet.

Having clambered up the rock, the first things we encountered were the two low sheds in which the men live, except in stormy weather,—one being the original shed occupied by the workmen while the light-house was building. This was amazingly strong; the walls, though not more than five feet high, were in some places above five feet thick, the roof formed of strong planking, and tied down with four pair of strong chains, fastened to ring-bolts leaded into the rock. The other shed, placed under the lee of this, excepting the foundation and

the seaward wall, is of wood, the roof tied down by ropes and chains, in the same way. In it are kept the oil-casks and stores not liable to be damaged by salt water.

A few feet from the sheds is the light-house, a tall, cylindrical tower of cast-iron, lined with brickwork, to give it weight and solidity. It has no broad, expanded base, like the Eddystone, for the sea to run up, but is let in, like a simple column, into a deep well sunk into the rock. This well, of the same diameter as the light-house, was sunk, I believe, about ten or twelve feet, and holes made beyond this, about six feet further, for the large bolts, to which was screwed down the base plate of the tower. The iron casing of the tower was constructed in segments, which were screwed together by inside flanges, which served, not only to add stiffness to the column, but to bind the interior brickwork. The lower part was then filled with masonwork, or concrete, up to the level of the surface of the rock. It was further strengthened by the large hollow column in the centre, which is tied to the outside tower by a spiral staircase of iron. The doors and window-shutters, or ports, are all of iron, and are fixed inside by screws.

The lantern, or part where the light is exhibited, is the most beautiful thing of the kind I have ever seen. The light is on the dioptric principle, invented by the celebrated Fresnel, in which a single monster lamp is used, in combination with lenses and prisms, instead of twenty or thirty Argand burners, each with its separate reflector of silvered copper. It is the identical apparatus exhibited in the Crystal Palace in 1851, and was purchased, I think, for £4,000. It is placed in the centre of the lantern, an octagonal framework of iron and plate glass, the last of great size and thickness. In the middle is a huge Argand burner, formed of several concentric rings of wick, with air passages between them. The oil is pumped up, as in a common moderateur lamp, and the light is brilliant and powerful. Round this light slowly revolves an octagonal framework, bearing in each compartment a polyzonal lens, about three feet in diameter. A common lens of this size, in order to produce the required effect, would need to be above a foot thick in the centre; and yet it is only the curved surfaces of the glass, and not the thickness, on which refraction depends. Instead of this, the present lens is made of one small central lens, and five or six prismatic-looking rings, or circular segments, let in, over each other. By this means, the superfluous glass is cut away, and we have a compound lens, in no place more than two or three inches thick, but every part possessing the proper

curvature and refractive power. In such a lens, the absorption and loss of light is not near so great, and there is less risk of flaws in the glass, for any segment that turns out badly can be rejected. These eight lenses throw out the light far to sea, in a star of eight rays, and as the framework which bears them revolves completely round in sixteen minutes, the star revolves along with it, so that one of the rays will pass over a ship every two minutes. It is thus a revolving light, showing a bright flash every two minutes, as each lens comes round exactly between the central lamp and the ship. But sending, as it does, the light far out to sea, from a height of two hundred feet, it will not be visible to a ship close to the rock, or even at a moderate distance from it. Provision is made for this difficulty by rows of horizontal prisms, above and below the ringed lens, in each compartment, which throw the light down on the sea, at near and moderate distances: at such, of course, so strong a light is not required. The revolution of the lens frame is effected by clockwork, the motion being given by a weight descending through the central column.

The outside of the light-house is painted white (which, as is well known, is the color farthest visible at sea), with the exception of one broad band of red about the middle. The tower is only about nine feet in external diameter, and, from its columnar form, does not send up the wave, which parts on either side; beyond a slight tremor, the shock is hardly felt. Some idea of the wave, or rather Atlantic ground swell, may be formed by the fact that, in a moderate gale, it sweeps clean over the rock, ninety-seven feet in height; and, when it comes on unexpectedly at night, pours down the chimneys of the shed, and washes the men out of their sleeping bunks. They must then watch their opportunity and escape to the tower, the door of which is only a few feet distant; and yet it is often difficult to do so without being washed or blown away.

In a great winter storm, the green water has been known to part halfway up the red on the middle of the tower, which cannot be less than one hundred and thirty-five feet high, while the spray has so enveloped the lantern as to quite shut out the daylight. These facts I learned, not only from the men on the rock, but from others on the mainland and Cape Clear Island; and I have no reason to believe them exaggerated, though many of them are without parallel, for the swell at the Eddystone and the Bell Rock, and at the Tuscar, at the other extremity of the south coast of Ireland, is but a ripple in comparison.

One thing is certain, that there is not in the world a place so exposed where men have dared to fix their habitation.

The lantern is surrounded by the usual circular platform and balustrade, supported on a cornice springing from the top of the tower. It is about two hundred feet above low water.

Having had a run over the light-house, we had time to observe what manner of men were the dwellers on the rock. Two of these were common-place; one of them a hardy, weather-worn boatman, rather stolid and stupid, and the other, a misappreciated youth, who wrote bad poetry, besides making the beds and cleaning the kettles, and being general fag of the establishment. But the other two men had something more characteristic about them. One was the light-keeper, a man very young, and of almost feminine delicacy and beauty; characters which, elsewhere, might hardly have attracted notice, but which were in strange contrast with the wildness of the place.

The other boatman was the antipodes of all this. I never knew his name, but I had no difficulty in finding one for him. He was the identical "Long Tom Coffin" of the "Pilot," whose acquaintance we have all made in our school-boy days. Of gigantic stature, which made him look thinner than he really was, with muscles of iron, with a long, scraggy neck, with sallow countenance, and peaked, black beard, he presented a striking contrast to the handsome light-keeper. He seemed every inch a sailor, and more than a sailor, for there was a wild expression in his dark and deep-set eye, that told of fearful scenes of storms and dangers braved, to which the usual perils of a sailor are only child's play. For the greater part of five years, from the very commencement of the light-house, he had lived upon the rock; twice had his boat been upset in the raging cauldron at its base, and twice had he miraculously escaped. Once, when the light-house tower was partly built, and roofed in for the winter, he was left with sixteen workmen cooped up in it for more than a week, while the green water often rolled far above them, at times so long that their lights went out and they were almost suffocated; and yet the roof of the tower, the strong timbers of which bent and crackled under the weight of water, was then one hundred and twenty feet high. Once, again, a storm came on so suddenly that he and two others alone succeeded in reaching the tower, which is their only refuge under such circumstances; their companion was left behind, in the shed, only a few feet distant, and yet he could not reach the tower, and he there died miserably; and when the storm somewhat abated, his corpse lay in the midst of them for nearly three

weeks before a boat could reach them from the land. They were afraid to throw the body into the sea, lest foul play might be suspected; and yet we know how fearful sailors are of the presence of the dead. Twice, already, the tower had been struck with lightning, which partly split the rock at its base, while he and the others were inside of it; and even now, they lived in constant dread lest some severer storm than usual might cause it to burst open its narrow foundation and plunge headlong beneath the sea.

I could not help looking on this man with something of awe, and almost of envy, for during those five years he must have seen sights such as were never witnessed by mortal man. You might read it in his wild eye, that had in it a scared look far removed from cowardice, as you might read the bodily hardships he had endured in his hollow cheek and hard, shriveled frame.

The hardships these men endure in the winter season are almost beyond belief. For several weeks at a time, the sea breaks right over the rock, and no boat can approach it. The way in which they then manage is this: a strong-built hooker—a boat of about thirty tons, which will stand almost any sea—sails out from Crookhaven, the nearest bay of the mainland, distant about nine miles, and lies too or anchors as near as possible, while a line, by means of a life-buoy or dogskin float, is floated to her down the tideway. By means of this line the biscuit and other stores, all enclosed in a waterproof sack, are hauled in to the rock.

There are three light-keepers, who take the duty in turn, remaining only a week at a time, unless when they cannot possibly relieve each other. In bad weather, such as that above referred to, they are hauled through several hundred yards of surf, from the hooker to the rock, and *vice versa*, in much the same way as the bread bag, their only protection being a life-buoy or a couple of seine floats made fast under their arms. Most people would consider this rather a dangerous proceeding, but they look upon it as lightly as we do of swimming our horses across a flooded river.

Having spent most of the day upon the rock, having eaten the two remaining fowls, drank some poteen, and smoked some pipes—people will do these naughty things, occasionally, in out-of-the-way places—it was high time for returning. But I had not yet done with it; I had already made up my mind to have a night there, even at the risk of bad weather coming on and detaining us for three weeks. My friend, who had no great fancy for the rock, but still less for the ugly sea below it, which began to hiss and sputter with the rising tide,

assented; so I directed the skipper, who had long been impatient, to get back to the island and return at low water next day.

While sitting in the shed, after he had gone, I heard a shouting and shrieking, even above the rising sea. We sallied out and descended the rock, and never shall I forget the sight we there saw. It was almost dark; the space between the main and little rock was one mass of grey foam, in which the boat was hardly visible, till she rose on the wave some twenty feet or more, while the two men tried to reach her, for a long time, in vain. After many efforts they succeeded in springing into her. A boy alone remained, and for ten minutes he could not be got on board. It was getting darker and darker, and we roared out for them to leave him with us, but he kept screaming and yelling and refused to stay. The men in the boat began, too, to scream with actual terror every time she rose and nearly touched. Not so the giant boatman of the rock. Close to the hissing water, the wave washing sometimes up to his middle, his tall, gaunt form looming through the driving spray, he stood upon the sloping slippery surface, grinding his teeth and muttering threats and curses on their cowardice, and urging them to let the boat come nearer. All patience being at last exhausted, he caught the boy by the neck and by the rear, swung him for a moment horizontally, and, as the boat rose upon the wave, he shot him, head foremost, a good three yards, into the midst of them. In a moment they were gone, and when they returned next day nothing could persuade one of them again to set foot upon the rock.

When this exciting scene was over, we ascended, and had leisure to survey the ocean and distant land, over which the grey night and risen moon were shedding a serener beauty, while the pale star of the light-house above us had already flung out its long rays, which were now sweeping slowly along the sea. The sea still surged and chafed, and the sea-birds screamed, but, at our height above them, the blended noises fell on the ear with a subdued and melancholy tone that harmonized well with the scene around. It was a night to be remembered.

Up again to the top of the tower, which was now transformed into a fairy chamber, with which the lit-up lantern of an ordinary light-house was no more to be compared than the Brummagem decorations of a gin-palace. One single lamp, glowing like the sun, gave a stronger light than the two-and-thirty burners in the Cape Clear light-house. This was magnified enormously by the great crystal lenses which slowly revolved around it. It was scattered into all the

colors of the rainbow, by the zones of the lens and by the numerous prisms. It was reflected, again and again, from the thick plates of glass of the lantern; forming a perfect kaleidoscope of beauty.

When I saw the apparatus in the Crystal Palace, in 1851, I viewed it merely as a triumph of workmanship, and as a beautiful adaptation of optical science; but, with its lamp burning dull red, in the strong daylight, and without its plate glass surrounding, I never imagined it capable of producing the remarkable effects we now witnessed.

Having snatched a couple of hours' sleep, almost reluctantly, we watched the grey morning light spread slowly over the east. Just as the red sun was emerging from the sea-haze, that lay like a delicate cloud-bank along the horizon, two noble ships passed us, one almost within a stone's throw of the rock; we could even distinguish the faces of the passengers, who, even at this early hour, crowded her decks, to catch a glimpse of this wonderful beacon of the Atlantic.

Before leaving, we had time to make some further observations. The rock is a hard, silicious sandstone, more massive than that of Table Mountain, but the strata are on end, instead of horizontal. The Fastnet is in a line with the two islands nearer the mainland, Shenkin and Cape Clear; and the three are evidently the remains of what was originally a long promontory running out from the main. Even on the continuation of this line, seawards, the water is of no great depth, and about three miles from the Fastnet, in the same line, is a rock, on which the sea breaks in bad weather, although there is more than nine fathoms water upon it.

This is probably the reason why the sea wave rises to such an amazing height. Rolling in from the south-west, without a rock to check its course from the Bermudas, it meets with this submarine shoal, and running up the long incline which it naturally presents, culminates at the Fastnet. Even at the short distance of five or six miles, in Cape Clear, the wave does not rise to half the height.

The sea had somewhat calmed down since the preceding night, and was now beating on the part of the rock where we had landed, so that our boat, which had now arrived, pulled round to the other side. This side is nearly perpendicular, with the exception of a couple yards of the base; so we descended a somewhat rickety rope ladder, and, having bidden our friends of the Fastnet a long farewell, after the usual scene of scrambling and shouting, we got safely on board. As we pulled away, they gave us a parting cheer, for we were the first strangers that had landed on the rock

since the light-house was built. We returned to the island, and soon after to the mainland. We betook ourselves to the wild shores of Bantry Bay, and the purple lakes and mountains of Killarney. We separated, and our lives have since been spent among far different scenes; but we are not likely soon to forget the beauties of that wild coast, and least of all, are we likely to forget that night upon the Fastnet Rock.

ANDREW WYLEY.

STANZAS.

Think not that the dear perfume
And the bloom,
Of those cheeks divinely glowing
Ever shall remain to thee,
While there be
None for whom these flowers are blowing.

By the eglantine be taught,
How 'tis sought
For its bloom and fragrance only.
Is not all its beauty past,
When at last
On the thorn 'tis hanging lonely?

Maidens are like garden bowers,
Deck'd with flowers
Which are spring-time's choicest treasure:
While the budding leaves they bear,
Flourish there,
They will be a source of pleasure.

But whene'er the lovely spring
Spreads her wing
And the rose's charms have fleeted;
Not those lately valued flowers,
Nor the bowers
Shall with former praise be greeted.

Whilst love's beam in woman's eyes
Fondly lies,—
All the heart's best feelings telling,
Love will come, a welcome guest,
And her breast
Be his own ecstatic dwelling.

But when envious Time takes arms
'Gainst her charms,
All her youthful graces spurning,
Love, who courted beauty's ray,
Steals away,
Never thinking of returning.

Maidens, who man's suit deride,
And whose pride
Scorns the hearts that bow before ye,
From my song this lesson learn—
Be not stern
To the lovers who adore ye. G. L.

The above is from the Dutch of Jacob Westerbaen, a poet of the 17th century, the strenuous defender of Olden Barnevelt De Groot, and other great but unfortunate statesmen.

ON A WREATH OF SEA-WEED RECEIVED FROM SCOTLAND.

Beautiful, fanciful, feathery wreath,
Of forms so delicate, tints so fair!
Lest I should injure thy tracery rare,
In wrapt admiration I scarcely breathe.

And yet thou hast weathered each northern storm:
Borne on the bounding billow's breast
From the raging waves to a peaceful rest
Laid on the beach by its gentle foam.

Thus on the swift surging wave of life—
Weakness myself, but guided by God—
From the trials, temptations, turmoils of the flood,
May I float to the realms unknown to strife.

Still a sweet fragrance around thee clings,
Of the fresh sea breezes I loved so well;
It casts o'er my heart a holy spell,
And the laughter of children around me rings.

Back! through the vista of bygone years,
From manhood through boyhood and childhood I fly,
List each loved voice—each form descry,
Till my soul seems bathed in delicious tears.

How passionate feelings, deep buried beneath
The crusted cold of a care-cumbered heart,
By a trifle like thee are made forth to start,
Thou brilliant delicate fairy wreath!

Port Elizabeth. SIGMA.

IN THE GRACHTS.

SKETCHES OF AMSTERDAM BY NIGHT.

I WAS an utter stranger, and could not speak the language; it was, moreover, late, and on a night of rain, when I first set foot within the City of the Grachts, and found myself in my destined domicile, consuming a tea supper, and vaguely recalling the narrow streets and incessant bridges which I had passed.

Now it has been my lot to observe that travelers, as a class, fall into divers genera and species. There is your gastronomical tourist, who records with undeviating exactness the dinners, suppers, and lunches he has had by the way; your comic journalist, who, armed with pen and ink, rushes through a country in evident search of something to laugh at; your cynical wanderer, who backbites, grumbles, and sneers at all which is unfortunate enough to lie in his path; your sentimentalist, who, Sterne-like, forgets country and people, over a pretty ankle or a dead jackass; your adventurer, whose intrigues puzzle, and whose hair-breadth escapes astound you; your admiring roamer, who is delighted with everything, becomes hysterical before a painting, or ecstatic in the presence of a costume; and your exact man, who remembers dates, records statistics, and is philosophical, philological, ethnographical, and architectural by turns.

My first impression—for I was hungry—was decidedly of the gastronomic order, and related principally to tea and eggs. Placed beside me on the floor, stood a tea-kettle, hissing and steaming over the red-hot turf ashes of one of the old-fashioned tea-stoves (thee-stoof) of the country. Over against me (it is a Dutch idiom, but the courteous reader will pardon a writer who treats of Amsterdam), was a little, scantily-whiskered, light-haired Englishman, evidently of the class of cynical wanderers, who emerged from behind his copy of the *Times*, and detailed anecdotes of foreign inns, amusing to relate. He had been pestered with overtures of beefsteaks, which he made a point of never eating out of England, and had otherwise suffered. It chanced that my eggs were not sufficiently done to my taste, and this led to sundry comments and collectanea, relating to the continental egg-boiling question; how, after sending the same eggs three times to receive additional cooking, he had been compelled to bully the waiter; how, that the landlords of hotels where he was known were wont to listen behind doors to these grievances, and so forth.

My next impression, as I was tired by reason of long journeying, was of a soporific nature, for being installed into a bed chamber, whose heavily-beamed ceiling and tiled fire recess seemed quaint enough, I came by-and-by to the conclusion that the Dutch citizens were determined not to let me sleep. Imagine yourself in a narrow crib of a bedstead, sufficiently soft and warm, could you keep the superior dimensions of your English frame all and at the same time beneath the pleasant little counterpane which is placed above you. But your chilled back at one moment, or your protruding knees at another, testify to the impracticability of your desires. Then there are complicated and prolonged chimes, high up in the church tower overhead, which seem to be playing the most unintelligible of tunes; doubtless, some national air. As these are ever out of order, some bells chime when they ought not, and the whole thing is not unfrequently so slowly performed, that it has barely ended before the quarter is up, and it is time to begin again. Any interval of silence, and consequent rest that might remain is stolen—nay, I may say forced in upon—by the voices of patrolling mechanics, who devote the last hours of night to the practice of indigenous music, with the full power of their lungs, in the open streets; and lastly, one hears hideous gutturals, uttered by a still more hideous bass voice, the property of a watchman, who, at half-hourly intervals, adds his quota to the invasion of your night's repose. In spite of these disturbances, however, Morpheus, whom I usually find propitious, came to my rescue, and my first night passed pleasantly enough in the City of the Grachts.

Late on another evening, when no longer a stranger, I set forth with a companion, in the full moonlight, which fell in wondrous lights and shadows over the grachts around us, tinting, with photographic hues, the fantastic gables, which reared themselves and their projecting cranes on every side. Issuing from the Warmoes-straat, then in deep shade, we came upon the open square of the Dam, deserted, except by the moonbeams. It could be scarcely expected that I, newly initiated into the mysteries of the place, could resist the temptation to enlighten my friend, who was passing his first evening in Amsterdam. Before us stood the royal palace, which I proceeded to describe in guide-book fashion, expatiating on its size, its beauty, its pillastered walls of stone, its lofty angular roof, its dome, within whose recesses bells clustered, thick as the nests in the favorite tree of some time-honored rookery, and its chimes tinkling pleasantly the lively air which Mozart has put into the mouth of the Papageno in

his Tooverfluit. I endeavored, moreover, to astonish my companion by expatiating upon the clustering piles beneath, and the marble halls within this palace, but he was of an impassive nature, and interrupted me with observations upon cigars and beer.

In the moonlight, then, on a silent night, when the streets were quiet, we stood in the great square of the Dam; the palace rising huge, and, in comparison with all other buildings, colossal before us. To our right, the Nieuwe Kerk, a spacious pile of the un-English-looking Gothic of the Netherlands; to our left, the entry into Kalver-straat, the Regent-street of Amsterdam. Thither we bent our steps, but we saw only solitary strollers, never intoxicated, and a policeman, equally solitary; one of those nondescript little men, with brass plate in front of his hat, and a huge rattle in his hand, to whom the Amsterdammers affect to entrust the keeping of the peace. By-and-by, we came to the Amstel side, a river wide and still, with scarce a boat upon it, hemmed in by houses, each with the eternal gable and crane. Later yet we stood on the great high bridge, and gazed alternately along the flat stream and flat country, silvered by the moon, or upon the fantastic spires and manifold gables we had just left. Once, indeed, I pointed downward to the ebon water beneath us, but my companion simply whiffed at his cigar, and spat deliberately on the ground.

On yet another evening, attracted by the deep tones of an organ within, I strolled into the Nieuwe Kerk, of which I have just spoken. The whitewashed walls reflect the gas-light, and the whole place is illuminated; there is not one dark corner. The place is filled with people, many of whom are working men; they are singing, or rather bellowing, with the full compass of their lungs, each man of them, for so is the custom, and not a bad one either, in the City of the Grachts. Over all swells the organ, and so regal are its tones, that inharmonious tune and inharmonious voices are drowned in the flood of music which flows down from the huge instrument overhead. These old Dutch organs are to all others what cathedrals are to all other churches: this in the Nieuwe Kerk, now trumpeting above us, stands on pillars of marble, at the west end of the building, and rises thence to the roof in tiers of pipes, surmounted yet by higher tiers, the whole forming a forest or phalanx such as some Titan might have constructed. On either side issues a folding screen, painted by master hands; the whole overlooks the brightly-lighted place, and forms a foil to the whitewash which covers pillar and vault, and which glares coldly upon the masses singing

below; upon the badly-arranged seats; upon the gawky stalls, where elders, or what not, sit; upon the heavily-pinnacled sounding-board; and upon the little, scull-capped, begowned, and banded minister, who is about to give vent to pious gutturals below it. I am struck with the demeanor of the people; if not devout, it is at least highly staid and respectable, and contrasts favorably with my own, for I am positively bewildered with the flood of naso-laryngeal eloquence which falls about my ears, and ultimately drives me from the place.

Talking of these gutturals reminds me of the Dutch language in general, which a merry girl who sat at my elbow not long ago poured forth in as odd a little torrent as ever you heard. Odd, that is, to British ears, for the Hollanders entertain much the same idea concerning our Anglo-Saxon tongue, and say we are continually swallowing our words. Now Dutch, as every Africander knows, is by no means unlike English; the resemblance, indeed, is such that Snapp, a traveler of the cynical order, observed to me, standing in the Princesgracht, "Imagine the most vulgar of your acquaintance, sir, to speak his very worst English, and you will have some idea of the lingo of these people." I, for my part, will be juster than this Snapp, and will rather compare it with Scotch, and record my opinion that the language of Vondel is of near kin to the tongue of Burns. Be this as it may, I overheard one evening, in the City of the Grachts, among the confessions of a bacchanalian Netherlander, the following sentence, which I fancy Scotch or English will find sufficiently intelligible, "Ik was zoo dronk dat ik kon niet staan;" and I thought, by a natural sequence, of the older proverb:

Wenn de wijn is in de man,
Is de wijsheid in de kan.

The student of the "Hollandsche taal" is wont to be thrown suddenly aback by the sound of their *g*. It is a *pons asinorum* to the English linguist, who makes his throat sore in his endeavors to pronounce it. I should recommend a pupil to try and gargle without any water in his mouth, and he may perhaps hit upon the letter. Then there is the *ch*, which is nearly as bad. These obstacles once surmounted, the rest comes easily enough, for the Dutch orthography is excellent; once thoroughly learn the rudiments of their spelling, and you can read with tolerable correctness any sentence in their language. On the other hand, the Netherlander, who takes equal trouble with ours, after floundering hopelessly over our *sh*, *ch*, and (that pest to our Continental neighbors) our *th*, will fall into a not uncalled-for slough of despond in

endeavoring to master the anomalous, heterogeneous, irrational, and irredeemably bad orthography with which our mother tongue is hopelessly encumbered.

On a certain other evening, I sat over grog in company with a jovial old gentleman, and a heavy little merchant of the place, in a room whose stove had become red-hot from the rapid combustion of the turf within. I note the stove and the turf, for coals and open fire-places, so dear to the English heart, are very uncommon in the city of the Grachts. Now, talking of grog, which my friend avers, with an air of melancholy resignation, they are compelled to drink in extra quantity, because of the badness of the water, reminds me of Dutch drinkers in general. A Hollander imbibes coffee all day long. You go into his office; forthwith you are greeted by the aroma of the berry, and piled up in some corner, you see huge cups and saucers, while your ear detects the bubbling of water hard by the stove. He has a passion for bitters, which he imbibes mostly in the forenoon, scrupulously clinking his glass with that of his neighbor. He is fond of gin, but drinks claret with his dinner; and if young, and of fast tendencies, is pretty certain to lay in a small stock of a preparation of rum, lemon, sugar, nutmeg, and hot water, which is called "poonch," before he retires to bed.

This is digressive, however. You would hear of my adventure with the jovial gentleman and the heavy little merchant aforesaid. It was no adventure at all—simply an observation of national character in the City of the Grachts. It being winter, the little merchant was heavily clad, with a comforter wound many times round his mouth and throat, its ends or tails hanging, after the manner of all the little merchants of Amsterdam, behind him. His cigar was in his mouth, and he smoked in a ruminating manner. Now, the jovial gentleman had passed through wondrous vicissitudes in his time; and you could see, mingling with the healthy good nature of his countenance, a firm, decisive character, developed by emergencies of no ordinary nature. Warmed by the grog, he related strong passages of his life; showed hideous scars, relics of wounds received during a bloody mutiny at sea; spoke of wild beasts with which he had contended, and savages with whom he had fought. But the little merchant smoked quietly on, just as if he had been sitting, after the manner of his nation, with some other little merchant, whose forte consisted in smoking as quietly and impassionedly as himself. One thing leads to another; from these wilder experiences, my jovial friend, finding in myself —for I am of excessively credulous nature, and believe

everything—a most admirable listener, proceeded to hint at softer passages of his life—of the conquests he had made; of sundry bright eyes which were wont to grow yet brighter at his approach; of guerilla contests with papas, guardians, and blue-beards, and so on, in which the said papas, guardians, and blue-beards were of course worsted, and made to appear in an excessively comic and ridiculous light. But the little merchant smoked quietly on; once, indeed, I fancied I detected a sort of twinkle in his eye when some blooming, blushing, merry-hearted fair one was in process of description; but if it really existed, it came doubtless more from the grog than from the marvelous adventure of his companion.

When the early evening of winter comes over the Kalverstraat, you will find it, say at seven p. m., as lively and populous, as it is at a later hour lonely and deserted. As the leading thoroughfare of a capital city, it strikes the stranger as narrow and quaint, even by gas-light. The shops, now in their most brilliant hour, recall the olden days, and were a powdered exquisite, with pigtail and three-cornered hat, to issue from one of them, it would seem quite in accordance with the buildings around. The foreign pedestrian, staring with open mouth at the strong points of this, to him, equally foreign street, runs a risk of falling over the stoeps, here less elevated, but far more fantastic, than in the metropolis of Southern Africa. What with its natural contractedness, and with the encroachments of these absurd projections, there is but little room for traffic, and the tide of foot-passengers driven for temporary safety up steps and into corners, by the advent of some stray vehicle, returns again when it has passed, to be once more coerced into side paths by the approach of another! Well, it is a fine gas-light evening, and we take a stroll from the great *café*, say at the corner of the Dans, to the diminutive, pinnacle-topped tower hard by the bridge at the other end, hearing the tinkling of the chimes in the cupola of the palace at the quarter of our outset, and the tinkling of the chimes up in the turret aforesaid at the quarter of our arrival. In this stroll, we meet much of the youth and hobbedy-hoydom of the City of the Grachts, walking in the most quiet and orderly manner, smoking incessant cigars, and turning aside now and then for a bittertje, or a glass of Bavarian ale. We turn back again, and go into a *café* ourselves,—a place hybrid between our beer-shops and our coffee-houses in England. Here, again, we meet with much of the youth and hobbedy-hoydom of Amsterdam, still excessively orderly, still engaged with the cigar and bittertje, or imbibing Beyersch bier, not to mention geneva, or some liqueurs.

We see also older men of other nations, and more jovial temperament. In a corner, may be, a party of sandy-bearded be-spectacled Germans are abusing England in their own tongue; while some native politician who understands them, is quietly enjoying their argumentative declamation, so far as his pipe will allow him. We see, moreover, a young Hollandsche jufvrouw in the bar, blooming (a little too blooming); quiet (a little too quiet) and anti-jocular. She is fifteen, and appears nineteen or twenty—a not uncommon thing amongst her countrywomen.

Of the occasional concert—the very occasional entertainment, or the theatre, of the Gracht-girt city, I will say nothing. The frequenters are as orderly here as in the streets. It will not be going too far, indeed, were I to say, that the Dutchman is always orderly, always respectable, always smoking, and always dull.

Pardon these, my impressions, oh, honest Hollander! I saw with the eye of a stranger. I did not know the language; I had no Dutch friends to set me right. I simply state the experiences of a man as quiet and as dull as he imagines yourselves to be, passing a rainy winter in the City of the Grachts; his only guide-book, a Bradshaw,—his only associates people of his own tongue. I may yet, however, refer to two evenings spent partly in the bosom of a native family. On one, the stove being red-hot, I seated myself in a well-cleaned little chamber, beside a buxom lady of cheerful temperament. She spoke some little French, some little German, and some little (*very* little) English. Upon her asking if I comprehended what she said to me in the latter tongue, I replied (for necessity compels me to be my own Boswell), that "I understood her French a little, her Dutch a little, and that I hoped I should get to understand her English by-and-by." On the other evening, the stove there being also red-hot (the Dutch stove is always either incandescent, or else *gone* out) I sat in company with an old Dutch lady of rheumatic tendencies, an older Dutch gentleman whom she called her father, a middle-aged jufvrouw, with imperfect teeth, and a middle-aged boy, pale-faced, and smoking a cigar. The room was large, and but dimly illuminated. Some little Dutch was spoken, and coffee distributed. By-and-by, I subsided into my Dutch grammar, which at that time I was conning. The boy left us, the middle-aged lady folded her hands and went to sleep, the old lady folded her hands and went to sleep, and the very old gentleman folded his hands and went to sleep; the lamp became dimmer, and there was no sound save hard breathing, an occasional grunt, or a

half-muffled snore. On pulling out my watch, I found it was not yet seven p.m., and that three hours remained before I could, with any show of reason retire to rest. So much for a social family evening in the City of the Grachts.

I am compelled by my title to refer to nothing but night scenes in the Amsterdamian city. As I entered it long after dark, so, by a singular coincidence, I left it late in the evening. They had been keeping the king's birthday, chiefly by firing guns and displaying portraits of his majesty, with loyal verses attached, in the shop windows. The appearance of the town that afternoon had been striking, especially in the Kalver-straat. Huge banners, with the three colors—red, white, and blue—in horizontal stripes, hung suspended across the streets, which, for the nonce, seemed converted into vast oriental bazaars. As night came on, the banners hung there still, and I believe one solitary illumination showed itself. Well, late, and when the first touch of sleep had fallen upon the town, I entered a boat upon the IJ. I had a beautiful, a truly beautiful row, across the gulf, which, still as a mill-pond, glistened with singular softness in the moonlight. I turned back to give a parting glance to the place: below were scattered lights struggling with the moonbeams overhead; above rose spires and domes, palely silvered over; in the sky the stars glimmered dimly forth, while over all fell the spirit of silence, broken only by a distant murmur that made that silence seem more silent still. I had quitted the City of the Grachts, and was once more in the country of the Dykes.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. VI.

SIR JOHN WYLDE, KNT., LL.D.,

LATE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COLONY.*

Sir John Wylde was born in London, on the 11th May, 1781, the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Wylde, an attorney, of

* The portrait of Sir John Wylde is photographed from the oil painting taken by Sir Martin Shee, in 1827. The original was one of the most successful portraits ever painted by that distinguished master. It is unfortunately, however, by no means well adapted for photographic copying; and all that the photographer has been able to render with tolerable fidelity are merely the features and expression of the countenance.

Sir JOHN WYLDE, Knt., LL.D.

College-hill, London. The second son, Thomas, who afterwards became Baron Truro and Lord Chancellor of England, was born in the following year. The subject of the present notice was sent to St. Paul's School at the age of eight, and remained there until he was eighteen. For some time he was the head boy of the school, until he was elected to proceed to Trinity College, Cambridge. During the six years he remained there, the Mercers' Company, who were the patrons of the college, resolved, on their own free motion, to grant him an allowance of £100 per annum; and he also enjoyed several of the Perry exhibitions. In 1805, he took his degree of Bachelor in Civil Law, and returned to London, where he became a pupil in the chambers of Mr. Joseph Chitty, the well-known leading special pleader of the day. Having kept all his terms at the Middle Temple, we find Mr. Wylde next called to the bar, and taking up his station at once as practitioner in the Court of Queen's Bench. A few years afterwards, in 1815, the office of judge advocate of the territory of New South Wales was offered him, and he accepted it, set out for Sydney, and took his seat on the bench on the 1st January, 1816. He was accompanied by his father, who, from a desire to be near the son, accepted the colonial appointment of clerk of the peace, and continued in Sydney for the remainder of his life. The office of judge advocate, held by Mr. Wylde, was of as anomalous a character as was the court over which he presided. He was at the same time the public prosecutor and chief justice; and the patent under which the court—the governor's court, as it was called—was constituted, provided that it should "consist of the judge advocate, together with six officers of his Majesty's forces, empowered to proceed within the colony in a more summary way than has been used within the realm." Mr. Wylde, however, discharged the duties of his difficult position with credit to himself, and with satisfaction to the colonists, for a period of eight years. It was then determined to supersede this military sort of judicature by something better adapted to the requirements of an advancing colony; and Mr. Wylde, his office being abolished, determined to retire and return to England, where he was led to expect that a better appointment would be placed at his disposal. On the last day on which he appeared on the bench in Sydney, in 1824, he delivered a valedictory address; and was addressed in turn by Mr. Garling, the crown solicitor, and in the name of the profession generally, in the most handsome terms.

We can only find space here for a single extract. Mr. Garling said that—

In common with his professional friends in that court, and the public in general, it could not have escaped observation how arduous and difficult had been the task his Honor had to perform in discharging the various and anomalous duties that the patent, under which the court had existed for the last fourteen years, had thrown on the judge advocate of this colony; but it was a source of great gratification to them, and justice claimed, that he should take this opportunity to declare what the public, he knew, joined him in the declaration of, that, during a period of near eight years, his Honor had discharged those duties in a way, that not only discovered his anxiety to promote the public interests consigned to his charge, but displayed the extensiveness of his great powers. In dispensing justice, he proved, how peculiarly he was qualified for the judicial seat, by his knowledge of the learned profession, of which he was a member, by the suavity of his manners, and his own personal endowments; and, at the same time, that the public had to remember, with gratitude, the impartiality that had always marked his conduct and decisions, the profession had to admire the independence with which he had always upheld the judicial character, and added to he dignity of the profession in general.

Mr. Wylde soon after proceeded to England, and took his degree of LL.D.

His Majesty's government had, about this time, turned its attention to the administration of justice at the Cape. By the letters patent, commonly called "The Charter of Justice," the old Court of Justice was abolished, the present Supreme Court was established, English was made the language of all colonial tribunals, and trial by jury in criminal cases was introduced. The chief justiceship of the new Supreme Court was offered to Mr. Wylde, who accepted it, was knighted on his appointment, and arrived here in 1827 to assume its duties. He has not, since then, upon any occasion, quitted the colony.

A judge's public life is almost necessarily uneventful. The thirty years and upwards which have passed away since Sir John Wylde came to the Cape have been marked by many and great changes in the colony itself; but the functions of the chief justice during that long time, though important, were unvaried, and his history presents little necessary to be recorded in a notice such as this.

Of Sir John Wylde's career as a judge, it is believed that those think most highly who are most competent to form a correct opinion. He was not a great lawyer, nor did he ever pretend to be so. Nor was he, like one who was his companion on the bench for five-and-twenty years, a great reasoner. But cases rarely come forward which require that the judge who tries them should be either a great lawyer or a great reasoner; and in dealing with the general business of his court Sir John Wylde exhibited much judicial aptitude. He was most pains-

taking and careful; the notes which he took of evidence, arguments, and authorities, were unusually full and correct, and when he came to deliver judgment, in cases of any intricacy or importance, it was easy to see, from the copious and well-considered memoranda with which he was supplied, that no labor had been spared in mastering the leading facts, or, indeed, the most minute details.

He was a singularly fluent speaker. Great fluency has its dangers, and it were idle to deny that Sir John Wylde sometimes gave proof of this; and there was, now and then, apparent in his looks and gestures, and in the cadences of his remarkably fine voice, something which suggested to the hearers that he must, in his youth, have had a turn for the stage. His taste in composition was the opposite of severe. Still, when he was in perfect health and spirits, thoroughly master of his subject, and, in turn, so thoroughly mastered by it as to have no time for certain mannerisms and peculiarities in style and diction to which he was too much attached, his sonorous and animated elocution, conveying, as it for the most did, sound and convincing reasons for his judgment, left nothing to be desired by the bar, the suitors, or the public.

It was in trying criminal cases that Sir John Wylde chiefly excelled. Long practice, coupled with no small natural sagacity, enabled him in general, at an early stage of the case, to see whether the prisoner was, or was not, guilty. But he never, upon that account, slackened in his search for further evidence. Indeed, if he appeared to the bystanders to have a fault, it was that he often seemed to them to follow up evidence long after it had left the case before the court. But not unfrequently those who had been impatient of what they had, at the moment, looked upon as beside the real question, came to see, before the trial ended, that important inferences were deducible from evidence which they had regarded as irrelevant. In charging the jury, he rarely missed or mistook any fact which bore upon the case, and if, in plain cases, he laid plainly before the jury the conclusions at which he had himself arrived, he never failed to warn them that, after all, the verdict would be theirs, not his, and that it was both their right and their duty to be fully satisfied in their own minds.

In 1854, the first session of the first Cape parliament was held, and Sir John Wylde, by virtue of his office, took his seat as president of the Legislative Council. He entered actively, as was to be expected from his turn of mind, into the business of the House, and succeeded by his urbanity, and fairness, in conciliating the good-will of all his brother members.

During the greater part of 1855, Sir John Wylde, though advanced in age, showed few signs of failing health or failing energy. His constitution, naturally robust, had never been impaired by indulgence, for, whilst exercising, at all times, a hospitality not merely liberal, but splendid, his habits were temperate even to abstemiousness, and certain uncomfortable dyspeptic tendencies, which affected his spirit more than his general health, suggested no ground for apprehension. It is doubted whether, down to the latter end of 1855, Sir John Wylde was ever, for a single day, prevented by illness from attending court. On the 4th September, 1855, he took his seat as judge of the Vice-Admiralty, in what appeared to be his usual health, and proceeded to give judgment in a long-pending slaver case. The judgment was a very elaborate one, entering into a minute examination of the facts and the law. Whilst speaking with his customary animation, he suddenly stopped, evidently ill. The counsel upon both sides urged him to discontinue the delivery of the judgment, and to give his decision afterwards, in writing. This he corteously declined, and, after a short pause, resumed his judgment, speaking more and more thickly as he went on. After he had concluded a long and able judgment, he strove to rise, but could not. It was then observed, with alarm, that his face was drawn, and that he had not the use of one side. This was his last appearance upon the bench. His life was, for some days, in extreme danger, but he at length rallied greatly, and is now in tolerable health, though with impaired utterance, and without the use of his right arm or right leg.

No notice of Sir John Wylde, however brief, should be concluded without recording that, during the whole of his long residence in this colony, he has been the steady and untiring friend of all its public institutions, especially those for promoting education. His services to the South African College and to the South African Infant School, the highest and the humblest of our educational establishments, have been very great. He took in these things an interest greater than some men would have taken in their own concerns, and time, influence, and money were ungrudgingly bestowed.

Since the attack which has been already described, Sir John Wylde has wholly withdrawn from the world. He is followed into his retirement by the sympathy and good wishes of his fellow-colonists of every class, who are glad to learn that, although prostrated by bodily infirmities, none of his mental powers have been seriously impaired by either disease or time, and that most of them are as fresh and vigorous as ever.

THE PLOUGHING MATCH AT MULDER'S VLEI.

At the last meeting of agricultural delegates in Cape Town, the proposition that an agricultural journal should be established having been offered by the delegate from George, it was considered that, as the time for carrying it out had not quite arrived, it was better that the *Cape Monthly Magazine* be made the organ of the society for the coming twelve months. In conformity with this view, I feel it my duty to forward you for publication, the list of prizes awarded at the late agricultural meeting, held by the parent society in conjunction with the Paarl branch. The chief object of the meeting was a ploughing match, and prizes were offered for various kinds of ploughs, as well as for the best ploughing. This is but the second ploughing match which has been held by the parent society in connection with its branches. The first took place at Phesantekraal, near D'Urban, in connection with the Malmesbury branch. The weather had been wet several days previous to the time appointed for the meeting, which prevented company attending, and limited the competition. The rule laid down by the committee of the parent society is never to *postpone* a meeting of any kind, as it is, in their opinion, most desirable that those who are willing to attend should not be prevented by the uncertainty which would naturally be felt, if it was customary to make the matches dependent upon the state of the weather.

For several days previous to the meeting at Mulder's Vlei, there had been occasional showers, and on the morning, about the time when the Cape Town company were to leave their homes, there were smart showers, and there was every appearance of a coming storm. Under these circumstances, a great many who had arranged to be present, and amongst them some of the most hearty supporters of the society, did not like to venture upon so long a journey. The day, however, contrary to expectation, turned out fine, and there were at least three hundred persons interested in agricultural pursuits in the field. His Excellency the Governor and Colonel Apperley honored the meeting with their presence, and took considerable interest in the day's proceedings, which were carried out with spirit. No less a number than fourteen ploughs were entered for the first prize, and, as will be seen below, the prize was awarded to a double-furrow Howard, as the one best suited for general purposes in this colony. I shall merely state the facts as they occurred, without venturing to give an opinion as to the correctness of the awards. Indeed, were I ever so capable of doing so, I should hardly feel called upon to do so now. The judges who were charged with the important duty of awarding the prizes, I have no doubt, can give good reasons for the decisions arrived at in every case; but whether they can or not, I do not feel disposed to question them.

That this meeting was a decided improvement upon any other that

has taken place was fully admitted by all who attended. One feature in it, that of farmers themselves showing the example to their workmen, by entering the lists, and in one case winning the prize, was very encouraging. The meeting was unquestionably a success, and was worth ten times the money it cost the parent and Paarl societies. The following is the list of prizes:

For the best plough, suited to various descriptions of soil, combining lightness of draught and excellence of work, a silver cup of the value of £10. There were fourteen ploughs entered for this prize; the judges (Messrs. P. L. van der Byl, J. W. Wessels, and F. Robinson) awarded the prize to Mr. D. van Niekerk, for Howard's double-furrow plough.

For the best plough for breaking up land, £5. The judges awarded this prize to Mr. Christian Beyers, for a Swedish double-furrow plough, and in doing so, they reported that, in their opinion, the double-furrow Swedish plough is well adapted for this colony.

Mr. Hare worked a sub-soil plough, for which a prize of £5 was offered, and Capt. Holmes entered an American plough to compete for this prize, but the judges (Messrs. J. H. de Villiers, M. van der Spuy, and P. D. Myburgh) held that the American is not a sub-soil plough, and, therefore, there was no competition. They decided that, in this case, the prize should be withheld.

For the best implement (or cultivator) for cleaning vineyards, £5. "Hare's improved cultivator" was alone entered for this prize; it was worked, and gave great satisfaction. The judges held it to be worthy of the prize, notwithstanding that there was no competition, and they awarded the prize to Mr. Hare accordingly.

For the best harrow, £3. This prize was awarded to Mr. D. J. van Niekerk. There was no competitor. The judges for this department were the same as for the first prize.

For the best pruning scissors, £1. This prize was awarded to Mr. Ross, ironmonger, Strand-street, Cape Town, who exhibited a large quantity.

There was no competitor for the prize offered for the best potatoe-digger.

For the best ploughman working singly, £5. Mr. Hare's ploughman (Cooper) has no match in South Africa. Mr. van Niekerk's ploughman was entered to contest the prize, but he ultimately refused to start against Cooper, who, therefore, took the prize.

The following prizes were awarded by the Paarl Society:

A prize of £2 was awarded to Mr. Hare's drainer. There were five competitors for the prize for pruning vines; but the judges, unable to distinguish between the work of Gideon, a pruner in the employ of Mr. Joubert, Stellenbosch Kloof, and Gabriel, in the employ of Mr. P. A. Myburgh, of Elsjesberg, divided the prize between the two. There were seven spadesmen who contested the prize offered for the best spadesman; the prize was divided between Gabriel, in the employ of Mr. Myburgh, Barend, in the employ of Mr. Christian Beyers, and Gideon, in the employ of Mr. G. Joubert.

Ten shillings was given by the Paarl Society to a cowherd, and ten shillings to a mule-driver, in the employ of Mr. Christian Beyers, for good behavior.

The spadesmen and vine-cutters did their work in capital style, and this being a novelty at our exhibitions, those present were curious to see whether it was worth while to repeat such prizes.

The general opinion at the close of the day's proceeding was, that encouragement afforded to this class of farm laborers will create a degree of emulation that will result most profitably both to the men themselves and their employers.

The hospitality of Mr. Beyers is perhaps the greatest fact of all, and one that will long be remembered by all present. One of the most splendid and costly banquets ever spread in South Africa was provided at Mulder's Vlei, at the expense of the proprietor of that magnificent estate. One hundred and fifty sat down in the main hall, presided over by Mr. Hare, of Groenfontein. Upwards of three hundred were feasted altogether. His Excellency the Governor was the principal speaker of the day, and in the course of one of his speeches occurs the following, which deserves to be recorded and remembered:

I can assure you of one thing, which is, that no person in the colony has the success of the farmers of the Cape of Good Hope more at heart than I have myself (hear, hear). And I do think that such meetings as this are productive of the greatest possible benefit to the country, as I think it is one of the best means of securing, throughout the whole of South Africa, improved systems of agriculture, so as to keep pace with the agriculturists of Europe. I hope that, just like a stone thrown into the water, which spreads circles all around, gradually increasing their distance as they separate, so the example given by these different exhibitions in the vicinity of the Cape, and in other leading divisions of the colony, will spread into the remotest parts of Africa. I hope in these times, which now seem to threaten such disasters throughout the greater part of the civilized world, which will necessarily compel us to rely on our own resources; in these times of terrific war, which seems to be approaching, I trust that such meetings as this will be the means of inducing the farmers to adopt such improvements as will enable the colony not only to administer to our own wants, which as yet we can hardly do, but to take advantage of the enormous rise in the home markets, which must undoubtedly take place, and which will offer such great prospects to two classes of the farmers of South Africa especially. Firstly, the wine farmers; as for wine an immense demand must spring up in Europe and other parts of the world, now that so many markets in which wine has been hitherto produced will be temporarily closed. And secondly, the horse-farmers, who have lately had an unlooked-for and great demand, in consequence of the occurrences in India."

It now becomes a question, whether the Committee of the parent society ought to rest contented with one ploughing match in the year. I think not. It is to be regretted that Stellenbosch has not yet thought it worth while to start a branch society, as that would enable the parent society to bring its operations to bear upon that part of the country also. But as the committee of the parent society have been invited to hold a meeting in the neighborhood of Eerste River, which will soon become one of the most important agricultural localities in the neighborhood of the metropolis, I think they ought to avail themselves of it, and I am inclined to believe that they will do so.

With the circumstances attending the late meeting fresh in the minds of the managers, they are now in a position to recommend several very

desirable improvements in the arrangements. What was defective in the last matches might be much more easily remedied if a meeting is held shortly, say in August or September, than if it is deferred to another year. Besides, whilst competitors are warm upon the subject, they should be brought together again, and, depend upon it, spirited as the last matches were, those to come off at Eerste River would be a great deal more so. R. W. M.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

THERE is a continued dullness in business, which does not appear likely to be relieved until the spring trade re-opens, unless, indeed, the colonists should learn that England has become embroiled in the war which has just sprung up on the continent of Europe. We sincerely trust that the mother country may steer clear of the difficulties which appear in her course, and that (without making allusion to other matters) the trade and prosperity of herself and dependencies may not be interrupted by her interference in a quarrel with which she seems at present to have very little to do. If, however, we become involved in war with any maritime power, we shall probably have to pay still more highly than we now do for provisions, and speculations in articles of necessary consumption will cause a temporary stir in trade.

Attention has been called in the local parliament to the defenceless state of Table, Algoa, and other bays on the coast of this colony; and, although we are of the same opinion, we cannot but think that a little energy would render these places somewhat less easy to take than we think British possessions of some importance to imperial interests should be. It is argued that the Cape, from its position, would be immediately protected by a fleet especially sent out, and such preparations would unquestionably be made, if it were possible to detach vessels from the Channel squadron, which might be found to have enough to cope with near home. We have wandered somewhat from our subject; but we sincerely hope that the evils of war may be averted, and that the advancing prosperity of the colony may not be imperiled by the interference of the mother country in a contest with which she has, to all appearance, no occasion to be engaged.

Since our last issue, the price of brown rice has advanced, and is not attainable under 22s. 6d. per bag. Importations of white rice have caused an apparent decline from our former quotations, but they were almost nominal, and may now be taken as selling at 30s. per bag, with good inquiry. Two vessels have arrived from Calcutta with the article,

and have brought information of an increase in the rate of export duty of from one anna to four annas per maund, a clear increase of 1s. per bag.

The coffee market has been badly supplied, owing to the loss of one of the regular Rio traders on Cape Point.

The weather off the coast has been unusually severe, even for the winter season, and many vessels in distress have been compelled to enter Algoa Bay for the purpose of repairs. It is probable, however, that the want of facilities for such operations, especially on so extended a scale, will cause great delay, if indeed it does not in some instances interfere with the prosecution of the voyages of such as have suffered most from the bad weather.

In bread stuffs there has been an advance, owing, in a great measure, to the knowledge that few importations can be expected from the United States. The demand for consumption in England is very great, and the price of wheat had advanced there very greatly. Orders for the eastward of the best kinds of Cape flour are in course of execution.

Almost the only subject of interest to the commercial community which has been discussed in Parliament is the establishment of a beach magistracy and water police in Table Bay, which had been favorably reported on by a select committee; but received its quietus for the session when brought up for consideration in the House of Assembly. In the course of the debate, the subject of giving boatman's receipts for cargo, and the advantage of one boatman being employed in landing cargo, was brought up; and it was a matter of regret to all the speakers that the present lax mode of conducting the boating arrangements in Table Bay should obtain.

Exchange on England has advanced, owing to the pressure on the English money market, and remittances were rather heavily made by the last mail. Discounts tighter than at the end of May,—some of the banks, with a desire to make a show of their assets, &c., having declined to assist their customers. The Attorney-General's motion for a monthly return of assets and liabilities, would, if matured into an act of Parliament, have obviated this fast-and-loose mode of doing business, whereby the trade of the colony is trifled with to suit the *amour propre* of certain bank directors.

REPORT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM,

FOR THE MONTHS OF APRIL, MAY, AND JUNE.

A SUDDEN attack of illness, at the close of the month of April, prevented me from furnishing my usual report of donations received during that month, and press of other matter excluded it in May; I am, therefore, constrained to compress the additions made to the collec-

tion for three months into a small compass. I trust the friends of the institution will not fancy that because every donation is not noticed, it is not valued, or does not come to hand. I endeavor to acknowledge individually everything that comes in; and thanks to the kindness of the various mail contractors, postmasters, and all connected with the post-office department, I do not believe one single parcel has been actually lost, and only in *very few* instances have specimens reached us in a state which precluded their being made use of.

One of the most interesting donations in April was received from Captain Norman, from Hout's Bay, a young black eagle (*aquila vulturina*), assuming the adult plumage. The thigh of this fine bird was six inches in circumference! We can well credit the stories told of its strength and ferocity. I regret I did not weigh the bird, which was received fresh.

Another rapacious bird (*bateo tachardus*), was received alive, from Mr. Loxton, of Zonnebloem. I kept it for several days, it ultimately effected its escape, by severing the thong which secured it. It actually returned at once to its old haunt, where it was shot next morning, with the portion of the thong still hanging to it.

Captain Sewell, of the Indian service, left with us on his departure a very fine mass of crystals from Poonah.

Mr. C. Manuel has presented a noble specimen of the giant clam (*tridacna gigas*), from the Straits of Malacca. This fine shell was rescued from a wreck, and brought down with great trouble and expense by Mr. Manuel from Bredasdorp. When first saved it was enveloped in a wicker work frame (which has been unfortunately lost), showing that the specimen was considered at the place of its capture, even, to be a very fine one, and worthy of a considerable amount of trouble and care in its transport to Europe.

Mr. Williams, some time since, presented to the museum an earthern vessel, which had been found in digging up the foundations of a house in Caledon-street, I believe. The shape and material seemed to be Etruscan, but as no name was left, no clue could be discovered to trace its origin. This has now been obtained in an accidental rencontre with Mr. Williams, and it appears that the site where the vessel was found was once the dwelling of an old Dutch gentleman, with antiquarian tastes, and this vessel, doubtless, formed a portion of his collection.

Mr. Rex, of the Knysna, has presented a curious semi-albino blaauw bokje (*cephalopus cærulea*). This curious specimen has the hinder quarters white, the rest of the body being the usual slaty color, though somewhat faded.

Mr. Jackson, "our special correspondent," has, of course, not forgotten us. A fine female "rooi rheebok," sent by him, and a magnifi-

cent specimen of the kori bustard, of Burchell, have been mounted; so also has the beautiful spotted axis (*A maculata*), presented by his Excellency Sir George Grey; and the young blue wildebeeste, sent down some time since by Mr. Wilson, from Otjimbingue. This gentleman has remitted another consignment, which is now to hand, consisting of a noble zebra's skin, a gemsbok skin, and the skin of a curious fox which we have not yet had time to identify.

The zebra (*equus montana*) has been mounted and forms one of the most striking objects in the collection. The female "nylghau," or blue antelope from the museum of the Royal Asiatic Society of Calcutta, and several of the larger felidæ have also been placed in the museum, and are well worth the trouble of a visit to those who have not been in for some time. Indeed, so many new animals have been added, that it is with difficulty that visitors can move about.

Mr. Fletcher has sent a fine specimen of ichneumon pharonis, from the Olifant's River.

Mr. Atmore, of Swellendam, has sent some new shells.

Mr. Arnot, of Colesberg, a collection of reptilian (*dicynodon*) remains, a young springbok, an avocet, and a zwart muishond from the Orange River, and several other donations.

Mr. Hofmeyr has sent a young duyker, mounted.

Mr. J. J. de Villiers, of the Paarl, several dassies, which were much wanted for exchanges.

Dr. Graf, a beautiful little white heron, &c.

A new contributor has sprung up in the person of the son of our friend, A. V. Jackson, of Nel's Poort. This young gentleman, not yet old enough to use a gun, has, with the aid of his bow and arrows, sent down nearly a dozen small birds, *many of which have proved quite new to the collection, and of the most interesting South African forms.* We hope some of our juvenile visitors will copy his example, and not forget us during the ensuing season, when birds' eggs are to be found.

Captain Sinclair has presented an entirely new owl, from Damara land, and a fine specimen of the blue "lory" (*sc: concolor*), of Dr. Smith's narrative, also a very valuable bird.

Want of space compels us to omit many small donations, which, however, are none the less welcome and useful.

We have much pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of a large case of specimens from the South Australian museum; also, that the classification and naming of the ornithological portion of the collection is completed.

E. L. LAYARD, Curator.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR APRIL, 1859.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time
Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Fah.	Thermometers. Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.	Dew Point.	Humid. of Air. Sat. = 100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind. Force.	Direction.	Rain.	Cloudy Sky in tenths.
April	inch.	°	°	°	°	•		inch.			inch.	
1	30·004	66·88	60·13	74·4	60·0	54·9	66·3	29·573	2·2	S ½ W		0·2
2	29·964	66·62	61·20	80·0	58·8	57·1	74·2	29·497	0·6	NWbW½W		5·5
3	30·013	65·18	61·18	72·3	58·8	58·0	78 6	29·531	0·9	S ½ W		1·6
4	30 016	67·82	63·82	75·4	63·4	60·7	79·2	29·483	2·5	S S W		4·6
5	30 050	65·86	59·96	71·0	61·7	55·2	69·0	29·613	1·4	S		5·4
6	30·151	65·64	59·74	73·5	58·0	55·1	70·4	29·716	1·4	S		1·3
7	30·118	67·54	59·72	71·0	60·3	53·6	62·4	29·703	3·8	S ½ E		0 3
8	29·981	66·14	59·96	81·0	52·5	55·3	71·0	29·542	2·0	S ½ E		1·7
9	29·902	67·82	60·38	71·2	58·0	54·6	63·8	29·473	4·0	S ½ E		0·4
10	29·898	69·50	61·04	80·8	59·0	54·7	62·2	29·467	1·4	SW ½ S		6·0
11	30·103	62·60	57·30	72·2	58·5	52·8	71·2	29·698	6·3	S ½ E		6·9
12	30·157	63·54	54·36	68·0	58·8	46·7	54·6	29·837	7·5	S ½ E		0·4
13	30·101	65·34	57·28	69·3	60·0	50·8	60·0	29·729	4·4	S ½ W		0·5
14	30·003	65·40	59·54	76·3	56·4	55·0	71·2	29·569	1·6	S ½ E		4·6
15	30·032	64·04	58·86	72·0	60·0	54·6	71·8	29·604	2·4	S		4·4
16	29·953	58·58	54·82	67·8	51·0	51·6	79·4	29·570	2·2	SW b W		5·2
17	29·878	57·14	55·64	62·0	53·4	54·3	90·4	29·456	1·3	NW ½ W	0·130	9·5
18	29·866	56·42	51·62	59·2	52·2	47·2	72·0	29·538	3·6	W ½ N	0·498	8·7
19	30·223	55·76	52·52	60·4	50·3	49·5	79·8	29·869	0·7	WbN ½ N	0·102	8·8
20	30·282	56·72	51·66	63·0	44·8	47·1	71·2	29·956	0·8	SbW ½ W		1·2
21	30·145	59·14	53·64	72·2	48·3	49·0	71·4	29·794	0·6	SSW ½ W		7·1
22	30·152	62·12	55·08	66·0	52·0	49·1	62·6	29·803	3·6	S ½ E		2·8
23	29·990	62·66	58·06	69·3	57·3	54·2	74·6	29·569	2·8	S		7·0
24	30·152	58·96	54 56	67·0	52·5	50·6	74·8	29·782	1 1	S b W	0·050	6·3
25	30·259	59·50	52·16	65·0	55·2	45·7	61·6	29·950	2·8	S ½ E		0·4
26	30·118	58·76	52·26	65·0	47·2	46·5	64·2	29·801	1·9	S ½		0
27	29 987	61·00	55·20	71·8	56·2	50·3	69·4	29·621	1·9	S ½		1·1
28	30·044	61·20	55·02	65·0	58·0	49·7	66·4	29·687	1·8	S		1·7
29	30·076	60·00	55·64	65·6	52·7	51·9	75·0	29·689	1·6	S ½ E		3·8
30	30·051	62·02	57·22	7·10	51·3	53·3	75·0	29·643	0·8	S b E		1·1
											Sum,	
Mean,	30·056	62·66	56·99	70·0	55·6	52·3	70·5	29·659	2·3	SS W	0·780	

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

		A M h m 5·34	A.M. h m 9·34	P.M. h m 1·34	P. M. h m 5·34	P.M. h m 9·34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°.	inches	30 049	30·086	30·040	30·043	30·063	30·358	29·758
,, Press. of dry air,	,,	29 670	29·681	29·638	29·637	29·671	30·000	30·364
Thermom.—Dry bulb.	degrees	57·85	64·70	68·71	62·30	59·52	80·8	45·6
,, Wet bulb.	,,	54·16	58·16	59·66	57·26	55·53	66·0	44 0
Humidity of the air.	p. cent.	78·9	66·8	57·6	72·3	76·9	97·	37·
Dew Point.	degrees	50·9	52·8	52·7	53 0	52·0	62·1	41·6

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

F. York, Phe

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT OSBORNE.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. VII.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.—THE HOUSE OF GUELPH.

"I HAVE labored to make a covenant with myself, that affection may not press upon judgment; for I suppose there is no man that hath any apprehensions of gentry, or nobleness, but his affection stands to the continuance of a house so illustrious, and would take hold of a twig or twine thread to uphold it. And yet time hath his revolutions; there must be a period and an end to all temporal things—*finis rerum*—an end of names and dignities, and whatsoever is terrene; and why not of De Vere? For where is Bohun? where is Mowbray? where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more, and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality! Yet let the name of De Vere stand so long as it pleaseth God."

So spake the good, honest, and brave Sir Randolf Crewe, Lord Chief Justice of England, in the time of King Charles I, in giving his opinion to the peers concerning a claim for the continuance of the Earldom of Oxford in the line of heirs male. Little thought the upright judge when he resisted the encroachments of sovereign power, and lost his place for his honesty, that the house of Stuart would so soon be ranked with the Plantagenets, amongst the things which were; and seeing that there must be "an end of names and dignities, and whatsoever is terrene," we are tempted to inquire when shall the house of Guelph be also "entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality." But, glancing at the frontispiece, we repeat the words of the judge, and utter the prayer of millions, that it may "stand so long as it pleaseth God."

But before we speculate on events which are yet in the

womb of time, it will be well to refer to the origin of that great house, which through so many ages has ruled in Italy and Germany, and at last culminated on the throne of Britain. Gibbon thought its history not unworthy of his genius, and in his miscellaneous works, volume III, there is an interesting but incomplete disquisition on "The Antiquities of the House of Brunswick."

The historian of the Roman empire has based on the researches of Leibnitz, Eccard, and Muratori an account full of interest, of—1, the Italian descent; 2, the German reign; and 3, the British succession of the house of Brunswick. Like the Papal hierarchy, the august dynasty of the Guelphs extends "till it is lost in the twilight of fable." Theodore Damaidences "spins from his own bowels, and from those of his blind or fallacious guides, an unbroken thread of two thousand four hundred and thirty-six years," and traces the descent from a companion of Romulus. Gibbon wisely observes "that it will be prudent, before we listen to the rude or refined tales of invention, to erect a strong and substantial edifice of truth on the learned labors of Leibnitz and Muratori;" and he subsequently expresses his conviction that, of the illustrious ancestors of Azo, the historians just named "have discovered four probable and four certain degrees. After the examination of their proofs, a scrupulous critic may suspect that, in deriving the Marquises of Este from those of Tuscany, 'the ascent of reason has been aided by the wings of imagination;' but he must confess that, since the beginning of the tenth century, the series of generations flows in a clear and unbroken stream."

From the abovenamed disquisition of Gibbon, Burke's peerage, and Halliday's history, we have compiled the following pedigree of the house of Guelph.

The founder of the illustrious family of Guelph, Anulphus, Hunulphus, or Guelph, younger brother of Odoacer, conqueror, and first barbarian king of Italy, obtained possessions in Bavaria, where he died in 489, leaving an only son, Olfigandus, a gallant soldier, who served under Belisarius, and died also leaving an only son, Uligagus, who likewise served under Belisarius, and in his last Persian campaign. He died in 590, and his son, or grandson, Caduinus, succeeded; the great fact of whose life was to collect and digest the laws of the Bavarian and German nations dependent on France. He died in 640, and his son, Cathicus, was murdered, in company with Dagobert I, in the forest of Vaivres, anno 670. The line of Guelphs is traced with more or less certainty from this period to the tenth century, but we continue

from "the four certain degrees" named by Gibbon, which appear to be represented by Adalbert, Otbert I, Otbert II, Azo I, from whom we pass to Azo II, in whom the genealogy, according to Gibbon, "ascends to the dignity of historic truth." The family may have derived from him the quality of longevity, said to distinguish their race, for he lived upwards of a hundred years in health, wealth, and honor, and was the husband of three wives. By the second of these, Gersenda, he had a son named Fulk, from whom the Dukes of Modena descended. His first wife, Cunegonda, was a German maid, whose ancestors, by their nobility and riches, were distinguished amongst the Suabian and Bavarian chiefs. She was the daughter of Guelph, or Wolfard, Count of Altdorf, and Duke of Nether Bavaria, by Imagi, daughter of Frederick, Count of Luxemburg.

The nobility and riches of Azo were not inferior to those of his consort, but after their sons and grandsons had been invested with the duchies of Bavaria and Saxony, the distant fame of an Italian marquis was gradually lost; and these princes, adhering to their maternal ancestors, assumed the more popular character of native Germans.

The son of Azo and Cunegonda was Guelph, Count of Altdorf and Duke of Upper and Lower Bavaria, who engaged in the first crusade, and died returning therefrom at Paphos, in Cyprus. This prince left by his wife, who was sister to Maud, Queen of William the Conqueror, four sons, and was succeeded by the eldest, Guelph, who died issueless in 1119, and was succeeded by his brother, Henry, surnamed Niger, who died in 1127, and was succeeded by his son, Henry, surnamed Superbus. He died by poison in 1138 or 1139, and was succeeded by his son, Henry, surnamed the Lion, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria, whose second consort was Maud, daughter of Henry II, of England, by whom he had three sons and a daughter, and, dying in 1195, was succeeded by the eldest of these sons, Henry, Longus of Zelle, Count Palatine of the Rhine from 1195 to 1215. He was succeeded by his nephew, Otho, Puer, who achieved the dukedom of Brunswick; and from him descended, through ten clearly defined generations, William, who succeeded to the government in 1559, and married Dorothy, daughter of Christian III, King of Denmark, by whom he had seven sons and eight daughters, and this large family made the singular arrangement amongst themselves that one son only should marry, and the dukedom remain indivisible. The choice was determined by lot, which fell to George, the sixth brother, whose youngest son, Ernest Augustus,

became, on the 9th December, 1692, Elector of Hanover. He married Sophia, daughter of Frederick, Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia, by the English Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King James I of England, and had issue, amongst others, George Lewis, who by virtue of the act of settlement of 6th March, 1702, which excluded the intermediate Stuart heirs, ascended the throne of England on the demise of Queen Anne.

It may be interesting here to note how these intermediate heirs lapsed in the process of time, and the title of the present reigning family became lineal as well as parliamentary.

James II of England, at the time of his expulsion from the throne, had two daughters, the issue of his first wife, the Lady Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon,—Mary, who married William, Prince of Orange, and ascended the throne of England, jointly with him, and Anne, who succeeded William in 1702.

By his second marriage with Mary of Modena, King James II had—James Francis Edward, so well known as the Chevalier St. George. His sons were, Charles Edward, known as the young Chevalier, who died in 1788, and Henry Benedict, Cardinal York, who died at Rome in 1807; and in the latter the whole issue of King James II became extinct.

In concluding this remarkable pedigree, two observations of Gibbon deserve notice.

1. It is curious that "the male posterity of Henry II of England," whose daughter Maude was married to Henry the Lion, "soon withered almost to the root. The eldest son of Maud was the presumptive heir of his uncle King John; and after the birth of Henry III, no more than a single life, the precarious life of a boy, stood between his title and the throne of England. According to the probable order of events, the children of Henry the Lion should have reigned over us five hundred years before the accession of the Hanover family."

2. "Twenty-two generations — seven or eight hundred years—occupy a small space even in the historical period of the world. But all greatness is relative; and there are not many pedigrees, in Europe or Asia, which can establish, by clear and contemporary proofs, a similar antiquity. If the ancestors of the Marquis Azo are lost, as they must be finally lost, in the darkness and disorder of the middle ages, it will be remembered that the use of hereditary names and armorial ensigns was unknown; that the descent of power and property was frequently violated; that few events were

recorded, and that few records have been preserved. Yet human pride may draw some comfort from the reflection that the authors of the race of Este-Brunswick can never be found in a private or plebeian rank: their first appearance is with the dignity of princes, and they start at once perfect and in arms, like Pallas from the head of Jupiter."

No account of the reigning family of Britain can henceforth be unassociated with the kindred house of Cobourg. For our present purpose, however, it is enough to say that Ernest, Duke of Saxe Cobourg-Gotha, born in 1784, had two sons, Ernest, the present duke, born June 21, 1818; and Albert, now Prince Consort of England, born 26th August, 1819.

Leopold, King of the Belgians, born 1790, is brother of the elder duke above-named, and was married, first, to the Princess Charlotte of England, daughter of King George III.

The sister of Ernest and Leopold, Victoria Maria Louisa, born in 1786, married Edward Duke of Kent, and became the mother of QUEEN VICTORIA.

It is unnecessary, in a sketch, which does not aspire to the dignity of history, to give the pedigree of the Guelphic house, in the British line, through the four successive Georges and King William IV. The accompanying photograph, taken from real life at Osborne,* has been reproduced in South Africa with a skill which the colonial public will no doubt appreciate. The chief of the royal house and Queen of the royal people is seated surrounded by her family, in the sacred seclusion of her island home. The picture tells its own tale, and we will not, with tame words, attempt to spoil its eloquence.

The public life of monarchs has often to be told ere the actors quit the scene, but that theme, in this instance, is too vast to be attempted here. Yet our pen insensibly glides into one remark; it is, that the reign of the Queen will have a singular unity, and be the history of a life. Ere a month had elapsed from the attainment of her eighteenth year, the booming cannons told that William Henry of England was no more. We well remember that solemn sound. Yet ere it fell upon the public ear, "in a palace in a garden,—not in a haughty keep, proud with the fame, but dark with the violence of ages,—not in a regal pile, bright with the splendor, but soiled with the intrigues of courts and factions; in a palace in a garden,—meet scene for youth, and innocence, and beauty,—came the voice that told the maiden she must ascend her throne!"

* It was taken by the Queen's command, by the photographers Caldesi and Montecchi.

How far the fears of that day have been disappointed, or its hopes realized, impartial history will tell. English loyalty, fearing to descend to flattery, pours not in the ear of living princes an insidious praise; but when the silver cord shall be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken, the "melodious swans by whom her name shall be honorably deposited in the temple of immortality," will sing nobly of her life, if the experience of more than twenty years justify a present judgment:

> And children of our children say,
> She wrought her people lasting good.
>
> Her court was pure, her life serene,
> God gave her praise,—her land reposed:
> A thousand claims to reverence closed
> In her as mother, wife, and Queen!
>
> And statesmen at her council met,
> Who knew the seasons when to take
> Occasion by the hand and make
> The bounds of freedom wider yet.
>
> By shaping some august decree
> Which kept her throne unshaken still—
> Broad-based upon her people's will,
> And compassed by the inviolate sea.

The following is a list of the children of the Queen, as represented in the picture, and which we append for the convenience of reference:

Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal of England, born 21st November, 1840; married Frederick William, eldest son of the Prince Regent of Prussia, — February, 1858. Hers is the sweet pensive face next behind the Queen, and looking downwards.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, the heir of England; is seen in profile, with his hat in his hand, to the right of the Queen. He was born 9th November, 1841.

Princess Alice Maude Mary, born 25th April, 1843, is seated to the right of the Queen, and between her and the Prince of Wales.

Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, born 6th August, 1844; he is the royal sailor, and is said to be the chosen heir of Saxe-Cobourg, in succession to his father and uncle: the latter of whom, the present duke, is without heirs. This young prince stands by the balustrade, next to the Prince Consort.

Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, born 25th May, 1846.

Princess Louisa Caroline Alberta, born 18th March, 1848. These two princesses stand on the Queen's left, between her and the Prince Consort.

Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1, 1850; he is seen in a Scotch dress, to the left of the Queen. He was named Arthur, after the great Duke of Wellington, his godfather.

Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, born 7th April, 1853, stands between the Queen and Prince of Wales. He was named Leopold, after his godfather's uncle, Leopold, King of the Belgians.

Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, born 14th April, 1857, is the infant in the lap of the Queen.

IN THE GRACHTS.

SKETCHES OF AMSTERDAM BY DAY.

I never saw such a country as this is for water,—swamp, damp, splash, dash, wash, and sluice, at all hours, in every place, and in each conceivable way. You are awakened by the sound of the fluid, forced by a species of pump in the street below, against your chamber window; and by the scrubbing of the glass, by means of a long-handled brush, wielded also in the street below by a straight-shaped maid, with huge apron tied carefully round her, and, as likely as not, with two boat-shaped wooden shoes, of vast dimensions, upon her feet. Then the street has its scouring; the staircases, passages, and rooms, theirs; for, with the Hollanders, water has a certain ubiquity. On board their ships, too, this damping process is continually going on. A *Hollandsche barkschip* is positively *aguish* by reason of the daily washing it undergoes. At any time, the voyager is prepared to see *jufvrouw*, plump and gawky, splashing away with mop and pail before her, and *mensch*, or other individual, mopping and puddling with due vigor at her side, with all variety of splash, dash, wash, swamp, and sluice; and to be driven from the beflooded cabin, steaming coldly, to the wet decks, to gaze upon the waters, which, for the nonce, seem really dry in comparison. There is water everywhere, indeed, with the Dutchmen, except upon their own person, and there, it

grieves me to say, the fluid is but little known. On the Continent, generally, the ablutions of an Englishman cause sensation, not to say astonishment; and I have even heard, upon indubitable authority, of the persecutions which British girls undergo, in foreign pensions, upon the score of their insular cleanliness.

So you rise, dress, and breakfast; thereby infringing another custom of the Dyke-land—for the meal of early morning is contrary to the traditions of the place, and the Dutchman contents himself with coffee imbibed before rising, and a *bittertje* later in the day. You proceed to see the city, and, as likely as not, consult a map of its streets. You notice at a glance that the town is laid out with considerable regularity; the whole forming a semicircle or crescent, whose concavity is bounded by a gulf or arm of the Zuyder Zee, and whose convexity is surrounded by a broad moat, the Singelgracht, enclosing what once were ramparts and earth-works, but which now form avenues and gardens. Proceeding towards the centre, where lies the square of the Dam, with its palace, church, bourse, and *café*, you cross three streets or canals—a combination of both, in fact,—also running in a semicircular direction round the town. The outermost is the "Prinzengracht," broad and not unpicturesque; the middle, the "Keisergracht," highly respectable; the inner, the "Heerengracht," well built, shaded by trees, and the aristocratic quarter of the city. Nearer yet to the centre of the town is a fourth great canal-street; old, irregular, far more picturesque than the others, and marked by occasional red brick turrets, the "Singel." Here was the boundary of ancient Amsterdam; and within this girdle-like enclosure, in fact, are to be found the quaintest nooks, the strangest gables, the narrowest streets, and the dullest Dutchmen.

So I proceeded upon a stroll one morning, and straightway found myself before the Rijks Museum—the national gallery of Amsterdam. On entering, I was astonished to see behind the stone façade, Corinthian columns, and pediment outsides, a succession of inconvenient rooms and awkward staircases, where hung the paintings of the old Dutch masters. Upon asking for a catalogue, I had the option of purchasing a Dutch Handboek, or a French guide, or of borrowing, for the sum of fivepence the hour, a so-called English list of the paintings. Now, my knowledge of French (in which I was addressed) is so imperfect, that I will readily admit I may be mistaken as to the information of the heavily urbane attendant respecting this amusing little octavo. It would

seem that the MS. is his own, as is, unquestionably, the English in which it is written. He had compiled it with the assistance of a dictionary; and the result was curious in a literary point of view. I am told, for example, that No. 240 represents "Adam and Eve driving awaij from the Paradise," while No. 414 is, with a special quaintness, described as "one unknow count of Nassau."

I spent some hours in this place, powerfully impressed with the wonderful devices of art on the walls around. There were Magdalens holding skulls in their hands; mothers weeping at the crosses' foot, and other solemn allegories. There were native landscapes, painted by native hands, in which many gabled towns, long watery canals, and avenues of tall straight trees were repeated in the various hues of sunlight, storm, dawn, or twilight. There were huge canvasses, filled with life-sized portraits, to which the magic hand of Rembrandt had given all but the motions of life, and over which he had thrown shadows that struggled lazily with light. There were older limnings, which gave a brief immortality to faces else forgotten, that had smiled or frowned amid huge ruffs or hideous head dresses centuries ago. There were Scripture pieces and passages from history, ships in fleets, and common-place scenes in multitudes. I was struck with the dark beauty of a "Judith with the Head of Holofernes," a well-known painting, many times engraved, and stood, as others have done before me, in wrapt admiration of the oval face, flowing locks of ebon hair, and the dark full black eye, lustrous even with the expression of determination and command that sat upon it, of the standing Judith, in whose one hand was grasped the scimitar, and whose other held the head of the warrior, its bearded face already penciled with the lineaments of death. There was another painting equally suggestive to the mind of the Englishman, a Vandyke, depicting the children of Charles the First,—the quiet, pale-faced little Princess Mary, and Charles, afterwards the second of that name, a handsomely roguish little fellow, with long curls falling down upon his neck. When the wondrously limning Dutchman drew this boy prince and girl princess, how little did he dream, sitting before his easel in the palace, anon joking perchance with the children before him, of the darker historic clouds already looming in the distance.

So I strolled through the place, noting holiday people, who had come to the gallery, and were gaping, after the manner of all holiday people, at the pictures,—noting *heeren* and *mefvrouws*, the latter tall and handsome, oftentimes with catalogue in hand, behaving with the propriety usually

exhibited by *heeren* and *mefvrouws*, in the presence of art; noting moreover, a pleasant-looking girl, neatly dressed, who with pallette and easel, was copying an interior on the wall beside her.

Once more outside the Trippenhuis, as this gallery is called, my attention is roused by certain unwieldy boats or lighters on the canal, the property of a water vendor, who may be seen pumping the clear fluid from the hold below into divers pails and tubs, brought chiefly by the poorer classes. These boats are the relics of what was once the only water supply for the town, before modern enterprise conveyed it by means of pipes from the fresh springs among the Haarlem sand hills. The vessels are provided with a plug beneath the surface of the canal or river; they are towed far up the country streams. This plug is withdrawn, and the hold soon fills; the plug is then replaced, and the cargo floated back again to the city. A place called Weesp is the favorite rendevous of these aquarian craft, whose profits were by no means small in bygone days, when Amsterdam had to purchase its spring water at the rate of eighteenpence a small tubful. Besides this relic of bygone systems, there is much unloading of lighters, whose contents are shoveled out upon sail cloth in the street, or hauled up in the form of tubs or chests, which are frequently unpacked at the water's edge. The following course of events is the most common: aromatic odor; appearance of cask with its sides falling to pieces; overflow of large dried leaves of light-brownish color; sallow little men with red woolen nightcaps, weighing the said leaves; doors of dark warehouses open close by, within which are more casks, and more dried leaves. Impression, and a true one, that the herb before you, with whose *débris* the street is strewn, is the raw state of that universal weed, tobacco.

Now in order to admit of free passage to the vast canal traffic (for these lighters take the place of wagon and cart in the City of the Grachts), there are continual drawbridges of peculiar construction. Thus, upon one side of the water rises a huge wooden archway, upon whose top is balanced a vast lever, exactly corresponding to the beam of a pair of scales; one end is made fast by chains to the drawbridge below, which acts on hinges; at the other is a box, filled with heavy stones, whose weight is intended as counterpoise. Boat wants to pass; so bolts are withdrawn, a chain is pulled, counterpoise falls down, drawbridge is raised on end, street traffic is arrested, and smokes in peace until boat has passed,—chain is let go, counterpoise rises, bridge falls, and returned bolts have made the whole contrivance safe and sound again.

I said that the street traffic smoked in peace, and I said it advisedly; for the only vehicles one sees are the solitary omnibus, and brougham, or *vigilante*, equally solitary. There is, to be sure, a sort of a drag or barrow, pushed by man who holds the handles, and dragged by second man who tugs at a rope in front. But the highways are rather filled with foot passengers. One passes women with head-dresses which vastly resemble night-caps, and otherwise ungracefully clad; other women, better clad, with plates of silver or gold worked into their head-dresses. Stalwart dames, with the black hair and eyes and the darkly rosy cheeks of North Holland; or Frisian *jufvrouws*,—tall, erect, handsome—with their flaxen locks and eyes of blue, distant cousins of our Anglo-Saxon selves, and the noblest race of the country of the Dykes. Then there are soldiers, chiefly conscripts, whose beards are just struggling into notice—mere boys, oftentimes, but clad in the best military costume that ever greeted their eyes, a dark-blue dress, that no officer need be ashamed to wear, and that contrasts well with the unsightly attire of many of the brave soldiers of England. By the great docks, on the other hand,—which, Amsterdam being considered of crescentic plan, lie where the horns ought to be,—one may perchance see sailors, whose grotesque appearance attains at time a patomimic ugliness. Imagine a most extravagant pair of peg-top trowsers, the material horse-cloth, cut off just below the knees, and reaching to the waist above. Let this be baggy in the extreme, and let the leg portions be of sufficient dimensions for a limb suffering from exaggerated elephantiasis. Put the wearer into the coarsest hosen stockings and the largest of wooden shoes,—let him have a blue sea-jacket, and a red night-cap on his head, and conceive your man as broadly built, five feet or so in height, and sporting a grizzly beard, and you may have some idea of certain of the fishermen of a Dutch sea-port.

There is another class of pedestrians, equally old fashioned and outlandish—undertakers' men, who, clad in three-cornered hat, coats of quaker cut, spare small clothes, and a dingy ribbon blue scarf, which hangs over one shoulder far down the back, promenade the streets, either hastily and alone, or slowly when following the hearse,—here of peculiar form.

On a fine November day, when fog has given way to sunshine, I stand within the Heerengracht, where the richer merchants dwell, and where the houses are a combination of private residence, business office, and warehouse,—the relative

distribution being as follows: cellars, or low ground floor, filled with bales and packages, and rich in accumulated merchandise. First floor, reached by stone steps, which are guarded by fantastic iron balustrade, and lighted by lofty windows,—the front door being painted and varnished so as to reflect like a mirror. Here are the sitting-rooms, where *mefvrouw* sets herself down by the casement, stitching or knitting, and anon glancing into the street. The office is mostly reached by a narrow and tortuous staircase from the basement floor. High up by the roof, here without the gable, but still exhibiting the crane, are garrets and places where the winter fuel is stowed, and, may be, merchandise also. The front is often a stone one; but now and then a many-gabled tenement, of older Dutch architecture, and brightly picturesque, stands prominent by its contrast of white stone facings on a vermillion brick wall, which is pierced by innumerable windows, and enriched by string courses and sculptured festoon work,—a style, something akin to our Jacobean, and which, with certain modifications, might be advantageously followed by English architects in search of the picturesque. Well, I stand in the Heerengracht, with its line of rich men's houses, its line of prettily paved streets, and its line of trees by the canal side, and I can well fancy myself a figure in the toy street of some German plaything, for over all is a neatness and a nattiness, and an odd littleness, that gives an impression that the whole is the bauble of some Brobdignaggian infant. Other things strike you, especially in the less-trodden thoroughfares,—the signs and symbols of the tradesmen, displayed as in the bygone days in England.

There is the barber, with his circular mirrors of brass suspended without his window, and moved by the wind; or the salamander, creeping amid gilded flames at the old-fashioned shop of the "apotheek." Then, again, the pictures of the old Dutch masters seem yet to stare you in the face, in the City of the Grachts. At every turn you ejaculate to yourself, "Hallo! here is a touch of Rembrandt;" or, "Bless my eyes! Jan Steen again." I was positively delighted one afternoon at the hour of twilight, at a farriery or blacksmith's forge, hard by the Botermarket; the front next the street consisted of some half dozen narrow stalls for shoeing, separated by beams of black-painted wood, and furnished with straps, or other gear, for fastening the foot which has to be operated upon. In the mid-darkness of the place, stood a blazing forge, whose ruddy light shone upon begrimed figures around, upon horse fastened up in the foreground,

and upon large window in the background, which lit doubtless some inner room, for at an adjoining door, up several steps, stood a *jufvrouw*, of goodly build, and I saw the sparkle of golden ear-rings as she moved her head. There are, moreover, little life pictures, such as one may meet with all the world over, but here in a Dutch frame—to wit, the oddly becapped mother, tending, with all the sweet instinct of maternity, her infant also oddly becapped, or the lawyer on his way to court, begowned, and likewise becapped in strange fashion; for if you can imagine the paper cap worn in the English workshop, and conceive it made of cloth or velvet, you may have some idea of his head-dress. Then there are beggars, old men who dog your steps, and curse you if you refuse them alms. Young boys of the shoe-black species, who attack the stranger in legions, and pester him until he either submits to the polishing of his boots, or becomes irritated, when the battle is all against him. These little scamps will follow you up street and down alley; will wait at the doors of public exhibitions, whither you have rushed for refuge; not ceasing all the time to pour mendicant gutterals whiningly into your ear. I well remember seeing Snapp, whose stiff collar, long coat, and attenuated umbrella told more of the London Haymarket than of the City of the Grachts, standing at bay upon a bridge, and threatening to throw his principal persecutor into the water below; and I must say that the poor fellow looked so much as if he meant to carry his threat into execution, that the whole company marched away to a safe distance. Easyman, who is of a quiet compromising disposition, met with a different fate. Upon inquiring concerning his shoes, which shone like a furnace, one blazing day, he told me that, for the sake of peace, he had had them brushed no less than seven times that morning.

On a certain smiling holiday, when the air was genial and the mists had forgotten to rise from the canals around us, I accompanied a cynical little Dutchman to the Zoological Gardens, which form the fashionable promenade of the City of the Grachts. A small park, studded with semi-rustic cages, and erections of the stable or fowl-house order of architecture, and bisected by a canal, upon whose waters aquatic birds sail, duck, and chase one another after the manner of their kind. As we enter, four fierce Skye terriers,—perhaps, to avoid controversy, I had better call them shaggy little dogs,—stand guarding the gateway, ready to attack any of their species who should venture within these confines. The grounds are bright with the ladies' dresses,

which flit in every path, and lively through the children who throng the place, charmed with the animals, and in their best clothes. So we go through aviary and monkey-house, staring anon at the admirable collection of birds, and the good stock of beasts and reptiles, till, by-and-by, we feel a certain monitor within, and enter the great building—half museum, half refreshment room,—known as the "Natura artis Magistra;" possibly from the fact that it is far more a place of eating and drinking than of science. It consists of two vast rooms, with a staircase hall between, and similar apartments overhead;—the upper being museum, the lower *café*, and what not. The place is thronged,—people sit round tables,—men, women, and children. The light is positively dimmed from the clouds of tobacco smoke; every one is talking, coffee-cups are jingling, glasses chinking, and plates rattling on every side. The favorite beverages in this divan seem to be some coffee, some wine, much geneva, and more *bittertje*—but most of all, the season being winter, is a thick, creamy egg-flip, made of brandy, which man woman, and child alike imbibe; hence the conversation, and the liveliness, unusual in the City of the Grachts. I say nothing of the cigars, for every one smokes immoderately in Dyke-land. You see shoals of unwholesome-looking boys, puffing lazily away; you see young men, still more unwholesome of aspect, and whose teeth present every hue of decay, from sooty yellow to the blackness of advanced caries. You see fathers taking cigars from their mouths, and teaching their children, who have scarcely yet learned to articulate, how to smoke. As in this building, so in the railway carriage, but of this anon. It is after some of the egg-flip with the brandy in it that I learn, from my cynical little friend, what they think of England in the City of the Grachts. I am told that it was very tyrannical of us to have made our way into Japan, as we have done; in point of fact, that we have no business there. I learn that England, although possessing some few rich men, is, in the main, ground down with poverty and destitution. I hear that our national debt far outbalances the apparent wealth which our commerce would seem to indicate. I am astonished at the ignorance which seems to reign supreme in the British isles. Not only am I made acquainted with our despotic tyranny in India and Ireland, but Scotland herself seems here to be considered an oppressed nationality. And I listen to the remark, that it is a well-known fact, that England manages her colonies worst of any country in the world.

Profoundly impressed by these statements, I change the

subject as we ascend to the museum overhead, and learn that the building was nearly completed before they thought of the stairs, which now wind in a circular projection, not contemplated in the original plans.

The stranger who enters the better class of houses in the City of the Grachts is astonished to see the profusion of marble in chamber and hall. Often the floor is paved, and the walls are covered with slabs of the stone. Then, in the older dwellings, the sides of a room are occupied by one vast painting, let into the wall. There is a loftiness which arrests the attention. The windows look out into the gracht below; the bed-rooms are lofty too; while, as I have before said, garret takes the place of cellar, which is *kantoor* or warehouse more frequently than not.

Talking of these goodly rooms reminds me of certain goodly dinners within them. Now the Dutch have national dishes, even as the men of other nations. They have soups, most of which I do not admire; and fish, all of which I do, for they are prime within the Dyke-land. There they eat without the scorching compounds with which the Englishman is wont, under the name of sauces, to torture his stomach, but simply with salt and butter instead. Then there are odd hotch-potches of mingled vegetables, boiled and mashed together,—carrot, potato, cabbage, and the like, —with or without some straggling pieces of stewed meat amongst them. They have vegetables, too, to which the Englishman is unaccustomed. Dried beans, boiled or made into a soup, like the similar compound of peas, chicory tops of bitter flavor, and a certain root, said to be of the mangle tribe, something like asparagus to look at, and with a name resembling "cochineal" (*schorzenelen*). All kinds of huge sausage-like bodies, smoked, but otherwise uncooked, are consumed with zest; and various dried meats, likewise uncooked, which turn the stomach of an Englishman, but whet the appetite of the Hollander. Their sandwiches are ponderous and heavy. They take a small loaf, for instance, cut it in two, and butter the divided edges, which they readjust with a film of some of the raw dried meat I have just spoken of, or more frequently with a slice, equally fragile, of cheese, between them. As it may be supposed, the munching of such colossal fare requires a wide opening of the mouth, which is often painfully stretched on these occasions.

A vast number of Jews, upwards of twenty thousand, I believe, reside in the City of the Grachts. Their quarter of the town is one of the sights of the place. It has a swarming population, where strongly-marked Hebrew faces muster

in every direction. Many of them are said to be of Portuguese descent; and their women, for those who fancy eyes and hair of intense blackness, are not unhandsome. In the very midst of this region rises the lofty church of the Roman Catholics, curiously dedicated, in honor of the neighborhood, it is said, to Moses and Aaron. Under the shadow of this pile lies a main street, which, at times, and at very frequent ones, too, is so filled with the trucks of costermongers, vociferating sellers, and excited buyers, so begrimed with dirt, and disfigured with rags,—so crowded, in fact, with misery and squalor,—that the stranger who has to push his way through this human ant-hill is well inclined to admit the hypothesis that men sprung first, like flies, from the world's primeval mud, and that he is now witnessing a similar generation from the quagmires and the wet clay of the City of the Grachts.

It is time for me to finish this desultory chat; and the reader may, in imagination, quit with me the capital of the Dyke-land, by entering a third-class carriage upon the Haarlem railway —for I hold that there is no place so well adapted for mingling with the masses of a country, and learning their habits, as in these cheap and well-populated conveyances. It is a small place, closely covered in, and is just now thronged with men, who, packed in the smallest space, light up each his cigar, and ere the engine has given its starting puff, are already far advanced in tobacco smoke; all kinds of matches, fusees, and other contrivances, far more complicated, for eliciting fire, come into play. By-and-by there is an abundant and general flow of saliva,—at least I judge so by the spitting which is going on around me; soon one begins to appreciate the tales of the Black Hole at Calcutta; for whilst the atmosphere becomes stifling, the silence is unbroken, and there arises a nausea that threatens positive sickness. So the train pursues its journey in a leisurely manner. The guard, a bearded, be-whiskered man, the sound of whose brass horn had been the signal for starting, disappears at the door, and climbs along on a kind of foot-board outside, from carriage to carriage, inspecting tickets and counting passengers. At last, some one, less schooled to suffocation than his fellows, lets down a panel or shutter, and we see the country outside. It stretches flat in all directions. We have passed the suburban forest of wind-mills, some forty of which had been seen at a glance from our starting place; and now note that a canal and a road, straight as an arrow, and running parallel with the line, far as the eye can reach, are all that is left to tell of the city we have left.

TO A BIRD SINGING IN A CHURCHYARD

Sweet, honey'd throat!
Why cam'st thou here as ev'ning fell
To trill around such mournful spell
Of wild, sad note?

Could'st thou not rest
Far blithlier in some blooming glade,
With sparkling rill and fragrant shade,
All bright and blest?

This, thou must know,
Is a lone spot of silent gloom,
Sacred to urn and dull grey tomb—
To sob and woe.

Or dost thou mourn
Some dire inexorable fate,
Death or desertion of thy mate,
And so, forlorn,—

Art hither fled,
To utter in that pensive wail
Thy weary heart's distressful tale
Among the dead?

Sweet bird, go hence!
Go, for but fleeting is thy day;
Warble some merrier roundelay
'Mid flower-deck'd fence.

Go; and be glad;
Mate with some other plumy thing,
Then sweep thro' air on downy wing;
No more so sad.

'Tis only man
Who must in utter misery weep
When loved ones change, or in death's sleep
Lie cold and wan.

Yes, man alone!
Yet he, beneath grief's sable wings,
May, while the heart in anguish wrings,
Make *that* his own,—

That pearl of price,
Which, beaming through earth's darkest night,
Can fill the hopeless soul with light,
With joy the eyes.

Then, though the rod
Come smiting sharp, swift, bitterly,
Each tear he sheds on contrite knee,
In that wild storm of agony,
A chain of radiant gems shall be
'Tween him and God.

E. S. W.

JOURNAL OF JACOB VAN REENEN,

IN SEARCH OF THE "GROSVENOR'S" WRECK AND CREW.

[Continued from page 24.]

THE RETURN HOME.

From the place where the wagons halted we traveled the distance of twelve hours inland, on horseback; during which we crossed seven rivers: the wagons, at the same time, proceeding homewards a journey of seventeen hours to the river Bogasie, where we caught some most delicious fish and oysters.

Friday, 19th Nov., 1790.—We this day continued our journey five hours farther.

Saturday, 20th.—Passing the rivers Tanwoeta and Woewanpoevoe, in eight hours we arrived at the Sinwoewoe, or Sea Cow river.

Sunday, 21st.—We this day were under the necessity of halting, on account of the alarming indisposition of old Holtshausen, who was attacked with a locked jaw and violent convulsive fits, so that we expected his death every moment. At night our outposts gave an alarm of being watched by the natives: upon which we fired several times in the air, and heard no more of them. That same day, above two hundred of them had been with us, with gold and silver to barter: but we were now inclined to think that they only came with that pretext, in order to discover our force, and, if possible, to take an opportunity of surprising us when off our guard.

During the day we shot four sea cows.

Monday, 22nd.—Poor old Holtshausen's illness was now increasing so rapidly, that we were obliged to sit up and attend upon him the whole night.

Tuesday, 23rd.—This afternoon, at half-past four o'clock, he expired. We, immediately, with some of the plank of the wagons that was most convenient for the purpose, set about preparing a coffin.

Wednesday, 24th.—At half-past eight o'clock this morning, we interred the body of our friend, under a large Kaffer-tree standing alone, on which we all cut our names: and departing, passed the river Sinwoewoe; and in eight hours' journey arrived at the Great Mogasie river.

Thursday, 25th.—Here we were obliged to halt, on account of a heavy fall of rain.

Friday, 26th.—Hence we passed the Great and Little Mogasie rivers; and after traveling eight hours, arrived at the *bastaard* Christian village. I would now have taken the three old women with us; to which they seemed well inclined, as appearing much to wish to live amongst Christians; but mentioned their desire, before they could accomplish such a plan, of waiting till their harvest, to gather in their crops: adding that, for this reason, they would at present rather remain with their children and grandchildren; after which, with their whole race, to the amount of four hundred, they would be happy to depart from their present settlement. I concluded by promising that I would give a full account of them to the government of the Cape, in order that they might be removed from their present situation. It is to be observed, that on our visit to these women, they appeared to be exceedingly agitated at seeing people of their own complexion and description.*

* This family, it is easy to be conceived, may have given occasion to the answers made by the Kaffers, whenever they have been questioned respecting what they knew of the existence of the *Grosvenor's* people: and their answers, imperfectly understood by persons not understanding their language, may have given rise to the observations of Vaillant, and to what is mentioned by Bligh of Colonel Gordon.

Saturday, 27th.—We left this village, and traveled three hours, to a wood, where we shot three elephants, the teeth of which we cut out.

Sunday, 28th.—Proceeded five hours; in the course of which we passed the river Tasana, and shot four elephants. We also caught a young one, and tied it to one of the wagons: but were, in a very short time, under the necessity of killing it, as its cries brought about us such a number, that we were fearful of being trodden to death: and during the night a very large herd of them passed by us.

Monday, 29th.—We this day halted on account of the heavy rain; during which several of our oxen died.

Tuesday, 30th.—We now passed the river Dombie, and traveled eight hours.

Lost many more of our oxen. Passed the river Tathaa; in which we shot five sea cows.

Wednesday, 1st Dec.—We employed ourselves this day in cutting up and salting the meat of the sea cows that we had shot the preceding evening. By the time we had accomplished this, a large male elephant came up to the wagons. We instantly pursued and attacked him; when, after having received several shots, and that he had twice fallen, he crept into a very thick thorny underwood. Thinking that we had fully done for him, Tjaart van der Waldt, Lodewyk Prins, and Ignatius Mulder advanced to the spot where he was hid; when he rushed out, in a furious manner, from the thicket, and with his trunk catching hold of Lodewyk Prins, who was then on horseback, trod him to death; and driving one of his tusks through his body, threw him into the air to the distance of thirty feet. The others perceiving that there was no possibility of escaping on horseback, dismounted and crept into the thicket to hide themselves. The elephant having nothing now in view but the horse of van der Waldt, followed it for some time; when he turned about, and came to the spot near to where the dead body lay, looking about for it. At this instant, our whole party renewed the attack, in order to drive him from the spot; when, after that he had received several shots, he again escaped into the thickest of the wood. We now thought that he was far enough off, and had already begun to dig a grave for our unfortunate companion; at which we were busily employed, when the elephant rushed out again, and driving us all away, remained by himself there on the spot. Tjaart van der Waldt got another shot at him, at the distance of an hundred paces. We every one of us then made another attack upon him; and, having now received several more bullets, he began to stagger; then falling, the Hottentots, with a shot or two more, killed him as he lay on the ground.

The fury of this animal is indescribable. Those of our party who knew anything of elephant-hunting, declared that it was the fleetest and most furious they had ever beheld.

The Hottentots told us that the elephants' custom is, whenever attacked, never to leave a dead body, until, by piecemeal, they have swallowed the whole carcase: and that they themselves had seen a Hottentot killed much in same manner as our friend, of whose body they never could find the least remains. This, probably, would have been the fate of our companion, had we not made so severe an attack on the elephant.

We now set about finishing the grave, and, at half-past six o'clock in the afternoon interred the body of the unfortunate Lodewyk Prins.

Thursday, 2nd.—We now proceeded, and during this day got on eight hours and a half, in the course of which we passed the river Nodei, and shot a buffalo.

Friday, 3rd.—Traveled onward six hours, and passed the river Nooga. Shot two elephants and one sea cow.

Saturday, 4th.—We this day arrived, in a journey of eight hours, with very great difficulty, at the river Bosjie; and which we should not have accomplished, had I not harnessed four of my saddle horses to one of the wagons: to enable us, though slowly, to move on. We were likewise under the necessity of throwing away many of our elephant teeth. One of the wagons had but eight oxen, another six; not one that had a tolerable team to draw it. So that, with the distress of not being able to proceed for want of cattle, and the melancholy reflection of having lost two of our companions in a very unfortunate manner, we were in a very lamentable situation.

Sunday, 5th.—This day was spent in getting all our baggage over the river in the boat.

We shot two sea cows.

Monday, 6th.—Having passed the river, we proceeded three hours farther.

Tuesday, 7th.—We got on this day seven hours, and were obliged to travel very gently, as the oxen were continually failing, and some dying. And as it was with the utmost difficulty that we moved, it was determined that Jacob Joubert should be immediately dispatched into the country of Captain Joobie, the Tambookie, to endeavor to obtain some oxen.

Wednesday, 8th.—We this day saw several elephants.

Jacob Joubert came back to us, bringing with him three oxen, which he had purchased. Unaccustomed as they were to the yoke, having never yet drawn, we were under the necessity of immediately harnessing them.

Traveled six hours and a half this day.

Thursday, 9th.—We thence proceeded by a different road, three hours higher up in the country than that by which we had come, being much more even, shorter, and in every respect better traveling; and, after a journey of eight hours, crossed the river Nabagana.

Friday, 10th.—Thence we got on eight hours farther.

Saturday, 11th.—Traveled six hours: passed the river Somoe.

Sunday, 12th.—We this day shot four eelands.

Could only proceed three hours: and as we found that it was no longer possible to get on, for want of oxen; in order to avoid leaving our wagons behind us, having already thrown away a great part of our baggage, it was agreed that Hendrik van Rensburg, with some Hottentots on horseback, should proceed as fast as possible to the Bosjesmans river, to procure a number of draught oxen.

Monday, 13th.—Traveled onward three hours.

We now found the weather exceedingly cold; full as much as if it had been in the depth of winter; which I can only suppose to be occasioned by the height of the mountains we were in.

Tuesday, 14th.—We halted this day, in order to refresh.

Wednesday, 15th.—Finding it necessary to make this another resting day, some of our party rode on horseback to the White Keys river, where they shot fourteen sea cows.

Thursday, 16th.—We were employed the whole of this day in cutting up the abovementioned animals: the half of the best part of the meat we left behind,* as it was necessary to load ourselves as little as possible; the oxen we had now remaining being so exceedingly weak.

* The parts of this animal most esteemed are the fat from the feet and the ribs, which is more firm and gelatinous than that of the other animals.

Friday, 17th.—This day we passed the White Keys river, and proceeded five hours.

Saturday, 18th.—Thence seven hours: in which distance we shot two eelands.

Sunday, 19th.—We now passed the Black Key river; having traveled, in the course of the day, eight hours.

Monday, 20th.—Pursuing our journey, we arrived in the Bonte-buck plain, and shot several bonte-bucks.*

Getting on eight hours and a half; we passed two more rivers, which discharge themselves into the Black Key, and have the same name: which name that river has acquired from the rocks about it being of that color.

Proceeded nine hours and a half; and crossing the Kaffer mountain, came into the country of the great Kaffers of Captain Sambee. Here we had the satisfaction of meeting with Jan Vioen and Pieter van Voorn, who had brought with them the draught oxen that we had sent for.

Wednesday, 22nd.—Traveling seven hours farther homeward, we passed the river Keys Kamma, and also another small river running into it.

Thursday, 23rd.—This day we passed the Kat, or Hunca river, and, in seven hours, the Little Doorn river.†

Friday, 24th.—Hence we proceeded eight hours farther to the river (Koonap) Caapna.

Saturday, 25th.—Crossed the river Caaga, which runs into the Caapna, that falls into the Great Fish river; and arrived, after a day's journey of eleven hours, to our no small joy, once more at a Christian habitation, the dwelling of Willem Bota.

Sunday, 26th.—Thence we passed the Great and Little Fish rivers; and the Kamma Dagga, the dwelling of Andries Dreyer; and in seven hours and a half we came to the place of Hendrik Janssen van Rensburg, on the banks of the Bosjesmans river.

Monday, 27th.—Here we staid all night; when Honoratus Maynier, the secretary of the district of Rynet, arrived.

Tuesday, 28th.—We now took leave of each other; and at two o'clock in the morning Tjaart van der Waldt, and his son Pieter, Hilgert Mulder, and myself, leaving the oxen, and putting our horses to the wagon, rode the distance twenty-two hours, to the Sunday river.

Wednesday, 29th.—Thence we proceeded fourteen hours, to the river Naraa.

Thursday, 30th.—Then traveling twenty-six hours, we passed the Groote river, as far as under the mountain Erenkroon.

Friday, 31st.—After which we went on six hours farther, to the dwelling of Antonie Nortier, above the Elephant river.

Saturday, 1st Jan., 1791.—We now rode to the bath near the Elephant river; where we arrived after a journey of eight hours, at the house of Tjaart van der Waldt.

At this place we remained the two following days: and,

Tuesday, 4th.—The next day, after we had taken leave of each other, Hendrik Mulder and myself proceeded ten hours, to the place of Frederick Boota, on the banks of the Elephant river.

Wednesday, 5th.—This day we traveled twenty hours, to a deserted dwelling near the Hattaquas kloof.

Thursday, 6th.—And passing the kloof, arrived by a journey of twenty hours at the Haagel kraal, the place of John Marx.

* A large animal of the deer kind.

† Thorn river.

Friday, 7th.—Thence we departed; and passing the Gous, the Walvis,* and Kaffer Kuyl's rivers, safely arrived, after a journey of twenty-six hours, to my great satisfaction, at my place on the Kruys river.

In our return home, from the place where we discovered the remains of the wreck of the *Grosvenor*, we had traveled only one hundred and ninety-seven hours to the Great Fish river; which computation makes the distance from the wreck to the Cape to be four hundred and eighteen hours.

Every one of our wagons, during this expedition, had been once or oftener overturned: which I mention, that it may be more readily conceived what troublesome and difficult ways we had to encounter.

It is worthy observation that all the rivers mentioned in this journal were found to run from the northward, in a southerly direction into the sea.

This expedition was planned by me, with the previous knowledge of the governor Van de Graaff, in pursuance of whose command it met with the approbation of the landdrost of the district of the country of Rynet. It was undertaken with the view of discovering if there still remained alive any of the English women, as had been reported, that were shipwrecked in the *Grosvenor* on that part of the coast in the year 1782, that we might have relieved them from a miserable situation; which was the only motive for undertaking the journey. But to our sorrow, we could find no soul remaining: and we are fully persuaded that not one of the unfortunate crew is now alive. I was informed by a Malay or Boganese slave, who spoke Dutch, and had, some years before, run away from the Cape, that two years ago the cook of that ship was alive; but catching the small-pox, he then died.†

JACOB VAN REENEN.

Cape of Good Hope, 23rd June, 1791.

* Whale river.

† Had the party that set out in search of these shipwrecked people in the year 1783, prosecuted their journey with the same degree of zeal and resolution that our travelers have manifested, it is possible they might have discovered and relieved some that have since perished. Yet, as they could not have arrived at the place of the wreck in less than six months after the disaster happened, even had they gone out immediately on being informed of it by those few seamen who fortunately got to the Cape, there is no great probability for supposing, after such a length of time had elapsed, that any great number of the unfortunate sufferers could be remaining alive.

There is, therefore, less reason for lamenting the disappointment incurred by the failure of the expedition in 1783, as probably only very few were then surviving. But what we have to regret is, that perhaps the failure of the endeavors of the unfortunate crew to save their lives was owing to their own misconduct. It is too often the case that disorder and confusion are the consequence of extreme distress, and that despair, seizing on the unprincipled mind, hurries it on to a subversion of all good order and discipline: so that when the joint efforts of the whole are most necessarily requisite for the general good, it is then that each desponding, thoughtless wretch acts from an impulse of the moment, whichever way his agitated, tumultuous feelings direct him, and, from an erroneous idea of self-interest, or, wonderful as it may appear, from a desire of gratifying a rebellious and turbulent spirit at a time when it can be done with impunity, is always ready to overturn every plan that may be proposed or prosecuted by his superiors and the considerate few that may be of the party.

Such must have been, and such indeed we are told was, the situation of the crew of the *Grosvenor*, subsequent to their shipwreck.

Though, it may be said, it is a very easy matter to see errors when the

THE AGREEMENT.

We* the undersigned declare, as men of honor, that we will implicitly conform to the articles hereunder mentioned.

1. That we acknowledge Mynheer Jan Andries Holtshausen as our chief in this journey, and will obey him in every thing that is just and reasonable.

2. That we will in no wise conduct ourselves contrary to the laws and regulations of the Honorable Company, to whom we will deliver what elephant teeth we may procure, comformable to their orders.

3. That all the articles purchased by us, according to the enclosed lists, shall be in common to us all; and likewise, when such articles are disposed of, an exact account shall be rendered, and each receive his respective share.

4. Should any persons be disposed and willing to accompany us, and to serve with us, they will be entitled to a similar share, and proper notice will be given to the government thereof.

consequences have happened, it will not surely be too much to assert that when this ship's crew were once safely on shore, with the advantages of what articles they could procure from the wreck, their situation, however deplorable, could, by no means, be considered as hopeless. For had a chosen body of ten or twenty marched four, five, or six days to the northward, they must have fallen in with Rio de la Goa, where it seldom happens that there is not to be met with a French or Portuguese slave-trading ship. But, allowing that Captain Coxon was very much out in his reckoning, and that he supposed himself much more to the southward than he was, which determined him to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, they might have then existed, in that climate, on the sea coast, sheltered by huts, until ready to set out; and, most assuredly, by persevering in good order and discipline, and conducting themselves with firmness, resolution, and conciliatory manners to the natives, they might have proceeded gradually and in safety to the southward, into the territory of the Dutch.

Had the crew continued under the orders and discipline of their officers, either of these objects might have been accomplished by men whose minds were not totally given up to despair: or they might have subsisted there on what provisions they could procure from the wreck, together with what they would purchase from the natives with the articles that the remains of the ship contained in abundance, besides what fish they might catch, until a boat could be constructed and sent to solicit assistance from the Cape, which they would have soon received.

There is very great reason to suppose that the attempts made by these unfortunate people to get to the Cape may have been thwarted by the villainy of the man mentioned in the narrative of the loss of the *Grosvenor*, by the name of Trout, who, when all things are considered, must be undoubtedly the same person that in the journal is supposed to be a runaway slave from the Cape. His unwillingness to have any intercourse with Van Reenen's party, to whom he might have been highly useful, as he spoke Dutch, and by whom he certainly would have been amply rewarded for his services, points him out as a person very much to be suspected of having done what he was afraid of being punished for.

These reflections have been extended by considering the circumstances the shipwrecked people were placed in; from all which it may be fairly concluded that the greatest part might have effected a return to their native country, had any idea of the advantages of discipline and subordination guided them.

It is to be hoped that the fatal consequences attending disorderly behavior in these calamitous situations will, in time, impress on the mind of the seaman this incontrovertible truth, *that his only hope of safety must depend upon his obedience.*

To those who may have the misfortune of being shipwrecked on that coast, the information contained in this journal may prove of the greatest utility: as it will hold out the possibility of better success, in the attempts they may make to extricate themselves, than that which attended the weak efforts of the unfortunate crew of the *Grosvenor.*

* This copy of the agreement entered into by the travelers, previous to their beginning the journey, was received by Sir Joseph Banks, annexed to the copy of Van Reenen's journal, which the governor Van de Graaff sent to Sir John M'Pherson.

5. Before that the first cost of the articles purchased is deducted from the sum arising from the sale thereof, and the remaining sum is divided in equal shares,

6. The elephants' teeth shall be divided in nine shares, father and son to be allowed one share only between them.

7. That none of us, be he who he may, shall secrete or withhold any thing that he may find, shoot, or traffic for; but shall produce and bring the same forward to us the undersigned. Should any one be guilty of so doing, we shall denounce such person as dishonorable and ungentleman-like, and expose him accordingly.

These articles having been all approved of by us, in testimony of our good faith, we have severally signed our respective names.

J. A. Holtshausen, H. Mulder, J. van Reenen, J. Mulder, L. A. Prins, P. Lombart, Tjaart van der Waldt, H. Jans. van Rensburg, S. Scheepers, P. R. Holtshausen, J. Mulder, P. van der Waldt.

Agrees with the original.

A. Faure.

THE SURVIVORS OF THE "GROSVENOR."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

Sirs,—I notice, with no small interest, the article in your current number, in relation to the loss of the *Grosvenor*, Indiaman; Mr. van Reenen's journal; and the allusion to a paragraph published in "Chambers' Repository," some time ago, when all the points you have drawn to notice were the subject of my consideration. I then prepared a hasty sketch of the circumstances connected therewith, and to clear up some points I conceived in error by the otherwise generally faithful and intelligent publishers. Through some accident, however, it was never published. I, therefore, now submit it to you, and should you deem it worthy of a place in your interesting periodical, it is at your service. The paragraph in question, reads as follows, to which I add the comment made at the time:

THE WAR IN KAFFRARIA.

T'Slambie's widow, Nonube, who possesses considerable influence with her tribe, is the grand-daughter of Miss Campbell, one of the three unfortunate daughters of General Campbell, who was wrecked in the "Grosvenor," East Indiaman, on the east coast of Africa, during the last century, and compelled, all three of them, to become the wives of Kafirs.

In some measure, I fear, leading the public to imagine that descendants of the *Grosvenor's* crew exist among the Kafirs, causing, doubtless, to the interested, through consanguinity, much uneasiness. Little more than two generations having elapsed since the melancholy wreck occurred, many parties must still live in England who claim relationship to the unfortunate people. From the general accuracy of your state-

ments, with some diffidence, I question the truth of the above report, and beg to refer you to the best, and I believe the only satisfactory, narrative of the lamented event, detailing an unparalleled amount of suffering, and which you will find in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1797, vol. xx. There we have the passengers enumerated; the following persons being left with Captain Coxon, of whom no accounts are received: Mr. Logie, chief mate; John Hunter, gunner; Mr. Beale, third mate; William Mixon, quartermaster; Mr. Harris, fifth mate; John M'Daniel, James Mauleverer, carpenter's mates; Mr. Haye, purser; Mr. Nixon, surgeon; John Edkins, caulker; Robert Rea, boatswain; William Stevens, butcher; Colonel D'Espinette; seven seamen, four servants, and two discharged soldiers from Madras.

Passengers left with Captain Coxon: Colonel and Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. Hosea, Mrs. Logie, Mr. Newman, Captain Walterhouse Adair, Miss Dennis, Miss Wilmot, Miss Hosea, Master Saunders, Master Chambers, children, and eight black servants.

The following persons died on their way to the Cape: William Thomson, midshipman; Thomas Page, carpenter; Henry Lillburne, ship's steward; Master Law; Thomas Simmonds, quartermaster; Robert Auld, cooper; William Couch, captain's steward; Lau. Jonesque, boatswain's yeoman; All. Schultz, Thomas Barker, Patrick Burne, R. Fitzgerald, and John Blane, seamen; Mr. Williams, Mr. Taylor, and John Sussman, passengers.

Left in different parts, exclusive of those who remained with the captain: James Thomson, quartermaster; George Read, armorer; Mr. Shaw, second mate; Mr. Trotter, fourth mate; George Creighton, caulker's mate; Laurence M'Ewen, Edward Monck, John Squires, Isaac Blair, William Fruel, Charles Berry, James Simpson, Jacob Angel, John Howes, and John Brown, seamen; William Ellis, Edward Croaker, and James Stockdale, discharged soldiers.

In this very complete and detailed statement, no Misses Campbell are mentioned, and no such parties appear to have been on board. I had hoped, after Captain Marryat's work (The Mission; or, Scenes in South Africa.—Routledge, 1853), though partly imaginary, that all doubts on the subject had been set at rest. To account, however, for the continued excitement is not difficult, from the innumerable statements full of discrepancy, through hearsay evidence, and the blending of other shipwrecks long antecedent, with that of the *Grosvenor*. If you refer to Van Reenen's expedition in quest of the survivors, in 1791, only nine years after the stranding of the *Grosvenor*, published by the late well-known and gallant Captain Riou, R.N., and referred to in my "Travels," published in 1827, you will find that, among the Tambookies, the party found *three* European women, and no less than four hundred of mixed blood; the present chief of that country, Faku, is such. The women referred to were far advanced in years, and had no knowledge whatever of the period of their arrival among the savages, and I think it may safely be inferred that not one of the *Grosvenor's* crew survived, beyond those that reached the colony, and whose names are given in the narrative I have alluded to. Their numbers gradually diminished in the most difficult route along the beach, continually intercepted with formidable rivers. The journey from the wreck, only about three hundred miles as the crow flies, occupied the saved one hundred and seventeen days, before reaching the Zwartkops River and the first colonial settlers. One of the sufferers has often excited in me a thrill of sympathy, namely,—the little passenger boy, Law, only twelve years of age, who only perished the day before the meeting with the colonists. He was a

favorite with the crew, and through them had been enabled to bear so long against the unequal task at so tender an age. Between the Kieskamma and the Sunday Rivers the mortality was great.

Some years ago, when on a visit to the Kowie, a friend discovered through the casual drifting of the sand on the hill skirting the coast, the skeleton of evidently a European, in a sitting posture, as might be expected of one yielding to exhausted nature.

My friend, Captain Garden, of the 45th Regiment, has recently proceeded to England, with a view of publishing interesting particulars concerning the Zulu tribes, and his visit to the wreck of the *Grosvenor*, which he still found in existence, having veritable relics of the remains. Her guns were on the beach, as described by Van Reenen. Captain Garden made inquiry on the spot, and, subsequently, on his journey through Kaffraria, regarding the report of the existence of descendants of the *Grosvenor*, but in vain; all, I believe, he could obtain was a faint clue to an individual said to have been a grandson of a petty officer of the ship.

The matter, however, in my opinion, is very doubtful; and although at one time I imagined it possible that some of the descendants of the shipwrecked might be in existence, I have, after many searching inquiries, come to the conclusion that not one remained to perpetuate the memory of the sad disasters; and the surviving relatives of the missing may rest assured that their blood mingles not with the savages of Kaffraria.

With regard to T'Slambie's widow, Nonube, whom you mention as being a grand-daughter of Miss Campbell, one of the three daughters of General Campbell, who was wrecked in the *Grosvenor*, the statement is incorrect, Nonube having but a bare trace of European blood in her. If these few remarks tend to relieve the minds of any still brooding over the harassing idea of their kindred being mingled with the Kafirs, I should hope they will feel the same satisfactory conviction that Sir Charles Wilmot felt in the following paragraph, extracted from Captain Marryat's work, already alluded to: "Alexander sat down by the bed, and entered into a full detail of the results of his expedition to Port Natal, reading over all the memoranda which they had collected, and satisfactorily proving that the descendants of the Europeans then existing could not by any possibility be from those who had been lost in the *Grosvenor*, East Indiaman. Sir Charles Wilmot listened in silence to all Alexander had to say, and then, joining his hands above the bedclothes, exclaimed, 'Gracious Lord, I thank thee that this weight has been removed from my mind.'"

G. T.

Cape Town, July 14, 1859.

WORDSWORTH AND HIS POETRY.

The range of Wordsworth's poetry is so extensive, the prejudices against him are so strong while the admiration of his disciples is so enthusiastic, the merits of his poems are so various, and, above all, to enjoy and profit by his poetry presupposes so much in the mind and heart of the reader, that it is by no means an easy thing, in a brief and rapid paper like the present, to make good the claim of Words

worth, to be considered a great poet. In a short poem, entitled "A Poet's Epitaph," there is a stanza which has often been applied to himself—

> He is retir'd as noontide dew,
> Or fountain in a noonday grove;
> And you must love him, ere to you
> He will seem worthy of your love.

Our only hope is to be able, in some measure, to help those who may be either unacquainted with him, or prejudiced against him, to some such sympathy as shall prepare the way for that love to which alone the poet can seem worthy of love. You must know in order to love, says the world's wisdom; you must love in order to know, says the poet's deeper and diviner wisdom.

William Wordsworth was born in 1770, two years before the birth of Coleridge, with whom his name will ever be associated. Of the other poets who share with Wordsworth the honor of being the poetical representatives of the early part of the nineteenth century, Scott was one year his junior; Byron and Shelley were still infants when he was rising into manhood. Of the childhood of Wordsworth, we have some significant records. At an early age the child gave indications of both the excellencies and the defects of the man. He speaks of his "stiff, moody, and violent temper," which made him the subject of frequent anxiety to his mother. And in that autobiographical poem, in which he traces the gradual development of his mind, and the influences which nursed the poetic spirit, we read how, from his earliest years, he was the child of nature; reveling with delight in all natural beauty, and drinking deep of that fountain which through life was the source of his poetic inspiration. The home of his childhood was not without influence on the future poet. Those mountain valleys of Cumberland and Westmoreland are famous for their calm and majestic beauty. The picturesque Derwent, "fairest of rivers," was, he tells us, his tempting playmate; and the sweet murmur of its music passed into the soul of the dreaming boy. At the age of eight years, he lost his mother. A few years later, his father died, leaving him to the care of his uncles. After the ordinary grammar-school education of English boys, during which the influences of natural scenery grew steadily in power upon his mind, he was sent to Cambridge at the age of seventeen, with a view to his ultimately entering the church. His university life seems to have had very little significance for his after development. The fens and flats of Cambridgeshire were dreary enough after the glorious

mountains and leaping cataracts of Westmoreland. His heart craved for the haunts of his childhood; and the poetic fire might perhaps have been extinguished, but for the long vacations, during which he always reveled among his beloved mountains. And so the only positive result of his Cambridge life was an ordinary B.A. degree, and a scholarship neither extensive nor profound. Clearly he was not the man for books, either at this or any other period of his life. Writing to a friend many years after this time, he says: "As to buying books, I can affirm that in new books I have not spent five shillings for the last five years." "To let him into your library," Southey said, "is like letting a bear into a tulip garden." It was not books that taught the man—it was nature. "Nature," he says, in one of the most nobly musical of all his poems,

> Nature
> To me was all in all: I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood;
> Their colors and their forms were then to me
> An appetite: a feeling and a love,
> That had no need of a remoter charm,
> By thought supplied, nor any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye.

Wordsworth's last vacation was spent in France, where he imbibed the political principles of the French revolution, contrasting strangely with those which he advocated in later life. The whole of the next year, also, was spent in France; and on his return to England in 1793, he published the poems entitled "An Evening Walk," and "Descriptive Sketches." These poems are interesting, both as announcing, in the words of his most competent critic, "the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon," and as having attracted the attention of Coleridge, and thus laying the foundation of an intimacy which colored very deeply the mental life of each. But poetry is proverbially a poor livelihood; and Wordsworth's experience was no exception to the rule. In vain his friends urged him to enter the church. Their subsequent coldness added to his difficulties; and he was on the point of accepting employment on a London newspaper, when an unexpected legacy rescued him from the disagreeable necessity, and enabled him to devote himself entirely to the poet's vocation. The next year was spent in Derbyshire, with his sister Dorothy, known to every reader of Wordsworth as the source of one of the purest and most hallowing influences on the poet's mind. The crash of the French revolution had come, and the poet's political hopes

had failed him. Life and nature began to grow dark to him, and he was saved from lasting despondency only by the tender ministrations of that sister of whom he says, that she—

> Maintained for me a saving intercourse
> With my true self.
> She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
> A poet; made me seek beneath that name,
> And that alone, my office upon earth.

His next home was in Somersetshire, still with his sister. Coleridge was living at the time near Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills; and it was chiefly the attraction of this wonderful man that drew Wordsworth into the same region. Here the two poets lived together in closest friendship; and here they composed and published jointly the first volumes of the "Lyrical Ballads." The aim of the brother poets, in this publication, was to show that the incidents and characters of common life are not beneath the dignity of poetry. It was a reaction against the stilted and inflated style of diction which from time immemorial had been looked upon as an essential element of poetry. Wordsworth, in particular, set his face against the theory of a poetic diction; and it must be confessed that the impetuousness of the reactionary feeling carried him to extravagance in many instances, giving a strong show of justice to hostile criticism, and disfiguring, by colloquial plainness and affected simplicity, what would otherwise have been beautiful and perfect poems. And the furious criticism which soon began to assail the school of poetry of which Wordsworth was the reputed founder, only had the effect of wedding him more closely to principles for which he had dared and suffered so much. With something of a foolish perversity, he continued to write with a simplicity that often became childish, and on subjects which were meant to be pathetic, but the world could only laugh at them. Of this criticism, its cruelty and its shallowness, we shall have to speak presently, when the pitiless burst of the storm descended on the head of Wordsworth alone. Of his poetic theories, as set forth in the famous preface to the second edition of the "Ballads," it is not too much to say that he was most successful as a poet just where he was least trammeled by the laws of his own system. The best evidence against Wordsworth's theory of poetry is Wordsworth's poetry. The poems which have met with the most ridicule are exactly those composed in support of his favorite theory. The most successful of his poems, such as that glorious one on "Tintern Abbey," and the sublime ode on "Immortality," furnish no trace of the presence of his peculiar theories.

The lyrical ballads, as we have seen, were published in 1798. In the autumn of the same year, Wordsworth, with his sister and Coleridge, started for Germany, where they spent some months. The residence in Germany had no great influence on Wordsworth; while for Coleridge it tinged the entire complexion of his mind, and gave him that intimate acquaintance with German literature and speculation which made him one of the earliest English interpreters of German thought, and introduced those elements which have given so distinctive a character to the English philosophy and theology of the present century. The few poems written during this period do not seem to have been affected by his residence abroad. They are altogether the production of memory and reflection. He returned to England in 1799, and we find him writing thus to Cottle, at Bristol: "We have spent our time pleasantly enough in Germany; but we are right glad to find ourselves in England, for we have learnt to know its value." He now fixed his home in the English lake district, "between the two divine sisters Rydal and Grasmere," as Miss Wordsworth has called them. This district he never again left; his final home was at Rydal Mount, above Windermere. In 1802, he married his cousin and early playmate, Mary Hutchinson, who for half a century was the sharer of his thoughts and aspirations, surrounding him with those sunny influences and purifying affections which still live for us in much of the higher poetry of Wordsworth. We have spoken of the sister, and of the important influence which she exercised upon the poet's life. The new love did not expel the old one. Miss Wordsworth continued to live with her brother till his death,—the companion of his rambles and tours, and a conspicuous figure in those literary associations which have given to the English lakes a fame surpassing even that of their natural beauties. Here is the brother's description of the sister:

> And she hath smiles to earth unknown:
> Smiles, that with motion of their own
> Do spread, and sink, and rise,
> That come and go with endless play,
> And, ever as they pass away,
> Are hidden in her eyes.

By the side of this we must place the poet's well-known sketch of his wife; a portrait unsurpassed for its rich warmth of coloring and tender delicacy of touch:

> She was a phantom of delight
> When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
> A lovely apparition, sent
> To be a moment's ornament;

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles

And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

Every one has heard of the Edinburgh reviewer's estimate of Wordsworth's poetry. The poems published at the beginning of the century had already drawn down several manifestations of contempt on the so-called Lake school of poets. But it was the publication of two volumes of miscellaneous poems in 1807 which singled out Wordsworth for the special scorn and ridicule of the reviewer. Doubtless, it is possible to take isolated passages from these poems, and show them to be both foolish in conception and inartistic in execution. In the "Idiot Boy," for example, and "Peter Bell," especially in the earlier editions of them, there are passages which even the warmest advocates of Wordsworth must give up to the mercy of the critics, and acknowledge to be simple folly. But in these reviews by Lord Jeffrey, it is notorious that he singled out some of the finest passages in the finest poems of Wordsworth, and pronounced them to be miserable rant and stuff. Thus the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," Jeffrey declared to be "the most illegible and unintelligible of all his publications;" and throughout his notices of poems in which every admirer of classic purity in the use of language, tenderness of feeling, and nobleness of moral purpose, must delight, such epithets as "feeble," "flat," "mawkish," "maudlin," "miserably dull and

affected," &c., are scattered in plentiful profusion. The great oracle's utterance was of course re-echoed by the minor prophets of literature. No voice was publicly raised in behalf of the poet, though a few great men were choking with indignation, while the world was laughing in contempt. But men less superficial in thought and rancorous in spirit than Jeffrey were quietly honoring themselves by doing him homage. Coleridge, with his dreamy, spiritual face, kindling into a blaze of light whenever truth or beauty flashed upon him; John Wilson, the "Christopher North" of Blackwood, with his large genial heart and lightning eye; de Quincey, with the subtle magic of his eloquent words; Southey, the philosopher, historian, politician, poet; these are the names of Wordsworth's earliest admirers. To de Quincey and Wilson belongs the honor, as the former of them has said, "of attaching themselves to a banner not yet raised and planted; of outrunning, in fact, their contemporaries by one entire generation; of doing that about 1802, which the rest of the world are doing in chorus about 1832." Soon other great names were added to the list. Dr. Arnold, Julius and Augustus Hare, Henry Taylor, and Alfred Tennyson have all recorded their deep admiration and unspeakable gratitude. And at the present day, the name of Wordsworth is triumphant. His place among the highest seats of the immortals is undisputed. In spite of Jeffrey's assertion, that "Wordsworth must be regarded as for ever lost to the good cause of poetry," and his boast that a review of his had crushed the "Excursion,"—(to which Southey indignantly replied, "Crush the 'Excursion!' he might as well hope to crush Skiddaw")—in spite of the reviewer's malignity, the poetry of Wordsworth is at this moment a mighty power in the hearts of those deep-thoughted Englishmen, who are feeding the streams of our intellectual and spiritual life. "Fit audience let me find, though few," is the wish expressed in one of his poems. The prayer has been more than granted: fit audience he has found, but no longer few. In many a noble heart the honored name of Wordsworth "sinks, amid inward responses of gratitude, into a shrine and chapelry of its own."

In setting forth the general characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry, it will be necessary to keep in view what has already been said, namely, that his poetry is of that calm, and, for the most part unimpassioned character which requires a certain sympathy and a peculiar mental preparation, in order thoroughly to appreciate and appropriate it. Wordsworth is eminently the poet of calm reflection and philosophic contemplation. In reading the poetry of Byron, one is carried

away by the impetuous torrent of his passion, and by his enthusiastic delight in the beauties of nature. And during the period of early youth, when the judgment is at the mercy of sentiment, and the heart is the seat of swelling passion which has not yet settled down into the repose of true feeling, the splendid diction of Byron, and his true perception of natural beauty, are irresistibly attractive. But examine calmly and closely the relation of his poetry to the natural world, and you will assuredly find that he looks upon it merely from the artistic point of view. It is a beautiful picture before his eye, and he deals merely with the outsides of things, their forms and colors. Where shall pleasure be found? was the question of Byron's life. He sought for its answer in the voluptuous melody of music, the beauty of earth's loveliest scenes, and later on in life in the wild revelries which degraded his intellect, and poisoned the springs of his poetry. And the answer is merely a negative one. Your spirit cannot live on these things. Here is the reply in his own words:

> My days are in the yellow leaf,
> The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief
> Are mine alone!

And in this respect, the poetry of Wordsworth stands in such contrast with that of Byron, that he wrote with so noble a moral purpose, and brought to the world around him an eye that could see so deeply into the inner being of things. Byron had no perception of the moral significance of all beauty. In his poetry there is no contact of the poet's spirit with that Spirit of Life of which all outward beauty and splendor are the clothing. But Wordsworth brought to the world a mind and heart which were filled with solemn thoughts and holy feelings; and it was his first principle that these are indispensable for rightly understanding nature. The careful reader of his poetry will not fail to have noticed the prominence there given to the constant action and reaction of the human mind and the external world. There was, in his view, a pre-established harmony between nature and the mind, a "vital and organic union (as has been well said) which admitted of no severance, but to the detriment, if not the destruction, of moral and spiritual life." Nature was to him a mystic book, written by the finger of God, whose characters are indeed discernible by the senses, but whose meaning was only to be deciphered by the imagination. It was to the interpretation of this book that Wordsworth

devoted his long and laborious life. Everything was invested with hues and colors reflected from his own mind. In his own words:

> An auxiliar light
> Came from my mind, which on the setting sun
> Restored new splendor: the melodious birds,
> The fluttering breezes, fountains that run on
> Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obeyed
> A like dominion; and the midnight storm
> Grew darker in the presence of my eye.

And so it was no poetic extravagance, when he said,

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;

for every object in nature he invested with a new class of elements gathered from his own mind, and streamed upon it the rich sunlight of his imperial imagination. He projected, as it were, his own soul upon nature. And this he expresses with the richest beauty in those oft-quoted lines, so often ridiculed by those who have never taken the trouble to reach the poet's point of view, and have refused to submit themselves to his influence. To every thought and object he did in truth—

> Add the gleam
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream.

Of Wordsworth's two long poems, the "Excursion" and the "Prelude," the former was published in 1814, the latter remained in MS. till after the poet's death in 1850. They were both intended to be portions of a long and laborious work, which was never completed. Of the "Prelude," it must suffice to say that it is an autobiographical poem, describing the formation of the poet's mind, and recounting those portions of his life which had most influence in developing the poetic spirit. It extends over fourteen books of blank verse; and notwithstanding many passages of great power and beauty, most readers will find it somewhat tedious. Probably it would have gained more favor, had it been written like the autobiography of the great German poet, in simple prose.

The "Excursion" is a poem in nine books, also in blank verse. We cannot attempt to enter into any elaborate analysis of it; but there are few who will not acknowledge that it contains most splendid descriptions of natural scenery, most lofty exhibitions of the duties and higher relations of man, and the truest philosophy of life. Those who

are satisfied to take the rich, voluptuous melody of Byron, and the passionate outpourings of his restless soul, as their ideal of true poetry, will probably complain of tameness and obscurity in the "Excursion," and lay the volume aside with a feeling of weariness and a tacit acquiescence in the first sentence of Jeffrey's critique, "This will never do." Those who turn to the pages of a poet for pleasure alone, will very soon come to the last page of the "Excursion." The demand upon the reflective and contemplative faculty is too great for those who have been accustomed to float in luxurious idleness down the stream of sentimental enjoyment. But for those who are in the habit of looking inward to the springs and motives of their own lives, and upward to the Great Fountain of every pure inspiration, and around them to the beauty of God's world, with an eye that has kept watch both on the frailty of man and the glories of heaven,—for those who can hail with delight the exhibition of eternal realities dressed in the many-colored robe of a poet's imagination; who can appreciate the softer shades and more delicate touches from the hand of a skillful painter; who are no strangers to the subdued light, and the solemn silence, and the mystic recesses of the great temple of Christian truth—for such the "Excursion" will be a treasure house of choicest thoughts, and a source of holiest influences. They will come again and again to learn something of its wisdom, to realize its homely scenes, to ponder over its lofty thoughts and beautiful images. The tender pathos of the aged Wanderer's descriptions; the Solitary, who gives the name to the second book, with the tale of his domestic misfortunes, his despondency, and the sublime philosophy of consolation by which despondency is corrected; the exquisite portrait of the village pastor, with his reminiscences both of the living and of the dead around him; the splendid bursts of patriotism, and the calm convictions of immortality, are familiar to every thoughtful reader of the poem. And the richness of the "Excursion," in single lines of sinewy strength and originality, even the most implacable assailants of Wordsworth must admit and admire. The feeling of incongruity and inconstancy which many have felt in reading the "Excursion" "is seldom excited," says Coleridge, "by the diction of any passage considered in itself, but by the sudden superiority of some other passage forming the context." (Biog. Liter. ii. 139.) As a specimen of elevated thought and noble diction, what can be finer than this passage, from the First Book, following immediately upon the introduction of the grey-haired Wanderer, which may be considered as the poet's justification of himself

for the seeming incongruity of making a pedlar speak in strains so refined and elevated :

> Oh! many are the poets that are sown
> By Nature; men endow'd with highest gifts—
> The vision, and the faculty divine—
> Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,
> Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led
> By circumstance to take unto the height
> The measure of themselves, these favor'd beings,
> All but a scatter'd few, live out their time,
> Husbanding that which they possess within,
> And go to the grave, unthought of. Strongest minds
> Are often those of whom the noisy world
> Hears least; else surely this man had not left
> His graces unreveal'd and unproclaim'd.
> But, as the mind was fill'd with inward light,
> So not without distinction had he lived,
> Beloved and honor'd—far as he was known.
> And some small portion of his eloquent speech,
> And something that may serve to set in view
> The feeling pleasures of his loneliness,
> His observations, and the thoughts his mind
> Had dealt with, I will here record in verse.

And a page or two on, there is another passage, which may be read as an illustration of what we have already said of Wordsworth's belief in the reciprocal action of man and nature. The passage is in his very loftiest strain. After describing the early training of the Wanderer among the hills of Athol, and how

> While yet a child, and long before his time,
> Had he perceived the presence and the power
> Of greatness,

he proceeds in the following strain :

> Such was the boy—but for the growing youth
> What soul was his, when, from the naked top
> Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
> Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He look'd—
> Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
> And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
> In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,
> And in their silent faces did he read
> Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
> Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
> The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form
> All melted into him; they swallowed up
> His animal being; in them did he live,
> And by them did he live: they were his life.
> In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God,
> Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
> No thanks he breathed, he proffer'd no request;

Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!

In the fourth book of the "Excursion," the despondency the Solitary is corrected by the Wanderer, and the first portion of the book is occupied with a statement of the only adequate grounds of hope and support in the calamities of life:

An assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power:
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
. . . Repose and hope among eternal things.
A belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts,—
. . . In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,
That finds no limits but her own pure will.

The whole passage will repay careful and thoughtful perusal.

We must present yet one other extract from the same book, in which we must be careful not to overlook, in the beauty of the illustration, the profound importance of the thought, that, to the ear of Faith, the material universe has mysterious messages from God:

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listen'd intensely; and his countenance soon
Brighten'd with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard,—sonorous cadences! whereby
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

These quotations, which our limited space forbids our extending, are, of course, simply specimens of the poet's manner in this great work—mere bricks from Babylon. Those who are willing to learn lessons of loftiest wisdom from a great teacher, and who delight in the quiet contemplation of pictures from the hand of a skillful painter, and the heart of a

great poet, will find a rich reward in the pages of the "Excursion."

But if the "Excursion" has made good Wordsworth's claim to a place among our great English poets, his smaller poems, and especially his sonnets, establish his claim to be placed in the very first rank of them. Milton and Shakspeare have written sonnets worthy of their high fame; but it is no exaggeration to say that some of Wordsworth's poems of this order are not surpassed, if they are equaled, by anything in English literature. The sonnet was a favorite form of composition with him. He delighted to gather up his impressions of a beautiful scene, or his convictions of a great truth, into a few nervous lines. It was the key, as he finely said, of a greater than himself, the key with which he unlocked his heart. If the perfect sonnet is that in which every line serves to increase the unity of the poem, from which everything merely ornamental is rigidly excluded, and one thought is gradually developed till it culminates at the close, then certainly Wordsworth must be acknowledged as the most perfect master of this difficult art. When we consider the severe laws of the sonnet, and the want of flexibility in our language for metrical purposes, we must admire the complete success with which he overcame these obstacles. There is never any appearance of constraint. In most cases, the thought seems to clothe itself in words as it proceeds. A large extent of surface is covered by these sonnets. The poet has made his own arrangement of them, under various heads. They may be classified as Descriptive, Personal, Political, Ecclesiastical, and Doctrinal. One of the most beautiful is that in which he at once defends and illustrates this species of poetical composition. It proves his admirable mastery of the difficulty of sonnet writing. In the space of a dozen lines, he introduces the names, and touches on the lives of no fewer than seven great European poets:

> Scorn not the sonnet! Critic, you have frowned,
> Mindless of its just honors: with this key
> Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
> Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound:
> A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
> With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief.
> The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
> Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
> His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp
> It cheered mild Spenser, called from fairy land
> To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
> Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
> The thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
> Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

One other sonnet we must cite; perhaps the most perfect in the whole collection. It was composed on Westminster Bridge, at early morning, before the pulse of the city's mighty heart had begun to beat. Every line of it carries on the thought, to its splendid culmination at the last close:

> Earth has not anything to show more fair.
> Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty.
> This city now doth, like a garment, wear
> The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
> Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
> Open unto the fields and to the sky:
> All bright and glittering in the smokeless air
> Never did sun more beautifully steep
> In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
> Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!
> The river glideth at his own sweet will:
> Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
> And all that mighty heart is lying still!

We have left no space now to discuss, so minutely as we hoped to have done, the great ode on the "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," and must, therefore, content ourselves with a brief sketch of what has justly been called the most remarkable ode in the English language. It is a rendering into English poetry of a portion of the great argument of the "Phædo" of Plato, the "Discourse of Socrates on the Immortality of the Soul." Here the poet brings himself face to face with some of the deepest mysteries of human life and destiny. The poem opens with a description of the child's delight in the beauty of the natural world, so much purer and livelier than the joy of manhood. It goes on to trace the gradual decay of that pure delight with growing years. Childhood is succeeded by youth, and youth ripens into manhood, and with each successive stage the celestial light in which nature was at first appareled, becomes dimmer, till, at length, it fades away into the light of common day. How is this change, this inevitable degradation, to be explained? In what direction does it point? Boldly and beautifully has the poet answered this question. It points, he says, to our Divine origin. In early life we are near to heaven; it lies about us in our infancy. The soul of childhood has the mark of the divine finger distinctly impressed upon it. We have come from God, and the light of heaven accompanies the soul in its entrance upon the stage of the world. But the rude contact of the world gradually effaces the print of the Divine finger,

and the deceitful charms of earth succeed in destroying our recollections of that imperial palace whence we came. This is the first part of the ode:

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparel'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,—
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth:
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

* * * * * * * *

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came

After this there is a pause, and the action of the "poem" is suspended. The poet is absorbed in contemplation. Is this the whole, then? Is there no higher destiny for man than this pitiful degradation? Can the Divine light never be rekindled? Yes! There is a higher destiny; the light is not hopelessly extinguished. Here is the turning point of the ode. You have followed the soul through its degradation. Do not stop there. What is the meaning of these obstinate questionings of sense and outward things—this irrepressible yearning for something in the future? They point, the poet says, through gates of death to regions of life beyond. They are assurances of immortality. And so he resumes, in strains of peaceful gladness, discoursing of

> Those first affections,
> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
> Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence. . . . .
> Hence, in a season of calm weather,
> Though inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither;
> Can in a moment travel thither,—
> And see the children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

The poem concludes, as it began, with a reference to the natural world. Through this painful experience of human frailty, the poet has learnt to look with a sober eye upon nature. Though the celestial light in which it was arrayed to the eye of his childhood cannot be restored, he has learnt its soothing lessons, has come under its more habitual sway, and read in its mystic pages some tidings of that life and immortality which are brought to light in the Gospel.

> And oh ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
> Think not of any severing of our loves!
> Yet, in my heart of hearts, I feel your might;
> I only have relinquish'd one delight,
> To live beneath your more habitual sway.
> I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
> Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they:
> The innocent brightness of a new-born day
> Is lovely yet;
> The clouds that gather round the setting sun
> Do take a sober coloring from an eye
> That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
> Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart, by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

No poem requires more frequent perusal and careful study than this ode. It will disappoint those who insist upon logical proof of its thoughts and conclusions. The subject is altogether beyond the reach of logical forms. It is a theme for meditation rather than for argument. The student of it will feel its beauty; and if we mistake not, as he pauses over its splendid imagery and diction, he will share the feeling of a great modern divine, when he spoke of "the glorious gift which God confers on a nation when he gives it a great poet.

The latter years of Wordsworth's life were spent entirely among his beloved hills, in a quiet round of domestic enjoyments and charities. He died peacefully, in the spring of 1850, and is buried at Grasmere. A monumental tablet in Grasmere church records how "by the special gift and calling of Almighty God, whether he discoursed on man or nature, he failed not to lift up the heart to holy things;" . . . and "how, in perilous times, he was raised up to be a chief minister, not only of noblest poesy, but of high and sacred truth." His ashes rest in the quiet churchyard among the mountains. His name is enshrined in the hearts of thousands whom he has taught

To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
And consecrate their lives to truth and love.

FIFTY-THREE YEARS AGO.

Some time of the day, and some time of the year,—we are not particular as to dates, but we know it was in the early part of the present century,—the worthy burghers of Cape Town were thrown into a state of consternation by a report that the fleet of a foreign enemy was hovering about the coast, and appeared disposed to stand into the port. The sharp-eyed signalman, then stationed on the high crest of the Lion's Head, had been the first to spread the intelligence, accompanied with the announcement that there were "twenty sail on the horizon, and as many out of sight." The marvelous power of perception which had telegraphed this discovery was unquestioned even for a moment; indeed, the indefinite knowledge of the numbers and strength of the supposed invaders only increased the mental anxiety and excitement of the officials and citizens, who gathered in the

squares and streets, discussing the news. Those who were young and active at once scrambled up the height of the Lion's Hill, and some of the more aged followed, blowing and jerking their stout corpuses up its steep acclivities. The spectacle which met their gaze was novel and astounding. The day was a warm summer one, and the air was clear and transparent as those only who know our South African climate can conceive. Westward, whither all eyes were directed, the expanse of unruffled ocean was at intervals streaked with dazzling sunbeams,—beyond which the strained vision of the observers descried a number of vessels, aided by a gentle but favorable breeze, standing in towards them. In a short time, the nearest of the vessels were distinctly seen. They were large, heavy ships, with threatening broadsides, and their decks crowded with men; and the union jack floating from them told their nationality and their character. They were English war-ships. They approached the port perceptibly every minute, and gradually their number was seen to increase, as another and another came up on the horizon, until a fleet of some sixty sail was in sight, and could be plainly counted. The onlookers were dismayed; but they hoped for the best, and returned with tidings of what they had seen to their friends in the city. Here all were in a bustle of preparation for war or defence. Troops were marshaling, burghers mustering, and people crowding everywhere ——

But we are not now going to detail the doings of the inhabitants on the occasion, nor the gallant conduct of the burgher corps (the volunteers of the day),—nor the defensive preparations which were made by the brave Janssen: these will serve for interesting gossip on another occasion. Nor are we going to hint at the probability of such events recurring again. If they did, we should have a sound faith "in native swords and native ranks," and feel that our freedom would be safely guarded by them. At present, however,

> "The Spanish fleet we cannot see, because
> —It is not yet, in sight;"

and it is unnecessary that we should waste even five minutes' talk on either war or invasion.

We must tell our readers, though, that we have been led into this irregular style of introduction by a perusal of certain papers, written by one who visited the Cape fifty-three years ago, and whose graphic narrative of what he saw and did during his stay here has interested us in no small degree. Captain Dugald Carmichael, according to a

biographical notice now before us, was born in 1772, in the county of Argyle, Scotland. After attending the university of Edinburgh, he took his diploma as surgeon, and subsequently entered the army in that capacity. He sought foreign service, and joined the 72nd regiment, which he accompanied to the Cape in the expedition of Sir David Baird, in 1806. From this period, it appears, he carefully noted whatever occurred to him, keeping a diary, in which from time to time he entered his opinions on men, climates, plants, &c. Upon his death, which happened in 1827, his MSS. came into the possession of Professor Hooker, the botanist, and were then published in the "Botanical Miscellany."

Captain Carmichael was at the Cape on two occasions, first in 1806, when he accompanied General Baird's expedition, and afterwards in 1815, when he visited several of the inland districts. On the former occasion, he was engaged in the action at Blueberg; and his account of the events which took place there is worthy of notice:

The expedition (he says) under the command of Sir David Baird, which was destined to act against the Cape of Good Hope, consisted of the 24th, 38th, and 83rd regiments, commanded by Brigadier-General Beresford; and the 71st, 72nd, and 93rd, commanded by Brigadier-General Ferguson; three companies of the Royal Artillery, under General Yorke; and two squadrons of the 20th Light Dragoons. To this force must be added the 59th regiment, embarked for the East Indies, which was ordered to co-operate with us in the reduction of the Cape. The naval force, commanded by Sir Home Popham, consisted of two sixty-four gun-ships, and one of fifty guns; two frigates, a sloop of war, and two gun-brigs.

The expedition sailed from the Cove of Cork on the 2nd day of September, 1805, and on the 4th of October, the fleet, amounting to about seventy sail, came to anchor in Funchal Roads, off the Island of Madeira. We weighed anchor again and directed our course for St. Salvador, on the coast of Brazil, where we arrived on the 12th of November, with the loss of the *Britannia*, Indiaman, and the *King George*, transport, with General Yorke on board, which were wrecked on the shoal called the Racers, off Cape St. Augustine. Leaving St. Salvador on the 26th of November, we made the Cape of Good Hope on the 3rd of January, 1806; and on the evening of the 4th, the whole fleet came to an anchor in the channel, between Robben Island and the Blueberg.

Early on the morning of the 5th of January, General Beresford's brigade made an attempt to land; but on approaching the shore, the sea was found to break with such violence, that it was thought prudent to desist. As that part of the coast was known to be subject to a heavy surge, and the situation of the fleet was such as forbade any unnecessary delays, the *Diomede*, with the transports carrying the 38th regiment and General Beresford, was dispatched to Saldanha Bay, and the whole fleet would have followed next day, had not the Highland brigade been fortunate enough to effect a landing about six miles farther to the southward, in Sospiras Bay. The enemy's riflemen appeared lurking among the bushes, and showed a disposition to annoy

us; but they were speedily dislodged by a few shots from the gun-brigs that covered our approach. The only serious accident that occurred was the loss of one of our boats, having on board about forty men of the 93rd regiment, which was overset on a bank of shore-weed, and every soul lost.

The 7th of January was employed in disembarking the remainder of troops and the field artillery. Five hundred volunteers from the ships of war and Indiamen were also landed, for the purpose of dragging the guns, a service which they performed with their accustomed enthusiasm. At four o'clock on the morning of the 8th, we moved from the sand hills along the road that leads over the shoulder of the Blueberg. When we arrived on the crest of the hill, we perceived the enemy drawn up on the other side. Our disposition was soon made. We were formed in echelons of brigades; the left, or Highland brigade, being about two hundred yards in advance of the other. In this relative position we advanced, sometimes in line, at others in file from the heads of companies, according to the nature of the ground. We no sooner arrived within range of the enemy's artillery, than he opened his fire upon us from twenty field-pieces, which were advanced considerably in front of his line. The action on our side was begun by the grenadiers of the 24th regiment, sent to dislodge a body of mounted riflemen, which occupied a rising ground on our right flank. This duty the grenadiers performed with great intrepidity, but not without serious loss,—Capt. Foster being killed on the spot, and fifteen men either killed or wounded.

The line, in the mean time, continued to advance over a tract of ground where we were buried up to the middle in heath and prickly shrubs. Owing to some misconception of orders, we began firing before we had arrived within killing distance of the enemy; but this error was speedily corrected by the rapidity of our movement, which alarmed him so much, that, by the time we came within a hundred yards of his position, he began to retreat. This he effected in very good order; for, to tell the truth, we were in no condition to molest him. Fresh from the cool bracing climate of Ireland, then cooped up for five months on board of crowded transports, a march of six hours over the scorching sands of Africa, exhausted us to such a degree, that even the exhilarating sight of a flying enemy could not prevent immense numbers from escaping to the rear.

Our force of every description in this action was about five thousand men; that of the enemy, three thousand. The loss was nearly equal, being about three hundred in killed and wounded. After the engagement, we advanced as far as Riet Valley, where we received from the fleet a supply of provisions and water. Next morning, we marched on towards Cape Town, and had approached within a few miles of it, when we were met by a flag of truce, demanding a cessation of hostilities for forty-eight hours, in order to arrange terms of capitulation. Sir David Baird returned for answer that they should have six hours only, and that, if the place was not surrendered at the expiration of that period, he would enter it by storm in the course of the night. This menace had the desired effect, and the 59th regiment marched in that evening, and took possession of the lines. The rest of the troops lay on their arms, at the mouth of the Salt River, until three o'clock p.m. next day, at which hour the British flag was hoisted on the castle, a royal salute was fired by the ships of war, and the Highland brigade marched to Wynberg.

We thus, without much difficulty, got possession of the capital, but

Jansen was still unsubdued. After the action at Blueberg, he had retired with his whole force to the pass of Hottentot's Holland Kloof, where he designed to establish himself in such a manner as should cut off the communication of Cape Town with the interior. With a view to dislodge him from this stronghold, the Highland brigade and 59th regiment marched on the 12th to Stellenbosch, and were followed, in a few days, by Sir David Baird in person. After some preliminary overtures between the two generals, a negotiation was set on foot, which terminated in the formal cession of the whole colony to the British arms.

While this transaction was pending, the 59th and 72nd regiments were marched up the country, to occupy a position in rear of the Dutch troops. They passed from Stellenbosch to the Paarl—"a charming little village, consisting of a single street, nearly a mile in length;" and Captain Carmichael says:

On our arrival, we found the people prodigiously civil. Every door was thrown open for our reception, and several of the inhabitants carried their kindness so far as to send even to the parade to invite us to their houses. Some of our speculators ascribed this marked hospitality to fear; while others, inclined to judge more favorably of human nature, imputed it to general benevolence of disposition. Those who suspended their opinion on the subject, had the laugh at the expense of both, when, on our departure next morning, the true motive was discovered in the amount of their bills.

After visiting the Paarlberg, and Wagonmaker's Valley, they continued their march to Tulbagh, then a "village of about thirty houses," when the troops, having carried out their avowed object of "administering the oath of allegiance to the landdrost and impressing on the minds of the boers an exalted idea of British power," they returned, and were directed to take the route to Simon's Town. Here is a passing description of our so-called Thermopylæ:

Half way between Wynberg and Simon's Town, lies Muysenberg; where we found barracks for the accommodation of three companies, which we left there. The road from the latter place was along a cold rocky shore, on which a heavy surge perpetually rolls. On the other side, a steep rugged mountain rises abruptly from the shore, leaving hardly room for the narrow path which winds along its base. From the nature of the ground, a succession of obstacles can be thrown in the way of an army landed at Simon's Town, and advancing towards Cape Town along this pass. On this account, Muysenberg, the outlet of the defile, has been styled the Thermopylæ of Southern Africa; and so far it no doubt merits the appellation, that a small body of troops could check the progress of a large army advancing along the shore: but, like its celebrated prototype, it fails in a most essential point,—for it can be easily turned; and not only turned, but commanded by several paths through the mountains behind it. It is equally untenable in another point of view; a single ship of war, bearing her broadside on it, could knock the whole barrier in a few minutes about the ears of its defenders. The battery consists of four eighteen-pounders, pointed to the sea, and an equal number bearing on the defile. The works are constructed of loose round pebbles, picked up on the beach, surmounted by an earthen

parapet, and the whole is so frail that a single shot would demolish it from top to bottom.

Whilst Captain Carmichael's regiment was stationed at Simon's Town, an exciting event occurred, which deserves to be chronicled:

The anchorage was defended by two permanent batteries, on each of which are mounted six eighteen-pounders. In addition to this, several temporary defences were thrown up by us, while our ideas were yet in a state of confusion, and when, not knowing our weak points, we judged it expedient not to leave any part unguarded. Thus every projecting hillock round the bay was crowned with batteries, hastily constructed of fascines, sand-bags, or biscuit-barrels. In the midst of the confusion and hurry of that busy period, the French frigate *La Cannonière* made her appearance in Simon's Bay. Uncertain whether the colony was Dutch or British, she cruised about for two days to pick up intelligence. During the whole of this time, we had the batteries manned, the furnaces heating shot, and the troops paraded for action. The critical moment at length arrived: the frigate dropped anchor, and, lowering one of her boats, dispatched it with an officer and seven seamen to the landing-place. There were in the harbor about a dozen transports, and merchant vessels, each of which had a boat ready manned, and forty grenadiers were placed in ambuscade, in a coasting schooner belonging to the town baker. The enemy no sooner entered this magic circle, than the whole closed round to cut off his retreat. The officer, comprehending at once the nature of his situation, resigned himself to his fate without a struggle; and observing a naval officer among the crowd, tendered his sword to him, which the other was in the act of returning, when Major —— galloped down the jetty and was announced to monsieur as the commandant of Simon's Town. As such, the captain a second time surrendered to him his weapon, which he had no sooner grasped, than he countermarched his steed, and rode off with the glorious prize! A few red-hot shot fired at the frigate, made her cut her cable and put back to sea.

There is also, in another portion of the journal, a good account of the military stations then in existence for the defence of Cape Town, many of which have, like that of Muysenberg, before mentioned, gone to decay, or been removed altogether:

Numerous batteries have been erected for the defence of Cape Town and its anchorage from hostile attacks. The distance along the shore, from the mouth of the Salt River to the extremity of Green Point, is about three miles, the town standing in the centre; and a line, drawn between these two points, would include the principal part of the anchoring ground.

The mouth of the Salt River is protected by Craig's Battery, with six eighteen-pounders, mounted *en barbette*. Six hundred yards nearer the town stands Fort Knocke, a strong well-finished star redoubt, surrounded by a palisaded ditch, with a few pieces of heavy cannon, chiefly for the purpose of scouring the beach. This is the point from which the lines take their departure. The land lines extend about half a mile up the acclivity of the Devil's Hill, and, on their way, connect three square redoubts, from which a cross fire can be maintained with Fort Knocke. But the chief annoyance to an enemy approaching by land, would be from three blockhousse and a redoubt, erected high up

on the face of the hill, which support each other, and overlook every avenue to the lines. The sea lines sweep along the strand, as far as the castle, a distance of five or seven hundred yards. They are strengthened by four batteries, on each of which is mounted from five to ten pieces of heavy ordnance. But the whole are in very bad order. The buttresses, undermined by the surge, have yielded to the weight of the platform; and the parapet is choked up on both sides by the shifting sand.

The battery of Rogge Bay, four hundred yards from Imhoff, is nearly on a level with the sea, and carries twenty pieces of cannon, of various calibre. As you advance along the shore, you arrive successively at the Amsterdam Battery, the Chavonne, and the Great Mouillié; and, on a small eminence at some distance from the shore, you see the battery called *Keek in de Pot*. All these batteries, with the exception of the Amsterdam, are mere *flèches*, without any defence on the land side. The latter had originally a second tier of guns, but the casemates are now occupied by prisoners of war, and by the malefactors condemned to public labor. Though this battery is secured by a rampart in the rear, it could be easily taken by a *coup de main*, owing to a vice in its construction on that side, to which there is probably no parallel in the whole annals of fortification. The rampart consists of a revelment of five feet high; and a sloping turf parapet, of an equal height, leaves on the edge of it a *berme*, sufficiently broad to afford a firm footing to the assailants. There is, on the inside of the rampart, a wall which rises six feet above the *terrepleine*, and, at the height of four feet, is pierced with loop-holes. If the engineer who superintended the erection of this battery meant these loop-holes for the service of its defenders, he strangely mistook his object, as they are fully seven feet above the internal area of the works, and an enemy, once in possession of the rampart, could destroy every man in the battery, by firing through the loop-holes, without running the smallest risk themselves.

But we have exhausted our space, not our subject; for to our idea, the most amusing of all Carmichael's jottings are those which refer to the country and its inhabitants, and these we shall return to again.

TO MY SISTER.

Do you ever think, dear sister,
When white-lock'd Winter came,
How we gazed upon the pictures,
He painted on the pane;
Or, how we clustered round the hearth,
When the breath of eve was cold,
And listened to the simple tale
Our cherished mother told?

Or, how we closed the shutters,
And let the curtain fall,
To watch her snowy fingers trace
The rabbit on the wall;
Or built frail palaces of cards,
Reared but to tumble down;
So like the friendship of the world,—
First smiles, and then a frown?

And how we often fortune tried,
With key and molten lead,
So happy that we heeded not
How swift the evening fled;
Till warned that we must place aside
Our playthings and our cares,
And bow before our mother's knee,
To offer up our prayers?

And then the holy kiss she gave,
The soft fond word, "good night,"
Filled up the chalice of our hearts
With exquisite delight;
And when in dream-land we had roved,
Like spirits for awhile,
The morning would bring back again
Her saint-like, happy smile?

Or does remembrance, darling,
Ever waft across thine ear
The song the robin sweetly sung
To glad the dying year;
When Flora oped her lattice,
To listen to the sound,
And dropt from out her bosom
Pure snowdrops on the ground?

Or how when Spring with gladdened step
Came skipping merrily
Along the dell, the blossom smiled
Upon the lilac tree;
And when the sky was angry,
And sullenly looked down,
The sunbeams lovingly would come
And kiss away the frown?

'Tis many, many years ago,
And some have passed away;
Home's sacred circle broken,
And ringlets dashed with grey:
But our mother still is with us,—
Be this our earnest pride,
To love and cherish, bear her up
Through life's tempestuous tide.

I have wandered far, dear sister,
And many changes seen,
But ne'er forgot our childish sports
Upon the village green;
And ever o'er my rambling path,
And ever in my dreams,
The influence of thy loving voice,
In bright refulgence gleams.

And, oh! I trust that you and I,
May hopefully pursue,
The journey of life's path, and glean
Thoughts beautiful and new.
May virtue be our guiding star,
Then angels' songs will swell,
And seraphs echo back the theme,
"She doeth all things well."

THE ZAMBEZI EXPEDITION.

THE dispatches received last week by Sir George Grey from Dr. Livingstone, and the expedition which he commands, are highly gratifying. They are both from Tete, and are dated respectively on the 18th December, 1858, and the 19th February, 1859. The expedition at both these dates was progressing with its work in all respects most favorably. All the members of it were in excellent health and spirits; they were perfectly harmonious in their operations, and their investigations and researches were attended with uniform success. Tete, which has been adopted by them as their head-quarters, is situated on the Zambezi, a distance of more than three hundred miles inland. From the description of it published in Dr. Livingstone's Travels, there are about thirty European houses there; the rest are native, and of wattle-and-daub. A wall of about ten feet high is intended to enclose the village, but most of the native inhabitants prefer to live on different spots outside. There are about twelve hundred huts in all, which, with European households, would give a population of about four thousand five hundred souls. Only a small proportion of these, however, live on the spot, the majority being engaged in agricultural operations in the adjacent country. Generally, there are not more than two thousand people resident, for, compared with what it was, Tete is now a ruin. The number of Portuguese is very small; if we exclude the military, it is under twenty. They have, though few in number, treated Dr. Livingstone and his party with the most marked respect, and Major Secard the commandant has allotted them the Residencia or government-house to live in.

The first expedition described by Dr. Livingstone, in these dispatches, was up the Zambezi, a distance of some sixty miles from Tete, as far as the rapids of Kebra. We shall extract his own description of this, as of all his other excursions, which are in the same richly graphic style that marks the "Livingstoniad." He says:

Dear Sir George,—We have been up to examine the rapids of Kebra, or more correctly Kavra Basa, when the water in the Zambezi was at its lowest, and we found that all we knew of it previously from Portuguese description was just nothing at all. We steamed about four miles beyond where any description we could get even here terminated, and found that instead of a number of detached rocks jutting out of the water across the stream, the affair arises from the Zambezi being confined by mountains to a bed a quarter of a mile wide at parts, and at one point to fifty or sixty yards. In the wider parts, there is a deep groove cut out of the solid rock, if such it can be called where rocks are twisted, broken, cleaved, and huddled together in every direction, besides being water-worn and drilled with pot holes everywhere.

When sailing up the groove, with the walls far above our masts, the man at the lead kept calling out, "No bottom at ten fathoms;" yet the groove fills at flood, and flows over the adjacent bed, though to do so it must rise perpendicularly eighty or one hundred feet. There are rapids in the groove, which this feeble vessel cannot stem, but we have no doubt that a steamer of good power would go up easily at flood. One rapid, which had five feet of fall, became level at three feet general rise of the river. The *Ma Robert* was just one-sixteenth of an inch thick when new, is now thinner, so we fear to try towing her up, lest she should go craunch, like an old tin kettle, in the operation. There is also a place with perpendicular walls, past which no towing line could be carried. The mountains are at least two thousand or two thousand three hundred feet high, covered with trees, and very healthy. As far as the eye can reach northwards, we see ranges of the same, even into the blue distance. We slept without cover or quinine, and, but for the toil, which was excessive, we should all have returned improved in health. It made us so lean, that had I come down this way in 1856, I should have perished before reaching Tete.

It is an impediment to navigation, *i.e.*, canoe or bum-boat navigation,—they cannot paddle against a four-knot current; and then here they cannot punt at sixty feet deep, nor tow from a height of eighty feet, so they go overland.

The same rapid was visited subsequently by Mr. C. Livingstone and Mr. Baines, after the water began to rise:

Their reports fully confirm what I advanced as to the effect of a flood, Several of the cataracts which, at low-water, seemed very serious obstacles, are rendered so smooth that, but for the adjacent mountains having been sketched, they would not have been recognized; but a steamer capable of stemming the main current is necessary for the ascent. The river is now fifteen feet above low-water mark in November, and as it is expected to rise considerably more, I felt inclined to take advantage of it and haul this vessel through; but, besides the risk of doubling her up, she can carry so little cargo, we would soon be without supplies after we had succeeded.

After this expedition to the rapids, Dr. Livingstone determined to devote some of his efforts to the country lower down and northward. He accordingly—always with the *Ma Robert*—descended the Zambezi, below Sena, to the confluence of the Shire. This river, it is believed, has its source in or near the Lake Maravi, or Nyanja, and thence flows, nearly due south, for a distance of some four hundred miles, when it joins with the Zambezi. Of his explorations on that river, and of the magnificent character of the country opened up by it, Dr. Livingstone writes:

We went up the Shire about the beginning of January, and found it a good navigable river, for at least one hundred miles from its confluence. The mountain Merambala is four thousand feet high, and has a wonderfully well cultivated large top. Lemon trees grow quite wild in the woods, and so do orange and pine apples. There are several fine little fountains, with water slightly chalybeate. The people are independent and really hospitable. The view from the top of the Shire

winding across an extended plain, inhabited by real Lotophagi, is magnificent, and, as you may judge from the height, we have quite a different climate from that of the plains. The vegetation is very like that of Londa and Angola. We have also a fine hot sulphureous fountain at the base (174°). Yet no advantage has been taken of this splendid sanatorium by the Portuguese. The valley of the Shire, at one part, abounds in elephants; and, if you come to see us about January, I undertake to show you five hundred of these noble animals grazing on one plain (we saw more than that), and as there are branches of the river which form islands, we sometimes chased them with this vessel. They had magnificent tusks. I think they are attracted down from the hills by the sweet fruit of wild palmyras, of which there are fine forests there.

The people were very suspicious of us, never having been visited by Europeans before, but treated us civilly. Our wooding parties were never molested, yet a guard was set over us both night and day. They are well armed with bows and poisoned arrows. The women insert an ornament exactly the shape and size of the rings for table napkins in the upper lip—the effect is frightful. It is a most unaccountable ornament. They cultivate largely on the upper third of the Shire valley, and we purchased abundance of provisions at a cheap rate, besides specimens of their cotton and cotton yarn. They have two kinds of cotton, and both very good in quality.

Our first object was to gain their confidence, and seeing them so suspicious, though we had pretty certain information of the Shire becoming smooth again beyond the cataract which stopped our progress, and that Arabs from Zanzibar were in the habit of coming down in canoes from Lake Nyanja, we thought it imprudent to leave the vessel in their power and go overland. We leave them to allow our first visit to have its effect, and in the course of a month return to them again. The reason why the Portuguese have not gone further up than about Merambala is, probably, the steady rapidity of the current (two and a half knots). There are no still reaches, and, with the heavy Zambezi canoes, it is difficult to get on in a current. The people, too, have a bad name. They are said to have killed some native traders. In 1856, when I was coming down past the mouth of the Shire, I was told that an expedition had been sent up, but was unable to go far, because the river was blocked up with duckweed. Quantities of that were then coming out of the river; but at twenty-five miles from the confluence the duckweed ceases, so the expedition could not have gone far. Above that, the river widens a little; but it is free from sand banks and deep. Indeed, it may be said to be superior to the Zambezi for steam navigation. We could go on at night even.

The mountain of Merambala, here referred to, is only about twenty miles distant from the confluence of the river.

While these efforts were being made to explore the outlying country to the north and to the west, abundance of work was found in the intervals in the neighborhood of Tete; and the geologist, Mr. Thornton, reports having discovered in a fine cliff section three seams of coal,—the first seven feet thick, the second thirteen feet six inches, and the third twenty-five feet thick. It was first fired by lightning a few years ago, and burned a long time.

Of the health of the expedition, and of the general character of the climate in the neighborhood of Tete, we have the two following satisfactory memoranda. The first, dated in December, reports:

We are all in good health, have had cold only: no fever, except among the Kroomen.

The second, dated on the 25th February, says:

This is our most unhealthy season. Fever is fatal on the coast. Here we have some of it, but no one dies in consequence. Three of our party have had touches of it, but are better. This is the edge of the high, healthy land, where I have still every reason to believe Europeans might live in safety.

Of the general prospects of his expedition, Dr. Livingstone writes as confidently as ever:

I have little hopes of doing any good with the people under or in contact with the Portuguese. A year or two must elapse ere they recover from the effects of their late war. But I think more highly of the capabilities of the country, for the produce England stands more in need of than ever. I could collect a wagon-load or two of indigo from the streets of Tete to-morrow. Dr. Kirk made some with it, and cotton, though burned down annually, springs up as brisk as ever. The people here make sugar; of this I was not aware before. We have put up our little engine to show what machinery can do. Her first work was to saw up planks to make a boat, which Major Secard, our best friend, was about to build. We try sugar-cane as soon as it is ready to cut.

To the last dispatch there is added a postscript for Sir George Grey's special information, and which will be of interest to South African linguists generally. Sir George Grey, as we have shown in an article last year, has already collected the most valuable materials extant for classifying and preserving the fast disappearing native languages of this continent, as he did before both for Australia and New Zealand. Dr. Livingstone writes:

I have been trying to get the Lord's Prayer as translated by the Jesuits into the Tete dialect. I have got a portion of the Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria from an old blind woman. Another old lady here remembers the two *black* traders coming here from Angola, on whom the Portuguese lay their claims for having crossed the continent. They never went to the coast, so she says.

A Rev. Dr. Russell, of Maynooth College, gave me a Bunda poem from Angola. I think if you could apply through him to the college at Goa, India, you would get something in this dialect.

In connection with this, it is satisfactory to state that favorable intelligence has been heard of the other African expedition northward of Zanzibar. The distinguished traveler, Mr. Burton, and his companion Mr. Speke, arrived at Aden

on the 17th April, from Zanzibar,' both very much worn out with their toilsome journeyings in the interior of the continent. They penetrated into the country about seven hundred miles from the coast, and surveyed the famous lake of Uniamesi and several other lakes in the same longitude. Their researches tend, in some degree, to dispel the doubts which have so long hung over the sources of the Nile.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The accessions of books received at the Public Library this month are the following: Hansard's Debates; Boyle's Court Guide; East India Register; Alison's Europe, vol. 8; What will he do with it? John Halifax; Lord Montagu's Page; Napoleon's Correspondence with King Joseph; Roving Englishman; The Biglow Papers; Memoirs of Count Miot Melitos; Merewether's Diary of a Clergyman in Australia; Constable's Essays; Wellington's Supplementary Dispatches; Knight's English Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences; The New World in 1859; Manual of Geographical Sciences; Franke's Jews in the East; Life of Jabez Bunting; Ruskin's Two Paths; Martineau's England and her Soldiers; Murray's Map of the Seat of War; Choice Notes—Folk Lore; Geoffrey Hamlyn; Trust for Trust; Parliamentary blue-books; and all the periodicals for the month.

Of these, one of the most valuable is the Correspondence of Napoleon with his brother Joseph, first published four years ago. It is fraught with the deepest interest, and sets forth the plans, views, intentions, and character of the great conqueror in a clearer light than does either Scott, Bourienne, or Las Casas. We must here, of course, confine ourselves to a few detached selections. And, first, we may refer to Napoleon when in the same position as his mysterious nephew occupies now—the master of Milan, at the head of his victorious army. This was in 1796. Joseph had then been appointed French ambassador at Rome; and the next day after the triumphal entry into Milan, Napoleon writes to him first on strictly family affairs. The epistle is a significant one:

All goes on well. Pray, arrange Paulette's affairs. I do not intend Freron to marry her. Tell her so, and let him know it too.

We are masters of all Lombardy. Adieu, my dear Joseph; give me news of my wife. I hear she is ill, which wrings my heart.

Paulette was Napoleon's sister, and was intended to marry Freron. Two months previous to this abrupt forbidding of the banns, the big brother wrote: "I see no objection to Paulette's marriage, if *he* is rich." A few months later, Joseph is instructed how to comport himself at the court of Rome. It is seldom that the intrigues of diplomacy are disclosed with such frank and charming *naïveté*:

Should the pope die, you will do all you possibly can to prevent his

having a successor and to bring on a revolution (!) . . . . . In all this matter, you will put on a bold exterior to deter the king of Naples from entering Rome, *tempered by the kindest representations, in order to convince him that it is not his interest to do so.* If on the pope's death there is no insurrection in Rome, and there are no means of preventing the election of a pope, do not suffer Cardinal Albani to be named. You will not only use your right of pronouncing an exclusion, but you will alarm the cardinals by threatening that I shall, in that event, march instantly on Rome.

Can it be wondered at that students of history should view the remarkable parallel which is now transacting in Europe with such profound anxiety, or suspect, as they do, that Prince Napoleon's present movements at the capital of Tuscany are as much under the crafty control of the French emperor, and for the same ends, as were those of Joseph under the first Napoleon sixty years ago.

Our next extract is a profoundly affecting one. It was written four days after the glorious battle of the Pyramids, while the flush of Egyptian conquest was still on the victor's brow, and the forty centuries looking down on him with awe. It is dated from Cairo, July 25, 1798. Insidious whisperings had then reached him prejudicial to the honor of Josephine :

You will see in the newspapers the result of our battles and the conquest of Egypt, where we found resistance enough to add a leaf to the laurels of this army. Egypt is the richest country in the world for wheat, rice, pulse, and meal. Nothing can be more barbarous. There is no money, even to pay the troops. I may be in France in two months. I recommend my interests to you. I have much domestic distress. Your friendship is very dear to me. To become a misanthropist, I have only to lose it, and find that you betray me. That every different feeling towards the same person should be united in one heart is very painful.

Let me have, on my arrival, a villa near Paris or in Burgundy. I intend to shut myself up there for the winter. I am tired of human nature. I want solitude and isolation. Greatness fatigues me ; feeling is dried up. At twenty-nine, glory has become flat. I have exhausted everything. I have no refuge, but pure selfishness. I shall retain my house, and let no one else occupy it. I have not more than enough to live on. Adieu, my only friend.

There is a tragic pathos in these laconic sentences, which shows forth—what were so seldom revealed—the deep, dark recesses of the man's heart.

Our next extract will show the style in which Napoleon instructed Joseph in the mysteries of government. Joseph is now, in troublous times, the king of Naples ; and Napoleon, in 1806, writes him from St. Cloud as follows :

Bear in mind what I tell you : the fate of your reign depends on your conduct when you return from Calabria. Grant no pardons ; do military execution on at least 600 rebels; they have murdered a greater number of my soldiers. Let the houses of thirty of the principal heads of villages be burnt, and distribute their property among the troops.

Disarm all the inhabitants, and pillage five or six of the large villages which have behaved worst. . . . . I will end my letter as I begun it; you will be king of Naples and Sicily, and you will have three or four years of peace. If you choose to be a mere nominal sovereign—if you do not hold the reins with a firm and steady hand—if you listen to the opinions of the people, who know not what they want—if you do not make yourself rich by putting an end to old abuses and encroachments—if you do not impose taxes sufficient to enable you to keep in your service French, Corsicans, Swiss, and Neapolitans, and to arm your vessels,—you will do nothing at all; and in four years, instead of being of use to me, you will do me harm, for you will deprive me of some of my resources.

Two years later, and Joseph is at Madrid, the proclaimed king of Spain; and on the 24th February, addresses to his brother the following words of doom:

Sire,—The honest people are as little on my side as the rogues are. No, sire, you are deceived. Your glory will be shipwrecked in Spain. My tomb will be a monument of your want of power to support me, for no one will suspect you of want of will.

To which, seven days later, the great Napoleon replies:

The style of your letter of the 24th does not please me. To die is not your business, but to live and conquer, which you are doing, and shall do. I shall find in Spain the Pillars of Hercules, but not the limits of my power.

In February following, affairs in Madrid are becoming worse and worse. And Joseph forwards to his brother one of the most piteously plaintive, but honorable dispatches to be found in the records of history. He declares:—"I devote to busines all my faculties, from seven in the morning till eleven at night. I have not a farthing to give to anybody. I am in the fourth year of my reign, and my guards are still wearing the coats I gave to them four years ago." And still he finds himself the distrusted puppet of his brother, with creatures of Fouché forced in upon him, to the unbounded hatred and disgust of his Spanish subjects:

If then, sire, my whole life does not entitle me to your perfect confidence; if you think it necessary to surround me by poor creatures who make me blush for myself; if I must be insulted in my own capital; if I am denied the right of naming the governors and the commanders who are always before me, and make me contemptible to the Spaniards, and powerless to do good; if, instead of judging me by results, you put me on my trial in every detail,—under such circumstances, sire, I have no alternative. I am king of Spain only through the force of your arms. I might be so through the love of the Spanish people; but for that purpose, I must govern them in my own way. I have often heard you say every animal has its instinct, and ought to follow it. I will be such a king as the brother and the friend of your majesty ought to be, or I will return to Mortefontaine, where I ask for no happiness but to live without humiliation, and to die with a good conscience. Only a fool remains long in a false position. In forty years of life I have learnt only what I knew almost at the beginning, that all is vanity except a good conscience and self-esteem.

To all which indignant and high-minded remonstrance, the emperor replies, with the cool mocking taunts of another Mephistopheles:

I am sorry to see that you have dismissed the chief commissioner of police from Madrid. I had already sent one to Lisbon. You astonished me giving as a reason that the constitution forbids you to retain him. Tell me whether it is forbidden by the constitution that the King of Spain should be at the head of 300,000 French troops? that the garrison of Madrid should be French? that the Governor of Madrid should be a Frenchman? Does the constitution say that the houses in Saragossa should be blown up one after the other? It must be owned that these views are narrow and pitiful; you must not give way to temper and to petty passions; your views should be calm, and suitable to your position.

The second volume of the correspondence closes with a description of that last scene of all the strange eventful history—Napoleon's melancholy death-bed on the rock of St. Helena. It is contained in a mournful letter from Bertrand to Joseph, and dated from London, on the 16th September, 1821. We should like to quote it, but space forbids. We shall, instead, present the reader with a remarkable letter from Louis Napoleon, written in 1837, when both he and his uncle Joseph were exiles in the western world. Louis Napoleon had just then perpetrated his marvellous escapade at Strasbourg, and, having crossed over to New York, justifies his abortive attempt to his offended uncle in the following significant language:

New York, April 22, 1837.

My dear Uncle,—On my arrival in the United States I hoped to find a letter from you. I own that your displeasure grieved me: knowing, as I do, your good sense and your kindness, it surprised me. Indeed, uncle, my conduct must have been strangely misrepresented to you before you could have been induced to repel as enemies the men who sacrificed themselves for the empire. If, having succeeded at Strasbourg (and I very nearly did so), I had marched on Paris, followed by a people fascinated by the recollections of the empire, and, arriving in the capital as pretender, I had seized the government, then to disavow me and to break with me might have been noble and magnanimous. But when I attempt one of the bold enterprises which alone could bring back what twenty years of peace have effaced; when I offer to it the sacrifice of my life, persuaded that even my death would be of use to our cause; when against my will I escape from the bayonet and the scaffold to a foreign shore, I find there only contempt and disdain on the part of my family.

If my respect and esteem for you were less sincere I should not be so sensitive, for I venture to say that the public will never allow that there can be a schism between us. None will believe that you repudiated your nephew because he perilled his life for your cause; no one will believe that you can treat as enemies men who have exposed their lives and their fortunes to replace the eagle on our standards: any more than it would have been believed that Louis XVIII had repulsed the Prince de Condé or the Duc d'Enghien because they failed in their enterprises.

I know you too well, dear uncle, to doubt your affection, and not to hope that you will, in time, do justice to me, and to others who have compromised themselves for our cause. As for me, however you may

treat me, my behavior will not alter; the general sympathy, the tranquillity of my conscience, and, above all, the persuasion that, if the Emperor looks down on me, he approves me,—these are the considerations which compensate for the many mortifications and injuries which I have endured. My attempt failed, it is true; but it proved to France that the family of the Emperor is not yet extinguished, that it possesses devoted friends; in short, that its pretensions are not to reclaim a few pence from the government, but to re-establish in favor of the people what the foreigners and the Bourbons have destroyed. This is what I have done; is it for you to reproach me?

The man who wrote these words twenty years ago is the same who now commands the destinies of Europe, as the Emperor of the French; and the language he then employed throws a flood of light on much that has been deemed mysterious in his "Napoleonic ideas," since he attained to empire. Now, as twenty years ago, his bold enterprise is "to bring back what twenty years of peace had effaced," and now, as then, he is prepared "to offer to it the sacrifice of his life." He is still, while marching along the *viâ sacra* of Sardinia and Lombardy, under the same "persuasion, that the emperor looks down on him, and approves him in his determination to re-establish in the favor of the people what the foreigners and the Bourbons had destroyed."

Geoffrey Hamlyn is a novel, by Henry Kingsley, a younger brother of the author of *Two Years Ago*. It is a tale of the times, presenting pictures of English and of Australian life with a vividness, vigor, and force which remind us at every page of the best productions of the big brother himself. We have no space at present to enter upon the plot of the story, or to extract passages illustrative of the style. The following remarks, however, from the *Saturday Review* are so apposite and amusing that we cannot resist appropriating them: "The author of *Geoffrey Hamlyn* adopts, in a simple, hearty way, the creed of the rector of Eversley. He has no misgivings. He lays down as axiomatic all the old familiar tenets. His heroes are God-fearing men, accustomed to the prize-ring, and combining the highest spiritual with the highest animal vigor. His heroines are dainty and high-bred, and go gaily through life picking up God's buttercups from God's own greensward. The writer is wholly and humbly of his big brother's persuasion. He is troubled with no doubts, and is never tormented with the perplexing consideration that in order to be a worthy disciple of this creed, it is necessary, first, that you should be an Englishman possessed of a moderate competency, and, secondly, that you should be at least five feet ten in your stockings. Perhaps a man under six feet one can be scarcely more than a proselyte of the Gate!" Of course, this good-humored badinage scarcely does justice to the doctrines of the great Apostle of the Flesh; but there is much truth and justice in it, notwithstanding.

The *Biglow Papers* are of American origin, and are strongly racy of the soil. They are written by that talented young parishioner of

Jaalam, Ezekiel Biglow, and are edited by Homer Wilbur, A.M., pastor of the first church in Jaalam, and (prospective) member of many literary, learned, and scientific societies (for which see page 5). If our readers are not already familiar with these distinguished names, we must refer them at once to the book itself. The substance and style of it strongly remind one of the pungent sarcasms and keen Yankee humor of Sam Slick; while the versification shows much of the sharp-pointed cleverness of the American author of *Nothing to Wear.* All of the papers are more or less political, and all cast in the mould of New England slang. The satire of them, however, is none the less biting on that account. We can only extract here a few detached verses as specimens. Legislators—even our own colonial legislators—might adopt with great advantage to themselves the following sage instructions respecting the proper treatment and exhibition of principles:

It can hold any quantity on 'em, the belly can,
An' bring them up ready for use like the pelican;
Or more like the kangaroo, who (wich is stranger)
Puts her family into her pouch wen there's danger.
Ain't principle precious? then who's going to use it
Wen there's risk o' some chap's gettin' up to abuse it.
I can't tell the wy on't, but nothing is *so* sure
Ez thet principle kind o' gits spiled by exposure.
A man that lets all sorts o' folks git a sight on't
Ough' to hev it all took right away, every mite on't
Ef he can't keep it all to himself wen it's wise to,
He ain't one it's fit to trust nothin' so nice to.

The next extract will, of course, be wholly unintelligible in South Africa. It is the last stanza of the "Pious Editor's Creed," and we only print it here to show our readers the heresy of the faith professed by that sinning man, the editor of the *Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss:*

In short, I firmly do believe
In humbug generally;
For it's a thing thet I perceive
To hev a solid vally.
This heth my faithful shepherd ben;
In pastures sweet heth led me;
And this'll keep the people green
To feed es they hev fed me.

We must conclude with one other extract taken from the reply of "a Candidate for the Presidency, in answer to further questions proposed by Mr. Hosea Biglow." The candidate in question—as all candidates do—gave an admirably satisfactory exposition of his principles in the following fashion:

I'm an eclectic, ez to choosin
'Twixt this an' thet, I'm plaguy lowth;
I leave a side thet looks like losin';
But (wile there's doubt) I stick to both.

I stan' upon the Constitution,
Ez prudent statesman say, whove planned:
A way to git the most profusion
O' chances as to ware they'll stand.

Ez for the war, I go agin it;
I mean to say I kind o' du,—
Thet is, I mean that, bein' in it,
The best way wuz to fight it thru'
Not but wut abstract war is horrid;
I sign to that with all my heart;
But civlyzation *does* get forrid,
Sometimes upon a powder-cart.

Ez to my principles, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort;
I aint a Wig, I aint a Tory,
I'm jest a candidate, in short.
That's fair an' square an' parpendicler;
But ef the public cares a fig
To hev me an'thin' in particler,
Wy, I'm a kind of periwig.

Our space is limited; but we cannot permit the present opportunity to pass without placing on record our most sincere regret at the sudden and unexpected removal of Sir George Grey from the government of this colony. In this periodical, we have systematically abjured political discussion of every sort; and we have, therefore, now no intention of referring, in any form whatever, to the character of his Excellency's political administration either of the colony or of the adjacent countries. But as a scholar—as a gentleman of earnest literary pursuits—as the friend and patron of all who have, in any capacity, attempted to advance the educational resources of South Africa,—Sir George Grey is entitled to, as he receives, the most cordial and most unqualified admiration of the whole community. His efforts for the advancement of education will be commemorated by the institutions he has founded, among which stand most conspicuous the Grey Schools at Port Elizabeth, the excellent seminary at Bloemfontein, the admirable industrial institutions at Heald Town and Lovedale, the additional professorships of botany and law established in the South African College, the South African Museum in Cape Town, and last, though not least, the Colonial Board of Public Examiners. His anxiety to aid in the advancement of geographical discovery in the interior of this continent has been sufficiently evinced by the generous assistance and encouragement he has lent to such men as Livingstone, and Andersson, and Chapman. His zeal for the preservation of the rapidly-disappearing languages of the native tribes, and for researches into the natural history of those tribes themselves, has been exhibited in the invaluable treasure of native publications, manuscripts, legends, and traditions which he has collected and preserved in his library, and the first-fruits of which we confidently expect to meet with at no distant date in another such admirable work as those he has already published on "the Native Races and Languages of Australia and New Zealand.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

Among other matters which are likely to be beneficial to the trade and commerce of the colony, harbor works and railways stand pre-eminent. It gives us, therefore, much pleasure to refer to the inauguration of a patent slip at Simon's Town on the 14th ultimo, under the auspices of Sir George Grey, whose remarks during the ceremony, and at the *déjeûner* which followed it, were well worthy of the attention of all classes of the people. "Do not rely on foreign capital," said the Governor, and we shall be glad to echo the exclamation whenever the works for which money is required are not of such magnitude as to preclude the possibility of their being undertaken by the colonists themselves. We have many very wealthy persons here, to whom the bare idea of investing a hundred pounds in railway, dock, telegraph, or any other shares in undertakings new to them, would be misery; and it is of such men that the bulk of our capitalists is composed. A few stirring, pushing men, who have seen the advantages accruing from such works, are to be found in every list of projectors and shareholders, and take willingly and cheerfully upon themselves the onus of giving a start to reproductive works of all kinds. The Simon's Town people have been most energetic in the cause of their dock and slip, and have taken a large number of shares. We sincerely hope that their energies will be rewarded by success.

In the Eastern Province, a railway between Graham's Town and Port Elizabeth is again being talked of. For this, foreign capital will be probably required; whilst a short line from Cape Town to Wynberg, in the Western Province, will, we trust, be constructed by the landowners holding property between these two points. The difficulty of transport has been much felt in the interior, and as produce increases, and imported articles are required, the necessity for cheap and speedy transport will force itself on the mind of every one, and railways or tramways must be constructed. In our next issue, we shall probably have to record the arrival of the first electric wires and the first locomotive engine in South Africa. They are to be employed in carrying on the works between this city and Wellington,—the former in conveying messages to and from the working parties, and the latter in drawing the ballast-wagons.

The recall of Sir George Grey from filling the office of Governor of the colony is a matter of the deepest regret to all colonists; and the inhabitants of this city have shown this feeling, by their attendance at a meeting held in the Commercial Exchange, and by the signature of addresses to his Excellency. Further marks of their admiration of him are said to be under consideration. During his tenure of office, his Excellency has been the promoter of everything which appeared likely

to benefit the commerce of the country, and it has increased to a wonderful extent. Peace, the merchant's best friend, has been maintained on our borders. Railways and docks have been commenced,—immigration undertaken,—the export of horses, which chance directed from our shores, has been fostered and encouraged. Our exports have largely increased, our imports also, and our commercial transactions, generally, have received the best assistance possible, by the absence of any interference or restrictive measures. We shall regret the departure of Sir George Grey; and shall hail his return to us with the liveliest satisfaction, if the present or future magnates of Downing-street will condescend to give an attentive ear to the universal wish of the Cape colonists.

The weather off the eastern coast has been very severe, and several distressed vessels, unable to weather Cape L'Agulhas, had sought refuge in Algoa Bay. The number of those which have borne up for other ports has been very trifling. At Port Elizabeth, some ships have been condemned, and others taken up to convey their cargoes to their several ports of destination. Freights otherwise, owing to the difficulty in bringing produce down from the interior, continue dull.

Importations of manufactured goods arrive much as usual, but there is very little trade doing. The spring trade will probably open about the beginning of September, and is expected to be animated. Coals have come in in small quantities, but no speculation has been indulged in. We are without arrivals of coffee; and the quantity expected will only be sufficient for current demand. Rice has slightly receded, but without any apparent necessity for a reduction in price, as the stocks of both white and brown are low, and there is very little chance of any importations on a large scale for some months. Sugars are sufficiently abundant; the new Mauritius crop may arrive here about the end of this month. From Natal, a considerable quantity is expected, this season, and in the course of two or three years, we are led to hope that enough will be made there to supply this colony entirely. The value of Natal sugars has been ascertained practically, in England, by the disposal of about seven hundred bags, at prices reaching 44s. per cwt. That settlement is attracting some attention in the mother country.

Discounts have become very easy, and good bills are not so freely offered as they were this time last month. The object for which bank directors locked up their coffers having been attained, the public, having congratulated the banks on their unquestionable position, are still more gratified at finding that the specie has again flowed into its natural channels, and that discounts have become again attainable. Exchange on London is somewhat firmer, there being some difficulty at the departure of the last mail in procuring bills on England.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR MAY, 1859.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Far.	Thermometers. Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.	Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind. Force.	Direction.	Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
May.	inches.	°	°	°	°	°		inches.			inches.	
1	30·001	66·72	58·68	78·3	56·0	52·4	61·0	29·608	0·6	WSW		2·5
2	29·957	66·90	59·16	74·2	56·5	53·2	63·6	29·550	0·7	WNW		7·3
3	29·821	67·76	59·04	81·5	59·6	52·5	62·0	29·422	1·6	NNW½W	0·132	9·0
4	30·081	57·76	55·48	66·0	52·0	53·5	86·2	29·671	1·1	WNW	0·110	4·6
5	30·158	58·76	55·24	64·0	50·7	52·2	79·4	29·767	0·9	WSW		0·4
6	30·201	60·46	55·40	66·0	56·2	51·0	71·2	29·826	4·4	S		0·5
7	30·152	61·66	54·94	63·7	59·0	49·1	64·0	29·802	6·5	S		0·4
8	30·040	61·00	56·50	67·2	56·2	52·6	74·4	29·642	0·8	SbE		4.2
9	30·060	59·06	52·20	65·7	55·4	46·2	63·0	29·746	2·2	S		2·6
10	30·189	60·94	55·22	65·0	56·4	50·3	68·8	29·823	1·0	SbE	.020	6·0
11	30·179	61·52	54·34	67·2	57·8	48·2	62·2	29·840	2·8	S½E		0·3
12	30·054	61·72	55·10	67·6	54·0	49·5	64·4	29·699	2·7	S		0·2
13	29·897	62·64	55·08	72·0	51·0	48·9	62·2	29·550	1·6	S½E		0·
14	29·791	62·44	56·12	71·3	55·2	50·9	67·2	29·417	1·0	SSW		1·1
15	29·655	54·24	52·14	62·0	51·0	50·2	86·6	29·291	2·0	NNW½W		9·6
16	29·537	56·66	55·22	58·3	53·8	53·9	90·6	29·121	4·4	NNW	2·068	10·0
17	29·597	55·84	54·30	58.6	54·0	52·8	90·0	29·196	5·6	NNW½W	1·983	10·0
18	29·812	56·40	55·64	58·2	55·0	54·9	94·8	29·381	3·2	NW	0·920	10·0
19	29·919	56·46	54·28	63·8	48·8	52·3	86·4	29·524	0·8	SW½S		4·2
20	29·896	61·54	56·70	70·2	53·7	52·6	73·4	29·498	1·6	SW½W		6·8
21	29·982	59·74	57·04	63·8	54·7	54·7	83·6	29·554	0·7	SbW½W		5·8
22	30·069	61·14	57·74	66·8	56·7	54·8	80·0	29·638	1·4	S½E		7·1
23	30·078	59·04	56·14	65·3	54·8	53·6	82·6	29·666	0·6	SSW½W	0·030	9·2
24	29·970	57·12	54·42	61·7	53·8	52·0	83·2	29·581	2·4	NW½N		8·7
25	29·930	57·26	55·44	60·4	55·2	53·8	88·4	29·514	4·8	NW½N	0·515	10 0
26	29·953	56·74	55·40	59·6	53·8	54·2	91·6	29·532	3·2	NW½N	0·067	7·2
27	30·013	56·50	52·00	59·3	53·6	47·8	73·2	29·677	4·8	NWbW	0·520	6.6
28	30·235	52·64	48·96	58·8	47·2	45·4	77·4	29·931	1·1	WNW	0·020	3.1
29	29·955	53·32	49·16	60·4	47·2	45·2	75·6	29·651	1·4	NW	0·080	3·8
30	29·955	57·12	55·46	58·3	52·0	53·9	89·4	29·539	4·8	NNW	0·460	9·2
31	30·023	55·78	54·14	60·6	52·2	52·6	89·4	29·625	1·6	NW½N		7·4
Mean,	29.973	59·25	55·05	65·03	53·98	51·46	76·96	29·590	2·3	WbS½S	Sum 6·925	5·4

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

		A.M. 5h 34m	A.M. 9h 34m	P.M. 1h 34m	P.M. 5h 34m	P.M. 9h 34m	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°.	inches	29·962	29.996	29·951	29·969	29·986	30·289	29·512
,, Press. of dry air,	,,	29·595	29·604	29·565	29·578	29·606	29·976	29·074
Thermom.—Dry bulb.	degrees	56·20	60·15	64·02	58·37	57·54	80·6	48·0
,, Wet bulb.	,,	53·10	55.78	57·16	55·02	54·21	63·0	46·0
Humidity of the air.	p. cent.	81·5	76·1	66·2	80.2	80·9	98·0	35·0
Dew Point.	degrees	50·3	52·0	51·6	52·0	51·3	59·2	41·2

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Roya Observatory.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR JUNE, 1859.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Far.	Thermometers. Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.	Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=300.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind. Force.	Direction.	Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
June.	inches.	°	°	°	°	°		inches.			inches.	
1	29·746	55·02	51·34	59·7	49·0	47·8	77·2	29 408	4·6	NWbW	1·655	7·2
2	30·007	54·04	51·10	57·8	50·5	48·2	81·6	29·663	4·8	NW½W	0·323	9·2
3	29·991	57·66	56·58	58·7	56·0	55·6	93·0	29·548	6·4	NWbN	0·495	9·9
4	30·131	55·00	51·44	60·4	49·6	48·1	78·6	29·791	3·0	WSW	0·675	7·1
5	30·244	53·40	50·84	57·3	48·0	48·4	83·4	29·904	1·0	NW	0·015	4·4
6	30·214	56·48	54·52	58·8	51·4	52·7	87·4	29·815	1·5	NNW½W		9·6
7	30·275	56·22	54·84	60·2	49·3	53·6	91·0	29·861	0·6	NWbW½W	0·142	3·4
8	30·215	55·12	52·46	62·0	46·8	50·0	83·6	29·854	1·2	S	[1]0·018	0·7
9	30·199	58·02	55·18	62·0	54·8	52·6	82·4	29·801	1·2	SbW½W		2·0
10	30·040	53·94	52·24	63·5	45·2	50·7	89·6	29·668	0·6	W	[1]0·012	1·8
11	30·195	56·86	53·66	60·8	53·0	50·8	80·8	29·823	0·8	NW½W	0·126	7·4
12	30·253	55·68	50·88	60·6	43·8	46·4	71·2	29·937	1·2	SSW		1·0
13	29·950	61·58	55·22	66·7	55·7	49·9	67·2	29·589	1·7	WSW		6·6
14	30·074	58·90	56·18	62·0	56·0	53·8	83·4	29·659	4·8	NWbN		8·6
15	30·041	58·04	56·02	64·0	55·0	54·2	87·2	29·620	2·2	NW½N		4·8
16	30·012	57·00	52·76	60·5	50·2	48·8	75·8	29·658	5·8	NWbW	0·382	7·0
17	30·353	52·40	48·46	57·0	46·0	44·5	75·0	30·058	1·4	WbN	0·093	4·8
18	30·311	51·86	49·40	58·7	44·2	47·0	84·4	29·986	0.5	SSW	[1]0·008	0·8
19	30·121	55·04	53·02	60·6	48·8	51·1	87·0	29·745	0·8	SbE	[1]0·010	2·4
20	29·829	64·74	56·34	71·8	58·2	49·4	57·8	29·476	0·7	NWbN		3·4
21	29·875	59·52	57·02	69·0	54·0	54·9	86·0	29·442	4·2	NWbN		10·0
22	30·078	53·50	52·38	57·5	50·0	51·3	92·2	29·700	0·3	ESE	1·322	7·8
23	30·032	53·38	50·66	58·2	50·0	48·1	83·2	29·695	1·6	NNW	·047	8·0
24	30·195	54·70	53·14	58·8	51·2	51·7	89·6	29·811	0·6	NNW	·080	7·2
25	30·182	51·68	49·86	57·7	43·4	48·1	87·8	29·844	0·9	WNW	[1]·016	1·3
26	30·264	57·62	53·42	61·0	54·8	49·6	75·0	29·907	4·1	SSW		2·7
27	30·249	59·24	52·68	65·0	47·0	46·9	64·0	29·927	1·2	S½E		0·5
28	30·168	53·86	50·20	67·0	43·0	46·9	79·0	29·845	0·4	S		1·1
29	30·192	53·22	51·06	64·0	45·0	49·0	86·8	29·842	0·5	WbN	[2]·018	6·1
30	30·222	53·82	51·82	63·2	47·0	49·9	87·4	29·861	0·3	W	[2]·020	6·8
Mean,	30·122	55·92	52·82	61·48	49·90	50·0	81·62	29·758	2·0	W½S	Sum. 5·457	5·1

[1] dew. [2] mist.

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A.M. 5h 34m.	A.M. 9h 34m	P.M. 1h 34m	P.M. 5h 34m	P.M. 9h 34m	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°. inches	30·113	30·157	30·095	30·114	30·130	30 415	29·618
,, Press. of dry air, ,,	29·773	29·787	29·713	29·743	29·772	30·129	29·214
Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees	52·34	55·85	60·19	56·46	54 75	68·8	44·4
,, Wet bulb. ,,	50·20	53·06	55·44	53·40	52·03	58·9	43·0
Humidity of the air. per cent.	86·5	83·0	73·8	81·3	83·5	99·0	50·0
Dew Point degrees	48·1	50·5	51·3	50·6	49·5	57·8	39·7

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AGRICULTURAL FORESHADOWINGS.

The colonial parliament having sanctioned a grant of seven hundred and fifty pounds from the public revenue, in aid of the agricultural societies of the western province (the same also to the eastern), and the delegates of the district societies having determined on what principle this grant should be distributed, let us hope that the liberality of the legislature, and the deliberations of those who were selected to represent the country interest, may lead to some visible and satisfactory results. Although the arrangements already adopted cannot now be altered, and, indeed, there is no appearance of a desire to modify them at present, they may possibly be discussed with advantage. Taking, therefore, as my starting point, the report in the *Cape Argus*, of 7th July, 1859, of the meeting of delegates held on 5th July, it seems that one moiety of the seven hundred and fifty pounds is to be set apart annually for one monster agricultural exhibition at some country town, and that three hundred pounds out of the remaining three hundred and seventy-five pounds is to be divided equally amongst the district societies which have officially notified their existence.

Each of these, therefore, will receive twenty-five pounds, and can apply that sum to the proposed end in whatever way they think best. A considerable difference of opinion exists as to the advantage of this system over the principle laid down at the first meeting of the delegates, which was to the effect that the branch societies should be assisted proportionately with their own exertions and local importance, and that the parent society should regulate the disbursements accordingly. However, at their last meeting, the country delegates then present, namely, Mr. Molteno, for Beaufort West, Mr. Mumik, for Worcester, Mr. Brand, for Clanwilliam, and Mr. Manuel, for Bredasdorp, were all strongly in favor of an equal, unconditional, and direct grant to each of the branch societies. Some of the others

present, who held a contrary view, deferred to their presumed knowledge of the country feeling on such a question, and to their local experience. So it was thus settled for one year, at all events. Certainly, it may be said, in favor of the proposition thus carried, that it precludes all possibility of suspicion as to the just and impartial distribution of the government grant, and relieves the parent society from much responsibility. On the other hand, it may be argued that the agricultural meetings might be held with far more general advantage in one locality than another; and that fifty pounds expended in a civilized centre, or thickly-populated district (the distinction being sometimes perceptible, even in South Africa), might have far greater effect than one hundred pounds bestowed on the exceptional oasis of a desert. But the oasis itself may be capable of improvement; and, if its inhabitants evince a proper spirit, by all means let them try what they can do for their own benefit, and as an example to others. They may strike out some new light, and illuminate other communities in the same predicament as themselves. Nevertheless, the expediency of devoting so large a sum as three hundred and seventy-five pounds for any provincial meeting is open to grave doubts. Our means of carriage and facilities of locomotion are not yet European, and we have yet to learn whether suitable arrangements, on a scale sufficiently comprehensive, can be made in our country villages, for the reception of many exhibitors or visitors from a distance, and the safe custody of the numerous valuable animals which, to make these meetings successful, ought to be then and there collected. These difficulties are not insuperable, but unless they are resolutely dealt with, and thoroughly obviated by the local committees, the first grand country exhibition is likely to be the last. Those who have the control of such arrangements must bear in mind that the stabling of country inns and farm-houses will not suffice for the accommodation of valuable blood horses,—colts, fillies, &c., &c., some of which will necessarily require loose boxes, and the others separate stalls. No horse-breeder would send a young thorough-bred colt a day's journey from home, if he is to be exposed to such risk of injury as would assuredly result from his being thrust into a stable or shed full of strange horses, with nothing to prevent the play of heels against ribs, a common amusement in such cases. Live-stock of other kinds will also require appropriate buildings and enclosures; for it will never do to shut up half a dozen bulls, or a score of rams, in the same kraal. There would soon be wigs on the green, and plenty of them.

Setting aside these considerations, and passing over the abstract question, whether the improvement of live-stock is or is not the legitimate aim of every branch agricultural society, some amongst us may ask if the money proposed to be devoted to that specific end, at future district shows, could not, in the present early stage of our agricultural development, be more profitably employed in the exhibition of improved machinery at different places? That is to say, would not the half of seven hundred and fifty pounds be better spent in conveying reaping machines, thrashing machines, &c., &c., amongst the farmers of Caledon, Swellendam, Riversdale, Worcester, Tulbagh, George, &c., &c., and showing them in work, than in prizes for live-stock, which can scarcely be expected to create any adequate competition in our country villages? Besides, our horses, cattle, and sheep have already attained a degree of excellence from which they cannot immediately recede, even if self-interest should fail to maintain it, a contingency scarcely to be expected. Not so is it with machinery. Our country friends "*over berg*" are almost unacquainted with its use; and they will be wholly sceptical as to its advantages, until satisfied by actual proof and ocular demonstration. When they *see* one hundred muids of wheat thrashed out by one of Ransome's or Garrett's machines in one day, they will appreciate the saving of time and labor, and the barbarous system of tramping out the corn with brood mares will be quickly abandoned. To carry out this proposition with the best prospects of success, it may be necessary, not only to show the thrashing machine in action, but to enlist the services of some competent person to superintend its transport from place to place, and its satisfactory exhibition in the back settlements; so that the farmers may have full leisure to observe how it is adjusted for active operations, and on what conditions its smooth working depends.

A little explanation on such points may save a world of disappointment afterwards. Imported implements of all kinds have been condemned, not unfrequently, because they have broken down from unfair treatment, or from causes easy of avoidance because easy of explanation to the most hazy intellect. Many more will be thrown aside under similar contingencies, unless our country friends are instructed in their use. This can be done without difficulty, and the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society would have undertaken the mission without further delay, had the means been left within its reach. Under the existing arrangements as to the disposal of the government grant, it is evident that funds

are not available; and the district societies which may be favorable to the idea must take the thing in hand themselves.

Next year, perhaps, the parliament may be inclined to increase its contribution in aid of agricultural progress; and there is no question that five hundred or one thousand pounds, placed annually at the disposal of the parent society, or of some board of agriculture, to be hereafter appointed, might be expended most usefully for the colony, by importing varieties of cereal produce, suitable for colonial culture, and improved implements, and even live-stock, to a limited extent. A large proportion of this special fund, if judiciously laid out, would be again realized by the sale of such consignments. They are not likely to interfere with private enterprise, and the experiment is worth a trial. Take, for instance, one article of daily consumption amongst us—potatoes! What kind of rubbish have we been nauseated with for some months' past, at rates varying from thirty shillings to forty shillings per muid? The price of the best table potatoes in England does not exceed seven shillings per bushel, or twenty-one shillings per muid; and we could import them for consumption infinitely cheaper than we can buy those aggravating esculents, miscalled potatoes, in Cape Town. Has the potato degenerated to this calamitous pitch, or do the growers of it merely patronize the most productive varieties, without regard to quality? Whatever may be the cause of the present scarcity or the miserable quality of the article, we might do something to obviate both evils in time to come, by importing potato sets of different kinds, and distributing them amongst careful cultivators,—the whole of the first crop being reserved for future planting. Some new varieties of wheat, or fresh seed of such as have been already proved successful, might also be procured with advantage. The "Bengal" wheat, once so free from disease, and so much prized for home consumption, has lost, in some measure, its most valuable characteristics, being now subject to the rust, and quite a precarious crop. Our farmers would be thankful to find its hardy nature restored; and this can be effected only by importing seed from whence it originally came. Other kinds of wheat, and, indeed, cereals and esculents of every description, might be introduced for experimental purposes; and any encouragement given to the planting of fruit and forest trees would have the happiest results.

There is nothing which strikes a traveler in many parts of the colony more than the absence of trees, hedge-rows,

enclosures, and plantations, so much required for the shelter of live-stock, to say nothing of their ornamental addition to our rural scenery, and their ultimate usefulness on every homestead. In some of the United States of America, the agricultural societies pay special attention to this branch of husbandry, and the example is well worthy of imitation in this bare and leafless country. Already something has been done in that direction, through the instrumentality of the so-called Botanical Garden, in Cape Town. This institution,—one, with all deference to botanical *savans*, far more useful to the colony, and appreciated incomparably more as a nursery establishment for the propagation and distribution of trees, and plants, and seeds, within our own shores, than it ever can be as an exclusive botanical repository, with its inevitable professorships,—has already been the means of disseminating a very large quantity of the eucalypti, acacias, &c., throughout the country districts, and at the same time of creating a decided taste for arboriculture, where it previously never existed. But the movement might be accelerated by the annual outlay of a few pounds in the establishment of nursery gardens, for the propagation of useful trees in some of the country villages. Such local nurseries would speedily supply thousands of young trees to the surrounding farmers; they would be extensively patronized, and, with a little management, would soon be self-supporting. In the meantime, they might be fostered by a parliamentary grant, which, in a patriotic sense, would be well repaid hereafter. If the districts now subject to long droughts were planted to any extent, in the course of a few years they would be exempt from such visitations, for climate changes with the growth or disappearance of trees. This fact is now too well known to require proof or explanation in this place; and the following quotation from the *British Quarterly Review*, for April, 1859, will show what importance the provident rulers of the Punjab attach to this department of their local administration:

> The Sikh government was systematically regardless of trees, and scarcely recognized any right of property in them. The country thus became bare, and had a desolate and uninviting aspect. The commissioners of the new province resolved to repair the waste of ages by planting on a scale of magnificent liberality. Now, no district is without its nursery of plants, no canal banks without its thriving saplings, no road without its young avenue, no public building without its grove. In a hot region like the Punjab, the refreshing verdure of trees, and the luxury of their shade, must be deeply felt and appreciated. In the Lahore district, no less than 415,000 trees have been planted, and in the Goodaspore district, 434,000. In Goojeranwalla, forty miles of road have been planted, and in many villages the landowners have been

induced to sow trees and plant seedlings round their wells. In the Trans-Sutlej states, 50,000 trees have been sown or planted in the Kangra district; in Jullunder, 28,000. In other districts, hedge-rows have been planted out in all directions for miles, and groves formed at proper intervals. The peasantry have been very generally induced to sow and plant out useful trees near their wells, and along their irrigation water-courses. Three millions of trees are said to have been thus produced, which, together with those planted by the local officers, make up a total of 6,000,000. Even this number, large as it is, is said to be small relatively to the wants of the country. Four trees have been estimated as the proper number to a cultivated acre: at this rate, there being 12,000,000 of cultivated acres, no less than 50,000,000 of trees will be needed, and are now being raised, for these territories.

In like manner, our government, if it cannot undertake similar duties on a similar scale, might do something towards the cultivation of trees along our high roads, and of plantations in the vicinity of road stations, where they can be to some extent protected from the dangers of drought and trespass in the early stages of their growth. A very little time and attention devoted to this purpose would soon line our highways with handsome avenues of trees, not only affording a grateful shade to travelers, but tending materially to the preservation of every road within their influence. The risk of veld fires is always quoted as a fatal obstacle to plantation making; but a very little precaution will render a belt of trees as secure from invading conflagrations as a row of farm buildings; and if there is at present no effective law to prevent the unseasonable, wanton, and mischievous firing of the veld, surely the Cape parliament can furnish some agricultural representative equal to such an effort, with the assistance of the Attorney-General. The trees most likely to be useful for general planting are the blue gums, hard-wood acacias, such as the *A. Melanoxylon* (Blackwood of Australia), and oaks. The "Blackwood Acacias" and gums are fast-growing trees; they will thrive almost anywhere, except in pure sand; they are ornamental, and extremely serviceable for farm work. Every homestead ought to have its belts of these trees; and a few good fruit trees for the orchard would provide an amazing addition to the winter store-room, and assist the domestic economy in many ways.

But, under the present arrangements for the distribution of the government grant of seven hundred and fifty pounds, it is clear that the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society can do nothing towards the attainment of these objects. The country delegates have decided that the provincial institutions shall find the use of their own legs, and whether the system now in force answers or not, is of no great consequence for one year. Should it fail, some other plan can be adopted. One check

only has been imposed on the branch societies, and that is the requirement of an official report of their proceedings. These reports may be made, not only highly interesting, but extremely useful to the community, if they are drawn up with any care and in a right spirit; and they may be published afterwards as a parliamentary blue-book, or in some other form less amenable to popular prejudice. The parliament and the public will be glad to learn on what principles these district societies are conducted, how their funds are expended, what competition they create, and what amount of benefit to the colony they are likely to produce. The executive government and the legislature will have a right to expect information on these points, in order that future state grants may be regulated accordingly. The reports need not be very elaborate, and the decorative process may be omitted with advantage. Discursive essays and flowery compositions would be thrown away on our rural population. Not that we have much reason to fear an explosion of the Virgilian element, or even the Mævian, in this unpoetical country. But it has been found otherwise in some of the American states, and one or two extracts from their official documents, purporting to be agricultural reports, may as well be here exhibited, as a caution to our forthcoming country correspondents "how not to do it:"

From the Report of the Committee (Worcester, Massachusetts), on Heifers less than two years old.

Your committee having attended to the duty assigned to them, respectfully ask leave to report: Being fully aware of the respect paid to this kind of animal by all classes of society, they have not lightly regarded the responsibility which their trust imposes on them. Hence they have endeavored to enter upon their duty with unbiased minds, regardless of circumstances in which competitors may have been placed, provided they had complied with the requisitions of the society, and have designed to be impartial in all their decisions.

Immediately after the creation of man, God gave him a right to use the animals that were below him in the scale of organization, to enhance his comfort, his pleasure, and his gratification, and also for his sustenance, and the purpose of labor. Man thus became lord of the animal creation. He accordingly uses one animal to warm him, another for purposes of pleasure, and another to feed and nourish the body. But among the different species and varieties of animals, not the least honored and respected, or the least useful and beneficial, is the heifer, &c., &c.

This may be termed the style logical and didactic; and next we come to the sportive and jocose:

Hampshire, U. S., from the Report of the Committee.

Was the plough used by Adam? . . . Let us for a moment contemplate the man, created by divine wisdom for agricultural pursuits.

In his physical nature, he was a finished production of infinite skill. Intellectually, as a perfect model, he must have stood at a height that none of his descendants can hope to reach, while upon his moral nature no blighting stain had fallen. The lineaments of an endless life were his.

For such a man the cultivation of the ground was deemed by the Creator a suitable employment. But we are not informed in regard to the manner in which Adam carried on his farming operations. We are not told whether he used a spade or plough, rake or harrow, hoe or corn-planter. We feel quite sure, however, that in the absence of the sons of the Emerald Isle, he could not have relied exclusively on the spade in preparation of the soil, even before the thorns and briars came. It will not surprise us if, at some future day, a Layard should exhume from the garden of Eden the original pattern of the genuine Michigan plough.

Heavy gambols these; but the next exhibition is still more remarkable:

Franklyn County Agricultural Society.

Ploughing.—The plough, the loom, and the forge are representatives of the three grand useful arts of life, that feed, clothe, and shelter mankind,—that form the basis of all our domestic economy, the foundation upon which has been erected, through the stages of continual progress, the grand, brilliant, and enduring superstructure of our glorious modern civilization. What the key-stone is to the arch, what the corner-stone is to the temple, is the humble, ungainly, and earth-begrimed plough—in the eyes of the ignorant and uninitiated so insignificant and contemptible,—to the blessed and beautiful culture that is transporting the solitary place and the wilderness into a beautiful garden, and bringing back to earth the ancient Eden. Not a single grain waves its banner of living green in the breeze, or fills out its little granary of ears with rich store of nutriment for man,—not a tree bends down with its blushing, golden fruit, replete with precious nectarian juices, sweeter than the food of Olympian deities; not a flower unveils its starry eyes to the sunshine, or rose perfumes the breath of the gale from its fragrant chalices,—that may not owe a richer value, a greater worth, a higher grace, a sweeter, diviner loveliness, to that instrument of too often little valued labor; there in the dark and humble furrow, through whose prowess the chaos of the outward world is being gradually brought into a grateful and blessed order, and the rugged old earth smoothed and softened into a smiling, bounteous garden—a pardise of beauty and delight for man. All honor, then, to the plough; and fit it is that the monarch of the mighty agricultural land of the orient, that feeds the most crowded population on the face of the earth, should annually drive the ploughshare in the presence of his people; and that *that the great, free, intelligent states of the western world should hold their yearly fair to glorify the plough*, and celebrate the humble and bloodless triumphs of this noblest of the useful arts, the great foundation art of agriculture. Thus grand and impartial is the office of the plough; and hence, our agricultural societies have instituted ploughing matches, &c., &c., &c.!!

Leaving alone the bathos and relevancy of these productions, it is possible enough they may have been suited to the tastes of those for whose edification they were intended;

but it is quite certain that such flights of fancy are completely beyond *our* prosaic comprehensions, and that the colonial legislature would never allow them to be printed at the public expense. On the other hand, clear and concise reports of the provincial agricultural meetings, and of the proceedings of the branch societies, ought to form a very interesting, not to say instructive, compilation, especially if accompanied by explanatory notes, and interspersed with comments and criticism appropriate to the main design of such a publication, and not too scientific, clever, witty, poetical, or abstruse. B.

THE FLAG-SHIP'S BALL,

"AND WHAT WE SAW THERE."

I MAY begin by mentioning that I was invited, with about two hundred others, to a ball on board the Commodore's flag-ship, in Simon's Bay, somewhere about the year 185—. My impression is that my position is generally supposed to be rather obscure than otherwise. This, perhaps, is fortunate, as I am thus left to the society of myself a good deal, and also am enabled to see a vast deal more of what goes on than the majority of visitors can do who owe much to society.

It is needless to describe to a Cape public all the perils of the quicksands, or to say what terrors we endured going over Vischhoek beach, or how closely we were packed in the spring cart; the last may be better imagined, when I say that after everybody was seated, the entire space remaining for my accommodation was eight inches. We were a snug, merry party. My friends, Jack Wildman, of the Rifles, and Tom Sloman, of the Heavies. Jack knew everybody, Tom, nobody. I was just happily situated between the two; knowing everybody by sight, few to speak to.

However, we got on board in exceedingly good feather, and were astonished at the beauty and novelty of the scene. You could scarcely have told you were on board ship; the deck was enclosed with drapery, composed of the flags of all nations; the quarter-deck guns had disappeared altogether, and myrtle bushes grew luxuriantly. Where the bare masts were generally supposed to be located, chandeliers, to be lighted when night came on, were formed of inverted bayonets, astonished to find themselves put to such a peaceful and ignominious use. Tiffin was laid on the starboard side of the main deck: but, for the present, we

were employed in greeting such of the arrivals as we happened to know, and amusing ourselves with comments upon the rest. There were all the big-wigs and local magnates of Cape Town and the country for miles round,—all the names that an inhabitant of the Cape will supply; while those who are not, would rather be spared the list. They were like a bed of variegated flowers, such a marvelous and startling combination of color did they present. We watched them stream up the side, in various stages of stoutness and fatigue. Those ladies *more* than *inclined* to *embonpoint* must have suffered cruelly in that ascent, judging from the reckless manner in which they fell down plump into the first friendly chair that offered itself.

"And how is one supposed to be enjoying oneself at present?" asked Tom Sloman, yawning frightfully.

"Why you are to be eating your tiffin by anticipation, to be sure," said Jack Wildman. "This is just that mortal, dull half-hour before dinner, when all the guests are painfully punctual. I remember them well, specially at home, when my governor always insisted upon waiting for the country doctor, who naturally was arrested, just at the door step, by a summons from some dyspeptic patient, who had got the horrors. But *is* two o'clock the aboriginal hour for feeding here, Smith?" Smith is my name, dear reader.

The "Roast Beef of Old England," played with much vigor by the flag-ship's band, was his answer. So everybody was marshaled off. Alas! not by inclination, but by rule; great gun with great gun: we, being but "small arms," did as we liked, and all sat together in full view of the powers that were. Tom, in the innocence and verdure of his heart, asked what was the order for making speeches, and if there was any programme? "Oh! dear no," said Jack, "it is quite optional; anybody gets upon his legs who fancies he should like to hear himself speak,—the result of which latitude will be lamentable in the extreme; by-and-by, every 'nob' (Jack was just a little slangey) will get up in his turn, and flounder through a few words; but I vote we go on deck before all that fearful debauchery begins." Jack soon, not caring for his turkey and ham so much as he had done, commenced looking about in search of amusement. "Now, you wouldn't think," said he, "that under that charming fat bosom lurks the most shocking feelings of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; yet I know such is the case. That lady with the fiery bonnet, and hair to match, like fine bunches of carrots sprouting from beneath it, is Mrs. Wobbles. I had better not divulge her real name, since

those nearest pitchers may possibly be furnished with organs of hearing; so I will continue the *nom-de-plume*. Mrs. Wobbles considers herself as very nearly at the top of the colonial tree. Others do not always give her that high position, but she does not know that; and her peace of mind is gone for to-day, if not for ever, for she had set her mind upon obtaining exclusive possession of the colonel of our regiment, he being a very big wig. And, furthermore, don't you see that the colonel has mettle more attractive than the old vegetable garden possesses? He is employed in ministering to the wants of Mrs. Wobbles' hated rival, Mrs. Silvertongue, who, though holding a much lower position than herself in the scale of colonial magnates, by right of their respective husbands, yet has the cruel advantage of being a charming young woman, and a baron's daughter to boot; but Mrs. Wobbles despises rank (only in the Silvertongue case, though); and if the last-named lady is preferred before her, I am credibly informed that the unhappy woman takes to her bed, and resolutely refuses to quit it for a week. Now, do look how she glances round at the little flirtation going on between the colonel and the pretty coquette; the latter makes all the running, though, by Jove," said Jack, *sotto voce*. "Now, look how severely Mrs. Wobbles negatives poor Captain Douglasse's *dernier ressort*, a meek question as to whether she will take a little champagne? Champagne, indeed! She would rather perish than take any, lest she should cherish less venomous feelings within that ample breast towards her mortal foe. I'll tell you what, old party, if you would wind yourself up a little with a good glass, it would do you a power of good, and perhaps have the happy effect of soothing your lacerated feelings," said Jack, throwing a look of intense commiseration towards the fire-colored bonnet. "Give me the bottle," said he, "and keep a bright look-out."

Sloman and I watched Jack Wildman glide quietly round behind the infuriated and injured "old party," as he called her; and, having subdued his bright features into an expression of the most respectful reverence, he exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. ———, I am ashamed not to have noticed before that you have no champagne. Gracious me! I believe you have had none at all" — (his features now assumed a virtuous expression of horror); "would you permit me to have the honor of drinking a glass with you?" Before she could stop him he had poured her out a bumper, and stood in an attitude of the deepest respect, glass in hand, awaiting her bow. He was very charming and very handsome;

moreover, she could not well refuse a common piece of civility, proffered in so refined and well-bred a manner. So, to our immense astonishment, he was seen the next minute sitting beside her, and exerting all his brilliant powers for her amusement. The naturally jolly old features, relaxed from their rigid expression, beamed like a genial sun on all around. He frankly told her his name was Captain Wildman, of the Rifle Brigade, and that he had been so wonderfully struck by her very extraordinary likeness to his dear aunt, the Duchess Dowager of Poodledog, that he had felt himself quite unable to resist making her acquaintance; he humbly hoped it was not taking too great a liberty, and without an introduction, too. Mrs. Wobbles was charmed; she was condescension and amiability itself, and relapsed into forgetfulness of all her wrongs, in contemplating the delights of having a duchess' nephew beside her. So very affable and humble he was, too. Duchess of Poodledog! There was no one Mrs. Wobbles knew better (in her place in the *Peerage*), for she loved to live in titled society, and, having none at hand generally, she visited them in that book; she had never *seen* anything so near a duchess as this! and how like he was to other people! Never had Mrs. Wobbles been so delightfully entertained; she felt herself to be both talented and charming, for he dexterously suggested ideas to her which she came out with as though they were the children of that most wonderful substance, her own brain. The second glass was now empty, for Mrs. Wobbles really liked champagne; and when she faintly remonstrated against any more, he told her it was rather rough; he was afraid the wind had got up since one o'clock, and should she unfortunately suffer from *mal-de-mer*, it was the best and only thing to keep it off. Mrs. Wobbles said she had never had that disease, and asked if it was catching? Poor Jack's amusement nearly overcame him at this juncture. She had not a notion of what the meaning of *mal-de-mer* might be, but had a dim idea that it was something like chicken-pox or scarlatina, —her juvenile studies not having proceeded beyond a few verbs of the first conjugation, of which *j'aime, tu aime, il aime* were the only ones she retained a clear idea of, and these had been clothed in romance to her eyes, because her first love, the distinguished French count who taught languages at the little "Seminary for Young Ladies" at Islington, having found out, with a facility only to be acquired by needy *emigrés*, that the then blooming Miss Tomkins was a kind of heiress in her way, took many opportunities of conjugating this particular verb for her edification, behind the meagre

shelter that Chapselle's grammar afforded. This little escapade in Mrs. Wobbles' maiden life is a secret between you and me, reader, and concerns not the progress of Jack's little *affaire de cœur*, as he afterwards called it. So it came to pass, that by the time the protracted tiffin was over, you would certainly have taken her for some female bearing a striking resemblance to the late Mrs. Wobbles. Everything was *couleur de rose*, and she thought she should even like to dance. However, Jack, in his affectionate solicitude for her welfare, dissuaded her from this, and, having comfortably established her upon a heap of cushions and flags, to keep off the sea sickness, the said Jack departed, and she—went to sleep. Mrs. Wobbles was not discovered for some hours after, when a lady feeling chilly, one of the lieutenants dived below, and, seizing a heap of shawls and things in his arms, was making off with them, when he found it was Mrs. Wobbles curled up, which he had mistaken for the wraps. Great was the wrath of that doubly-wronged woman, and terrible was the torrent of anger under which the lieutenant writhed. As soon as he could get away, he sent Jack to bring the "old girl" to. That accomplished gentleman explained it all most plausibly; how, seeing she felt the motion of the vessel, he had left her, and hoped the quiet had done her good. So he finished his good offices, by wrapping her up to go ashore. Having handed her into the boat, he came up to us, laughing heartily, and asked if we didn't think he had done *Mr.* Wobbles good service that day, by saving that hen-pecked man from the showers of withering sarcasm, which her wounded feelings would otherwise have discharged towards the region of his head? I may here mention that Captain Wildman had a dream that night—a terrible dream. He thought that Mr. Wobbles had sent him a challenge, and he found himself at single combat with a foe whose size might possibly have been five feet two in his boots. Now, as Jack stood six feet, without his stockings, his adversary's thrusts all clove the air on either side of his legs. After having spitted Mr. Wobbles, as you would spear a salmon, Jack thought he should like to know what the quarrel was about. He understood from the bystanders, who had unspitted Mr. Wobbles and set him on his legs, that the cause was a confession made by Mrs. W. during the heat of a curtain lecture she was administering to her *sposa*, to the effect that a young rifleman had won her heart entirely. This had been more than even that suffering item, who was called, in melancholy mockery, "her lord and master," could endure, so he had thus been goaded to the last extremity.

But we have since learned that it could only have been in one of Jack's wildest and most improbable dreams that *such* an event could come to pass, as we learned, beyond all question, that Mr. Wobbles had suffered from the scarlet fever, in a mild form, during the heyday of youth, and was within an ace of entering the "Wynberg Flats Militia;" but before he had (figuratively speaking) taken the shilling, he lost heart, having seen how those gallant soldiers recklessly walked about with a sword dangling in and out of their legs. Now, Mr. Wobbles had *one* constitutional dread (it increased to *two* after his marriage), which was said to have been derived from his mother, and that dread was of a sword, for fear it should cut him. Likewise, he suffered from the discharge of firearms (ascribed also to maternal fears); so it shows how absurd and impossible Jack's dreams were.

And now, champagne having wound up the young gentlemen who, in the morning, were very bashful, dancing commenced with great animation. There were some Russian officers skating over the decks as if it were their native ice, at the rate of forty miles an hour, with their unhappy bewildered partners hanging in mid-air, consequent upon the velocity of their flight. Sou-Lieutenant Scaremoff and Miss Brown, having attained express speed, a mile a minute, found themselves without a break to put on, and quite unable to bring up. Fortunately, before everybody was run down, the performance was brought to an end, by the untimely disappearance of M. Scaremoff from the festive scene above. He was shot into the windsail, and from thence descended upon the heads of some astonished old gentlemen below, who were yet intently occupied in settling colonial affairs over their wine. Miss Brown remained where she was, but the rate of speed was very sensibly diminished after this little occurrence. There was a live prince, who created an immense sensation, more particularly before it was quite ascertained which was he. "Do you see those two Russians by the foremast?" said Jack, speaking to me. "One is M. Strelox and the other is Prince Lodersdorf." "And which is which?" I asked. "Well, there is not much difference," said he, "but Strelox is the dirty one, and the prince is the comparative dirtier still!" They had both the smallest conceivable quantity of hair, which was cropped so short that it stood bolt upright, like bristles on a brush. All the girls were dying to dance with the *Prince*; and though repeatedly solicited by the officers to allow them to provide him with a partner, that greasy dignitary had made it known, in his best English, between

long wiffs of the vilest tobacco, "that he did not like de dance," and, furthermore, did feel "a *leetle seek*;" the last feeling I did not wonder at the least, seeing that his Highness had been gorging uninterruptedly for two hours, and had been seen to empty a bottle of anchovy sauce and a cruse of oil over his roast turkey, ham, lobster, and everything else combined, into one huge mess—the whole of which had disappeared—so that he was as well as could be expected.

A ball on board ship is not to *all* a time of unmixed pleasure. On the calmest and stillest day, she will often (specially if a Simonite) roll dreadfully; and some few there were on board the frigate who might have been observed to retire for a time into private life, in the cabin below, and come back to dance again, as if nothing in the world had happened. I might have been mistaken in my surmises about the ladies, but I had ocular demonstration that the feeling (if any there was) was not confined to the fair sex by any means. "Look at that unhappy young man," I observed to my friends, "who is sitting on the very edge of his seat, bolt upright, as if his sole remaining chance against being *practically* ill depended upon his preserving the centre of gravity undisturbed. Would you believe that this is the very same spry, painfully got-up young fellow, who, but an hour ago, was disporting himself on the light fantastic with such praiseworthy energy? It does not seem likely, but it is a fact, nevertheless. At an early period of the day he would have perished miserably rather than crease his shirt front. Now he is perfectly reckless, and does not care the least what becomes of it, or of himself,—to so low an ebb is he reduced; but this state of things only comes with repeated seizures, and after many horrible paroxysms. Oh! what *would* he give to set his foot once more on dry land; if those distractingly well sisters of his would only leave off dancing, and have a little pity for his wretched situation; but those flinty-hearted young women never even look his way, so entirely are they absorbed in the companionship of their respective beaus, Lieutenant Pipeclay, of the Royal Marines, and Mr. Ernest Fitzstubbs, of Messrs. Robinson and Brown's (an old admirer); so the poor fellow feels very bad." Worse; mysterious sounds are suddenly heard, suggestive of choking. Young gent, in despair, rushes forward, away from the gaze of the world (of course, to the weather side), and is kindly and hospitably lugged over to the leeward by the blue jackets, who comprehend his wants and feelings. Having gazed intently in the direction of the fishes for a time, he returns to the bosom of society, feeling, perhaps, a little

better than he did, which is not saying much, and watches with more interest and complacency than heretofore the hopeful little "affairs" that he sees, with the eye of fraternal affection, springing up between Lieutenant Pipeclay, before mentioned, and his eldest sister Jemima. In this renovated condition, he gives a cordial invitation to the lieutenant; and offers to that gallant marine's enraptured gaze the run of his father's mansion, at Green Point; which invitation, I need not say, the gentleman in question availed himself of afterwards as often as circumstances permitted. I am not quite in a position to say whether Jemima ever became Mrs. Pipeclay; but I rather fancy they were on the eve of marriage, when he was unexpectedly obliged to proceed to England, without delay, on urgent private affairs. I *did* hear it said that he had previously effected an exchange with Lieutenant Hardup, of the Portsmouth division, who was as anxious to leave England, on a similar plea, as Mr. Pipeclay was to return there: doubtless, they both had excellent reasons. I also *think* that something prevented his returning to the Cape, and that he soon after espoused his cousin Amy,—Jemima following suit in a year, with a prosperous gentleman, who had been a clerk in the same house as her sister's husband, Mr. Fitzstubbs.

Nothing much had been seen or heard of Jack Wildman for some time, and he was beginning to be missed, when his happy, handsome face was seen emerging from a hatchway. "Where have you been, Jack?" said I. "Why," answered that young gentleman, after quietly disposing his splendid limbs on a chair, "I lost sight of my little German Savan, whom I have been fraternizing with; he had been hopping about like a tiny cock-sparrow, as pert as can be, all the morning; but I noticed he gradually became quieter and quieter, until he subsided altogether, and was no more seen. Very ill-naturedly, I attributed it to the beer, which acts in a soothing manner upon the German constitution, and exactly the reverse upon an English. So I have just been on a crusade into the holy and unknown land, down there, in search of him. I rather liked the little being, and am sorry to say that I discovered his body in not quite so comfortable a condition as his friends would wish to see him in. Saladin, personated by the senior midshipman, surrounded by a host of other potentates and grandees, had got possession of him. I don't know what might have happened next, if, by a brilliant dash, and then a dexterous passage of arms, I had not vanquished the infidel, and placed my prize, by right of conquest, in the captain's cabin, where he can enjoy his rest

undisturbed by the jeers of the foe." "You don't mean to say that the youngsters have been ill-using anybody?" said an officer, quickly. "Oh, no! I was only joking. I was trying to make the ridiculous appear sublime, and have signally failed. The creature had retired to their berth, not feeling very well, vainly imagining that there he would find rest and peace; but when the boys came in and discovered him, they gave a kind of war-cry, and then unceasingly offered remedies of every description under the sun, which only had the unfortunate effect of further irritating him beyond all endurance, as he wanted nothing in the world but to be left alone, and this the boys had not the slightest intention of doing. On the contrary, they were unremitting in their attention, till my advent released him, and he was borne, in a very wretched condition, to the captain's cabin; there, having administered a dose of my specific and elixir, champagne, I left him."

I do not get on so fast with the ball, and who was at it, as I might do. As a general thing, the dancing was exceedingly good. I think a Cape girl excels all others in the grace and lightness with which she dances—it is innate in her: for in numberless instances they have never had any teaching beyond what their cousins and friends have given. Cape Town, in 185—, boasted of no "Dancing Academy," and a Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Henderson, or Miss Leonora Geary, would find themselves in immense request if they braved the perils of the ocean, and established themselves here. A genuine "Africander" is so passionately fond of dancing, just for its *own* sake, and not as a means of displaying her fine ankle or shapely figure, as so many in the old country do, that she will dance anywhere, and at any time, under such difficulties as would appall the stoutest heart. The green grass under the trees at Constantia; the frowsy, fusty old carpet in the dining room, heavy with the accumulated dust of generations; the well waxed floors at government-house, the assembly-room, or the deck of a frigate when she is rolling; *all* are alike to her. A real Cape belle undergoes more hard work at a ball than would suffice to kill three English ones at home. She is generally engaged ten deep for weeks before the day comes, and *rather* prefers an officer, if he is to be had; but should a Kafir war ruthlessly sweep the south part of the colony clear of all the military, she cheerfully allows, first, the colonial office, and then her brother's friends, to put down their names. I am rather afraid—but say this with all due deference—that a sailor does

not count for much with her, unless, indeed, he is known to be a good dancer; then, of course, he comes after the soldier. But our friend's especial delight is a Cape Corps man; he has two excellencies combined under his green jacket,—the fact of his being a soldier, and, in many cases, Cape-born also; so I may say that a Cape mounted rifleman is the best partner she can have. Well or ill, weary or fresh, she dances through with everyone on the card, as a matter of duty. To see her flushed face and panting bosom, when her equally used-up partner leads her to the refreshment-room, mopping his face, and struggling for utterance, you would wonder what in the world she suffered all that for. Innocent spectator, she likes it! Likes it far better than the most sumptuous dinner, the most brilliant and enlightened *conversazione* or musical *soirée* that ever her Grace of Sutherland or my Lady Devonshire collected at Stafford-house or Belgrave-square, to listen to Dr. Livingstone and Clara Novello. Dancing is a Cape girl's normal state. She looks upon quadrilles as necessary evils; means whereby she may recruit, without wasting time in sitting down, her weary limbs for the coming struggle. For a struggle it is, in these days of crinoline, as the torn and mangled dresses witness, to dance through a galop in a crowded room. The only evil of a crinoline I believe to be in a ball-room.

I am now "about to appeal to the country." Did you, my dearest lady, who now enact the distinguished part of a wall-flower, *ever* see, in all your years of experience, such a shocking *exposé* of petticoats and pedestals as you now behold, every time a girl is swung round by her partner? The hooped apparatus is like a house, in which a young lady, dwells and the whole interior, upper story, inhabitant, and all, is laid bare to the spectator's gaze—admiring or otherwise, according to his age. I have seen it scores of times. However, my sister wears a hoop, so I had better be silent; but then—she doesn't dance.

I must not show up an evil without suggesting a remedy, and here it is: Don't let our sisters divest themselves of crinoline, and go about like lamp-posts; this would be rather worse than the other extreme. But if a few of the leaders of fashion would agree to leave off the hoop in the ball-room *alone*, and give out the reason, I feel sure that the example would be followed immediately by all who intend to dance. Then let them resume it on the morrow: it would speedily become the fashion, take my word for it.

Well, to return once more to our friends, the Cape girls, who have been getting such a lecture,—let them dance if they

like it, by all means. Don't you agree with me, my dearest reader, that infinitely less scandal is talked, infinitely fewer hearts are broken, when the energies are all devoted to mere muscular movement, than is the case in a cold formal party at home; where poor Lady Clara's night is spent in wretchedness, because the Honorable Arthur has been walking for hours outside, in a shady alcove, with Miss Dipps, the great tallow-smelter's heiress, whose financial and other attractions always caused the Lady Clara's heart to ache? She would not have minded Arthur dancing as much as he liked; but it is not the fashion to dance more than two or three times in an evening at home; if it were, what would become of the people who go out six nights in the week. Harmless or not harmless, as the reader fancies, the merry Cape girl dances on with unabated vigor, year after year, season after season, till she is no longer a girl, and has sons and daughters dancing too. Then, gradually the hair comes out of curl more than it used, although no rude grey thread intrudes itself for many a day to come; and it becomes more difficult for the favorite partner of her youth to encircle her ample waist than formerly. (It may be mentioned that that individual rarely becomes her husband, being reserved for dancing only.) Also, her breath departs entirely after the first polka, leaving her merely a gasping substance.

So, as time goes on, all these symptoms, working together, compel the *ci-devant belle* to abdicate in favor of her daughter, who acts precisely the same part as her mother has done before her.

Sometimes, as may be imagined, such rights and pleasures are not resigned without a few heart-burnings; but, in general, the remembrance of youthful victories achieved and triumphs gained suffices for their autumn days. Thus, almost imperceptibly, so slowly and gradually has the change come on, do they turn into all those dear, patient, meek chaperones, sitting over there in rows, on the quarter-deck of the flag-ship, to which I have at last conducted you back, dear reader. Some of them, to be "out of the way," are sitting right aft, on the grating; but they are all regardless alike of fatigue, and utter sleepiness and weariness. After tiffin is over, there are few pleasures left for them, poor dear old ladies, unless they merge self in the pleasure of seeing their daughters admired. Then they are dreadful hands at teazing. Have you never heard them at other places, besides the Cape, wickedly remark to some bashful young gent, "Ah, Mr. Jones (or Brown, as the case may be), do you think I didn't see the shameful flirtation you have been

carrying on with Miss Robinson? and when is it to be?" (confidentially.) Jones or Brown's scant hair begins to erect itself, he having *no* "intentions" whatever towards the lady in question, and his "flirtation" having been entirely confined to a mild invitation to dance, and a few milder remarks gasped out at intervals, when the state of his wind allowed of it.

People of all kinds, even the very best intentioned, do not know how many hearts are torn, how many lives marred, by that stupid habit of "teazing" an incipient lover. It is immense fun, no doubt, at the time; but it is most unkind, most indelicate, and where the worldly prospects are good, most impolitic. A man does not *choose* to be talked about and laughed at, especially if he is morbidly susceptible to ridicule; so he takes fright, and, supposing him to be in a position to do so, instantly departs. No surer way can be found than this to spite your foe, if so inclined.

It was dark and pretty late before we left the hospitable flag-ship; and how we got over the sands, which in the morning had seemed so terrible, we never quite knew. Resigning ourselves to the driver's charge and protection, we, nautically speaking, "turned in," *i.e.*, went to sleep, and were deposited, considerably fatigued, at the door of Mrs. Parke's.

From thence, dear reader, I take leave of you, begging to thank you most sincerely for your kindness in following me thus far.

HONEYCLEUGH.—A REMINISCENCE.

Into the bosom of the everlasting mountains,
Four blithesome pilgrims once did wend their way,
Tracking the streamlets toward their distant fountains,
Through wild ravines that half-shut out the day.

No melancholy, penance-doing wights were these,
But blithe and frolicsome as summer morn;
Not tramping painfully along on pease,
But prancing forth like hunters summoned by the horn.

Two of this company were maidens fair,
Who'd left the stifled breath of busy town,
To talk, and laugh, and race in country air,
And in such liberty dull care to drown.

For young and fair, and merry as they seemed,
They, too, had somewhat felt life's iron hand;
And light as their restraint by others might be deemed,
'Twas sweet, though for a moment, to unloose its band.

Third of that joyous company, there rode
A parson, studious, and spare, and wan,
Their uncle hight he; though but one maid owed
A niece's duty. Fourth there rode his son.

The son, a brown-haired boy, now eight years old,
Boldly bestrode his little ambling steed,
And fearless galloped on into the wold,
And gallantly did counsel give, and aid in time of need.

These pilgrims went to pay their homage due,
To nature, in her own beloved abode;
They turned towards the upheaved mountains blue,
And into yawning cleughs right merrily they rode.

The swelling hills, and lofty cliffs around,
Were covered all with bushy underwood,
Save here and there where some rude crag was found
To lift its forehead bare, in fierce and haughty mood.

And ever and anon, in some deep dell,
Gleamed far below a darksome river pool,
O'er which great sombre trees stood sentinel,
And, with their leafy arms outstretched, spread shadow cool.

Or where the widening cleugh gave ample room,
Some pleasant homestead standing on a rise,
O'erlooked the orchard reft now of its bloom,
And orange groves, dark green, deck'd with their golden prize.

'Neath overhanging branches oft they stoop,
And often through the brawling stream they splash;
Along the level road like falcon's swoop,
Or up the steeps at rushing pace they dash.

Or slowly in the river bed they go,
O'er slippery stones that gleam through waters clear;
And merry laughs from cliff to cliff echo,
And pleasant chat adds to their social cheer.

Full many a turn their winding road did take
To reach the temple of their pilgrimage;
But when the glen upon their sight did break,
With what a still delight they gave it their homage.

The bushy cliffs on each side rose aloft
In massive grandeur, like Egyptian fane,
And melted into distance far and soft,
Like avenue through which they might the shrine attain.

Across the portal of this noble glen
The river lay, like streak of silver sheen;
And through its waters passed, they entered then
Into a forest colonnade all canopied with green.

On either side, irregular there sprung
Those mighty stems, high arching overhead;
While on the giant branching boughs were hung
Their bulging crowns of foliage, dense and wide outspread

These pillared trunks were quaintly carved o'er
With fretted work, upon their bark all brown;
And from their branches old, like grim beards hoar,
Grey mosses hung, and creepers long came trailing down.

And oft above their heads those trees between,
In mellow red, and yellow, weatherstain,
Some craggy cliff contrasted could be seen,
Against the sombre foliage standing out so plain.

Below, the bushes spread their feathery sprays,
Through which oft shone the river glancing bright;
Which gently laughed along its pebbly ways,
And smiled in dancing gleams of dazzling light.

And here and there it formed some quiet bay,
O'er which a single tree as watcher stood,
With sedge and rushes, where the wild fowl lay,
And nursed through callow infancy their brood.

Stay! gentle pilgrims, moderate your speed,
A statelier pace would better suit such ground;
Move slowly through these solemn shades, and heed
The beauties scattered lavishly on all around.

Ah, no! at eager speed they course along,
And lithely stoop to shun the crossing spray;
No steadier pace would suit the feeling strong
That burns within the heart. Speed onward on our way!

The quick eye at a glance can comprehend
Each shifting scene, and hurries onward fast;
Like novel reader, eager for his story's end,
Expecting other scenes each lovelier than the last.

Alas, it is not so! Grandeur must sink
Into a pretty orange-grove, all spangled o'er
With golden fruit. And now 'tis time to think
Of turning back again, and reaching home once more.

But horse and man are made of flesh and blood
(As poor Don Quixote sorrowfully found),
And rest they need, and good substantial food,
E'en when they wander forth on fair poetic ground.

The maidens fair seemed very loth to stay,
And seek the hospitality of that abode;
But the sage uncle's order to gainsay
Was not in maidens meek: they came as to the house he strode.

There dwelt but scanty comfort in that home,
And scant the poor refreshment it could give;
But such enthusiasts had little room
For dainty appetites, so long as they could live.

In saddle mounted soon again they ride
With faces homeward set, and joyful glee,
Unwearied yet, they say. Perhaps 'twas pride,
But bent on reaching home as soon as well might be.

In fact, it was a regular mad scamper,
From lovely Honeycleugh all down to Blankie:
Not e'en an uncle grave their speed might hamper;
They cast his cautions to the winds without a thankee.

And thus this pilgrimage to holy shrine was done,
And relics many did these pilgrims bring away,
Such as sweet memory, when many years are run,
Shall pleasantly recall, averring, "'Twas a glorious day."

CONSTANS AMATOR EQUORUM.

July 10, 1859.

A WEEK'S CANTER NORTHWARDS IN NATAL.

THIRD DAY.—THE SUGAR MILLS.

ANOTHER blessed Natal morning, to the perception of which I am aroused by the matutinal coffee-cup of these regions.

While my nag was being saddled, there galloped up to the inn two stout, rough-looking fellows, who had ridden in from the Tugela overnight. They were D'Urban butchers, and had been beating up stock in the Zulu country. The latter place is the source from whence the Natal cattle-traders and butchers draw their chief supply, and many a handsome living has, in this way, been gained by men who have failed in every other attempt at industry. The Zulu oxen are small, but compact, and capable of any amount of work. The cows yield but little milk, and when bred for slaughter are generally crossed with larger kinds.

The sun shines steamily through a mass of morning mist, and the tiny hamlet of Victoria is soon left behind. The road for two miles lies through a sort of large valley, with bush-covered hills on either side. Cultivated ground, verdant with rattoon sprouts, soon meets the eye. We are now on the Tongaat sugar estate, originated by the Messrs. Chiappini, and one of the oldest of our sugar enterprises. Taller and more luxuriant become the canes, wider spreads the view, till, on reaching the top of a slight ascent, we find all the adjacent country one mass of rich vegetation. A short walk further brings us to *the* house of the estate, and introduces us to the hospitable attentions of its kind and intelligent proprietor, Mr. S—. There are few more pleasant spots than this. The house almost overlooks the brink of a precipitous bank some fifty feet high, out of which spring cacti, euphorbia, aloes, and other strange African shrubs. At the bottom runs the Zingati River, a narrow, turbulent stream, strong, but not dangerous. In the distance, on every side, are bold woody hills, while below, covering the entire face of the valley, extend the cane-fields, an expanse of nearly three hundred acres. Still further down, close to the river, are the mill and boiling-house, alive with Kafirs and oxen. The black cloud of smoke pouring from the tall chimney proves that the mill is hard at work; a glance at the carts, piled up high with canes, being driven in from every part of the estate, strengthens this impression, which our host speedily confirms. We are not long, therefore, in

finding our way to the scene of operations, to have a glimpse at sugar-making on a large scale.

The mill on this estate is as yet worked by ox-power, a rather tedious process. A team of about sixteen keep a set of rollers perpetually revolving, a yoke of two bullocks being attached to a long arm or spoke, so that the whole machine looks like an unfinished wheel having a horizontal motion. The driver stands on a platform in the centre, and the mill is kept unceasingly at work by the relays being attached two at a time, so that no cessation is necessitated. The whole affair forcibly brought to mind the old threshing floors of scriptural times. The three rollers are fed by natives, the canes being drawn in on one side, and the expressed juice discharged on the other, from whence it flows along zinc gutters, in a thick puddly stream, into the boiling-house. The trash or fibre falls below, and is consumed as fuel. Wondering much that such dirty-water-looking, treacle-beer-like stuff should be so easily convertible into a valuable staple of commerce, I entered the boiling-house with considerable interest. A sickly, oppressive, but not objectionable odor greeted the inquiring nostrils. Treacle above, below, and everywhere, bespoke an unmitigated state of stickiness. The place was emphatically "clarty." On one side was the "battery," bristling with a formidable array of six gigantic "pans." These huge utensils, each of which is big enough to cook at least three martyrs in, are built side by side into a low brick platform, and supplied with syrup by a small spout. When all are filled (a work of some time), the fires are lit, and the boiling begins. In an hour or two a small *soupçon* of lime is thrown in, and the juice presently thickens and becomes sugary. When the proper consistency is obtained, the toffy-like substance is run off into the drying-room. It was at this juncture that I entered. The Kafirs were brandishing the huge ladles with the grace of fiends, and ecstatically shouting, as the embryonic sugar floated down the wooden gangway. On this estate the process of drying is rather wearisome, and is left wholly to the care of time and the action of the atmosphere. The puddingy stuff is exposed in large wooden trays, or shallow vats, and, after being occasionally stirred, the moisture gradually evaporates. In this state, the sugar resembles coarse candy, and is not unpalatable. On this estate, and on many others, where steam power is not used, the final drying operation is effected by merely spreading the "green" sugar in the sun.

Mr. S—— then led me into the store-house. Here we walked over small vats or tubs, several feet deep, filled with

sugar awaiting deportation. The contents of one of these receptacles was as white as ordinary table salt, and of the finest quality. At one end of the room were the treacle casks; Brobdignaggian butts, brimming with molasses. On large estates, this useful household necessary may be had in moderate quantities for the asking. Of late, a more economical system has been adopted anent the use of this article, whereby the yield of sugar has been materially increased. The molasses are boiled a second time, and are, moreover, improved by the process, while the sugar thus produced is of a no less marketable quality. Some years ago, a few cantankerous friends at the Cape dubbed Natal a *colony of samples.* A glance into a store-house such as this would be the most effectual method of removing so erroneous an impression.

These details, however, are necessarily somewhat tedious. The reader, therefore, will not be sorry to hear that I was soon in the saddle. I had "done" the estate. I had nearly sickened myself with tasting about a dozen different samples of sugar; I had tested the adhesiveness of treacle; I had admired the size of this cane, the rich color of that; I had been initiated into the art and mystery of sugar manufacture, and had gazed with wonder and some degree of pride at the wide acreage of splendid cane.

Our party was now increased to six. We had been unexpectedly reinforced by a batch of D'Urbanites, who, like ourselves, were out "on observation." There was Mr. R——, a "douce body," one of our Natalian fathers, with his son, the very embodiment of mischief; Mr. V——, an estimable fellow-townsman, with a fund of quiet drollery, very relishable on a journey; Mr. L——, a gentleman with a very strong opinion of his own, a poet, an orator, a political economist, and a wit; Mr. B——, one of our local legislators, a great financier, but, withal, a *bon vivant;* and Captain L——, the master of a German missionary brig, out for a "spree." We thus possessed "a large and varied assortment" of that studiable article—human character.

On, then, on! with the blue heavens above and the green earth below! On! through the bushy dells, over the wave-like rises, past the occasional homesteads, into the muddy spruits that mark our road. Push on! canter harder, business and care behind, freedom and enjoyment before. Now we are on the Compensation Flat, a plain some miles in length and width; long grass waves over it now, but wait a few years, and then the clank of engines and the rustle of rattoons shall bespeak the march of progress, and glorify the white man's industry. See, yonder starts a buck. He stops

and looks at us, and wonders, probably, who and what we are. His conclusion seems to be unsatisfactory, for off he goes, away, bounding and flying over rut and gully, till after a run of a mile or two, he takes refuge within the cover of that subjacent wood. Meanwhile, we gallop on and on, till the invincible sun obliges us to take refuge for a few minutes under the shelter of a convenient tree, and give our steaming Rosinantes a few minutes' respite.

Draw the girths tight again—mount and away! The ground is gradually rising, and the air smacks of undreamt-of purity. As we advance, the view opens out, and becomes more varied. Tier after tier of rugged hills surge up in the distance, till the whole horizon is circumscribed by blue lines of exceeding beauty. Over those of us who are sentimental enough to be susceptible of such emotions, the silence imposed by nature is stealing; while to the more prosaic of our party, the sun's heat, combined with conjectural cogitations of a prandial tendency, acts as a temporary gag. So we listen to the clatter of our horses' hoofs and are silent. Now buildings appear in front; a shed and cattle kraal is seen; a low thatched cottage becomes visible. Possibly, this may be Fort Scott Hotel, our nominal destination; so we gallop up to the place. A light has, however, *ad interim*, stole over Mr. K——'s mind. He remembers the place of old, and communicates the fact to the party. It is Morewood's. Halt, sirs, uncover! this is classic ground. This is one of the few spots which shall be memorable in Natal's history. This is the birthplace of the sugar enterprise, the origin of our greatest resource, one of the chief springs of our prosperity. It was here that, eight years ago, the first sugar was produced. In that low shed, ushered in with the rudest appliances, the infant product first saw the light. It was here that the then proprietor of the estate, with infinite industry and perseverance, began a work of which his more favored successors have reaped the benefit. We remember the time well; the repeated trials, the many failures; the doubts and dampers; the busy probationary time which had to be undergone, before the question of adaptability or not was set at rest. Sugar-growing is now a great and acknowledged fact. Aided by but little foreign capital, cheered on by small encouragement from without, our planters have, by dint of their own strong efforts and stubborn wills, placed the fact beyond the possibility of denial.

At present the glory has departed from this interesting spot. The house is now used as a private residence, and, while mills are springing up on every hand, the

immediate origin of all this enterprise has lost its peculiar character.

With a good word for Mr. Morewood, and unexpressed wishes for his success, wherever he may chance to be, we press on, and soon reach our abiding place *pro tem.* A desirable haven is Fort Scott Hotel, and a welcome refuge to all weary travelers. Its host is as burly and "jolly" a Boniface as ever kept a colonial canteen. His whole aspect was prognostic of excellent dinners.

For the next half hour we were genially engaged in deciding on the respective merits of ale and porter, and in testing the character of our host's bread and cheese. That interesting occupation being over, most of us re-saddled for a trip to Chaka Sugar Mills, which were that day to be set in motion for the first time.

Close to the inn was Fort Scott, an elegant structure of thatch and wattle and daub. This ephemeral fortification, more for show than use, was raised to order at a moment's notice. Two years ago, when the Zulu atrocities were being enacted over the Tugela, it was deemed needful to erect some kind of military station, as a point of observation for the border. At present, there was only a corporal's guard stationed there, and the place was rapidly falling into decay.

There are few parts of Natal which present a more hopeful or populated aspect than does the neighborhood of the Umhlali. Sugar and arrowroot are cultivated to the extent of more than a thousand acres in this immediate locality. One arrowroot manufactory we stopped at. It was on a larger scale than any I had yet seen. The proprietor was a hard-working man, who had come to the colony nine years ago as a hired servant. He and a neighbor now owned this concern. It had cost them about £200, and they hoped, all being well, to manufacture a crop worth £400. He had not been into D'Urban for eight years, but had industriously plodded on, and his labors were now about to be rewarded. There were many other such settlers in the neighborhood, a credit alike to the colony and to themselves.

The country in this neighborhood is open and down-like, with but very little bush, but watered by many a meandering stream. A ride of three miles brings us to the banks of the Umhlali, a shallow and sandy river, which, in times of flood, rises to an obnoxious height. We cross this river twice, and finally pull up at "Chaka's Kraal."

The name is suggestive, and the circumstances yet more so. More than thirty years ago, the great African Napoleon

had his residence here. That chieftain, whom some have likened to Atilla, others to Nero, and similar sanguinary characters, was, in his way, no mean imitation of the great Corsican. When once he went out to war, he swept all before him; but, in other respects, his character presents palliative traits. There is something grand about his conquests, and the masterly manner in which he executed his designs. It was here, however, that he held his court; that he matured his plans, conducted his revels, and perpetrated his bloody orgies. From this point his armies, which our Kafirs yet describe as like the locusts in number, ravaged the country to the south and westwards. His name is even yet mentioned with terror by the natives, and their most solemn oath is that in which they swear by the "bones of Chaka." Up to a very recent period, this oath was the legal formality in our courts of law. There probably is no place throughout South Africa that has been the scene of more extraordinary occurrences than this locality, or that has witnessed the perpetration of more horrible deeds of torture and of death. To hear the recital of such horrors by the natives, and to see their mimicry of the writhings and gestures of the victims, is enough to shock the sensibilities of most people; what, then, must have been the reality! It was in this neighborhood, moreover that Chaka met his death. The doom of most tyrants fell to his lot. The hand of his own brother robbed him of the life which, in others, he held at such light value. Dingaan, the fratricide, came, in his turn, to a premature and miserable end; while the brother, who then usurped the throne,—Umpanda,—even now holds his life on a very precarious tenure, and at the pleasure of his rebellious son. So much for the pleasures of Zulu kingship.

Few who saw Chaka's Kraal as I now saw it would have imagined that it could ever have been the scene of so much bloodshed and deviltry. On every side fields of cane met the eye. More than three hundred acres were altogether under the plough. To one side was the mill, just completed,—a substantial brick structure, whose tall chimney, already smoking, had a strangely civilized appearance. As operations were about to commence, we adjourned thither. The works were the completest I had yet seen,—compact and permanent. The mill was worked by a fifteen-horse engine, which, while it crushed the canes, ground corn for the estate in an upper story, and dried the sugar in a lower compartment.

The fires were lighted when we reached the works, and everything was in readiness for the final move. Mr. C— ,

the proprietor, was there, awaiting with anxious hope the final issue of his efforts and expectations.

Heap high the fire; clean out the pans; oil every wheel; be ready with the canes. See, she moves; the mighty agent of civilization is collecting its dormant forces within that capacious boiler, and already begins its giant's work. Hark, she snorts; louder and louder grow the puffs; noisier and still more noisy waxes the caged monster. Now she is fairly off. Slowly at first glides the long steel arm within the cylinder, but, gaining strength with practice, it soon sets the whole work in motion. Now every wheel is moving, every cog is doing its appointed work. Louder grows the din, merrier become the Kafirs with the excitement of the scene. The rollers are now revolving, and the canes, thrust between them by two attendant Kafirs, are sucked in, and turned out flat and dry as shavings. The juice or syrup is beginning to flow down in quite a respectable stream, and it is perfectly clear that the mill will do its work in a proper and workmanlike style.

And thus the old warrior chieftain's "kraal" is occupied by a greater power than he ever wielded. Forces of which he had not the remotest conception have usurped the site of his ancient throne. The descendants of his soldier hordes are now engaged, not in hewing down their own flesh and blood, but in cutting canes for the white man's harvest; they have found a more potent divinity than any their ancestors acknowledged, and, instead of panting with their fathers' thirst for blood, are becoming infected with the more insatiable thirst for gold. The old king has passed away, and his name will rapidly be forgotten; but his conquests are being again re-enacted, though by another race and with other weapons. And thus civilization marches on, and the barbarian is supplanted by the ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon. Step by step the Germanic intruder advances, till even now he threatens to invade the untrodden penetralia of the mysterious equatorial north.

As usual, I am getting into the disquisition vein, or, as the reader probably says, beginning to "vapor." Keep to your text, then oh vagrant pen! Having "left myself in the mill," the reader must know that the hubbub soon became annoying to the auditory nerves of the uninitiated spectator, who accordingly left the premises, and proceeded on a tour of inspection through the cane fields. A ride through a tract of two or three hundred acres is a work of time, and we found it so. The canes were thick and tall, in many places towering over our heads. The average height of a rattoon is perhaps from six to twelve feet, and when ready for cutting

they present a thick and almost impenetrable mass. In one part of our ride we were shown a novel sight. Six or eight ploughs were at work in one field, driven entirely by Kafirs. They make first-rate ploughmen, and have the merit of being *cheap*. The great drawback of the colony, want of labor, had not as yet been experienced on this estate, though few others can, alas, boast a like immunity from the universal evil. Our black friends, as a rule, prefer the delightful ease of their kraal life, with the tender ministrations of their female *stock*, to the more irksome duties of "service." Unhappily, the white colonists have not the same option as the refugee squatters, who collectively are styled the "native" population.

So large was the tract under cultivation, that we were more than an hour riding through it. Mr. C—— showed us a young plantation of syringa trees, with which the far-seeing manager, Mr. B——, intended to plant around the whole of the cultivated ground.

The entire estate, part of which we had now been surveying, covers a tract of thirty-three thousand acres in extent, and stretches out a distance of fifteen miles in one direction. Such a property is of course a small principality, though—*apropos* of this subject—there are some proprietors who hold nearly two hundred thousand acres of our little colony: "a nice little farm," as a friend once observed.

I am fond of finishing with a yarn,—it is my way. The reader will, therefore, excuse the following; the more so, perhaps, as it points a very evident moral. I was strolling outside the inn during the evening, after dinner,—which, by-the-by, was particularly excellent and remarkably dear,—when a seedy-looking personage accosted me, and having fairly got me by the button-hole, gave the following narrative:

"I am credibly informed, sir, that you are come from Port Natal, and p'raps you can inform me whether there is a chance for me there. I am not, sir, what I seem. I have the misfortune to suffer from decayed circumstances. I was one of the first immigrants under Byrne's scheme, and was one of the first victims, sir, of Joseph Charles. That man took me in with his gross fabrications, and made me, sir, what I am. I was, at home, in the green-grocery line, on a large scale, No. 23, Little Buttery-lane, Deptford; a fine shop, panes eighteen inches square, and name in German text on a brass panel. That man told me that there was no place in all the earth where a green-grocer would do better than here,—I should make my fortune in two years. I, sir, believing

in the falsehood of Joseph Charles, sold my stock and emigrated, bringing the shop fixtures and brass plate out with me. You have only to look at me now to see that I was sold. When I landed, I not only found no building fit for a shop (the brass plate being out of the question), but no green stuff to keep as stock. I waited, and went to other parts of the colony; but no, green-grocery was everywhere no go. At last I was reduced to such a pinch that the brass plate had to be sacrificed. Sir, it went against my heart to sell that relic. I have tried other things, but in vain. A green-grocer I am, —I was born one; my father was one before me, and a green-grocer I shall remain. In fact, sir, it runs in the blood. I do not tell you this as a beggar; I am above such things. My soul rises loftier, above such mean proceedings. But, sir, I am willing to be a martyr,—to be a victim for the good of others. Will you get the D'Urban editors to warn people in England,—tradesmen in general, but green-grocers in particular,—to beware of decoy emigration agents, and if they value their happiness and their brass plates, to put no faith in emigration schemes?"

Any comment on this pathetic statement is unnecessary; it tells its own tale, one which all my readers will readily understand.

MEMORY.*

Were I offered a draught
Of Lethe's dark stream,
The cup which, once quaffed,
Destroys every dream

* The author of these lines writes us as follows: "I was reading, yesterday evening, Moore's 'Evenings in Greece,' and was struck by the following lines:

"'Oh! Memory, how coldly
Thou paintest joys gone by!
Like rainbows, thy pictures
But mournfully shine and die.
Or, if some tints thou keepest
That former days recall,
As o'er each line thou weepest,
Thy tears efface them all.

"'But Memory, how truly
Thou paintest the grief that's past!
Joy's colors are fleeting,
But those of sorrow last,' &c.

"I read these in a Dopper's bed-room,—a nice place to read Moore in! and to-day I wrote the enclosed, as a sort of contradiction to the sentiment. I wrote them on horseback, in my pocket-book, while out in the veldt with the aforesaid Dopper for a companion, from whom no inspiration could, of course, be obtained. I thought, perhaps, they might suit you; for though I do not pretend to be a *poet*, yet anything in the shape of verse is scarce in South Africa. The 'Flowers of the Imagination,'

Of long-vanished pleasures,
Or sorrows, or pains,
The dross with the treasures
Which Mem'ry retains:

Would I see in the bowl
A promise of bliss,
When it offered my soul
Oblivion like this?

Would Sorrow's reflections
By fading atone
For lost recollections
Of joys that are gone?

No, no, there are ever
Past joys far too bright,
To veil them for ever
In darkness and night.

Though Memory's volumes
Sad hist'ries contain,
Who'd pore o'er the columns
Which chronicle pain,

While photograph'd pictures
The leaves intersperse,
Where Youth left its pleasures
Recorded in verse?

In Memory's pages
Joy rivaled the sun,
And limned his sweet traces
With light while he shone.

And Love came and painted
(His colors how bright!)
The views left untinted
By pencils of light.

Youth under each drawing,
While sporting along,
With bright faces glowing
Wrote snatches of song.

And oh! 'twould be madness
To seek to destroy
With pages of sadness
Such pictures of joy.

But could Chemistry's pow'rs
The waters divide,
So that Memory's flow'rs
Would float on their tide,

I suppose, cannot stand the drought of the climate; and the companionship of boers is as bad as a sirocco, and would wither up every thing of the sort. The idea of making memory's volumes an illustrated periodical, and "spanning in" Cupid to color the photographic illustrations, has, at least, I think, the recommendation of novelty."

And down to the bottom
  Past agony's sink,
Would I wish them forgotten
  And joyfully drink.

No, Sorrow hath pleasures;
  The sweetest among
Soft melody's measures
  Is grief-breathing song.

And Agony's foot-prints,
  Which served to contain
The tears of our moments
  Of sorrow like rain,

By sweet flowers, springing,
  Thus water'd, o'ergrown,
Lose the power of grieving
  As though they were gone.

Φ

THE SIMON'S TOWN SLIP AND PIER.

With this month's Magazine is given a stereoscopic view of his Excellency the late Governor laying the foundation-stone of the Simon's Town Patent Slip; and in presenting this to our subscribers, it is imperative to offer a word or two upon the subject. It is not deemed either necessary or expedient to make many remarks upon the value of such works in general. Enough was said, even if it were not understood before, during the fourteen or fifteen debates which have taken place in Parliament, upon the Table Bay breakwater and harbor of refuge, to convince the most obstinate, even against their will, that improved harbors of some sort are sadly needed at the Cape. During the winter months "lame ducks" continue to drop in at all our ports; but, sad to say, they are compelled to leave their unbleached bones upon our beaches, because the cost of repairs, through lack of such facilities as docks and slips, is worse than ruinous. It is generally admitted by those whose experience of such matters qualifies them to give an opinion, that of all the bays in the colony, Simon's Bay is the best suited for making the first experiment in. There ought, unquestionably, to be docks and slips in Algoa Bay and in Table Bay as well; but we must begin somewhere. Here we stand (as his Excellency observed on laying the foundation-stone) on what may be termed the turning point of the world,—a point which should be a resting-place for ships conveying the commerce of the world from east to west and from west to east; yet

nothing has been done, hitherto, to improve the character of our bays,—nothing to make them either more safe or convenient. Neither charity nor commerce has thought it worth while to move an inch in the right direction. We seem (as Sir George Grey says) to have constituted ourselves a race of European Japanese. It is true that we have not sent off mandarins to turn strangers away from our shores; but we, as yet, offer no inducement for them to visit us.

An honorable member of the colonial Parliament, some year or two ago, before he was elevated to that distinguished position, was called to give evidence before a railway committee, and he was of opinion that, because nature has neglected to intersect the continent of Africa with navigable rivers, we ought not to think of constructing railways. In America, where there is abundance of water communication in all parts, the honorable gentleman thought it was quite right to have railroads; but here, where there is so little, he held it to be the very height of presumption for us to think of doing anything of the sort. Perhaps this gentleman is not singular in his ideas; and the earlier colonists might have thought of docks and slips as he thought of railways. They were, in all likelihood, willing to take their all from nature herself; and when they saw that nature had done little, they felt it their duty to do nothing at all. However this may be, one thing is clear, that our bays and harbors have been much neglected. Hear what Sir George Grey says upon this subject:

I think there can be no doubt whatever that, in this colony, we have really shamefully neglected the means of improving our harbors and opening them to the commerce of the world. We seem, to a certain extent, to have constituted ourselves a race of European Japanese (laughter). We were determined, if possible, to shut out the rest of the world from us. We have certainly allowed such vessels as pleased to call here,—we have certainly not sent mandarins on board of them to warn them off; but, at the same time, no one can deny that we have failed to hold out any inducement for them to resort to this country. I think it is impossible that such a state of things can or ought any longer to continue. That is beginning now to be the general feeling, for we see at this moment that progress is the order of the day. You have on the frontier, and beyond it—far in the interior of the country,—a race of hardy men, whom you call "boers:" men with many virtues—far more than are generally attributed to them, with much of enterprise, with a power of enduring great hardship, and living for years isolated from the rest of mankind; and these men are continually pushing on into the interior of the country, and opening new districts, and building villages and churches where Europeans never have been before, and producing more produce and more wealth. As they push on, the native tribes are equally improving, and becoming larger producers. But quite recently we have had a forcible illustration of the truth of this remark—a Fingo, who, a few years ago, was a savage,

paying down five hundred pounds to the Government for five hundred acres of land, on which he is now engaged in building a mill, and stocking his farm with his reserve fund, notwithstanding the comparatively large sum he paid for the land. And even amongst the Kafirs themselves, at the present moment, they can boast of a clergyman who is one of the most eloquent preachers in this country; and, as well as I can tell, there cannot be very far short of two thousand Kafir children in the schools under regular instruction, many of them learning different pursuits. As you are aware, there are large numbers apprenticed throughout the colony, and all are making more or less an advance in civilization. Everywhere, therefore, there appears to have been progress, except hitherto at our seaports; and I think nobody can deny that it does not become us, who should be the source from whence energy and civilization should spread into the interior, to have examples set by those very boers whom we often laugh at, instead of us being the parties who should afford the example. It is really incredible, looking at the position of South Africa in reference to the rest of the world—the centre-point round which the commerce of the world seems to pass—that up to the present day there has been no harbor of refuge commenced in this country, to which vessels can run for the purpose of being repaired. At last, we are indebted for this boon, about to be conferred, to the enterprise of private individuals.

It is, however, more for the purpose of giving information of what has been done, than to scold the colonists for having done nothing in times past, that we present our readers with this stereoscopic view of the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone; although it is well the public should hear from the lips of Sir George Grey, that it is a matter of astonishment that nothing of the kind had been attempted before.

Most of our readers well understand the working of a patent slip, though there are none in this colony. It is nothing more nor less than a railway running from the land into the sea, upon which vessels are taken up to be repaired. In every respect, the railway for this purpose is the same in appearance as that over which a locomotive engine runs. The vessel is taken up on what is called a "cradle." This "cradle" runs upon the rails just as a luggage-wagon runs upon the ordinary railway. It may be very well compared to a low luggage-wagon or truck. When a ship is to be taken up, the "cradle" is allowed to run down over the slip or railway into the water—sufficiently far out into deep water to allow the ship to float upon it. When she is there, she is wedged up, and the steam-engine which is fixed in a house erected for that purpose at the upper end of the slip is set to work, and the ship is taken up to the spot most convenient for repairing; then she is shored up, and her repairs are begun without difficulty. She is "high and dry," as the sailors term it: the carpenters can walk in and out under her bottom, without being dependent upon tides or

anything of the kind. The labor of taking ships up and off is very trifling indeed; there is no strain as in heaving down, and no pumping out water as in docks. The nearest patent slip to the Cape is at the Mauritius, where the shareholders have realized handsome dividends—averaging, from first to last, something like twenty-five per cent. But the slip laid down at the Mauritius is nothing in comparison, either in the character of the machinery or in weight of metal, with the one which is now being laid down by the Simon's Town Company. The slip now in progress here, which was imported for Table Bay by Messrs. de Pass, Spence, and Granger, three enterprising merchants of Cape Town, will be capable of taking up ships of three thousand tons; and nine vessels of various tonnage can be under repair at the same time. So far as regards repairing.

The company, knowing the difficulty and expense of boating, have resolved upon building a pier, alongside which vessels can unship and reship cargoes without the aid of boats. The pier will be a magnificent work; facing the sea it will be two hundred feet in length, and as the length of the "ways" of the slip will be seven hundred and fifty feet, or thereabouts, our readers will easily comprehend what the size of the whole structure will be. The pier will be divided off in various ways. A landing-place for boats, with a promenade for foot-passengers, will be reserved on the side nearest the entrance to Simon's Bay on the other side of the "ways." Cargoes will be shipped and reshipped; stores will occupy the back-ground; and the engine-house, a handsome building, will be in the rear of all. It should be mentioned that the facing of the pier will be of cut granite, so that, when completed (which it is to be in nine months), this structure will be the handsomest public work of which the colony can boast. The contract has been undertaken for both slip and pier by the gentlemen who imported it, for the sum of £16,000 (inclusive of the cost of the slip), and they are to keep it in repair for twelve months. They have bound themselves to be in readiness to receive a ship of at least five hundred tons upon it at the end of six months.

The site for the slip is on a massive granite rock, known locally as Sober Island, and which, except at high water, forms not an island, but a peninsula projecting into the bay. It was purchased by the company from Messrs. Anderson, Saxon & Co.; but, on proceeding to secure the transfer of it, it was found to be under a special servitude to the Admiralty, which would completely prevent the appropriation

of it for the purpose intended. In the absence of the Admiral, his Excellency the Governor immediately took on himself the responsibility of wholly obviating this difficulty; and Sir Frederick Grey, on his return in the *Boscawen*, cordially approved of the steps that had been taken. A better site, or one in all respects more appropriate for the object in view, could nowhere be found.

The company is *limited* by act of Parliament; the capital is £60,000, and the value of the shares £20. We are given to understand that no shares will be issued after about the tenth of this month; but of this we are not certain. It appears clear enough that, with good management, handsome dividends will be realized. It may be fully said of this company that its objects are *bonâ fide*, and there has been no attempt at gambling in the disposal of its shares.

Our notice of the stereograph itself must of necessity be very brief. The artist succeeded much better than could have been expected, as the day was cloudy and dark. The picture is taken just at the moment when his Excellency the Governor, with the trowel still in his hand, is about to declare the stone "well and truly laid." The clergyman who stands in the foreground is the Rev. Mr. Judge, the incumbent of Simon's Town, who read an appropriate service on the occasion. Admiral Sir F. Grey, who takes a very lively interest in the work, was unfortunately on the west coast at the time, but Lady Grey, as will be seen, was present with several lady friends to take part in the ceremony. Amongst the faces easily recognized is, first, that of the engineer of the works, Mr. Onions, C.E., who is looking steadfastly in the face of his Excellency. From Mr. Onions to the extreme foreground of the picture on the right, stand in the following order the Hon. Mr. Barry, M.L.C., the chairman of the company, Mr. Boyle, private secretary to the Governor, Mr. J. Rivers, his Excellency's aide-de-camp, Major Travers, military secretary, and the Hon. Mr. Field, acting collector of customs. The naval gentleman on the left is Captain Gordon, of H.M.'s steamer *Hermes*. Besides these, a great number of familiar faces peep out from the crowd.

The completion of the work will afford an opportunity of entering into fuller details; and, judging from the activity and energy with which the contractors are already progressing with their undertaking, we have little doubt that the whole will be finished within the stipulated time. We now leave the stereoscopic view in the hands of our subscribers, and hope that it will interest them.

THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE SHIRWA.

SINCE our last monthly publication, several additional letters of a highly interesting character have reached the Cape from Dr. Livingstone and his coadjutors of the Zambezi expedition. The latest news previously received was from the town of Tete, and extended only to the 19th of February. Dr. Livingstone had then explored the Zambezi upwards to the rapids of Kebrabasa, and its magnificent tributary, the Shire, a distance of a hundred miles northward to the rapids named by him after his distinguished patron, Sir Roderick Murchison. Subsequently to that date, the travelers proceeded again along the Shire, reached the Murchison rapids in the steam launch *Marobert*, and thence proceeded overland in a north-westerly direction and across an elevated chain of mountains for fifty miles more. The splendid results of that expedition are best described in the following letter from Dr. Livingstone himself. It is addressed to Sir George Grey, and is dated from the Shire on the 1st of June:

We have lately discovered a very fine lake by going up this river in the steam launch about one hundred miles, and then marching some fifty more on foot. It is called Shirwa, and Lake Ngami is a mere pond in comparison. It is, moreover, particularly interesting from the fact reported by the natives on its shores that it is separated by a strip of land of only five or six miles in width from Nyanja, or Lake Nyinyesi —the Stars—which Burton has gone to explore. We could hear nothing of his party at Shirwa, and having got no European news since you kindly sent some copies of the *Times* last year, we are quite in the dark as to whether he has succeeded or not. Lake Shirwa has no outlet, and its waters are bitter, but drinkable. It abounds in fishes, leeches, alligators, and hippopotami. We discovered, also, by examining partially a branch of the Shire, called Ruo, that one portion of Shirwa is not more than thirty miles distant from a point that may easily be reached by this launch, which, by newspaper measurement, draws thirteen inches, and actually, thirty-one inches. The Lake Shirwa is very grand. It is surrounded on all sides by lofty green mountains. Dzomba, or, as people nearest it say, Zomba, is over six thousand feet high, of the same shape as Table Mountain, but inhabited on the top; others are equally high, but inaccessible. It is a highland region—the lake itself being about two thousand feet above the sea. It is twenty or thirty miles wide and fifty or sixty long. On going some way up a hill, we saw in the far distance two mountain tops, rising like little islands on a watery horizon. An inhabited mountain island stands near where we first came to it. From the size of the waves, it is supposed to be deep. Mr. Maclear will show you the map. Dr. Kirk and I, with fifteen Makololo, formed the land party. The country is well peopled and very much like Loanda in the middle of the country, many streams rising out of bogs; the vegetation nearly identical also. Never saw so much cotton grown as among the Manganga of the Shire and Shirwa valleys—all spin and weave it. These are the latitudes which I have always pointed out as the cotton and sugar lands—they are pre-eminently so; but such is the disinterestedness of some people, that

labor is exported to Bourbon instead of being employed here. The only trade the people have is that of slaves; and the only symptoms of impudence we met were from a party of Bajana slave-traders; but they changed their deportment instantly on hearing that we were English, and not Portuguese. There are no Maravi at or near Shirwa, they are all west of the Shire; so this lake can scarcely be called "Lake Maravi"—the Portuguese know nothing of it; but the minister who claimed (blue-book for 1857) the honor of first traversing the African continent for two *black men* with Portuguese names must explain why they did not cross the Sheriva. It lies some forty or fifty miles on each side of the latitude of Mozambique. They came to Tete only, and lacked at least four hundred miles of Mozambique. We go back to Shirwa in July, and may make a push for Nyinyezi.

Dr. Livingstone's letters to Mr. Maclear, of the Royal Observatory, are quite of the same tenor; but they enclose a rough outline map, and an abundant series of astronomical observations for latitude and longitude, from which every point of this newly-discovered country can be definitely fixed. The misery and mischief resulting from the slave-trade in connection with the French system of so-called free emigration into Bourbon are described in sufficiently forbidding, though no exaggerated terms. It checks the progress of honest industry among the natives themselves, leads to dissensions and open wars, and lays up a store of future evil, which it may take a century to eradicate. What course will now be adopted by the British Government in consequence of these explorations? Will England demand as hers any portion of the magnificent cotton country thus opened up to the attention of European commerce; or will she sanction the claim which Portugal, backed by French influence and authority, is tolerably sure to urge on her own account? Or will she tolerate the continuance of the slave-traffic, which Louis Napoleon has formally declared his intention of suppressing—but which appears to be still carried on with as much vigor and activity as ever? These are questions which must soon be pressed on the attention of Lord John Russell; and they will afford him an opportunity of displaying his skill on a very nice and delicate game of international diplomacy.

Whether Dr. Livingstone will find the account of the natives to be accurate or not, that lake Nyanja or Nyinyesi is separated from lake Shirwa by only a small strip of land five miles in breadth, is as yet but doubtful. Judging from the map published with Dr. Livingstone's last work, the distance must be at least upwards of one hundred miles. The doctor himself will be the first to settle the question, and we may expect to find his next dispatches dated from the further lake itself.

He is evidently under the impression that Captain Burton and Captain Speke have bent their travels in the direction of this same Nyinyesi, and may therefore possibly anticipate him in the discovery. This is not the case. Last month, we mentioned that these adventurous gentlemen had completed their tour and returned to England; and this month, we are enabled to present our readers with a summary of the results of their explorations, as set forth in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society of London, on the 13th of June. Captain Burton and Captain Speke took Zanzibar, in lat. 6° south, as the point of their departure, and proceeded due westward for a distance of nearly five hundred miles, when they came upon the magnificent lake of Tanyanyika. Captain Burton was there detained by illness at Ujiji, and on the 3rd of March, 1858, Captain Speke embarked in a canoe to explore the wide expanse of the lake. The aspect of the shore, with its convenient harbors, is represented as wild and beautiful, well wooded, and the soil exceedingly rich. The party having been overtaken by a storm, sought safety in a small harbor called Mejiti, whence, proceeding northward to Susigary, they again proceeded across the lake, and, towards its western shore, arrived among a group of inhabited islands, of which the principal are Kivira, Kibiria, and Kassengé. They are very healthy and beautiful, thickly populated, producing grain and vegetables, and abundantly supplied with poultry and fish. During this trip, hippopotami, elephants, buffaloes, antelopes, and crocodiles were met with in abundance. A detailed account is given of the inhabitants of Kivira, their habits, attire, &c., with whom, however, the party had some difficulty in exchanging their goods for provisions, as they were unprovided with flesh, salt, and tobacco—articles chiefly in requisition among them. Kibiria, occupied chiefly by fishermen, and the chief fish-market on the lake, is the smallest of these islands; but is well cultivated at the northern end. Kassengé, divided only from the land by a broadish channel, is more populous than the others, and is the abode of the sultan, who has the sovereignty of the three islands. In the line where Captain Speke crossed, the lake is about twenty-seven miles wide. Its southern end is wider, extending to 8° south latitude, with an average breadth of thirty to forty miles. The rivers entering the lake are enumerated in detail, and the character of the country along the shores is graphically described.

Subsequent to these explorations, Captain Speke proceeded northward on a journey of four hundred and ten miles, which he accomplished in six weeks; and on the 30th

of July, 1858, obtained the first view of the Nyanza at a creek containing many islands, and lying in latitude 2° 30′ south and longitude 32° 50′ east. This extensive body of water contains numerous islands; the scenery is highly picturesque, and the climate genial. The altitude of the lake is 3,739 feet, while that of the country between it and the Umyanyembe averages the same. This is the point considered by Captain Speke to form the true source of the river Nile. It is at the very least seven hundred miles northward of the Nyanja or Nyinyesi, now being explored by Doctor Livingstone. But to return to our original subject.

Two months subsequent to the date of the letter we have quoted above, Dr. Livingstone had descended the Shire and the Zambezi to the mouth of the latter, at Kingone Harbor, and from there he forwarded by H. M.'s ship *Persian* another letter to Sir George Grey, which is dated on the 30th July last. As these documents may be of interest for reference hereafter, we transcribe the letter entire:

Dear Sir George,—We are now about to deliver our letters to H.M.'s ship *Persian*, and though I know that she has one on board for you of May last, I add a few words to that, as we are sending some Buaze seeds and living plants of the Motsikiri. Dr Kirk will write Mr. McGibbon as to how they are to be disposed, and I have now to beg your good offices for their speedy transmission to their destination. The Bauze will do well in Natal, in localities where cultivation is impossible. Should it grow, no care is required for an annual crop (a comfortable fact for all Hottentots, English, Dutch, and African), for it is simply pollarded when the fibre is mature in the thinner branches. The seeds yield a paint or drying oil. Some are for India and others for Natal, and we shall send more when we can. There are plants, too, of Motsikiri, a tree the seed of which yields a fat and an oil valuable in commerce. It is exported from Whambane.

We have sent home a report, the joint production of Dr. Kirk and myself on the African fever, and we think our experience of it has rendered it a less formidable disease than heretofore. This will probably be published.

We have been able to furnish a report on the navigation of the Zambezi, after seeing all the changes to which it is annually liable. From what we have observed in an unusually dry year, a vessel drawing two feet, such as they are obliged to use on the Mississippi, could ply the whole of ordinary years. During four or five months in each year large vessels could ascend to Tete. There the river is nine hundred and sixty-four yards from bank to bank, about three times the width of the Thames at London Bridge; at the broadest parts it is about three miles, and divided into five or six channels. A tide pole, put up at my suggestion by Major Secard, showed a gradual rise above low-water mark of eight feet, then a variation from eight to fifteen feet during some months, then a gradual decrease to three and a half feet. The low-water mark adopted was the surface of that in which from eighteen inches to twenty-four inches were found in certain crossings from one channel to another. The channels then contained reaches miles in length of eight or ten feet, but in the crossings we had much

difficulty, the vessel of thirty-one inches being of what is called the Niger canoe or pot-bellied shape, and so weak an engine as to be unable to help us in the difficulty. She was only one-sixteenth of an inch thick in the beginning, and is now like an old copper kettle, full of holes at one part. We are about to try Nyinyesi from the Shire, if she will only stick together so long. The Shire is more easily navigated than the Zambezi, as we have two or three fathoms constantly, and can steam by night. We are in hopes, after surmounting a thirty mile difficulty, of getting on the lakes of Eastern Africa, and then we go to the Makololo country, either afloat or afoot.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

P.S.—I wonder why our Cape merchants don't push their merchandize higher up the coast. The Tete traders have been compelled to wait four months at Quilemaine for calicoes, or till an American ship came. They are yard wide, coarse, unbleached calico, and dearer than the English. Gentoos from India give higher prices for ivory in English calico than the Americans can afford. We have failed to receive our regular newspapers, and not a *Punch* except yours. Nothing more needed to prove us out of the world.

In all this there is the same modesty, frankness, energy, sagacity, and unvarying flow of genial spirits which mark every page of Livingstone's previous *Travels*. His expedition, before its labors are closed, will evidently prove one of the most triumphantly successful ever sanctioned by the British Government. The fruits it has produced already are substantial and abundant; and we are certain that no one who knows anything of the men engaged in it will hesitate to wish them the best good speed in their further efforts, and pray very fervently that their pot-bellied, asthmatic "old copper kettle" steam launch may stick together, at least until they have explored the Shire to its source in Nyinyesi.

FIFTY-THREE YEARS AGO.

[CONTINUED.]

IN the year 1807, Captain Carmichael left Cape Town to proceed to Algoa Bay, in company with a detachment, consisting of one hundred men of the seventy-second and ninety-third regiments, which was ordered to relieve an equal force of the eighty-third regiment, stationed at that outpost. A desire to visit a spot "so remote and so little known," induced him to become a volunteer on the occasion. He was an ardent naturalist,—never ceasing in his pursuits "o'er mountain and valley," or on the sandy beach. He found that

> "Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy; for she can so inform

> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all that we behold
> Is full of blessings."

The ridge of sandhills, or rather banks, immediately surrounding Fort Frederick—then almost the only building existing near the bay—and the level plain stretching out behind, which the common traveler might view with an eye of apathy or apprehension, yielded to him a rich harvest of amusement and instruction. It was while here that he turned his attention to ichthyology; and he has left drawings of many fishes belonging to this and other parts of the coast of Africa. But his chief amusement was botany. In no part of the world, he declares, are the ornamental productions of the vegetable kingdom so varied, or so profusely scattered, as over the arid sands of Africa; and, in illustration of this assertion, he proceeds to describe the heaths and proteas, and aloes, and euphorbia; but to the "blooming heather" he gives precedence:

> Amidst all the beauties of that kingdom, the Cape heaths stand confessedly unrivaled. Nature has not restricted those elegant shrubs to one particular soil or situation. You meet with them in the marshes, and on the banks of rivers in the richest soil, and on the bare mural cliffs, on the acclivities of the hills and the tops of the highest mountains. The form of their flowers is as varied as their colors. Some are shaped like a cup, some are globular, some exhibit the figure of a cone, others that of a cylinder contracted at the mouth, or swelled out like a trumpet; some are smooth and glossy, others covered with down, or with mucilage. The predominant color is red; but you meet with them white, green, and purple,—of every color, in short, but blue; a fact which deserves notice, when we consider the almost unlimited extent of the genus, there being already upwards of three hundred species recorded.

Passing over Captain Carmichael's ichthyological and botanical notes, we come to his observations on the boers who were then settled around Algoa Bay. The farms, he notes, consisted of portions of land about three miles square, on which an annual and fixed rent of twenty rixdollars (eighty shillings) was imposed. A trifling tax was also levied on every head of black cattle in possession of the occupant, and on every hundred sheep. The surplus of the live-stock was purchased then, as now, at certain seasons of the year, by dealers, for the supply of the market. Cape Town was at that time, however, the only market, and

thither the farmer himself went once or twice a year, to exchange his salted butter for such articles as his household might require—particularly clothing and iron. Upon one occasion, shortly after his arrival, Carmichael enjoyed the hospitality of one of these boers. He had, together with a party from the garrison, visited the salt-pans near the Zwartkop's River; and on their return, as it was too late to reach the encampment, they spent the night at the residence of a Mr. Van Rooyen. Here they received a hearty welcome: a lamb was fetched from the kraal, and slaughtered before their eyes for the evening meal. After they had sat for some time conversing, a servant came round with a bucket of water to wash their feet; and those of the host, his wife and children, were subsequently washed in succession. This circumstance, together with the killing of the lamb, brought to mind the history of Abraham; and Captain Carmichael thereupon remarks that "the African boers are as strictly in the pastoral state as the patriarchs were of old." The supper-table was set out in a very neat style. Each had a plate, a knife and fork, a spoon, and a clean white napkin placed before him. The lamb, stewed to rags, occupied the middle; and a dish of sweet potatoes, with a tureen full of milk, and a salad, garnished the corners. The garrison party had provided themselves with some brandy, which they contrived to manufacture into punch after supper. The old *vrouw* seemed to relish this mixture amazingly. After swallowing a few glasses, she got merry, and her tongue never rested; but Van Rooyen himself could not be prevailed upon to touch the liquor. He declared solemnly that he never in his life tasted either wine, brandy, tea, or coffee; nor did he recollect ever having used tobacco in any shape. "If what he told be true," the captain says, "he was a *rara avis*; for all which he abstained from are luxuries to which boers in general are passionately addicted." And, as if in proof of this observation, he gives the following account of a custom—now happily more honored in the breach than the observance:

When a boer has returned from Cape Town with a cask of brandy-wine, which he seldom forgets, the news spreads like wild-fire, and you see the neighbors flocking in from all quarters like vultures or carrion-crows at the scent of a carcase. It is on such occasions that you can best observe the benefit, and the chief intention indeed, of the training they give their horses. For every boer that sits tippling in the house, you will see a horse standing at the door, where he will remain fixed from morning till night without a morsel to eat. From the time the cask is first broached, until the melancholy moment when it finally ceases to flow, the house is one continued scene of riot and confusion: one party, turning out in a brutal state of intoxication, is succeeded by another and another, who, in their turn, depart in the same condition.

The farmers settled near the borders at that time lived in a constant state of vigilance, and were always prepared to make a precipitate retreat on the first rupture with their savage neighbors. They were provided with a sufficient number of wagons to transport their families and goods, the latter of which were limited, of course, to articles of prime necessity. The whole population of the district would sometimes move with their herds and flocks like so many hordes of wandering Tartars. They felt themselves as much at home within their temporary wooden walls as in the miserable huts which they forsook, without any violent regret. This uncertainty, and the instability of their tenure, rendered them little solicitous to improve their ground any more than their habitations.

Shooting excursions, in company with other officers of the garrison, varied the daily routine; and we have narratives of visits to the Quaggas' Plain, and other places, followed by interesting accounts of the features of the country, and the varieties of game then to be found. Here we have a passing allusion to the famed Van der Kemp, and the mission of Bethelsdorp:

I went frequently to see Dr. Van der Kemp at his Hottentot establishment, nine miles from the cantonment. This extraordinary personage, who has created so much noise in the evangelical world, is a striking example of the power of enthusiasm, aided, perhaps, by a share of vanity, in overturning the deeply-rooted habits of civilized life. He has reduced to practice the captivating picture of the Golden Age, which poets and philosophers have taken so much delight in viewing in the abstract. For the last eight years, he has denied himself the luxuries and comforts to which his rank and fortune entitled him, and circumscribed his wants within the strictest limits that nature demands. In his dress, he is as primitive as a Hottentot. A coarse sailor's jacket and a pair of sheepskin trowsers form the whole of his drapery. His bald head is become a stranger to the luxury of a hat, and his feet to that of shoes and stockings. Van der Kemp is descended from a respectable family in Holland. He studied medicine at Leyden, then entered the army, where, after a service of sixteen years, he attained the rank of captain of dragoons; but having displayed certain peculiarities of disposition repugnant to the established prejudices of that profession, he found it necessary to retire. He then resumed his original profession, went to Edinburgh, studied there for some years, took out his degree, and, on his return home, commenced practice as a physician, in which capacity he had the charge of a large military hospital during the campaigns of 1793–4. On the termination of the war, he retired from employment, and lived on his private fortune. In the earlier part of his career, the doctor is said to have been heterodox in his religious opinions, openly professing himself a deist. But the loss of his wife and child, by a disastrous accident, gave a new turn to his ideas; and he suddenly became devoted to the doctrines of the Christian religion. In this frame of mind, having accidentally got sight of the scheme circulated by the missionary society for propagating the Gospel among the heathen, his imagination caught a spark of the sacred flame, and he offered to undertake a mission among the savage tribes of Africa.

The acquisition of such a man as Van der Kemp, high in rank, in fortune, in learning, and in reputation, was of the utmost importance to the objects of the society. No time was therefore lost in forwarding him to the field of his missionary labors. In the beginning of the year 1799, he arrived at the Cape, and after a short stay in the capital, proceeded to Kafirland. This was an undertaking of extreme hazard, on account of the war carried on at that time against the British Government by the boers of the frontier, and against both by the Kafirs. After a good deal of trouble, however, he made his way to King Gaika's court, where he remained for sixteen months, environed, according to his own account, by all sorts of danger and temptation, bodily as well as spiritual. But finding that his zeal among these savages was likely to be its own reward, he returned to the colony. Meeting with General Dundas on his return, the latter recommended to his notice the Hottentots dispersed over the district of Graaff-Reinet, and promised to facilitate any plan he might form to collect them into one society. In this undertaking, the doctor was more successful than in his last; and had a multitude of those people collected under his charge, when the restoration of the colony to its ancient masters threw everything again into confusion. The boers, who detested the institution as a scheme to inveigle the Hottentots from their service, lost no time in representing the matter to Governor Jansens, and that in so obnoxious a light, that Van der Kemp was recalled to Cape Town as a partizan of the English, and detained there, as a prisoner at large, until the colony returned once more into our possession. On this auspicious event, he was remanded to his charge, with renewed promises of protection; where, it is to be hoped, he will finally succeed in an undertaking the most gratifying to a benevolent mind, alleviating the miseries of an oppressed and degraded race.

From Algoa Bay, Captain Carmichael removed to Mauritius, where his regiment remained until 1815, when it returned to the Cape. In that year, and during the month of January, he made a short excursion into the country, with a party of sportsmen, who wished to retreat for a few weeks from the dust and south-easters of the metropolis. They directed their course towards Caledon. Passing over the sandy isthmus which now bears the name of the Flats, he makes a very practical suggestion for their improvement. He was struck with certain manifest indications of the existence of water, and expresses his belief that this element might be procured by digging to the depth of a few feet. With such a resource, skillfully applied, he remarks, the barren waste could be converted into fertile gardens, from which the capital might be furnished with an abundance of vegetables. Beyond Eerste river, and at Hottentots' Holland, pleasant scenes opened before them, which formed a striking contrast to the early part of their journey. The country people were actively employed in various out-door occupations: some collecting the juicy produce of the vineyard; some cutting down the corn, and others piling it up in stacks, or guiding the horses which were trotting over it to disengage

the grain from the straw. The excursionists proceeded further, however, and pitched their tents near the source of the river Zonder End, at the homestead of a Mr. Stephanus le Roux; and while the sportsmen were prosecuting their search for game, the captain was pursuing his favorite studies, and taking note of the plants and grasses, and other natural objects. Amongst these, the *palmiet* suggests an observation. The stems of this plant, stripped of their foliage, were used by the wine-farmers as padding against the sides of the wagons, when they sent their wine to market. After serving this purpose, they were flung out on the streets, and, being of a black color, veri heavy, and much of the same size, gave rise to the ludicrous mistake of a certain traveler, who informed the public that the streets of Cape Town were paved with bullocks' tails!

The party subsequently visited Genadendal, and Brandvlei and its remarkable hot baths. The description of the latter place is worthy of extract:

This valley, or rather plain, is a tract of marshy ground, three miles in extent, overgrown with reeds, rushes, and other aquatic plants, and harboring flocks of wild geese and ducks, herons, snipes, hammerkops, sand-larks, and pipers. It is fed by a stream of tepid water that issues from the base of a low rugged mountain, branching from the great chain already mentioned. The water oozes out imperceptibly through a clear sandy bottom, twenty yards by ten in diameter, and converted by an artificial embankment into a pool two feet deep, from which it escapes in a rapid stream of sufficient volume to turn the largest mill. In a thermometer plunged into the pool, the mercury stood at 143 degrees. The water is entirely void of color, taste, or smell, and, when cooled, is not distinguishable from the purest spring water. It dissolves soap, and is used by the family settled in the vicinity for all culinary purposes. Along with the water, a vast quantity of gas is discharged, which ascends in large bubbles, and agitates the surface of the pool as if it was in a state of ebullition. Whether it is merely atmospheric air or a gas of still greater purity, I had not the means of ascertaining; but it may be inferred that it possesses no deleterious quality, from the number of nests of the *Loxia sulphurata* which we saw suspended from the lower branches of some *white poplars* stretched over the pool, and constantly enveloped in its steam.

Vegetation is nowhere more luxuriant than on the border of this spring. Even the bottom of the pool is tufted with *Confervæ*, and the embankment is covered with a species of *Cyperus*, the roots of which are in contact with the water. Close along the margin of the pool, I remarked the *Arum esculentum*, *Leersia thermalis (Carm.)*, *Dodonæa angustifolia*, *Rhus angustifolium*, and *Aspidium tenellum (Carm.)* Half a mile from the source, and at a temperature of 102 degrees, the *Menyanthes indica*, *Typha angustifolia*, and various species of *Scirpus*, *Juncus*, and *Cyperus*, grow in the midst of the stream. In a ditch not far from the hot spring, I found the *Isnardia palustris*, a plant hitherto unknown as a native of Africa.—Sportsmen must be on their guard in approaching this spot, to which they are allured by the quantity of snipes that

harbor in the marsh. We lost one of our best pointers the very evening we arrived. In attempting to cross the stream, near its source, the poor animal was scalded to death.

Leaving Brandvlei, they proceeded through to Tulbagh, and thence to the Twenty-four Rivers. Here they turned their faces towards Cape Town, where they arrived by the route of Groenekloof and Zwartland, after an absence of about a month. The party were thoroughly satiated with "country amusement;" even Carmichael's enthusiasm had somewhat flagged, as is shown in his concluding remarks, which reveal a feeling of disappointment, if not dissatisfaction:

> The country over which we traveled is the least interesting to an admirer of natural scenery that can be imagined,—a remark which I feel no hesitation in extending to every part of the colony that I have seen. No country in the world, perhaps, unites so much boldness of outline with such unvaried tameness of detail. This tameness, arising from the disposition of the surface, becomes the more fatiguing to the eye from the total want of wood. In the whole course of our travels, we did not see a single tree of nature's planting, nor a shrub much taller than one of ourselves. In the mountain ravines, you sometimes meet with stumps which show that trees of a considerable size did formerly grow there; but nothing of that sort can be traced on the acclivities of the hills, or the interjacent plains.

ON CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

Few of the questions that at present occupy the public mind have given rise to more divided and less decided opinions than the system which is now gradually extending itself through the wide-spread territories of the British empire, of testing, both by examination and probation, the fitness of candidates for employment in the public service. The *detur dignissimo* principle has been ably maintained by such men as Lord Macaulay, Mr. John Stuart Mill, of the India House, and many distinguished academic names connected with the ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge; while such men as Sir James Stephen, Sir George Lewis, and Mr. Romilly are wholly adverse, from a fear of its social consequences, to the selection of candidates for appointments in the several departments of the Government by open competitive examinations.

This antagonism of opinion among men so eminently qualified to judge seems to have thrown so much of doubt and indecision around the scheme as to require, almost at the outset, an authoritative expression of opinion from the parliament on the order in council which instituted a board of

civil service commissioners for the departmental examination of candidates. On the 14th of July, 1857, the following resolution was agreed to by the House of Commons without a division:

> That in the opinion of this House, the experience acquired since the issuing of the Order in Council of the 21st of May, 1855, is in favor of the adoption of the principle of competition as a condition of entrance to the civil service; and that the application of that principle ought to be extended in conformity with the resolution of the House, agreed to on the 24th day of April, 1856.

And in accordance with the opinion thus formally recorded, a select committee of the House, on the subject of county surveyors, reported in the session following (1858) that,—

> Although the vacancies which may be expected to occur among the county surveyors may not be numerous, yet your committee, attaching great importance to the principle of competition for appointments in public offices, have reason to believe from the evidence of Mr. Galbraith and other witnesses, that under an improved system of competitive examination for such vacancies as might occur, with publicity before and after, and on the principle of the examinations now established for the engineers and artillery at Woolwich, there would be found not only a larger number of competitors for any vacancy, but that other important public advantages would arise therefrom.

Our sole object in drawing up this article has been to furnish our readers with a brief outline of the form and manner in which this "qualifying test" has been adopted in several of the dependencies of the British Crown, so that they may have an opportunity of comparing the provisions lately enacted on this head at the Cape of Good Hope, with those instituted in other colonies and dominions. It will therefore not be expected of us to express any opinion on either side of the question which has given rise to so much argumentative discussion. That is left to abler disputants, far better qualified than we are to judge of this innovation on ancient usage and its tendencies.

Fifteen years ago, the first attempt was made to test the qualifications of candidates appointed to the junior branches of the civil service of India. By a minute of the Governor-General in Council, dated the 10th of October, 1844, it was ordered that, "from and after the month of September of the following year, all youths shall first pass with merit an examination before the Educational Council of India, similar to that laid down for senior scholarships in either of the Government colleges, before his name can be placed on the council's 'list of merit,' which shall in future be the only test of fitness for appointments to the service of that Government." This order, which was passed at the instance of the Educational Council, required, according to the rules fixing the subjects for

senior scholarship examinations, a critical acquaintance with the works of Bacon, Johnson, Milton, and Shakespeare; a knowledge of ancient and modern history, and of the higher branches of mathematical science; some insight into the elements of natural history, together with considerable facility of composition, and the power of writing in fluent and idiomatic language an impromptu essay on any given subject of history, ethics, or political economy.

This order was not unopposed. By a dispatch from the court of directors, the Governor-General was informed that the heads of the educational institutions in India of the Free and established churches of Scotland, and of the London, Baptist, and other missionary associations, objected to the ordeal through which their pupils had to pass before their names could be placed on the council's "list of merit," instead of acknowledging, as a sufficient test, the certificate produced by the candidate from the head of the institution where he had studied; that ancient classical literature was excluded; that the standard in English literature and science fixed for the senior scholarship examinations could only be attained by the students of the Government colleges, so that these colleges had virtually a monopoly of public patronage; and lastly, that the oriental languages and literature had no place assigned them in the council's syllabus. These objections were amply considered and discussed in the report drawn up by the council, after inviting the parties referred to to specify the exact nature and extent of their objections, and to suggest modifications in the system of examination which had been adopted in connection with the "list of merit." And judging from the slightly modifying changes introduced into the syllabus of the succeeding examinations, it may be inferred that the arguments and views of the Educational Council had proved satisfactory.

The following is an abridged outline of the subjects then included in the senior-scholarship's examination, against which the objections had been raised, as specified in the syllabus of one of the annual competitions.

Literature Proper.—A critical analysis of passages selected from the works of the following authors: 1. Shakespeare's "Tempest," act I, scene II; 2. Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream;" 3. Dryden's "Absolom and Achitophel;" 4. Bacon on "Simulations and Dissimulations;" 5. Addison on the beauties and defects of "Paradise Lost."

Mental and Moral Philosophy.—1. Reid's Inquiry on the resemblance and necessary connection between real and

visible figure and magnitude; on primary and secondary qualities; on the acquired perceptions of sight.—2. *Logic.*—On the terms *concrete* and *abstract; connotative* and *non-connotative.*—3. On the modes of reasoning from particulars to generals, from generals to particulars, and from particulars to particulars.

History.—*Greece.*—1. The character and opinions of Socrates.—2. On the principal evils of the Greek system. *England.*—1. On the Celtic race of Great Britain, as described by Cæsar.—2. On the prerogative of the House of Commons to connect with a grant of supply the condition of a redress of grievances.—3. On the disputes which led to the wars of the Roses.—4. The character of the English parliament towards the close of the reign of Henry the Eighth.—5. The principal events of Elizabeth's reign, her policy and personal character: the authors that flourished during her reign.—*Bengal.*—The leading events and most eminent men connected with the reign of the first constituted monarch of Bengal.

Pure Mathematics.—1. *Theory of Algebraic Equations.*—The subject of imaginary or symbolic roots; Cardan's rule and Newton's method of approximation. 2. *Co-ordinate Geometry.*—Elementary principles; transformation of co-ordinates and their centres; the tangents of curves; the chief properties of the hyperbola; its asymptotes.

Mixed Mathematics.—1. *Mechanics.*—The laws of motion; the triangle and parallelogram of forces; virtual velocity; the theory of projectiles; the pendulum. 2. *Hydrostatics.*—Fluid pressure; theory of Bramah's press; the barometer; specific gravity; Archimedes' screw.

English Essay.—Subject: Influence of climate on the national character.

Latin.—A passage from the Germania of Tacitus.

Vernacular Essay.—Subject: Truth.

At the examination, of which the above is the syllabus in outline, there were sixteen competitors who obtained scholarships, and four entitled, had there been more bursaries vacant. Of the above competitors, five requested to be placed on the "list of merit," as candidates for appointment to some branch of the public service.

In concluding their report on this system of examination, the council admit that the standard which they had chosen

is capable of amendment; they remark, at the same time, however, "that it has been and can be readily attained by the pupils of an efficient and well-organized school, whether public or private. To reduce it, they believe, would tend to encourage pupils to enter on the duties of life before the maturity of their reasoning faculties, the formation of their character, and the principles implanted by a more extended course of study, had time to produce their full effects."

In closing this brief review of the system of competitive examinations among the native candidates of India, it will not be out of place to compare the views held there with those entertained here, in regard to the constitution of the examining board. In India, they object to the council, because its members are not professional educationists, but unprofessional amateurs, which they think "is calculated to awaken doubts of their aptitude or competency skillfully to elicit the varied scholarship of the candidates, as well as of their fitness rightly to estimate the relative or proportionate value of the scholarship so elicited. Here the objection lies on the other side,—namely, that the great majority of the members of the examining board are professional educationists, engaged in conducting the leading seminaries of the place, whose pupils, in consequence, will be the principal candidates for examination by the board. This, it is believed, is calculated to awaken doubts, not "of their competency to elicit scholarship," but "of their impartiality" in estimating its relative and proportionate value.

The next, in order of time, is the scheme adopted at home by the directors of the East India Company and Board of Control, for the admission, on the principle of competitive trial, of candidates to the junior appointments in the various departments of the Indian civil service. This scheme is understood to have been drawn up by Lord Macaulay. It provides for a preliminary examination, to take place every year, in the following branches, though not necessarily including them all:

1. English composition, literature, and history.
2. Mathematics, pure and applied.
3. The languages, literature, and history of Greece and Rome.
4. The languages, literature, and history of France, Germany, and Italy.
5. The natural sciences, including chemistry and natural history.
6. The moral and political sciences.
7. The Sanscrit and Arabic languages.

And a further examination in jurisprudence, political economy, and some one of the vernacular languages of India, within two years after passing the first.

This scheme was carried into effect in 1855. It would be both interesting and instructive to trace, to the present hour, the progress and working of this the first and greatest of the aggressions of the day on privileged patronage in England; but the range of examination, of which we have given an outline, is so gigantic in its proportions, and so utterly beyond the reach of fair comparison with the civil service examination instituted in this colony, that it would be out of place, in this article, to prosecute the inquiry farther.

In the same year, the order in Council of the Queen was issued, providing, by a board of civil service commissioners, for the examination of nominees to appointments in the civil service of the crown. Though the provisions of this order are based on the *nominative* principle, and are not compulsory, yet the examinations have become competitive to a large degree, through the influence and advice of the commissioners, who have recommended to the different heads of departments to fill up vacancies as they occur, not by presenting an individual nominee for examination, but by furnishing a list of nominated competitors for the appointment to the vacant office. In 1856 there were thirty such competitive examinations, and in 1857 they amounted to sixty-eight.

In consequence of the examination of a candidate being entirely departmental, that is, a test of qualification, exclusively, as to his fitness for some one office—it may be of subordinate rank, in some particular department—the examiner's schedules are necessarily varied and multifarious. A like, though more limited variety, is observable in the average of age. In the department of the Customs, in 1858, the average age of the seventeen successful candidates was 20·8 years; of forty-one unsuccessful, 22 years. In the Inland Revenue, of fifteen successful candidates, the average was 21·1, and of thirty-one unsuccessful, 20·2. It is impossible to enter into any detail in respect to the subjects fixed upon for examination by the heads of the different departments. In many instances, especially those connected with subordinate employments, which hold out no prospect for promotion, the subjects for examination are limited to the common branches taught in elementary schools; in others, there are included what are termed the higher branches, but to a very limited extent; whilst in not a few the examinations are a fair test of a liberal education,—in

which case honorary additions are made to the certificates of candidates. In illustration of this, we insert the following table, exhibiting the number of candidates who, in 1858, received the "honorary additions" referred to, and the subjects on which they had been examined.

Departments to which the candidates were named.	Languages.				Sciences.					Other subjects.
	French.	German.	Latin.	Greek.	Higher arithmetic.	Algebra.	Geometry	Trigonometry.	Physics.	Logic, mental philosophy, &c.
Customs	24	4	8	4	–	9	5	–	1	–
Inland Revenue	23	5	11	1	–	11	7	2	6	1
Post Office.....	12	4	4	1	–	7	4	–	–	–
Treasury, — including the Home, Foreign, and War Offices, India Board, &c. ...	24	18	14	9	2	18	12	2	2	14
Other departments ...	71	–	43	26	6	28	27	5	7	10
Total ...	154	31	80	41	8	73	55	9	16	25

As has been already stated, the civil service commissioners have strongly advocated the cause of competitive examinations, even though limited to nominee candidates. In support of their views, they have given a succinct summary of the sixty-eight competitive examinations which took place in 1857. It is as follows:

Competitive examinations	68
Situations competed for...	90
Competitors (nominated)	252
Successful competitors	82
Vacancies unfilled	8
Were first in a competition, but were rejected from failure in some prescribed subject	7
Showed sufficient proficiency, and in the absence of competition would have passed	58
Unsuccessful and incompetent	105

Referring to the fifty-eight proficient but unsuccessful candidates, the commissioners justly remark that, though unsuccessful in competing with others, who proved to be their superiors in attainments, yet had they been presented for

examination as the sole nominees, they could not have justly withheld from them the pass certificate.

To this system of examinations, which has now been in operation for the last three years, is added a period of probation, amounting to six months, during which the appointment is only provisional, and may be canceled; in this colony the period of probation is twelve months. Along with the rule fixing the probation at six months, there is another, which secures promotion from class to class by merit, instead of seniority.

In 1857, the parliament of Canada passed an act for improving the organization and increasing the efficiency of the civil service of Canada. In this act provision is made for the examination of candidates for clerkships in the service of the government; and a board of official members instituted to conduct the examinations, and to register the successful candidates, as fit persons to be employed in the civil service of Canada. No candidate is admitted to examination before he has presented testimonials, which have been approved as to age, character, and physical fitness for the service. The subjects of examination before this board are purely elementary. As a preliminary, all candidates will be required:

1. To write a good hand.
2. To spell correctly.
3. To write grammatically.
4. To write correctly from dictation.
5. To be conversant with the elementary rules of arithmetic.

To enable the board to judge of the branch in the service for which he is best adapted, the candidate, should he desire it, may be examined in all or any of the following subjects:

1. Translating from English into French, or from French into English, and to write in either language from dictation.
2. Arithmetic, as far as decimal fractions.
3. Book-keeping.
4. Elementary geography.
5. Framing abstracts of documents.

We are not in possession of any official information of the working of this very elementary system in the Canadas. The candidates are admitted to appear at the very early age of sixteen.

In the same year (1857), the system of competitive examination among civil service candidates appears to have been instituted by Governor Reid, the able writer on the

"Theory of Storms," at Malta. In transmitting to Downing-street a *resumé* of the working of the system, he states that he continues to be of opinion that the method of granting clerkships to young men under twenty-two years of age, who pass the best examination, is working advantageously for Malta, and the competition created is evidently having the effect of improving the schools. From the following abstract of one of the examiner's schedules, an opinion may be formed of the kind of examination to which the candidates are submitted, as also the comparative proficiency which the testing numbers indicate:

MALTA.—GOVERNMENT CLERKSHIPS.

Abstract of Examiners' Schedules.—May, 1857.

Candidates according to merit.	English.	Italian.	Arithmetic.	Algebra and geometry.	Ancient and modern history.	Ancient and modern geography.	Languages.	Chemistry.	Drawing.	Hand-writing.	Total.
Nos.	125	125	125	100	75	75	50	50	50	125	900
1	105	119	73	19	75	35	46	—	40	85	597
2	70	86	125	85	47	50	—	—	25	90	578
3	79	70	125	60	34	39	21	15	9	88	540
4	95	90	119	31	40	46	30	—	7	78	536
5	91	85	84	—	37	31	20	—	—	65	413
6	73	67	114	—	24	14	—	—	—	85	377
7	54	51	69	65	4	29	20	—	13	67	372
8	45	38	105	—	17	24	—	—	19	85	333
9	81	46	65	22	—	15	20	—	—	75	324
10	54	53	45	42	—	37	17	—	—	65	313
11	46	56	80	11	34	31	—	—	8	45	311
12	54	46	124	—	—	—	—	—	—	80	304
13	44	46	9	—	26	22	10	—	25	80	262
14	44	38	70	33	—	—	12	—	7	45	249
15	36	28	107	—	—	23	14	—	12	23	243
16	25	36	55	—	—	15	—	—	48	62	241
17	15	25	25	76	—	—	—	—	—	75	216
18	35	35	40	14	—	3	—	—	13	30	170

We come next to the civil service examinations instituted at the Cape of Good Hope. The space allotted us in the present number, however, is entirely exhausted. Next month, we shall resume the subject in a second article, which will be also devoted to a consideration of the other examinations, both academic and professional, with which the colonial board of examiners is charged.

R.

Sir WILLIAM HODGES, Knt.,

Chief Justice of the Colony and President of the Legislative Council.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. VIII.

SIR WILLIAM HODGES, KNIGHT, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COLONY.

Sir William Hodges is the eldest son of William Hodges, Esq., of Weymouth, whose family have for several centuries resided at Cerne Abbas, in the county of Dorset. * He was born at Melcombe Regis, in Dorsetshire, on the 29th September, 1808, and was educated at the Rev. Mr. Morrison's, at Salisbury. He afterwards entered the London University, then recently established, where he attended the lectures on law and jurisprudence under Professors Austin and Amos.

Having kept the necessary terms at the Inner Temple, he was called to the bar on the 3rd May, 1833. He determined to travel the Western Circuit, and to attend the quarter sessions in Wiltshire, the county in which he had received his early education; and for many years he punctually attended to the ordinary routine of his circuit and sessions duties. He subsequently added the Bath and Bristol sessions to the sphere of those duties, and competing with very able opponents, who were gradually advanced to the dignity of Queen's counsel, he became the acknowledged leader of these sessions bars. Anxious at the same time to employ himself in London, he commenced the publication in 1836, of the cases decided in the court of Common Pleas, then presided over by the Hon. Sir Nicholas Tindall, one of the ablest judges on the bench; and the three volumes published by Mr. Hodges contain many important decisions on maritime and commercial law,—a species of cases which were attracted to that court by the great ability of its chief. His labors received the favorable notice of Sir Nicholas Tindall, for in 1837 that eminent judge presented him with the appointment of a revising barrister,—a piece of valuable patronage, frequently reserved for the personal friends of the judge. Mr. Hodges retained this appointment up to the time he left England, and the voting lists of the counties and boroughs in Devon or Cornwall were annually revised by him.

* Three of the Pilgrim Fathers belonged to this family. They left the neighborhood of Cerne Abbas in 1635, and the Christian names of the three brothers, William, John, and Richard Hodges, who were the earliest settlers at Massachusetts, have always been carefully preserved in the English branch of the family. Mr. Almon A. Hodges, the president of the Washington Bank, Boston, has lately published the genealogy of this Hodges family in the United States of America.

On the 4th November, 1846, Sir George Grey, then the Home Secretary, appointed Mr. Hodges recorder of Poole, in Dorsetshire. And he was also employed by Sir Robert Peel's government to prepare a very important bill which laid the foundation of many of the model acts relating to sanitary leigslation. This bill was prepared under the immediate supervision of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, (then Lord Lincoln) and Sir James Graham. Mr. Hodges having thus achieved considerable success, he began to argue cases in Westminster Hall, and was also employed as counsel in parliamentary committees; and his attention having been there much directed to subjects relating to railway law, he determined to collect all the statute law decisions on the subject, and to write a treatise on a branch of the law then little understood, although of immense importance to many classes of the public. This undertaking proved eminently successful, and a new edition was called for in 1856. Mr. Hodges seemed thus to be on the road to compete for the highest honors in his profession, when, in the autumn of 1857, Mr. Labouchere, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, made inquiries for a successor to Sir John Wylde, the Chief Justice of this colony, who, through ill health, had resigned his appointment. We believe that the resignation of Sir John Wylde was not generally known in England, and the authorities at the colonial office were on that account unfettered by parliamentary influence being brought to bear in favor of the numerous applicants whose claims for promotion in the colonies were lodged at that office. Mr. Hodges' name was not on that list, and therefore, it was probably with no slight surprise that he found on his table in November, 1857, a missive offering him the appointment. Mr. Hodges having accepted it, and having received from her Majesty the honor of knighthood, he embarked for this colony on the 2nd March, 1858, and landed at Simon's Bay, accompanied by Lady Hodges and seven of his children, on the 15th May following.

Of Sir William's career at the Cape it is unnecessary to add much. To his duties as Chief Justice of the colony he has devoted all possible zeal and energy. As president of the Legislative Council, an office whose functions he discharges quite *con amore*, he has shown much moderation and tact in times of considerable difficulty; and, as a citizen, he has lost no opportunity of exhibiting the deep interest he feels in all that affects the public welfare of the community.

Our photograph represents him in his official robes, as president of the Legislative Council.

A VISIT TO ROBBEN ISLAND.

PART I.

Robben Island is so called from the herds of seals which, in former times, were wont to frequent its shores. It is a low, small islet, at the entrance into Table Bay, composed of clay slate rock, capped with calcareous tufa and shelly sand, clothed in winter with a low, scrubby bush, and boasting an area no more extensive than some two miles in length, with a maximum breadth of three quarters of a mile. But its history is an eventful and an interesting one. More than three centuries ago, in 1525, the Portuguese first attempted to found a settlement on it, and failed. Some ninety years later, in 1608, the Dutch admiral, Cornelius Maaklof, touched at Table Bay, and left three rams and seventeen ewes on Robben Island, which the English captain, Keeley, next year found in a glorious state of fatness, and honestly exchanged for lean ones, landed from his ship. Five years afterwards, in 1614, the English Government attempted to establish a convict settlement there, but abandoned the project ere it had yet been fairly begun. And soon afterwards succeeded the occupation of the Cape by Surgeon van Riebeek, for the Dutch East India Company, and the appropriation of Robben Island as the permanent convict station of the colony—a use to which it continued to be applied by the Dutch Government and the English alike, until little more than twelve years ago. Since then it has been occupied as the site of the Colonial Lunatic Asylum, a general infirmary for chronic sick and friendless paupers, a lazar-house for lepers, and a seat of exile for the vanquished chiefs of Kafirland. Viewing it with reference either to its past history or its present condition, we know of no more interesting locality in all South Africa. It is questionable whether any other spot on earth—not excepting Norfolk Island itself—has been the witness of such varied scenes of crime, suffering, and misery.

And yet, though only nine miles distant from Cape Town, there is scarcely any other noted district within the colony so seldom visited. Of the inhabitants of Cape Town, not one in a hundred has ever set foot on its shore. Its isolation would hardly have been greater were it hundreds of miles away on the ocean. The distance is short, the voyage across is often made in little more than an hour, but the winds are uncertain, and frequently blow with such violent fury as completely to interrupt all communication for many days, or even weeks together.

Knowing Robben Island only by report, by the historic

references to it in Moodie's Records, and by the bitter controversies that have arisen recently respecting the character of the establishments now existing on it, we were anxious to visit it for ourselves; and, accordingly, with eagerness accepted a favorable opportunity offered us, of crossing there not many weeks ago.

We started from the central jetty on a Saturday forenoon, at eleven o'clock. The weather was delightful; Cape Town was all in a bustle with preparations for the embarkation of Sir George Grey; the shipping in the bay were decked out in all their best display of bunting, and everything gave token of a glorious holiday. The party in our sailing-boat were four in number; we were all visitors, out for an excursion; we were provided with tent, camp-stools, abundant provender, and every other requisite for a free and easy pic-nic when we reached the island. After an hour's detention, with baffling winds, we caught a stiff south-easter breeze, and, in an hour and a quarter more, were snugly moored off Robben Island, in Commandant's Bay. A surf-boat from the shore, manned by four sturdy lunatics, was quickly alongside of us, and from the surf-boat we were comfortably conveyed to the dry beach, in a palanquin chair (also manned by lunatics), in a fashion which the boating companies of Algoa Bay would do honor to themselves and to Port Elizabeth by imitating. The "village," as it is called, comprising the various establishments for lunatics, lepers, and chronic sick, with church, store-houses, and the residences of the superintending officers, was on the rising ground in front of us; and certainly our first impressions were not of the most pleasing character. The only tolerable buildings are the church, the parsonage, and the dwelling of the surgeon-superintendent. The rest appear, what they are, a heterogeneous jumble of convict barracks and tumble-down edifices, all daubed over with a sickly ochre hue, and with the grounds around all overrun with wild fennel, dock, and other herbs. We introduced ourselves to the surgeon-superintendent and the storekeeper of the establishment, who received us with all possible courtesy and kindness, and furnished us at once with a bullock-wagon to convey our camp equipage to the spot, about a mile distant, where we had determined to fix our temporary abode. We were kindly favored with the services of a convict patient, whom we had seen tried not many months before at the circuit court at Graham's Town, and seen sentenced there to twenty-one years' imprisonment, in addition to fourteen years passed on him by a court-martial before! This was McKenna, the incendiary of the Howison's Poort convict

station. After some months' detention in the Graham's Town gaol, he was sent down to Robben Island as a lunatic. He is evidently of weak mind, and of violent, uncontrollable temper. But, when gently treated, he is as mild and docile as a child. He is now placed under no restraint whatever, save confinement to the island, and proves to be one of the most serviceable men connected with the establishment. To ourselves he showed himself extremely obliging and good-hearted, and detailed his history with perfect frankness and simplicity. A quarrel with his father, and violent temper, led him first to enlist in the army; violence of temper again led to gross insubordination in his corps, and a military sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment; and violent temper, and weakness of mind, and the instigation of his convict comrades, led to his desperate crime at Howison's Poort.

In the course of the afternoon our tent was pitched, all the arrangements of our camp life were completed, and we sallied out into the veldt around for sport among the rabbit warrens, with which the island is honeycombed from end to end. The scenery before us was quite of an unexpected character. At this season of the year the island was clad with verdure, and low but luxuriant scrub, and decked, as all South African landscapes are, with gay parterres of variegated flowers. Immediately around us the land extended in undulating slopes of as sequestered, wild, and solitary an aspect as any portion of Karroo veldt. The village was concealed from view by a gentle rise, all but the towers of the Moravian church. In the distance, to the southward, appeared the magnificently picturesque outlines of the Table, the Lion's Hill, the Devil's Head, and the whole mountain mass of the Cape peninsula, softened by that peculiar rich, transparent haze with which Mr. Bowler's paintings of the scene had previously made us so familiar. To the eastward extended the Blaauwberg, Tygerberg, and Somerset ranges, until lost in the far distance of the Hanglip; and westward and northward rolled in the long swell and sounding surges of the Atlantic. At intervals we could hear the boom of minute guns in Cape Town, announcing the embarkation of Sir George Grey on board the *Celt*. We were strongly recommended to ascend the "eminence," as being a spot from which the view was most commanding, and the scenery seemed most grand. We were profane enough to smile or sneer at the idea of ascending an eminence on Robben Island, and were gravely informed, in reply, that it was actually—one hundred and five feet high! This subdued and humbled us forthwith; we did ascend the eminence

in question, and the scenery we witnessed from its summit left us no occasion to regret the toil we had undergone. How our sporting efforts fared it is not incumbent on us now to mention; whether many of the rabbits and the pheasants that surrounded us in all directions fell victims to our guns or not, may be left to the reader's own imagination. Much, however, as we enjoyed the *battue*, there were still more interesting scenes before us. In the immediate vicinity of our tent were an ancient burying-ground, all gone to wreck and ruin, and a Mohammedan mosque, built over the tomb of a Malay priest, and long venerated as a sacred shrine by the Malays of Cape Town, also falling in, and rapidly sinking into decay. A few hundred yards further, and close along the seashore, at Murray's Bay, were the Kafir huts, now occupied by the chiefs who, for a quarter of a century, defied and successfully withstood the advance of British power in Kafirland. These men are Macomo, Umhala, Fadana, Kenti, Delima, and his brothers, Mate and Umpfafa. Seyolo has his abode apart, at the village; Stock is still in the gaol of Cape Town; and Pato is in confinement and under medical treatment in the wards of Somerset hospital. Our first visitors were Macomo, and his faithful wife and attendant, Katje. We had made their acquaintance long before, and now they immediately recognized us as old friends. We invited them into our tent, and carried on our conversation with them as best we could, in broken English, Dutch, and Kafir. The old chief, though considerably upwards of sixty, still retains all the indications of the intellectual vigor which once so eminently distinguished him, and his criticisms on some of our governors and frontier administrators, though inadequately expressed, were marked with great shrewdness and sagacity. At the special request of the chiefs, we proceeded afterwards to visit them at their own abodes. Their huts are constructed precisely after the fashion of those of Kafirland, but they are situated on one of the bleakest and most wretched spots on the face of the earth. The captives themselves seem to be treated with kindness by the constables in charge, who exercise a strict surveillance on all their movements. They have tolerably abundant rations supplied them of food and tobacco, and want only for wine or spirits, after which Macomo and one or two more of them hanker miserably.

We entered the hut of Macomo, and speedily a full council of his comrades was assembled. We all squatted around the fire in thorough Kafir fashion, and Katje, who had just completed the manufacture of a mess of flour or mealie stir-about, sat modestly in the back ground. They came together to

retail to us the story of their woes, and to beseech us to address the *gouvernement* on their behalf. Delima, one of their number, understood and spoke English fluently, and so the conversation was sustained vigorously throughout. Macomo, to whom all gave the precedence, was the first to begin. From his tale, we learned that there were only two Kafir wives on the island, his own and Seyolo's, and that, as a matter of course, they had contrived to quarrel, and bring their respective husbands into trouble. Until lately, both these ladies were permitted to pay periodical visits to Cape Town. Seyolo's wife, however, it appeared, had been after some mischief there, had caused "trouble" to Macomo, and for some months past the faithful Katje's visits were interdicted equally with those of her friend. Macomo's only prayer now was that he himself might be removed to Cape Town, and be brought there into companionship with his old acquaintance and fellow-exile, Pato. It is but justice to Mrs. Seyolo to add that, afterwards, from another quarter, we heard a totally different version of the story, and then it appeared that Katje, on her visits to her countrywomen in the pauper lodge of Cape Town, had been conveying messages from Macomo, which were construed by the authorities into something like treason or sedition, and that, on the discovery of this fact, strict orders were issued to completely stop all communications of any sort between the chiefs on the island and their quondam subjects on the mainland. When Macomo concluded his tale, Umhala was the next to speak. He is now an old man, of at least sixty-three, and his age appears even greater than it is. He is tall, and stands erect even yet, but he is evidently fast breaking up. We could scarcely imagine that this man of woe-begone visage and haggard aspect was once the powerful Hlambie chief, and the special friend and favorite of Sir Harry Smith. And yet some traces were still remaining of the craft, shrewdness, and sagacity which have distinguished his career, and we could well believe the truth of a story we once heard respecting him. On the occasion referred to, he met Sir Harry Smith on the frontier, and, for some offence he had committed, the gallant knight was enraged with him beyond measure, and vented his wrath in a torrent of abuse. Umhala stood it with perfect firmness, and his features were as rigid and impassive as a statue. When Sir Harry, having expended his anger, withdrew, one of the staff, who had been present, asked the Kafir chief what he had been thinking of, that he had managed to preserve such perfect equanimity?

"I was thinking what present I should ask from Smith when he was done."

His estimate of "Smith's" character was an accurate one. Sir Harry had no sooner retired into his tent than he repented him of his anger, and looked around him for the best gift he had, wherewith once more to show his friendship for his favorite!

Umhala's complaints to us on Robben Island were of a domestic character. He sorely wanted the companionship of his wife, and begged us to request the government to have her sent down to him from Kafirland. We were afterwards informed that this request had been already submitted to the authorities, and that an order was forwarded to Col. Maclean in Kaffraria to have her sent down to her lord at the public expense. Her faithless ladyship, however, refused to come—a piece of insubordination which seemed altogether to transcend the comprehension of the unfortunate Umhala. Fadana was permitted to address us next; but like the needy knife-grinder, he had no tale to tell us,—not but that he could an' he would. He was satisfied with the "word" of Macomo, and only desired further to know how long the Government intended to detain him there. Xlo-Xlo is a younger brother of Macomo, and appears a magnificent specimen of a savage. He spoke but little Dutch, and the piteous story he detailed was a brief one: "*gedaan vrouw, gedaan picaninny, gedaan vrienden.*" He was wifeless, childless, friendless, and when he got us afterwards alone, he followed up his plaint with a humble prayer for a brandy *soupie*. Delima had a long story to tell; but it seemed as unintelligible as the memorable one of the English engineer of the Austrian Lloyds. It referred to horse-stealing, Kafir magistrates, some villainous chief named Jooi, and, of course, the perfect innocence of Delima himself. His younger brothers, Umpfafa and Mate, with their friend Kenti, were modest, and hesitated to say much in the presence of their more sage compatriots. The scene in that hut was altogether a melancholy one. These men were once surrounded with wealth and invested with power. Some of them had displayed intellectual capacity of no mean order. Of course, they have brought all their ruin on their own heads. It was wholly their own fault, and in no measure was it ours, that they have subsided from the rank of Kafir chiefs to the low level of wretched exiles. They are now down—politically dead, and any ass may kick at them. We left the Kafir huts and returned to our tent for the night. The following day we devoted to an inspection of the lunatic asylum. What we saw there and what we thought of it we shall endeavor to describe next month.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A WEEK'S CANTER NORTHWARDS IN NATAL.

FOURTH DAY.—A NATALIAN SUNDAY.

THE country districts of Natal are not as yet famous for their religious edifices. The colonists have not, like the Pilgrim Fathers, directed their earliest efforts to the erection either of churches or "meeting-houses." Our architectural achievements are as yet only shadowed forth in the symbolic handiwork of nature. For frieze-crowned column, we have the gnarled trunk of the forest patriarch; for sculptured roof, we have the leafy luxuriance of aisle-like vistas; for painted dome, we have the bestarred or beclouded heavens; for organ symphonies or impressive chantings, we have the everlasting diapasons of the sweeping wind or the rushing water. Umhlali forms no exception to the general rule. It certainly has a church, and moreover a parson, or rather an archdeacon, in the shape of a mathematical pundit, who having taken the highest Cambridge honors, has benevolently devoted his life, his energies, and his learning to the enlightenment of Zulu heathenism. The church, however, can boast the name only; the reality falls far short of the usual conception of that term; it is, in fact, a Kafir hut, *pur et simple*. An oval structure, some eighteen feet by ten, made entirely of coarse grass, and daubed inside with an apologetic coating of red mud, occupies what may be hereafter the site of a cathedral, and holds the rostrum from whence a second wrangler and master of arts administers weekly doses of morality to a respectable rural congregation.

Unhappily, to-day, those of us who had the grace to attend church were not blessed with the ministrations of this distinguished dignitary. My clerical friend and quondam host officiated. A country clergyman's office is, with us, no sinecure. The gentleman last referred to holds, every Sunday, five services, and rides upwards of thirty miles. He frequently encounters, moreover, the unpleasant risk of a river bath, or an alligator's bite.

We behaved with great propriety in church; indeed, I only smiled once, and that was when a lady swept down the hut

with all the grace and statelines which appertains to crinoline, and took her seat on one of the low, dirty, backless benches. Mayfair would probably have designated the development as a mere sham, a flappy semblance; but in this out-of-the-way corner, the sweeps were sufficient to well nigh extinguish an innocent-looking old gentleman, whose last recollections of European fashion, in all likelihood, dated as far back as the Gothic perpendicularities of 1849.

My original object was now attained. I had seen the northernmost plantation of the colony. I had exhausted all the enterprise of any importance in this direction. But an object in motion is hard to stop, and the natural tendency of a man out "on leave," is to push onward. A proposition therefore was started. The Tugela—our northern boundary river—was barely forty miles off. Who would hie thither? who would set foot on the soil of Zululand? who would, even for an hour, leave the dominions of her Majesty behind him? To this tempting proposal only two responded, and though my unhappy hack was fearfully rickety, the same afternoon saw Mr. V. and the humble writer again "on the move," for the *ultima thule* of British possessions in South Africa.

But it was *Sunday*, whispers the conscientious reader. Alas, to the implied insinuation I must plead guilty. By way of extenuation, however, remember the copy-book axiom anent the corruption of good manners, and that the associations of an inn are far from salutary; and also bear in mind that there were only three books in the place,—*videlicet*, Uncle Tom's Cabin, a French novel, and a book of sea-songs,—sorry food for theological meditations.

Our goal for the evening was the Umvoti. We intended to "sponge" on some hospitable resident,—of accommodation houses, in that locality, there being none. The country was level, springy, and delightfully verdant. A mile or two once passed over, and not a house was to be seen,—nought but the outspreading country, shut in only on our left by the unreal-looking mountains of the Inanda. Has the reader ever ridden through such a country with a pleasant companion, and not an equipment to engross your cares, or a thought to harass your mind? If so, then he will agree with me that the man who has not undergone the process has something yet of life's enjoyment to taste.

We are naturally rather dubious as to our night's resting-place. Being comparatively new at the work, I am somewhat diffident of obtruding on a stranger's hospitality. I leave it wholly in the hands of my more experienced companion, whose frank *débonnaire* bearing would make way

anywhere. So after discussing the probabilities of A, or B, or C being most likely to do the needful, we leave the issue in the hands of fate.

Ten miles have been traversed, the sun is setting in a pool of murky mist, and a cluster of seeming haystacks is in view. We ride up to them; three or four Anglicised Kafir huts constitute, we find, the residence of a civilized man. The gentlemanly owner makes his appearance, is accosted as an old friend by my companion, and explanations having been exchanged, we are, without more ado, located for the night. This is Natalian hospitality, the genuine article; voluntary, sincere, well appreciated. Our host was a professional man, though living, as it were, *al fresco*. These frail, but weather-tight, and not uncomfortable, tenements provided him and his with adequate accommodation and shelter; gave him, moreover, the means of offering a friend a bed. What more need he want? In a land where few are fixtures,—in a state of society where outward appearances are disregarded, he found in these rude huts what princes rarely find in palaces —a home.

Our host told us that snakes were uncommonly abundant hereabouts, and showed us the skin of an adder killed only just before we arrived. They committed grievous havoc amongst the poultry of the establishment, decimating uncounted chicken broods, and making away with promising pullets. Every colonist has more or less a fund of snake anecdotes to relate. The mamba is our most dreaded ophidean; its bite is invariably fatal, while its propensity to chase mankind renders it doubly dangerous. A cool old gentleman of my acquaintance, when pursued by one of these viciously-disposed reptiles, only saved himself by shooting the creature through the head: a good shot that, and a steady hand. On another occasion, a party of horsemen were put ignominiously to flight by the sudden uprising of a huge mamba from the reedy banks of a river they were skirting, and it required the lively application of whip and spur before they could escape the reach of their envenomed pursuer. The most tragical encounter was one which occurred recently at the Umhlanga. A white man walking in the cane fields over the decayed straw and trash, unwittingly trod on a mamba lying *in petto*, was bitten in the calf, and died a few hours after. However much, therefore, sceptical naturalists may doubt the existence of the many disreputable attributes ascribed to this species of snake, too many authenticated cases can be brought forward to prove that what seems to be fable is, after all, only unvarnished fact.

FIFTH DAY.—ZULUS "AT HOME."

A long day is before us, so we are up betimes. In the east, the arrowy sunbeams are only just beginning to shoot; the mist still lies in the valleys, in the hollows, over the plains; the hill-tops dark by contrast with the gleaming white, are all that is visible of mother earth. Our host and all his family are apparently not awake, so we silently saddle our nags and ride away.

Though hardly any European homesteads are now visible, the country round about is nevertheless thickly populated. Scattered far and wide, on every side, are numberless Kafir kraals, not the seedy, dilapidated attempts we see near town, but large, well-built, thoroughly respectable habitations. From a distance, the ground seems covered with huge ant-heaps, raised with geometrical precision. This, however, is no termitic colony. Let us turn off the road and inspect more nearly these hive-like tenements; let the reader become personally acquainted with a Zulu "interior."

We approach a large kraal of ten or twelve huts. A wattled fence surrounds the miniature hamlet, and screens the domesticities of its inhabitants from public gaze. One large aperture serves as general gateway, and to this we ride, ride somewhat cautiously,— for, to tell the truth, we were only town-dwellers, and had certain delicate objections about intruding on Zulu privacy. I opportunely remember that I have a cigar in my pocket, and that my matches are useless; the loan of a brand is therefore indispensable. Within this outer enclosure are the huts,—strong, weather-tight straw hives, averaging some twelve feet in diameter, with a central altitude of nearly seven feet. Near each of these is a huge basket for unshelled mealies, and occasionally a rude kind of fowl-house. Within the huts, again, is the circular cattle-kraal, under which the corn or mealies are generally buried. Whether the natives do this for convenience and safety, or whether they find that the chemical peculiarities of the impregnated soil act as a preservative, I cannot say, but certainly the plan does not improve the flavor of the grain. However, as the reader will find anon, the natives have on these matters very original ideas of their own.

We entered the kraal in a very quiet and gentlemanlike way, determined not to give offence. But oh! the greeting that awaited us. A sable, dirty-nosed cherub, or rather in polite *parlance*, a nude cupid, first caught sight of us, and gave vent to the dismallest of howls; a dozen other little wretches rushed out, and energetically struck up on their own account; a multitude of dogs poured out from every

quarter and commenced a canine concert; even the fowls joined the universal chorus. We were literally struck both deaf and dumb; clearly, we were the objects of dismay and terror. In the eyes of these young people we were monstrosities,—white savages, goblin creatures from another world. We smiled, we tried to conciliate, we spoke soothing words of amity and peace. At last the gentlemen of the kraal, prematurely roused from their slumbers, appeared. They drove back the dogs, silenced their progeny, and stood in expectancy before us. We interchanged salutations on our part with easy condescension, on theirs with fitting deference. We then dismounted. The inside of the kraal was interesting and suggestive. The scared children gazed at us from the sheltering screen of their mothers' leather petticoats. A European child would have done the same; human nature, then, in its earliest developments, is identical whether beneath a white or a black skin. These elderly dames, wizened and ugly as Macbeth's witches, looked suspiciously upon us. Here and there, a modest demoiselle might be seen, as innocent of drapery as the Venus de Medicis, taking a sly peep at the unwonted, but, let us hope, not unattractive intruders. Female curiosity is, evidently, as rampant within the unadorned breast of a savage houri, as beneath the bejeweled bosom of a devotee of crinoline. My tastes are acquisitive; I am of an inquiring turn, as Mrs. Grundy would say. Such an opportunity to obtain an insight into "men and manners" was not to be lost. So I approach one of the huts, bend down to the thirty-inch door aperture, and look in. Oh! the shrieks and hubbub that arise; shocking! disgraceful! I have startled from their propriety (?) a whole bevy of Zulu beauties, who half screaming, half laughing, huddle up together at the furthest end of the hut, positively doubting the honesty of my intentions. Virtuously blushing at my own imprudence, I retreat hastily, and make my way to another hut. But before entering, would the reader like to have my opinion of female beauty among the Zulus? Here it is. I cannot conscientiously admire the "loveliness" of my dusky sisters; I have hitherto failed to discover the "good points" of their persons. If the axiom that "beauty when unadorned is adorned the most" held good in their case, they would be absolutely invincible; unhappily, the unadornments exist to perfection, but minus the beauty. A wool-like wig is my detestation, and when by the use of grease and clay it has been converted into a malodorous mop, it is my utter abhorrence. A couple of nostrils with an indentation instead of a "bridge" is obviously not attrac-

tive, and a projecting large-lipped mouth is hardly prepossessing. The contour of the figure is not so objectionable, but pendant bosoms, and elephantine limbs, do not constitute one's idea even of a Juno. I am told that there are exceptions, but I know that fact as yet only by hearsay.

Let us enter the hut, however, and mind that, in doing so, you don't break your back. After all, our hosts are not so badly housed. The floor is hard, clean, and smooth, with repeated coats of dung; the fire in the centre looks cheery and pleasant; and though those wooden pillows don't look inviting, yet the wool is, doubtless, a first-rate pad. Nature seems to adapt her gifts to every circumstance and exigency. The penetrated sides of the hut form the common cupboard and wardrobe; stuck in the grassy interstices, are mealie-stalks, large wooden spoons, feathers, snuff-boxes, assegais, and many other *et ceteras*. The rough earth-baked cooking-pots are stowed away to one side along with the calabashes, gourds, and baskets, all full of grain, honey, thick milk, or esculents. Close by are pumpkins, lumps of coarse bread, and other sundries, while suspended from the roof are strips of dry meat and skins. These natives are epicures in their way, and understand the science of cookery, following it out on original principles, and not bothering themselves about the conventional accessories of meal time. But this description is becoming lengthy; we must finish our survey, or perhaps reserve further details for another occasion. Unlike the dwellings of civilized men, who are always prating about equality, but never practically demonstrating their principles, the kraals of the Zulus are all alike in their main features. Having been into one, the reader is acquainted with the whole "art and mystery" of Zulu architecture and house-keeping.

We have therefore lighted our cigars, and, moreover, each drank a gourdful of new milk. We have also tested our powers of embellishing truth, by making the enraptured natives believe that we are very great personages indeed,—"big chiefs," in fact, on a tour of inspection. With vociferous invocations for our future "peace," they receive the coin we magnificently "tip" them, as we mount and ride off.

During this short interlude, the sun has uprisen, and the mists are rapidly uplifting. From the top of a hilly range that has been some time ahead of us, we look down into the valley of the Umvoti, a broad, shallow, and sandy river. Away eastward we see the stream debouching into the sea; we discern also the rocky reef which runs out from the coast, and sigh after the inexhaustible supply of oysters which there awaits the chisel of the industrious gourmand. Well

informed parties are of opinion that this reef might be converted into a natural mole, and that the mouth of the river might be easily convertible into an accessible port. There is also, about eleven miles southward, a bight in the coast, known as Morewood's Bay, from which the enterprising proprietors of Chaka's Kraal estate do actually intend to ship their produce. In the present uncertain state of land carriage, subject as it is to the disadvantages of tediousness, frequent break-downs, insufficiency of ox-power, and flooded rivers, the practicability of opening up available shipping harbors along the coast is of the highest importance.

Over the Umvoti the country becomes, if anything, more hilly, and large tracts of bush land again diversify its aspect. A few settlers are located at wide intervals on this side of the river, but their number is very scant, and their settlements mostly hidden from view. The land from here to the Tugela belongs principally to the crown, save and except two or three large blocks, which have been granted to private individuals in consideration of particular services. More inland are several six hundred acre lots granted by Government under the late proclamation, now suspended. A few private holders have also land in this locality. A Dutch settlement is being gradually formed here by Mr. Colenbrander, who, having obtained a grant of six thousand acres, is bringing out emigrants from Holland and Germany, and locating them thereon. "The more the merrier," says every colonist. Climb to the summit of that high hill, look round on the adjacent country, stretch your vision away yonder and yonder, until you are lost in the cloudiness of extreme distance; look north, south, west; note the rankness of the vegetation, sure sign of a prolific soil, the regular recurrence of innumerable valleys,—significant indication of numberless streams. Now tell me, how many settlements have you seen? how many traces of the white man's presence? None! Yes, none, but two or three patches of apparently ploughed land, which seem to betoken the exertion of other efforts than the crude attempts of the savage. The fact is significant enough; it tells its own tale; and while indicative of present feebleness, bids us strive for and look forward to a prosperous future.

A ride of ten miles obliges us to off-saddle, and let our nags pick up a feed. Breakfastless ourselves, we are merciful to our beasts, and while they are nibbling the young grass, take a morning siesta under the welcome shade of what, in England, would be called a copse. Very balmy is the air, very pleasant the scent of flowers from the woods

behind, very delicious the utter tranquillity of the spot, very soothing the thought of our prospective *dinner*.

Half an hour's active chase after our horses, who found their temporary freedom only *too* agreeable, slightly abated the philanthropic tenderness with which we felt inclined to treat them. The country now grows more and more enchanting. Arcadia had surely no lovelier shades than these. The grass is intensely green and flowery, the bush which lines the bottom of each little valley is full of trees, whose form and foliage is both rich and novel. The streams are deeper and more gurgling. Nature here requires no improvement; the ingenuity of man could only disturb the harmony of her handiwork,—the cleverest landscape gardener would find nothing to improve upon.

About ten miles on this side of the border is the residence of the diplomatic agent for the Zulu country. This functionary maintains his office with no little state. He mounts guard at all times, and has a gay retinue of native followers, —a regular staff in fact. The Union Jack floats over the house, and the magnate himself holds court under the branches of a patriarchal tree.

Beyond this we get upon high table ground across which the east wind blows sharply and coolly, and from which the ocean is again seen, glorious as ever. The mountains of the western horizon have begun to assume strangely fantastical shapes and semblances. We gave names to the most prominent, expressive of the peculiar form each presented. Thus we added Whaleback, Spitzkop, and Pigsface, to the mountain nomenclature of the colony.

By the time we reached Mr. M'C.'s, we felt indubitably "peckish." That gentleman introduced into the colony, some years ago, a number of boys from the reformatory schools in England. His original intention was to settle them on the grant he obtained from Government, and prosecute farming with their assistance. From various causes, they soon all left him, and are now following their avocations in different parts of the colony.

A few yards more, and we stopped before the last white man's house in Natal, our final goal,—"Perkley's Hotel." Probably it was then the roughest specimen of the inn genus extant. There were four wattled walls, thinly daubed with unwhitened mud; there were two or three party walls, similarly constructed. There were windowless window places, doorless doorways, ceilingless rafters, and mud floors. There were backless chairs, limping stools, and probably, if time had permitted, there would have been a choice assort-

ment of cobwebs and spiders. Had we been romantic newcomers, these interesting characteristics might have afforded us ecstatic enjoyment; as it was, being old colonists, we contentedly resigned ourselves to the peculiarities of the position, and were thankful that a roof was over us and a meal in preparation.

In a colony, one is apt to forget old friends. I had no sooner dismounted, than I was accosted by a personage of whom I had not the slightest recollection, till he refreshed my memory by relating his antecedents. As this individual was a type of a peculiar class,—a representative man, in fact, —he deserves description. His appearance evinced a studious disbelief in the proverbial maxim, that "cleanliness is next to godliness." His face was characterized principally by an exuberant nose of the tell-tale genus; his garments consisted of a smock and trowsers, of the earth, earthy; his shoes were massive and indestructible; his hat might fairly have weathered a thousand years, "the battle and the breeze." He was a Zulu trader.

Between Natal and the Zulu country there is necessarily a very large trade carried on; cattle and ivory being exchanged by the natives for beads, blankets, and other truck. The traders proper comprise two classes,—the first take wagons, and live in some sort of civilized manner: the second, and the most numerous, walk through the country, carrying their wares on the shoulders of five or six Kafirs, and living, while in Zululand, not only with the natives, but to a great extent as natives. The specimen now on the carpet belonged to the latter class, and his goods were already packed up in huge cigar-shaped bundles, weighing nearly thirty pounds each.

Notwithstanding his profession, our friend was a very talkative personage. He was an orator in a small way; one of those characters who having, in their youth, picked up a smattering of knowledge, are much given to effluent spouting, spirituous philosophy, and dramatic expositions of their particular views. At a place where there was positively nothing to do or see, he was an absolute treasure, an unfailing source of interest and entertainment. I drew him out; I got him to speak of his life and its hardships. He and his compeers present are of the lowest phases of commercial enterprise. They constitute one of the most singular offshoots of that great system of trade and barter which constitutes commerce. They are to the modern merchant what the sign-board painter is to the finished artist; what the wood-carver is to the sculptor. The pedlars of old England have had their fame perpetuated by unnumbered writers.

The trappers of the far west have been immortalized by Irving: let me attempt something then to rescue the Zulu traders of Natal from the bourne of oblivion, and let the succinct story be told by one of their own number.

"My experience in life tells me that the affairs of mankind are like a weather-cock, always on the move. You know, Mr. ——, what I was in D'Urban; you see what I am now. I have a family which must be supported, and I do my part in a free, independent way. Some people say the trade makes us savage? In reply, I ask you, gentlemen, to look at me! Am I a savage? No! but I am a free man; I am independent; I pay my debts; and acknowledge a Supreme Being. The trade, gentlemen, has its drawbacks; but what hasn't? You see those five bundles: it will take me three months to dispose of them; for three months, gentlemen, I shall perhaps be shut out from my fellow-countrymen. But we have our privileges."

"What are they?"

"Why, you will observe, gentlemen, that, altogether, we traders muster more than a hundred of us. The Zulus have become inoculated with the thirst for beads and blankets, and old Panda himself sees that we do his country no harm. He's given orders that no 'white man shall sleep in the grass;' which means, you see, that none of us shall be refused shelter or food. At any kraal we may stop at over night, the people are bound to give us a hut to ourselves. If they haggle or make any conflustration about it, we—at least I do—take possession. They may make a noise about it, but they daren't touch me; the king is too knowing to allow any white man to be tampered with.

"Are you then lodged gratuitously?"

"No! Our principle, gentlemen, is value for value received. We pay for what we get, according to a usual rate. For a hut, a few large beads would be sufficient; for a kid or goat, I generally give one of these small zinc looking-glasses, or a knife. I am an Englishman, and I am proud in having an Englishman's love of justice. I give all their due."

"How do you go to work?"

"Well you see, Mr. ——, there is a knack in everything; and Zulu trading requires skill,—great skill, and practice. The natives are deep, very knowing; and they take advantage of your weak points immediately. Ever since I became a trader, I have made it my business to study the Zulu character. I am not vain, sir, but I do think I have got round the beggars. I take up my quarters at a particular kraal, and open out one of my bundles, just so much as to excite

their curiosity. In a day or two the fellows all round come in troops to see or buy. The payment we get is entirely cattle. I pick out the beasts I wish to have, and make an offer of so much stuff. A large blue blanket will get a good-sized heifer. I never demean myself by quarreling with them; if they refuse to sell for what I offer, I throw in a small mirror, or a few beads, and generally get the bargain with very little extra cost to myself. We must get large profits; the business won't pay without. Those five bundles contain about twenty-five pounds worth of goods; I shall be nearly three months in the country selling them, and I don't expect they'll bring me in more than fifty pounds. We get, as a rule, about one hundred per cent. on the cost price. We do not wish to be extortionate; but, gentlemen, we must live, we must support those families with which Providence has blessed us."

"But do you actually feel perfectly safe?"

"I feel, sir, that in going now into that country I have nothing to fear. They daren't harm us, and I don't know that they would if they dare. So long as a man is cool and has his wits about him, he is safe. I went to a kraal one day, and applied for a hut; the head man and captain of the kraal refused. I told him I must have one, and sat down on my bundles to show I was determined. At last he flew into a great passion, and brought out his assegais and sticks, and began to threaten. I said he daren't touch me, and told one of my Natal Kafirs to fetch the induna, or chief of the district. While he was gone, the fellow grew fiercer than ever, stamping and yelling, and vowing that I should either leave the kraal or he'd stab me. Now it wasn't altogether a position of pleasure, as you, gentlemen, may imagine, and I began to think that my courage (I am not vain, but really I am naturally very bold) would be my death. Some of the other people took up their shields, and the affair became very exciting. At last the induna came, and heard my complaint, and the story of the others. I said I was willing to pay for what I had, but that by virtue of my privileges as a trader, I demanded, and would have, shelter. The result was, that the head of the kraal was forced to submit. He did it at first with a bad grace, but the day after was as friendly as could be. I have often been at the kraal since, but have always been well treated. Pluck, sir, British obstinacy, gained the day; so it has always gained the day, and so it will always. An Englishman without pluck would be something very like a monstrosity. I feel an honest pride in showing these degraded heathen what an Englishman really is."

Here our friend's homily was cut short by the advent of certain comestibles. Among other facts subsequently gleaned from this person, bearing on the same subject, I was told that the best traders are mere lads under twenty, and that upwards of fifty such boys were thus engaged. A more demoralizing occupation, in view of the social necessities it entails, can hardly be conceived. The explanation that these youths fall in more readily with the language and ideas of the natives, and conform with greater ease to the customs of the country, does not enhance the advantages of their position.

I cannot, in common justice, say that the Zulu traders are a class of men calculated to inspire any one with a sense of the Englishman's highest characteristics. The unbridled freedom they boast of is their worst bane, while their immunity from all conventional restrictions is in every respect prejudicial and debasing.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE,

OR SERVANTS ABROAD.

BY MRS. GOLIGHTLY.

CHAPTR I.—HOW MY FIRST SERVANT TREATED ME.

Ah me! It is a long time ago, a very long time ago, that I married, and set up housekeeping. I was a young, light-hearted girl then, and with the love of an affectionate husband, and the pride of my new dignity, I thought housekeeping would be the most delightful thing in the world. I dreamed of happy moments, when my husband, returning, tired and worn, from the toil of his office, would reward me with one of his sweet smiles for the pattern household I would have ready for him. I could not mingle with my "castles"—no, I mean "households in the air"—the pleasures of a cosy fireside, for none had we in those days: for know, gentle reader, that my first experiences were gathered in the sunny land of the east. But I did anticipate one social meal, with its snowy table cloth, bright silver, and clear glass; and, as I then entertained the most philanthropic feelings towards my dark brethren, I thought I could persuade them, with love and example, to be clean and neat in their cooking and household habits.

I had such a love of a store-room ("go-downs" we call them in India); and with what importance did I fuss about, and manage all our various stores. I had gram for the

horses in boxes, and oil for our lamps in jars; there were spare plates from our pretty new dinner set, and sauces, and best of all,—my husband's pride,—some few dozens of capital old Madeira, a present to begin housekeeping with.

Ah me! It is a long time ago, that

All went merry as a marriage-bell.

How soon my illusion was dispelled, read and understand.

We,—that is, Mr. Golightly and I, for we always took counsel, sweet counsel together, upon all things, in those days; he has grown indif——; never mind what I was going to say,—we had hired a grave and sober-looking man for our chief butler. Many things had weighed on us in engaging him; he had an excellent character from his last place; then he was, or said he was,—and we thought then every one spoke truth,—a Christian, and had been baptized Raphael. He was of a sober age, too, and his advice would be invaluable to us—children, compared to him. And how respectful he was!—and so quiet. Ah, "still waters run deep," and so did Raphael; but I anticipate.

For the sake of coolness, we used to leave the shutter of the "go-down" open; and as the window was barred with strong stanchions, and the honesty of "our archangel," as Mr. Golightly sometimes irreverently called him, was so unimpeachable, we never dreamt of robbery.

For a week or two my cup of happiness was full; everything was so nice and clean and new, and I "took" to housekeeping vastly. Think of my dignity, you bright-eyed, fair-haired girl, so soon to be the wife of Captain Blazeaway, of the C. R. R. (ah! my eye is dim now, and my hair is grey, and I owe most of it to the greatest plague in life); think how grand I was with my tidy apron, account-book, and natty purse, with Raphael standing behind me, giving the daily accounts, and I cogitating how to make our little income go furthest.

One morning, before my husband started for his office, he said in his most pompous tone, while a merry twinkle of his eye belied his words, "Mrs. Go.,"—he called me that for shortness, you know,—"Mrs. Go., remember, we have company coming for dinner; you will, therefore, get up from bin No. 20, a bottle of *that particular*, and let the butler put it to cool." I made him a mock curtsey, and promised obedience, and he drove off; but, bless his dear old face, it was soon popped out, and with a laughing adieu he turned out of the gate.

Alas! the greatest plague in life was soon to put the first words between us.

I hurried to execute my duties, and as this was the first time a stranger—and our visitor was an old friend—was to share our meal, I wanted everything to be nice,—extra nice. I opened the "go-down" door, and, as usual, set myself down near it, while Raphael got out the paddy and gram, the oil and rice, and all the other necessaries for the day. "And now," said I, "Raphael, I will get out a bottle of that old Madeira."

"Missie better let me get him; Missie too much he shake; Missie not much know for wine," was Raphael's reply.

But I was determined to try. Was I not learning housekeeping?—and should I, a sage matron, not know how to manage a cellar (when we got one)? So to the bin I went,—there was but one, though "Go." had marked it "20," for fun. Why did I start back, as if a snake lurked there? "Oh, Raphael!" but Raphael had left the room. "Raphael," I called. "Coming, missie," was the reply, and in a moment or two in came the venerable man, with that calm demeanor so characteristic of the Asiatic.

"Oh, Raphael!" I exclaimed, "some one has got into the 'go-down,' and stolen I don't know how much wine!" and I burst out crying.

"No, missie," said the domestic; "how can get him? Missie plenty of good key got; I sleep in verandah: I not let bad man get in."

"But, Raphael, look! the bottles are nearly all empty, though they are corked! Oh, what shall I do?"

But fretting would not mend matters; and so I put on a good face, when my husband and friend drove up: but my heart was heavy. Half our little stock was gone, and I should have to tell my husband. And how to tell him? Well, then, after our friend had left, I said, "My dear, I have—," but here I faltered, and down came the tears like rain. Up jumped Golightly:

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "I saw all dinner time something was wrong. What has happened?"

"Some one has stolen our wine," I said.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. G. "Your door is provided with a Chubb lock, and the niggers can't pick that."

"But the wine has gone," I said; "and what makes it more remarkable, is the fact that the bottles are there, but empty, and the seals unbroken."

The more we talked over it, the more we got puzzled, and at last, I grieve to say, we lost our chance of the Dunmow flitch of bacon, for my husband got angry, and scolded me, and declared I must have left the door open, or left my keys

about. Ah! this is just like the men; so unreasonable. *They* never do wrong. Mr. Golightly never left *his* keys about. Oh, no! But I; yes, *I* had. Did I not remember when he brought me the keys a day or two back? (Bother the keys, Mr. Editor, they are the *next* greatest plague in life.) Well, I could not say "No" to that: and so the loss of the wine was set down to my carelessness. And my old man and I had our first quarrel.

A few days after, Mr. Golightly's brow was clouded, as he came into the breakfast-room. He eat his egg in silence, and kicked poor old "Fan," who came wagging her tail for good morning.

When he came to the curry, his wrath broke out. What had made me so careless about the cooking lately. The time was when the dishes were nicely served, and well dressed; now they were put on anyhow, and the curry tasted of anything but curry-stuff. Faugh! He was sure the cook was dirty.

In vain I pleaded that I could not go to the kitchen to see after the cooking. Just like all the men! he laid the blame on me, and, grumbling, he went off to his work.

I felt very miserable. For some time past I had certainly noticed a falling off in the cooking, and the way the table was decked; but when I spoke to Raphael, he protested the cook was "Plenty good mans."

"But, Raphael," asked I, "do you see that he is clean?"

"He plenty clean," was the reply.

"But the fish yesterday had an odd taste; it was soapy."

"Perhaps cook he clean too much the kettle, ma'am," rejoined the man, "and soap him stop."

Just before dinner, my husband came home, and contrary to his usual custom, drove round to the stables. Presently, I heard his voice in high wrath in the kitchen premises. At length in he marched.

"And so, Mrs. Golightly, this is the way you see after my comforts. No wonder the fish tasted of soap yesterday. I see now why the things taste so oddly."

"What *is* the matter!" I exclaimed. "What *can* I do?"

"Why don't you see after things, madam, and get the servants proper vessels," was his angry rejoinder. "You spent (yes, it's always we poor women that spend) pounds in kitchen gear, and got nothing right, I suppose. I drove round to the stables just now, and found the cook boiling the gram for the horses in one of the saucepans. He says you gave him no pot for the purpose; Raphael's boy was pounding an old plate on the curry stone for knife-powder to

clean the knives, as he says you won't give him a bath brick. No wonder the knives look so scratched and worn already, madam; and there is your ayah washing your collars in the soup-tureen; poor thing! I suppose, Mrs. Golightly, you have grudged her a basin. A pretty housekeeper you are making. And that careless loss of the wine, leaving your keys. What! only left them about once? Don't tell me, Mrs. Golightly. And now we'll go to the kitchen, and see if all these things, which you say have been given them, are really there."

Doubts already between my husband and myself! Oh, the greatest plague in life was indeed beginning.

Off he dragged me to the kitchen, and on turning the angle of the wall that hid the servants' quarters from our view, what do you think we saw, Mr. Editor? The horse-keeper was washing the horse's hoofs in a saucepan; and splashing in my beautiful fish-kettle, covered with lather, which only made the dirt more visible, sat a little black epitome of humanity that generally rolled about the gutter, and was said to be the cook's child.

Well, I really, Mr. Editor, did not know Mr. G. could swear so. He kicked Raphael, overturned the fish-kettle,—d—d the horsekeeper; and you may be sure his wrath was not abated, when he dug out the bath brick, untouched, from a heap of table napkins, which he saw in the corner, and which had evidently been used to rub down the horse and clean the pots.

I expected he would have begged my pardon for his suspicions of me; but no. After a wretched dinner, in which everything was spoilt, he betook himself to his account-book, and I could see something was wrong. At last, Mr. Editor, out it came.

Had I been to his wardrobe?

Yes; I had.

Umph! Would I object to showing him my accounts?

Certainly not.

And so, for another half hour, he went at it again. Column after column was added up. And then he came up to me.

"Anabellina, my love," said Mr. G., in a grave voice, "I am very uncomfortable."

"So I see," was my rejoinder. "And let me add, Mr. Golightly, you are not trusting the wife of your bosom in a proper manner, Mr. Theophilus Golightly. I am sure if dear mother had known that her only daughter was to be made so miserable——"

"Oh bother your mother," said Mr. G. "I have lost a

lot of money out of my wardrobe, Mrs. Golightly, and I can't make it out. It must be your fault."

"My fault, indeed, Mr. Golightly! Pray who keeps the key of *that*, Mr. Golightly, I should like to know?"

Alas! alas! how my castle-building had fallen to the earth. Mr. Golightly was very cross, and left next day in a dreadful humor. Soon after he was gone, an elderly Scotch lady, a Mrs. M'Gowan, came in, as she said, "Just to tak' a look at th' puir young thing, an' gie her a bit o' advice; for ye are but young, lassie, and no that acquaint wi' the ways of yon black folk;

'An' ye look fu' of care, and your young brow is sair,'"

said the motherly old lady. "I hope the honey-moon is no on the wane?"

Sadly I recounted my experiences, and the late loss of the money.

"Ah!" said the old lady, "I dinna ken, but there must be ane i' the house who's no that honest. I'll tell ye what I did when I cam' to this benighted land. Mr. M'Gowan used nae to like thae banks, and sae he brought his money to me: and I just bethought me of a snug place, lassie, and ye ken ye can do it vera weel the noo; only ye mustna tell ony one: I just wrappit it up, and put it in ma bustle!"

In spite of my grief, I could not help laughing; and I told the old lady of the theft of the wine.

"Hout! hout!" said she, "that must be ane of the servants."

"It is not possible," I said; "only Raphael and I ever go to the store-room; and he is such a steady, good servant."

"E-e-h! Wow!" exclaimed the old dame. "Is he a tall, respectable-looking mon, with fine teeth?"

"The same," I said.

"Oh, the ne'er-do-well that he is!" she exclaimed. "An' he always comes in to prayers, and says 'Amen' vera loud? He is the biggest thief and——"

What further she might have added, I know not; for some unaccountable impulse induced me to get up abruptly and go to the servants' quarters. As I emerged from the door, I heard a loud whistle from the second boy, who was busy doing nothing in the verandah. I flew to the store-room, and as I passed the angle of the wall, I saw Raphael running from the window, while I caught sight of my ayah and the cook looking anxiously through the cracks of the

kitchen door. On! on! to the "go-down;" and then the mystery of the wine disappearance was solved.

Sticking between the bars was the neck of a bottle of Mr. Golightly's Madeira; on the ground lay the cook's chopper, and a broken jug, dropped by the archangel in his flight, the latter moist with the Madeira, which had not yet soaked into the ground where it fell. Within the "go-down" on the sill of the window, lay the horsekeeper's flat basket, used for winnowing the horse's food, which had been introduced between the bars, and now held the fragments of a freshly broken bottle; while to the neck, protruding from the bars, was attached a strong, but thin, horsehair line! The thing was plain: the line, with a slip-knot at the end, had been introduced, through the bars, by the aid of a long bamboo, and hitched round the neck of a bottle, which was then drawn carefully to the window. Being too large to pass through the bars, the neck was carefully broken with the chopper, so as not to injure the cork (which was to be replaced in an empty bottle), and the contents poured out into the jug. The bottle was then broken into fragments in the basket, and removed piecemeal, and thus all traces of the theft vanished. To hide a bottle in the voluminous folds of his garments, and replace it in a moment, when my back was turned, was no great feat.

Of course all was clear after this, and I begged Mrs. M'Gowan to keep me company until my husband's return, as I felt the archangel would do me a mischief, if I was left alone in the house.

To cheer my spirits, the old lady related the following story, in answer to a remark of mine, that all the jam I had had made, and for which I had such excellent receipts from dear mother, was spoilt.

"Aweel, lassie, I was famous at hame for makin' marmalade, and I tho't I wu'd just try some with thae big 'pummel-noses' (the old body meant pomeloes—the shaddock). Weel, I got the fruit, and made it a' proper. 'And now,' said I, 'boy (ye ken, a' the servants are called boys here), boy,' says I, 'tak' this, and boil it so long; and do so and so.' 'Yes, ma'am,' says he. But after a time he brought it back, just burnt black. 'It had caught,' he said. Weel, that was bad luck! but I tried again, and again it was spoilt. 'O,' says I, 'boy, that's no my marmalade; ye'll just get mair fruit, and do it again; and ye'll just pay for what ye've spoilt, and for the firewood ye've used; and ye'll just try again and again, till it's made.' It was a' right that time; and now I am just as famous for it here as at hame;

and if I get a new servant, I just have to tell him what he'll do, if he spoils my jam."

Of course, when Mr. G. came home, he made a great row, and the archangel was ordered to quit the house next day; but before he went, I thought he should make things tidy for his successor, so I ordered him to take up the mats and sweep. Alas, that I did so! he had his revenge for his sudden dismissal. We had a pretty side board in three compartments. On this memorable morning all our stock of glass had been got out and counted over, and laid on the sideboard, which was full of jams and pickles, and other little stores in use.

I stood by to see the cleaning and give directions: "Lift up the end of the sideboard," I said, "to allow of the mats being drawn out." In a moment the man was on his knees under the centre compartment; with one tremendous heave of his brawny shoulders, he wrenched it up. Of course it came away from its side supports, and, with an awful crash, down came the whole concern,—lamps, glasses, cruet-stand,—one dire ruin! while the mingled stream of jams, sauces, wines, pickles, and oil, ran through the room, flowed out of the door, and down the steps.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "you have smashed all the glass."

"No, missie," was the calm reply, "there is one finger-glass; but why missie say move the sideboard?"

Raphael left us; but he took with him a lot of my husband's shirts, trowsers, and jackets. Golightly declared he must have had a false key, and so went to Pun Jum's, "Old Forty-two," as he was called, from his shop number, to purchase a new lock.

The bargain was made. "And now, old Forty-two," said Theophilus, "where is the other key? Chubb always sends out two."

"Master speakee true; but other key I must give to master's butler," said Pun Jum.

"The devil you must," said Mr. G.

"Yes, sare; I not give other key to master's boy, he no custom me. Always the way here, master."

It is needless to say the lock was not bought; but we did not discover till long after how the theft of petty sums had been so skillfully carried on. One day, however, while removing to a new house, we found that Raphael had loosened the beading of a panel at the back of the wardrobe, and when we were out together, Mr. Golightly and I, he had moved it from the wall and helped himself to small sums at a time, so that my husband might think he had miscounted his cash.

THE PASSING BELL.

It was an ancient custom to ring a passing-bell, sometimes called a "soul-bell," when any one was departing this life, in order that all who heard it might offer up some short prayer or requiem for the soul of the dying person. This was continued until a comparatively late period; but at present is used simply to inform the neighborhood of a death.

That passing-bell: its sullen stroke stirring the spectral hour,
Tells one departing from all range of earth's enthralling power;
Some darkened chamber echoes dull with painful, choking sighs,
Where shivering sorrow clasps cold hands, or crushed with anguish lies.

Plaster'd upon the moonlit ground night's heavy shadows lay,
As if an overwhelming grief quench'd out the light of day;
The sickening silence only wakes that one sepulchral boom,
Or when a dead leaf, like a sigh, flits slowly down the gloom.

That sad soul-bell! as its deep tones measure the solemn night,
Through death's last throes some soul doth speed its lonely fluttering flight:
No more earth-trials or earth-joys, no sin nor renewed strife,—
He hath gone before God's judgment-seat, for endless death or life.

A sad, pale group they stand around his clay-cold, lifeless form,
Who unrepining thought and wrought to night from earliest dawn;
Forth from those darkened windows now that soul shall look no more,
Never those blue lips with a smile their thoughtful accents pour.

What if, reflected through the past, grim torturing memories rise
Of unatoned-for wrongful act, or unjust harsh surmise;
With what fierce keenness now they'll rue each bitter word then said,
Oh! how intensely long to crave forgiveness from the dead.

Words seem but words: they may, like swords, pierce through the loving heart:
And while faint smiles light up again, yet there rests inward smart.
Our angry pride will struggle long to make our deeds seem right;
But Death!—Death, like the lightning's flash, brings *all* before our sight.

Slowly it tolls: and dost not thou feel strange pre-visions throng?
Towards whom around dost thou owe aught?—towards whom would'st thou work wrong?
Forgive! atone! as thou dare look to be by God forgiven,
Or never hope for mercy's aid when thine own heart is riven.

One path we all are hastening on: shall we like wolves destroy,
Or guardian-like sustain the weak, and know each brother's joy:
By all Thy woes, by all Thy love, by Thy spear-rended heart,
Help us, Lord Christ, in thought, word, deed, to act a brother's part.

E.S.W.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE OLD TRAVELERS.

BURCHELL.

PART II.

We left our traveler at the foot of the Roggeveld, and would now follow him in his journey northward. The particular mountains which he passed over is now called Vloksberg, from the name of the farmer residing at its foot. The road is the same as that usually taken at the present day.

The road through the Kleine Roggeveld passes over the Komsberg, a mountain about twenty miles to the eastward, and the two paths unite at a farm called Kuilenberg, which, however, wasnot occupied till long after Burchell's time.

The name Kuilenberg, or cavern mountain, is derived from the Roggeveld Spitskop, a high conical hill, about six miles distant from the farm-house. Near the summit of the former are several large caves, covered with a slight efflorescence of salt and alum.

This is one of the most singular mountains in the colony. The rugged forms assumed by the very peculiar felspar trap of which the peak is composed, and the immense masses of blackish-brown ironstone, containing large nests of sulphate of barytes, a mineral four and a half times as heavy as water, have caused this mountain to be regarded as a repository of all kinds of mineral wealth, and many are the myths told of the gold and silver found therein.

Passing on from Kuilenberg through Poort Egaal (a name which, by-the-by, must have been coined by Burchell himself, as it is not now recognized, and is not Dutch), our traveler reached the Reit River, the largest of a group of streams flowing northwards through the Roggeveld.

The Reit River Poort scarcely merits the glowing colors in which it is painted by Burchell; but this region is, as a whole, so dreary and so dismal, that even common-place scenery is hailed with a little enthusiasm; and the traveler naturally looks with pleasure on anything that breaks the monotony of the wilderness around him.

The country beyond the pass is now the farm of old Gert Visscher, already mentioned as the only man in this part of the colony who recollected Burchell.

The exact route followed by our traveler from Karree River to Kopjesfontein, I have not been able to ascertain. It is clear he did not cross the Zak River at Kerkplaats, for he makes no mention of Kicherer's church, commenced about six years before the time of his visit. Besides the

views given of the Zak River represents an extensive plain; whereas, at Kerkplaats the river runs through a broken, hilly country. The map, which would probably decide the question, is wanting in every copy of Burchell's travels I have met with.

From Kopjesfontein to the Orange River, Burchell's track was the same as that now traveled. The country was then unoccupied, except by roving tribes of Bushmen. Leeuwfontein, a fine spring of water, about forty miles beyond the Zak River, then the colonial boundary, appears to have been a favorite haunt of these people; and numbers of their shooting holes may yet be seen scooped out of the hard limestone tufa near the spring.

The present owner of the farm, Coosje (Jacobus) Krieger, called them pitfalls, but they were quite too small to be used as such.

These farms must have been occupied shortly after Burchell's time; but the tenure of them seems to have been very precarious, as the first settlers were often driven away by the Bushmen, with whom they waged perpetual war. The possession of this spring (Leeuwfontein) was an especial bone of contention between them. Krieger told me he had seen, in the possession of his grandmother (the widow of the famous hunter), one side of a large wagon-chest, in which she and her two children had laid in their tent, or "pondoc," for the greater part of two months, during the whole of which time a fight was kept up with the Bushmen by the men of the party. He said, that although the wood was very thick, it was pierced through with arrows as close as they could stand together. The heads had been cut off inside. (It is not the head which is poisoned, but the lapping of sinew by which it is bound on to the reed.)

I had no idea that Bushmen could shoot so strong as to drive an arrow through wood an inch in thickness; but I have been assured by two or three people who were present at the last Bushman commando, about twenty-eight years ago, that they had seen, in Hartzog's Kloof, a horse shot right through the body—the arrow passing out on the opposite side. The horse dropped dead, although there was hardly a wound to be seen, and only a few drops of blood escaped.

With a solid arrow, this would be nothing wonderful; but with a light reed, "pül," jointed in three distinct pieces, and, possibly, a flint head, this must have been almost as great a feat as Saladin's cutting the gauze veil with his scimitar.

Burchell's next stage was Klipfontein, of which he gives a drawing, at page 294 of the first volume. It is a pretty correct sketch of the place, which is quite unchanged—even the same shrubs may be seen growing upon the high banks of sandstone rock; but I am afraid there are few days in the year, when there will be a fall of water such as is represented in Burchell's view.

At the next stage, Schietfontein, now a pretty large village, Burchell was visited by a party of Bushmen, who, as they only came to beg for tobacco, do not seem to have given any annoyance.

Journeying on through the Karreebergen, by Eland's Vley, now called Minnaar's Kolk, Burchell found the spring at Karel's Graf quite dried up, and was obliged to travel fifty miles at a stretch, without finding water. Karel's Graf, or Karel Krieger's grave, derives its name from a famous hunter, who was there trampled to death by an elephant, some sixty or seventy years ago. These Kriegers were a very remarkable family. They were the men who first pioneered the way to these unknown regions, then the abode of the lion, the rhinoceros, and elephant, or the Bushman, scarcely less savage. The two brothers, Karel and Jacob, even crossed the Orange River, and lived for a long time with the tribes beyond. There, besides indomitable courage, they seem to have picked up some accomplishments of a more questionable kind. They learned the art of working in metals; and when they returned to the colony, I believe, for some time they successfully imitated the Dutch coin then in circulation. They were tried, convicted, and sent to Robben Island, which was then the convict station. (I merely tell the story as it was told me by one of their descendants.) Somehow, they managed to escape, and found their way once more beyond the boundary of the colony, which was then the Zak River, and there led an outlawed life for several years. Their ingenuity supplied them with ammunition; they made their own gunpowder, and not being able to obtain lead, they cast copper bullets in molds of steatite or sand. These they cut out of the dead animals, and used many times in succession. The elder brother, Karel, being killed by an elephant, Jacob Krieger, was allowed to return to the colony, and was living in the Roggeveld, when he was selected, from his knowledge of the country beyond the boundary, as guide to the ill-fated expedition of Cowan and Donovan, from which none of the parties ever returned. It was for a long time supposed that they had been murdered by the Kafirs; but the inquiries

which Livingstone made, left no doubt on his mind that they died of fever on the banks of the Limpopo, or some of the neighboring streams.

It is a somewhat extraordinary fact that nearly all the descendants of Karel Krieger I have met with, seem to have inherited somewhat of his mechanical ingenuity. I paid a visit to his son, an old boer of more than eighty years of age, living at the western end of the Nieuwveld, near the village of Fraserburg. I found him an old man of somewhat leonine cast of countenance: he did not talk much of early frontier times, although he must have been in many a fray with lions and with Bushmen.

He had built himself a house of cut stone. Doors, windows, and all the furniture, were made by his own hand. He showed me a pond he had made for the irrigation of his garden. It was built entirely of cut stones, placed so closely together that a knife could hardly be inserted in the joints. The dam was supplied by a rectangular pipe, nearly one hundred yards in length, constructed of the same material, and sunk underground to a depth of from eight to sixteen feet. Some time ago, the pipe had become partially blocked up by the stalactites, forming from the limestone water, and the way he took to clean it was somewhat ingenious. He floated a small wooden bowl down the pipe, with a cord attached to it, and by means of the last dragged down a piece of bush, which broke off most of the calcareous incrustation.

Seeing that his gun was a superior old flint single-barrel, made by James Wilkinson, I asked him where he had got hold of it. He informed me he had purchased it from Mr. Collison, of the Cape, for seven hundred and seventy dollars (£57 15s.), and that, in a single season he had shot ostriches enough to pay for it in feathers, which were then very dear.

The cock of the gun had been lost, and he had made another. It seemed to be a most perfect copy. His son had made a cock to replace a broken one belonging to a double barrel, and it was impossible to tell the difference between the new and the old; even the engraving was closely imitated.

These men, if their lot had been cast under more favorable circumstances, would, no doubt, have been great artists; for although such work would, in Europe, be considered as nothing wonderful, it was as far beyond the capacity of an ordinary sheep-boer, as the productions of a Palissy or Cellini excel those of the common herd.

Time does not admit of my following Burchell farther, on his route by Jonkerwater and Modderfontein, and through the Doornbergen to Brieskadrift. In this part of the country there has been little change, for it is now as much a wilderness as it was fifty years ago. A. W.

DAMARALAND.

FROM WALWICH BAY TO OTJIMBINGUE.

Perils and adventures by flood and field, and hairbreadth 'scapes in general, are matters of such daily publication, and works of a high scientific order are so abundantly issued upon subjects referring to the colony of the Cape of Good Hope and its immediate border states, that we are almost discouraged from submitting to the readers of this Magazine the following unadorned history of an uneventful journey from Walwich Bay into the interior. Yet, as some read for scientific instruction, some for statistical information, some for love of perilous chance, and some to while away a leisure half-hour, "'twixt the gloaming and the mirk," we trust that we may at all events not utterly lose the countenance of the last class of readers. We are certainly not pretentious enough to anticipate a favorable reception at the hands either of the very learned or the very romantic.

In the year of grace 18—, after a pleasant run of eight days along the coast from Cape Town, and having waited for the morning mist or fog to clear off the coast, we rounded the Pelican Point, and, steering south-south-east, came to an anchor in Walwich Bay, in some twelve feet water, with silt and sand under the keel. Soon afterwards, full of eager curiosity, and with hearts elated with anticipated adventure, we found ourselves most hospitably and kindly welcomed by the Walwich Bay Mining Company's agent here, whose somewhat solitary existence we should imagine must be considerably enlivened by the advent of a vessel from Cape Town, conveying home and colonial letters and news. Walwich Bay, about four miles east and west, and six north and south from Pelican Point, is well defended from seaward by the long low sand spit extending from the mainland north to Pelican Point, round which our vessel, of some two hundred tons, came within two hundred yards of the beach; and although there was a somewhat heavy sea outside the bay, so calm was the water inside that we landed our luggage from our boat (down to the gunwale in the water),

without damage or risk. A prominent land-mark in the waste of land around this is Mount Colquhoun, some twenty miles north, and situate near the mouth of the Swakop river; but we were informed by our kind host that frequent fogs, especially in the forenoon, obscure it from seaward. The utter barrenness and desolation here, as far as the eye can reach inland, can only be realized by those who have seen it. We were, however, somewhat reassured in our temporary despondency by the accounts of the country further on. So, after packing our wagons, under the auspices of a sage Mentor, and assisting in (or, through our ignorance, we fear hindering), the inspanning of some very truculent and vicious-looking oxen, for whose horns we, to this day, entertain great respect, with very kind wishes and farewells, we made our start for the interior Our first outspan was at Sand Fontein, distant about four miles from the bay, and in the bed of the Kuisip river, close to *Paradise*, shut in by the most impracticable of sand-hills, which, in strong south-west winds, generally prevalent here after mid-day, materially contribute to the delectation of man and beast by their incessant showers of fine grit, which almost closes up eyes, nose, mouth, and ears. Having here discussed a hasty tiffin, inspan was the order, and away we went for sixteen hours' journey across the plain (or desert, as we should rather term it), to Oosub, a distance of about thirty-seven miles, and which we reached at ten o'clock the following morning, our horned friends having most patiently trudged on the whole weary night without outspanning, for the excellent reason, that grass and water are here first obtainable on this route. There is, however, another road by Hykam Koop, not so generally ridden, it would appear, as this, and there the water is reached two hours earlier, after which the road trends away to Oosub. The sun being high on our arrival, and the heat already quite equal to anything we had ever experienced in Cape Town, we sought to solace ourselves with a cup of chocolate, and some luscious-looking steaks, which our Soyer had been grilling, upon the coals; but, to our dismay, and the deep indignation of the Father Matthew and Hotspur of our party, it was discovered that our swarthy attendants, the Damaras, had paid their *devoirs* so assiduously to the water-casks during our journey, that scarcely a cupful could be squeezed out of them to quench our rather importunate thirst. Remembering, however, a friend near at hand in the shape of a cask of Bass & Co.'s ale, we soon arranged matters satisfactorily to ourselves and the drivers,

who, after having bestowed a benediction upon the Damaras, started them off with our empty casks to get filled at the Swakop, distant about four miles. (N.B. For traveling here, always carry a small keg of water for your own private use inside your wagon). The country hereabout certainly assumes a more cheerful aspect than that at the bay—a few patches of dry grass showing here and there in the small depressions. There is a gradual change from dead level flats of disintegrated granite to granite hillocks (rich in tourmaline garnets, &c.), slowly increasing in height, until they form the boundary line of the Swakop river,—thence to the Oosub mountain range, standing apparently upon a higher plateau; and still further to the north and east noble mountain ranges succeeding one another until they become, by distance, almost blended with the bright æther above them, assured us that we should have ample work for our pencil, at all events, should no more stirring occupation offer. Having been informed that our oxen could not travel further that day, we agreed to a saunter down to the Swakop, which appears to form the main water-course of this part of Africa, extending, as we were informed, for some hundreds of miles inland, and occasionally becoming a veritable river of some one hundred and fifty yards broad, pouring down with a velocity against which nothing can stand. We ourselves saw relics of past floods upon its bank full three feet above its then dry sand bed, which is lined with bright green rush beds, and noble thorn and anna (query whence the name) trees, some of which we have seen full twelve feet in circumference, five feet from the ground, towering up with wide-spreading branches to the height of forty to fifty feet. Unfortunately, this wood appears to be more liable than any other here known to the ravages of a certain wood beetle, whose mandibles may be distinctly heard at work during the stillness of night in most of the houses in this country, and against whom sad complaints are lodged by the inhabitants. (Query—might not immersion in extemporized tan-pits prevent the ravages of this insect?) After a refreshing bath, administered by a Damara on a high bank from one of our water kegs, the dryness of the river not admitting of a more satisfactory process, and the heat lessening from one hundred and eighteen degrees Fahrenheit, with a respectable cigar, a cool bottle of beer, and the thick foliage of a black ebony tree above us, we agreed as to the truthfulness of the encomiums we had heard passed by inhabitants and natives upon this portion of Africa. Striking westward down the river, and through its cluster of trees,

backed by the jutting mountains on either side lit up on their summits by the rays of the setting sun, and listening to the twittering of the reed sparrows and the merry chirrups of thousands of crickets, we felt loth to quit so pleasant and siesta-inviting a spot. However, with the comforting assurance that we should meet with many such, we wended our way back to the wagons, where one of the knowing ones of our drivers, whose father had been a terrible enemy to lions, was working our innocent cook up to such a pitch of nervous excitement as totally to unfit him for the rational exercise of his culinary art that evening, especially as, at the close of such wonderful narratives from Jantje, he was informed that the halting-place on the following evening would be in the midst of the lion veld, and where these monsters might be met with in little parties of ten or twenty at a time. With a peerless moon and bright stars overhead, and by the ruddy and cheerful blaze of our camp fire, the evening passed in merry chit-chat, until we were reminded of the day's labor before us by the sleeping forms of our attendant Damaras around the adjacent pot. Start not, O reader, for it was already on the fire for the next morning's breakfast, which gave us by no means a flattering assurance of the probable tenderness of the ox killed that evening. However, a few meditative whiffs of the pipe and then to sleep, if such a glorious firmament as this above us will allow us to close our eyes upon its beauties, enhanced by passing meteors. So much for our first entrance into the land of Damara, upon which humanity's curses, war and rapine, appear to have fallen heavily indeed. The bed of the Swakop river appears to have yielded excellent returns a few years since to an English resident farmer here; and from hence, along its course to the sea, a distance of some forty-five miles, there are many spots suitable for a farm, and all appurtenances. Potatoes, cabbages, onions, wheat, rye, and oats, would thrive well. The wood and rushes along its bank afford ample material for house-building; and we doubt not that any industrious farmer would by agriculture and stock-breeding, quickly realize a competency. The great want here is an increased white population and protection.

Starting from Oosub outspan, we crossed another series of flats (occasionally relieved by low granite hill ranges) for some eight miles, where the old and new roads diverge. The former being represented as a much more level road, and better provided with grass, we chose that route, though a trifle longer than the new one made by Mr. Andersson, the traveler, during his management of the Mining Company's affairs here.

The new road, we were informed, held more immediately to the banks of the Swakop; and, although better watered than the old one, was objectionable on account of its many inequalities and want of grass in places. Taking, then, the old road, before us stretched a vast plain, with a scarcely perceptible rise toward the interior, apparently bounded by the Tincas, or Red or Lion Mountain. All these names were applied to it. After traveling all night, we found ourselves next morning in a flat on the eastern side of that mountain, and here we first became acquainted with the luxuriant grass plains of Damaraland. Far as the eye could reach for miles around us appeared one unbroken sea of waving grass, dotted here and there with the camel thorn tree; and in the eastward a glorious panorama of hill, mountain, and valley. On the eastern part of Tincas, there is a good fountain, to which our cattle were driven. It would not be deemed safe for men or cattle to go there at night, on account of the lions, whose peculiar habitation, in the cub season, this would appear to be. We have seen several of their footprints, a party of five large and small ones having recently been there. The natives do not attribute any of those magnanimous traits to this animal which some writers have ascribed to him. Our old Hottentot assured us that he having unexpectedly met a lion one day, fairly drove him back by beating him about the head with his jacket. We are, however, by no means ambitious for such a rencontre as that.

Inspanning in the afternoon, we proceeded on to the Great Tincas River, where is a fine fountain of water. The surface granite boulders here have a most peculiar honey-combed appearance, chiefly on the western side, caused, we imagine, by the prevalent winds from seaward. Here, again, we found very recent traces of lions, and for the first time this evening heard them roaring, "not so gently as any sucking dove," at the upper fountain. Our oxen, however, appeared to take no notice of their roars, and morning dawned without any further annoyance from their majesties. From Oosub to this place, we calculated to be twenty-seven miles. The country to the north of this became very rugged, on ascending to the banks of the Swakoub; the route, however, to the eastward, was a succession of fine grass plains, still with an almost imperceptible ascent, and upon which herds of springbok and zebra were feeding; but, in consequence of the want of cover, very difficult of approach within long range. After a nineteen mile journey, we reached Onanis, a very pretty spot, where grass, wood, and water were abundant. We

here lit upon a very decent wattle-and-daub hut, erected by Damaras, employed as cattle-herds by the Mining Company, and in which we forthwith ensconced ourselves, the thermometer standing at one hundred and twenty-one degrees Fahrenheit under the wagon-tent. Onanis appeared to us a very eligible site for a stock and breeding farm, but without irrigation would hardly yield any crops, except, perhaps, in unusually heavy rain years. We here first made acquaintance with a Damara chief, named Caringy, who appeared to be a very decent fellow. The Damaras are a fine, well-built, athletic race, and appear not wanting in intelligence. As a nation, they occupy the same position under the Hottentots as the Fingoes did under the Kafirs. As, however, they are becoming accustomed to the use of firearms, their continued thraldom or future emancipation is a question which residents here seem to be much divided upon. The seizure of their cattle (consequent upon the onslaught of the Hottentots upon the stations, wherein men and women have been indiscriminately killed or maimed for life, by chopping off their hands or feet, as a ready means for removing the rings and ornaments upon the arms or ankles) has hitherto been the Hottentot means for supplying the various traders with cattle for the Cape Town market. But as the Damara natives are now reduced to beggary and destitution, and the Hottentots are not equally systematic and persevering breeders of cattle, these cattle supplies must ere long fail, and either the traders must be driven to a new market, or the Hottentots to new aggressions upon other natives. To this question we shall again hereafter advert.

From Onanis to Plaat Klip, a rough granite country, our wagons required careful steering, but without accident we arrived there, a distance of about six miles. From Plaat Klip, for about three miles, over some broken ground, and then, with a gradual descent, to a fine grass flat, six miles long, bounded north-east and south by fine granite ranges of mountains, the most picturesque being that on the north side, and termed the Wittewah range. Large camel thorn trees, and occasional patches of bush, here become more prevalent; the luxuriance of the grass for miles around is beyond description, and we cannot but regret that such an extensive tract of country as that we had already passed,—though so admirably adapted to all the requirements of stock and breeding farms, and along the banks of the Swakoub for cereals, should be so destitute and profitless. From Wittewater through a most picturesque and charming little valley, at the foot of the mountain, and thence over grass plains for some twenty miles,

brought us to Tjubis outspan, at the junction of the new road with the old one we had traveled by. Fine mountain scenery, abundance of water, trees, and a vast number of evergreen bushes scattered over the green sward, made this a very pleasant halting-place; and the offering of a bamboo of milk, by one of the Damaras located here, in the employ of the Mining Company, enabled us to enjoy coffee *au lait* of an unexceptionable description. The old man was very communicative regarding the white residents in general and the managers in particular. It struck us that it must have required many years' hard fighting, spoliation, and poverty, to have reduced a nation of still so noble an outward type of manhood and physical strength to so degraded a position as they now occupy under the Hottentots,—the even distant report of whose guns would appear to have produced a similar effect upon them as Cortes and Pizarro upon the Mexicans. The Damaras appear, however, of late years to have enjoyed rest from warlike attacks, probably, we imagine, because there was nothing left to them to tempt the cupidity of their conquerors; and as they take a great pride and pleasure in the breeding of cattle, they are gradually emerging from that state of utter destitution into which they were thrown. From the few specimens we have seen, they appear to be a peaceable, well-disposed race, easily ruled by justice and firmness, when servants to white masters; and we have heard that they are so capable of improvement as to be of material aid and assistance in the working of the copper mines here, even to the extent of boring and blasting, in the same manner as professed miners. At Tjubis, again, is a fine site for a stock farm, and although grazed for the previous twelve months, by some seven hundred head of cattle, there was still a superabundance of grass. Hence over another series of rising flats to Plaat Klip, distant about thirteen miles, through a beautiful country, to the mission station and transport depôt of the Otjimbingue, on the north bank of the Swakop River, which is fringed by noble trees (thorns of many kinds), and that termed Dabbe in southern parts of the colony. Otjimbingue is distant from the bay one hundred and thirty miles, and situate in the centre of a natural basin, through which the Swakop river takes its course seaward, and surrounded by high mountain chains gradually descending to elevated grass plateaux, well sprinkled with the wait-a-bit thorn bush. The mission station was erected here by the Rev. John Rath, the present missionary, some twelve years ago, as an appendage to that of Barmen, about fifty miles further up the course of the Swakop River, and,

with the exception of two years, has been constantly under his superintendence. The mission house is pleasantly situated at the junction of the Aichab with the Swakop, and hemmed in westward by a semi-circle of Damaras' and other residents' huts, numbering, we should estimate, some fifty, and containing a population of about four hundred men, women, and children. They are now poor, but comfortable, compared with what they were in past years, and are slowly recovering from the effects of the Hottentot rapine and cruelty. Soon after the formation of this station, the outrages of the people were at their height, and the institution suffered very severely,—the sacred calling of Mr. Rath not saving him from abuse and personal danger,—the bullets from the Namaquas' guns having passed repeatedly through his house during their attack upon the Damara residents under him. The Namaquas having completely laid waste the country, and driven away the Damaras' cattle and many of the Damaras themselves into slavery, have for some years allowed their vanquished victims a respite. Arduous, and cheerless indeed, has been the lot of the missionary in this country, whose fruits of continuous years of God's labor have been blasted in one day by the ruthless hand of the Namaqua destroyer; and although the settlement of the Mining Company here must, from its consequent influx of Europeans, have tended to good, a far greater influx must necessarily occur ere the dread occurrences of the past will cease to cast their dark shadows athwart the future.

Damaraland. A. B. C.

THE CLAIMS OF HUMBUG.

You'll of course all allow
That nobody now
Ever thinks of proclaiming that silly old notion
That the wrong and the right
Are like plain black and white,
Or differ as much as the land from the ocean.

We live in an age
A great deal too sage
For these slow-coach old teachings of steady morality;
An age which decides
Things have always two sides,
And that virtue is closely allied to rascality.

It saves time and trouble
To take things as double,
Made up of a mixture of corn and of chaff;
Think neither worth strife,
Drain the goblet of life,
And pronounce its contents as the best "half and half."

This being our creed,
Of course we're agreed
That humbugs and shams, and all sorts of pretences,
Are not contradictions
To truth, but mere fictions,
Invented to please, and curtail our expenses.

In short, take the jolly old world as you find it,
A bright polished mirror—but don't look behind it.
Avoid prosy fellows who pry into corners,
And of clever deceptions profess to be scorners.
If your host has his table well crammed with good cheer,
Why on earth should you care if it's only veneer?
If Smith wears a wig, and his wife owes her teeth
To a title by purchase, no sin lurks beneath
Such useful inventions of civilization,
To cover bald heads, and assist mastication.

Shall a rifleman's breast beat with ardor less martial,
If to padding that breast he may chance to be partial?
If Belinda be pale, is there very much harm in
The faintest suspicion of maiden-blush carmine;
If the Reverend Snooks cannot write a good sermon
Mayn't he borrow a friend's, or translate from the German?
If a judge find a flaw
In his knowledge of law,
And is "posed" in a case, is it such a bad sham
To "consider his judgment"—or go home and cram?
Or if even a doctor, who can't give you ease,
Gives you something to cheer you (and pockets his fees);
Is he only a humbug, because he wont tell you
You're beyond reach of all that the druggists can sell you?

No! praise be to falsehoods, so long as they're pleasant!
And away with bald truth in an age like the present,
When the world's so refined it rejects with disdain
Whatever is coarse, and unvarnished, and plain.
Be it always our creed that the pleasant is right,
And that virtue's a nuisance where virtue's a fright.
Let us cling to all fictions; they form, in a high sense,
The charm of our life, its poetical license.
Let us look on all classes, as custom has named them
(Not as saucy "reformers" have sometimes proclaimed them):

All monarchs as gracious, with lives, too, that never end,*
All barristers learned, and clergymen reverend,
A magistrate worthy, a shopman a snob,
A laborer one of an ignorant mob;
A doctor, a man who cures more than he kills,
And has remedies suited to *all* earthly ills;
An officer gallant, and noble all peers,
A bride ever lovely, and always in tears;
A bridegroom all happiness (stealing a kiss),
And a honeymoon nothing but sunshine and bliss;
Authors clever, eccentric, but not worth a pin;
Poets always inspired, but never by gin;
Critics, captious and harsh (with a spice of the dunce),

* The king never dies.—*Legal Maxim.*

And editors, poor fellows, all things at once—
To their enemies brimstone, their friends milk and honey,—
Quick, slow, learned, foolish, bright, dull, stupid, funny,
Always writing for principle—never for money.

It's the stupidest action that ever yet man did
To be always straightforward, and truthful, and candid.
There's our friend Mr. Blunt, makes it ever his pride
To speak the plain truth, and speak nothing beside.
The man's quite a bore,
Makes everyone sore,
Tells you horrible facts no one told you before,
Facts so palpably true that they shock you and sicken;
Tells his wife she's a fool, and no longer a chicken;
Calls his lawyer a rogue, and his doctor a quack;
Swears his wine-merchant's sherry is Cape stuff sent back:
Says his baker's a cheat,
And vows he can't eat
The carrion his butcher denominates meat.
Thinks waltzing and polking mere kicking of heels—
Love, an obsolete passion that no one now feels;
Disbelieves in all headaches, and hoarseness, and fainting,
But has'nt a doubt of tight-lacing and painting.

Who likes such a creature as this, whose veracity
Wounds many more than the grossest mendacity?
Who likes a man always to say and to write
That black is plain black, and that white is pure white?
Now, *de l'autre coté*,
As a Frenchman would say,
There's our friend Mr. Spinks, always smiling and gay;
Thinks "the world's all a stage," and is pleased with the play;
Feels delight, not offence,
At every pretence,
And takes a good sham as a sign of good sense.
Drinks *vin ordinaire* as pure Chateau Lafitte,
Thinks Miss Squallington's singing a musical treat;
Believes in complexions, and figures, and dances,
And in gentlemen's oaths, and in young ladies' glances.
Never questions a story, or doubts a *bon mot*,
Though the former's a lie, and the latter a Joe.*

Bows to every assumption, assents to each fable,
A friend in your closet, a guest at your table;
Ever ready to smile, and to feast ever able,
Never doubting your goodness, your wisdom, your health,
Your honor, your virtue, your greatness, your wealth.
So that every one thinks
Our friend Mr. Spinks
Has the mind of a Solon, the eye of a lynx.
He *must* be so wise,
For he sees with our eyes,
And firmly believes in our virtues—and lies.

* *i.e.*, a Joe Miller—or a very old joke.—*Printers' Dev.*

Now look on these pictures, and say which you'd choose—
Spinks' *couleur de rose*, or old Blunt and his blues?
The one ever happy, contented, and smiling,
The other all croaking, complaining, reviling,
The one all romance, humbug, imagination,
The other plain truth's very plain incarnation?

A. W. C.

THE CAPE HORSE AND HIS ANCESTRY.

BY A HORSE-BREEDER.

On a perusal of the *South African Agricultural Register*, my attention was forcibly attracted to an extract from a lecture given by Mr. Hawes on the Cape colony, at the Society of Arts, in London. In the paragraph to which I more particularly allude, the following words occur: "It has been well suggested that, by crossing the native breeds of the Cape with English thorough-bred stallions, the 'sort' might be greatly improved;" and evidencing, as it does, such palpable ignorance of the subject commented on, I may, I trust, be well pardoned for assuming the pen, and stating a few plain facts, to set the public right as to the true origin and sources from whence we derive our present Cape horse.

Even assuming that there ever has been a "native breed" at all, they have become so absorbed in the English thorough-bred, that all traces of their origin have long since disappeared. It has been clearly ascertained that, previous to the year 1800, the only breed of horses then found at the Cape were of Eastern importation, chiefly Gulf and Arabs; and about that period, during the French war, two vessels were captured, containing some Spanish horses *en route* to Buenos Ayres, for breeding purposes. It was from this latter source we derived the blue and red roans (so invaluable for their great powers of endurance), and the number of which are, unhappily, gradually decreasing. The present scarcity of even these, highly esteemed though they are, is accounted for only by what I have already stated: the constant accession of English blood stock,—the favorite color here being the bay, with black points; and with the exception of a few browns and chesnuts, that color has predominated in the imported blood horse.

Up to the year 1813, no idea appeared to have been entertained of introducing the English thorough-bred, until the appointment of Lord C. Somerset as governor of the colony, when his sporting predilections induced him to import the thorough-bred horse "Bustler," and mare "Bagatelle." Finding, after a short sojourn in the country, that both its climate and

pasturage were admirably adapted to horse-breeding, and that to follow up his favorite pursuits of racing and fox-hunting, it would be necessary to procure an animal superior to any horse then existing at the Cape, he succeeded in inducing the leading agriculturists of the time warmly to enter into his views, as to the English cross eventually proving remunerative; and he, soon after his arrival, imported the thorough-bred stallions "Tempest," "Bobtail," "Alexander the Great," and "Euryalus," as a further inducement to the breeding of the English blood horse, whose importance every English gentleman is fully able to appreciate, his qualities so far surpassing all others of his species.

The first of these, "Tempest," Lord C. Somerset presented to the late Mr. P. L. Cloete, of Zandvliet, as a slight acknowledgment of hospitalities received at his hands on first landing in the colony. "Bobtail" was purchased by the late Mr. P. V. van der Byl, "Alexander the Great" by Mr. Myburgh, and "Euryalus" by Mr. Theunissen; and to these succeeded "Cricketer," "Sorcerer," "Merry Andrew," "Lutwyche," "Pompey," "Vanguard," and several others, to all of which our present blood-stock owes its origin.

Several of the leading colonists became so favorably impressed with the superiority of the animal so auspiciously introduced, that the pure strain was continually sustained by fresh importations.

The late Mr. P. L. Cloete became the proprietor of the thorough-bred mares "Bagatelle," "Maria," and "Georgina," and these, with a few others, formed the original blood-stock whose progeny have become so widely spread throughout the colony; and, in justice to the departed, I should add that it is to the late Messrs. P. L. Cloete and P. V. van der Byl that the colony is chiefly indebted for keeping untainted the pure strain.

It has been said, and with truth, that the Cape horse is wanting in size, and this only affords further proof of his too high breeding, as, when the attention of the chief horse-breeders (the wealthiest class of agriculturists) was once turned to this highly remunerative branch of agriculture, and one so consonant to their tastes, and vieing with one another in the production of the handsomest horses, a class of speculators came into the market, who, taking advantage of the generally prevailing ignorance of the real requisites of the high-bred horse, began importing a light weedy animal, who, so long as he possessed a good head and light neck, with the high-bred dash about him, and could only be traced to the stud-book, was sure to meet with a ready sale, at exorbitant

profits. It is from this cause, as well as the want of the superior care and attention requisite to develop the true proportions of the thorough-bred horse from its earliest infancy, that the deterioration has mainly arisen.

As the importance of the thorough-bred horse for racing and hunting purposes began to be felt, and India and Mauritius afforded such inviting fields for exportation, the late Mr. van der Byl, one of the first colonial supporters of the turf, and which he fully upheld to the last, was determined to import on his own account animals of a higher class, which resulted in his procuring "Middleham," winner of the Liverpool Ledger, beating "Satirist" and a large field, and "Gorhambury," winner of the Ascot Vase, beating "Charles XII" and "Hyllus." Of the first-named, no stock, unhappily, was got, but the latter was sire of "St. George," as handsome a Cape horse as ever was bred, and sold afterwards to the Company's stud in India, for a large sum. The stock from his celebrated stallions "Hap-hazard," "Skipper," "Protector," "Gustavus," "Huon," and "Young Colonel," are too well known here to need comment, and but for the devastating effects of the horse-sickness of 1839, to which a large number of thorough-bred mares fell a sacrifice, the Cape colony would now present a far greater proportion of superior high-bred horses than it does.

Mr. P. L. Cloete, of Zandvliet, succeeding to the stock of his father, with such horses as "Vanguard," "Catalonian," "Ottoman," "Fervid," "Squirrel," and "Rococo," has also been unremitting in sustaining the breed of the thorough-bred horse.

To Messrs. Melk and Kotzé the colony is also greatly indebted for a continuance of the pure strain, possessing, as they do, probably the finest stud of mares in the colony.

Of later years, Mr. T. B. Bayley, a retired gentleman from the Indian service, being favorably impressed with the colonial capabilities for horse-breeding, and enthusiastic in indulging his predilection for the thorough-bred, as well as upholding the character of the Cape horse, purchased select mares from some of the best studs, and imported several from England,—and with the well-known "Evenus" (the best mile horse of his day), "Tally-ho," and "Mr. Martin," succeeded in breeding some of the finest blood-stock this colony has produced.

On his retirement from his farming pursuits, his stud has happily fallen into the hands of one of our most enterprising colonists, Mr. M. van Breda, of the Oaks, a gentleman who appears fully determined to follow in the footsteps

of his talented predecessor, and to maintain the purity of the blood still extant in the colony, and uphold the Cape horse's well-deserved reputation.

It will then, I trust, be sufficiently evident, from the above cursory statement of facts, that as horses increased in number, and the up-country farmers were continually being supplied with young stallions by the principal breeders, the Cape horse has acquired sufficiency of blood, but is frequently wanting in bone. It is true that a few Holstein and Dutch stallions have of late years been imported, whose stock can at once be detected by any true judge of horse-flesh. The progeny of these, however, has been too insignificant in any degree to have materially affected the genuineness of the blood.

A few well-chosen Clevelands and Yorkshire trotters would doubtless prove beneficial for carriage and heavy draught purposes; but by all well-wishers of the Cape horse, it is fervently to be hoped that all further importations of Batavian stallions (for the sake of "self and pelf") may from henceforth cease. If the practice is extended and continued, it is only too certain that almost the sole redeeming trait the Cape horse now possesses,—the thorough-bred dash,—will entirely disappear. I feel confident that our chief breeders of thorough-bred stock are too deeply imbued with the progressive spirit of the age, and sufficiently alive to their own interests, not utterly to reject the Dutch stallion.

We would ask his warmest admirer where his high-stepping favorite would be, after a few forced marches in the sultry climate of India; and having to go through rapid manœuvres to circumvent an almost ubiquitous foe. On mature reflection, the sole purpose which his hammering, *wagt-een-beetje* action can possibly serve, would be to give some old dowager, or aged valetudinarian, an airing on the Parade, Champ de Mars, or Circus Ring, at the rate of about two miles an hour.

A VISIT TO ROBBEN ISLAND.

PART II.

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

NEXT morning we were up betimes; and while engaged in discussing our matutinal coffee, were favored with visits from two celebrities of very opposite characters. The first was the Kafir chieftain Xoxo. He approached the tent, striding across the heath, and humming a Kafir melody in all the

nude dignity of his native freedom. He had not been very long seated and engaged in conversation with us when another gentleman—a patient from the asylum—entered the door of the tent. He was neatly dressed in his Sunday best, and wore a jim-crow head-dress magnificently folded into the shape of an imperial cocked-hat. This was no more than in keeping with the dignity of his rank, for he could pride himself on being a descendant of the Roman emperors through the distinguished line of Marc Antony, and was charged, moreover, with a special divine commission—somewhat like Carlyle's—for the reformation of the world in general, and utter destruction of all shams and humbugs in particular. We had made his acquaintance at the village on the previous day, and he now advanced into the tent with an impetuous strut quite lordly. His eye first fell on the unhappy Xoxo, who seemed to cower before him, and he instantly assailed us with a torrent of abuse for condescending to keep company with a low black rascal like that—the scum of the earth. If we did, we need not expect the honor of his presence with us any more, and accordingly he turned majestically on his heel and sallied out. The weather was inclement, however, and a heavy rain shower was beginning to fall, and our imperial visitor, thinking better of it, returned again, and, with another withering scowl at Xoxo, took his seat beside us. The Kafir, feeling that his presence was not further welcome, made a significant gesture with his forefinger, pointed to his brow, and whispered quietly that our friend was "*bayan malkop.*" Having communicated this information, he went his way. Mr. A—— entered immediately into very free and interesting conversation with us, and maintained the consistency of his professions as a reformer by administering a very sound and well-merited reproof of a vicious propensity for tobacco-smoking, which we were then indulging with a luxurious clay. We had scarcely succeeded in appeasing him on this score, when, to his unbounded indignation, another Kafir visitor, Delima, approached and entered the tent. This was too much. Was he to be thus doubly insulted and outraged within a brief half-hour? Human nature could not endure it. He rose and strode across to where Delima stood, and poured forth on him a pitiless, pelting storm of epithets. Ultimately, he stood erect immediately in front of Delima, asked him whether he thought he was afraid of him, and raising his head, pouted out his lips in the most sublimely defiant fashion. Delima, no way appalled, imitated with scrupulous exactness the attitude of his antagonist. The scene was tragi-comic

in the extreme; but it soon ended. Delima was induced to leave the tent; Mr. A—— was pacified; and once more we resumed the conversation thus abruptly interrupted. It was extremely interesting, as was, indeed, the whole history of our friend, who, though mad as a March-hare, displayed great shrewdness, and mingled no small amount of method with his madness. He was an Englishman, and in days long gone by had been a Chartist agitator, and had spouted on the stump at the market-cross of Nottingham.

Soon after nine, we reminded him that it was now church-time, for which information he professed himself more truly thankful than many saner men would have done; and shortly afterwards we proceeded to the village, and entered the church, in which the Moravian minister, the Rev. Mr. Kreuster, had then just begun the English service. The building itself is the most handsome and commodious in the island; the congregation then assembled in it numbered probably about a hundred and fifty. They formed a melancholy group. They were all well-dressed, and in some sense of respectable appearance; but among them could be seen, in some, the decrepid feebleness of miserable old age; in others, the vacant stare of idiocy, or restless anxiety of lunacy; in others, the sullen gloom of hopeless convicts. Their demeanor generally, however, during the whole service (which was suitably brief), was most respectful and attentive; and when dismissed from the church, each went his or her way to their respective rooms, or barracks, or cells, or to ramble about the island as quietly and as orderly as the most regular church-goers of any country parish.

We then met the surgeon-superintendent, who invited us most courteously to accompany him in his visit round the several wards and compartments of the various establishments connected with the institution. And first we entered the kitchen, where dinner was being cooked for no fewer than three hundred individuals. It is a spacious apartment, provided with every requisite, and kept in a state of perfect cleanliness and order. The odors which pervaded it then were of the most grateful character, and the viands in preparation were fit to be presented on any table. Indeed, from all the inquiries we had previously and subsequently made, we were satisfied that the rations furnished to every one connected with the Robben Island establishment are abundant in quantity and excellent in quality. No reasonable complaint can certainly be urged on that score. We next proceeded to the asylum department. The entrance to it is through a gated archway, to the right of which are the cells

and yards for males, and to the left for females. The two branches of the establishment are kept carefully secluded from each other by a high palisading. In the first yard to the right, which was kept in perfect cleanliness and order, a number of lunatics were lounging about—some of them quiet in sullen gloom—others argumentative, noisy, and quarrelsome. Further on, in the same direction, there is another yard of larger dimensions, where, on week-days, many of the men are engaged at some sort of work in their respective trades. Along with the doctor we entered the wards. The aspect they presented was not a cheerful or a pleasing one. The massive doors, the heavy iron bolts, the dismal gloom of the interior, lighted only by small horizontal openings towards the ceiling, at once reminded us that the apartments now used for the only lunatic asylum in South Africa were the same which a few years ago served for a convict prison. Everything was as cleanly and orderly as hands could make it; but the wards before us were not those of a hospital, but of a gaol. This became more palpable from the contrast presented by one spacious room, in which large windows have been formed instead of the previous loop-holes. Here the aspect was bright and cheering; elsewhere, sombre and gloomy in the extreme. Why the same transformation had not been effected in all we cannot tell. The surgeon in charge has repeatedly pressed it on the attention of the government; the cost of it would be utterly insignificant; but ——.

In the largest wards as many as twenty patients, and more, are crowded together through the long, weary nights, and along with them is still that *tub*, the mention of which to ears polite produced so deep a sensation in the Supreme Court some eight months ago. While we were there, a frenzied lunatic complained bitterly that it was placed immediately in front of his pallet, in the draught between the door and the ventilating window above his head. He said it was very noisome; but then he was a madman! We feel compelled to mention this here, and direct public attention to the fact; but in justice to the surgeon, we must add, that he lamented it to us almost as bitterly as did the lunatic. With all the imported talent of our engineer's department, can no one effect a remedy to an evil so monstrous as this. Since our visit, we have learned that Dr. Minto has suggested one simple invention of his own. Will the government allow twelve months more to pass before they provide for the execution of it? From the long wards we passed to the solitary cells, occasionally used for the more

refractory inmates of the asylum. There we have the massive bolted prison-doors again; but the interiors are, on the whole, as comfortable as circumstances can permit. From this again we returned to the female department of the asylum. The arrangements there are precisely similar to those of the other branch, only that there is a greater number of single dormitories, more cheerful and airy, and seemingly more comfortable. Among the inmates, were several lady-like persons, some of whom once occupied positions of respectability and influence in the community. The history of more than one of them would have furnished all the materials of the most tragic romance. Their sorrows and their miseries, however, are far too sacred to be revealed here or elsewhere to public gaze. There are some men in the colony now who hold their heads high enough, whose hearts ought to wring were the tale recited.

From the asylum we accompanied Dr. Minto to the straggling congeries of buildings used as the female hospital, and for the special accommodation of some lunatic patients of a higher rank than those provided for in the general establishment. This formed once the official residence of Major Wolfe, the former commandant of the island; it was then evidently a most commodious building, and in front of it was a well-kept shrubbery and garden. It is now in a state of miserable decay, and the garden-ground has been long since converted into a washing and drying-yard. It is true that Dr. Minto has been most urgently pressing on the government the necessity of improvement. The drying-ground he recommends to be restored once more into a garden, to be kept in cultivation by the patients. The buildings he desires to have remodeled and extended, and converted exclusively into an asylum for female lunatics, for which it is incomparably better suited than that at present in use. The government has sanctioned all those changes long since; the parliament, in its last session, has voted all the money required for effecting them; but when we were there on the 21st of August, nothing had been done—no representative of the engineer's department had been there to arrange even the preliminaries for the work! We were all so busily engaged with our fulsome adulations of Sir George Grey, and our zeal for military volunteering, that the miserable lunatics, buried out of our sight on Robben Island, were deemed unworthy of a passing thought. We have been gratified to learn, a week or two ago, but not until the press had again began to agitate the subject, that positive orders have been given to commence, and that the

work is now in progress. We next visited the department appropriated for the chronic sick. It consists of a row of snug and comfortable cottages or barracks facing the seashore. These have been built specially for the purpose to which they are applied. Inside they are neat and cleanly, provided with fire-places, comfortable beds, a few books, and their walls are occasionally ornamented with scrap pictures from the *Illustrated London News*. The aspect of them, altogether, is satisfactory and pleasing. The leper institution we did not visit till the following day. It is also at some distance apart from the asylum, and appears to be well adapted to the purpose for which it is used. The miserable lepers themselves presented, of course, a hideously repulsive appearance. And yet it was pleasant, though melancholy, to watch a group of leper boys and lads playing merrily at a game of marbles in the yard in front.

In the last official report of the Robben Island institution for 1858, presented to parliament, it is stated that all the visitors there "have expressed much satisfaction with the arrangements, cleanliness, and general order, maintained;" and the same facile story has been repeated times without number in the stereotyped routine reports of the medical deputation from Cape Town, who periodically inspect the whole establishment. As far as "cleanliness" and "general order" are concerned, we most readily concur in bearing a similar testimony. But, as far as the "arrangements" are concerned, we cannot conscientiously agree with these complacent visitors. We believe that the arrangements are wretched; and that so long as they are continued, they are a disgrace to the colony. Of this we are deeply convinced, and the matter is of far too great importance to permit of its being glossed over with bland platitudes of indiscriminating praise. To estimate aright the character of this so-called asylum on Robben Island, we must first form some idea of the system on which similar institutions are conducted in other countries. We shall not refer specially to Hanwell in England, or Morningside in Scotland, or any others of the more distinguished model establishments. But take, instead, the general run of lunatic asylums in Great Britain, and the following general description of them. It is from the pen of one of the highest authorities on the subject, and has been published only a few months ago in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica:*

The best institutions are now erected on carefully selected sites, commanding a wide prospect of cheerful and varied scenery. They are placed in sheltered positions, with a southern aspect, and are enclosed within an ample space of garden and farm. The beneficial influence of cheerful and picturesque scenery upon the minds of the insane, is unquestion-

able; and the occupations afforded by a farm, by flowery gardens, pleasure-grounds, and conservatories, are of the very highest curative effect.

The buildings are constructed with taste, and with strict attention to the means of ventilation and comfort. *Everything is avoided which can give the idea of a prison or of confinement;* while the arrangements are such as at the same time to afford security to the inmates. The galleries are cheerful, spacious, and well-lighted; and all the rooms and airing grounds command an agreeable prospect. Workshops are provided for the industrious, and in these the carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, and other tradesmen, pursue with happiness their several occupations. The females are encouraged in habits of industry, and sew, knit, and embroider in their workrooms, or assist in the culinary department, or the more laborious duties of the washing-house and laundry. The rooms and workshops are neatly furnished, *and the walls are hung with drawings or paintings.* Flowers and singing birds everywhere cheer the eye and the ear. *Books, periodicals, and newspapers are liberally supplied,* and perused with avidity. Each day is commenced with careful ablutions, followed by morning prayers. To a comfortable breakfast succeed the various occupations of the day, when each one follows out the occupation prescribed for him, assisted and encouraged by the kind acts of his attendant, and stimulated to exertion by some trifling reward. Dinner is served with all the regularity and comfort of a private meal, and work is again resumed. At an early hour tea is followed by amusement of some kind; in the summer time by cricket, bowls, quoits, or some open-air game; in the long evenings by a reading party, a lecture, a concert, or dance, some dramatic representation, or some in-door games, suited to the taste and capacity of those engaged. Some are encouraged to prosecute a course of reading, or the study of some science, while others are induced to take some literary labors. All are as far as possible made to feel themselves happy and contented in the prosecution of some purpose which carries their mind away from the subject of their disease, and which is adapted to their capacities, their natural tastes, or the peculiar phase of their malady.

Compare all this with the arrangements of the boasted lunatic asylum of the Cape of Good Hope. First, as to its site. Instead of "commanding a wide prospect of cheerful and varied scenery," it is situated on one of the most dismally isolated spots in South Africa. At best of times gloomy and cheerless, for three fourths of the year it is a parched and barren desert, with the melancholy sea ever sounding its hoarse surges against the shore. It is almost wholly cut off from communication with the external world. It can only be visited at uncertain intervals, and at all times the passengers by the open boat, which plies between the island and the mainland, are liable to discomforts and mischances of the most serious character. When we were there, the wife of one of the officers connected with the establishment had just only recovered from a three months' almost fatal illness, caused by a storm, to which she had been exposed for six or seven hours in crossing from Cape

Town to her home. The official report from which we have already quoted expresses a regret that "so little interest is taken by the public generally in this establishment as to induce but few persons to visit it." The fact may possibly be regretted; but, all things considered, it can scarcely be wondered at.

Then as to the accommodation provided for the lunatics. Instead of its being ample for the purpose, and combining, as all such asylums should do, "every possible amount of safety with every possible amount of cheerfulness," it is cramped and limited beyond endurance, combining every possible amount of safety with every possible aggravation of prison gloom. Of the latter fact we have given sufficient illustration already, and in proof of the former we need only mention the circumstance that upwards of twenty maniacs are compelled to sleep together in one common ward.

And then, again, as to the provision made for rendering the unfortunate inmates of the asylum "happy and contented in the prosecution of some purpose which carries their mind away from the subject of their disease." During the day, a few of them are engaged in some mechanical labor; from a want of suitable accommodation and arrangements for the purpose, the greater number of them saunter about the island in morbid melancholy. At night and in the long evenings, instead of "the reading party, the lecture, the concert, or the dance"—with the exception of the few private patients—*they are all locked up in their respective dungeons, without coal or candle, from sundown to sunrise!* This is done simply because no arrangement has yet been devised or executed for supplying them with lights from lamps placed safely out of their reach. We might follow out this train of comparison further, but it is surely unnecessary.* The Government and the public are already aware of the miserable system in force on Robben Island. Dr. Minto has pressed it earnestly on their attention oftener than once. The parliament has expressed its opinion, too, of course using only parliamentary language. But nothing is done, simply because the establishment is buried there far out of our sight, and

* One of the most satisfactory tests of the comparative merits or demerits of the Robben Island asylum would be the statistics of the *cures* effected. None such have yet been published; but we have been told the average is about ten per cent. In the year 1858, at St. Luke's in London, the percentage was sixty-five, and, in the year before, it was sixty-nine. In Hanwell, where the worst and most confirmed cases are received and treated, the percentages vary from nineteen to thirty-five; or, from 1831 down to 1858, an average of twenty-five and a half.

beyond the reach of public criticism. The only radical cure for the evil will be the removal of the whole institution to the mainland; but that cannot be effected at once. It will take several years before we can reasonably expect to see it done; and in the meantime, it becomes all the more indispensable to introduce such temporary reforms as are available in its present situation. First of these is the extension of the buildings appropriated for the asylum—which happily, we learn, is now begun. The necessity of this is proved by the statistics of the establishment. In 1853, the number of lunatics treated there was one hundred and twenty-eight, and then the establishment was amply full. In 1858 it increased to one hundred and eighty-four; and at the present moment we know that there are scores of sufferers throughout the colony who would at once be forwarded to the asylum could their friends have confidence that they could meet there with the treatment which their respective circumstances required. Besides this, not a day should be allowed to pass until proper arrangements are provided for decency and cleanliness in the sleeping wards at night. The dark convict wards should all be converted, as one of them has already been, into cheerful, well-lighted hospital rooms. Lights should be furnished in every cell and ward, if necessary by lamps fixed safely and beyond reach in the walls of the several compartments. Instead of the miserable library at present there, comprising altogether not more than twenty pounds' worth of books,—some of them, we fear, dull enough to sane men, and intolerable to lunatics,—a collection of periodicals, illustrated newspapers and other works of light literature should be furnished from month to month. The cultivable grounds around the institution, instead of being, as they now are, utterly waste, or overrun with rank luxuriant weeds, should be converted into trim lawns or smiling gardens, the tillage and arrangement of which would afford welcome occupation for many an otherwise weary hour to many a gloomy, fretting soul. We are perfectly aware that it is impossible, in all respects, to assimilate an asylum at the Cape with first-class asylums in Europe or America. The class of patients is essentially different. A very considerable proportion of them are from the very lowest orders of society, and incapable of appreciating or benefiting by many of the refinements practiced in Hanwell or Gartnavel. The reforms we have urged above, however, are all practicable and all applicable; and we take the liberty of adding that he incurs a heavy responsibility,

whoever he may be, who obstructs the introduction of them, or fails to exert his influence in accomplishing them. We are sure that Dr. Minto is not that man. He is warmly and zealously devoted to the work with which he is charged. A more humane man, or a worthier public officer, we believe does not exist. His treatment of his patients, generally, is marked with uniform attention, kindness, and frankness; and some of them he receives into his own family circle, while he watches over them with all the solicitude of a near kinsman. If he has any fault at all, that fault arises just from his excessive mildness and good nature. Were he firmer and more resolute than he is, the government would have been compelled before now now to listen to his repeated remonstrances, and execute the improvements which he has and once again urgently pressed on their attention. We have been led away into a longer digression, on the general character of the establishment we had been visiting, than we had intended. But we have no apology to offer. It is right that the public should know somewhat of this institution as it really is, and not as the medical official deputation from Cape Town periodically and systematically *mis*represent it.

We had purposed relieving the more sombre details of this paper by introducing a few sketches descriptive of several of the lunatics themselves, and by reporting conversations we held with them, which were of far more piquant interest than many of the ordinary colloquies of sane society. Our limited space forbids this, and we can only add briefly that at night we returned to our tent across the heath, through a dense fog, in which we were as thoroughly belated as if hundreds of miles distant from any habitation. Early next morning, and in bright moonlight, our friend, McKenna, roused us from our slumbers. He had come, by the superintendent's kind permission, accompanied with a troop of well-trained dogs, to assist our coursing, or, more strictly speaking, ferreting operations among the rabbit-warrens. In the course of the forenoon, by dint of dogs and guns combined, our party bagged a tolerably fair supply of the only game there available; and in the afternoon we proceeded on our return voyage to Table Bay. The wind was fair, and drove us across in little more than an hour. It was, in fact, slightly too favorable, being from the north-west, and had got up a heavy sea, the effects of which, on more than one landsman of our number, were decidedly the reverse of comfortable. Our impressions of the whole excursion were exceedingly pleasant, and we cordially recommend as many of our readers as may find time convenient for the purpose to

follow our example, and visit Robben Island for themselves. The novel scenes there presented to them, the pic-nic life they may lead, the fishing, shooting, or ferreting which are freely open to them, will amply repay them for even the sea-sickness of the passage over!

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. IX.

THE HON. JUSTICE CLOETE, LL.D.

Mr. Justice Cloete was born at Cape Town, in June, 1792, and received the rudiments of an English education, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Weaving, who, in the year 1797, established the first English school in this colony, where Sir Andries Stockenstrom, Mr. D. van Ryneveld, now civil commissioner of Stellenbosch, the late Mr. William van Ryneveld, Sir Josias Cloete, Mr. P. Truter, and several other young Cape men became pupils, and received their early education.

Upon the surrender of the colony to the Batavian republic, under the provisions of the treaty of Amiens, his parents (anticipating that this colony would long remain under that government) sent him to Holland to be educated there for the bar. He accordingly left Cape Town in April, 1803, together with his brother Sir Josias Cloete; and after five years' study at the public school of Groningen and the private classical establishments at Naarden and Beverwijk, he entered as a law student at Utrecht, until, during the last year of his curriculum, he proceeded to Leyden, for the purpose of passing his examinations under Professor Van der Keessel, who had then held for forty years the Leyden chair of civil and Dutch law. There he took his degree in 1811.

Holland, having then been incorporated as an integral part of the French empire, it enjoyed the first blessings of this union, in having the whole of its rising male population swept away by the conscription, which was enforced with the utmost rigor; and to escape from its operation, Mr. Cloete, immediately after taking his degree, was introduced to a mercantile house at Amsterdam, the name of which remains unknown to him even to the present day. The whole affair was conducted with the greatest secrecy, as the summary punishment of death was, under the French rule, inflicted without mercy on any one found to correspond in any way

with England. A confidential clerk handed him the one-half of a blank card, regularly indented, thus—

directing him to follow implicitly the bearer of the other moiety, who would unexpectedly present himself when all the arrangements were completed. He left the address of his lodgings in Utrecht (to which place he had proceeded after taking his degree); and within two or three weeks after his return there, he was awoke one night by a carriage stopping at his door. A few minutes after, the bearer of the counterpart of the card presented himself, desiring him to accompany him at once in the carriage.

He traveled that night and the whole of the next day with his companion in silence through Woerden, Leyden, and Delft, and towards the evening found himself before a little inn, near the roadside, leading to Naaldwyk (a village near the mouth of the Meuse), where, to his surprise, he found two young men, who had taken their degrees about the same time with himself, and were then bound, one to the West and the other to the East Indies. They had been conducted to this rendezvous in the same mysterious manner as himself; one of them from the Hague, and the other from Amsterdam.

The vigilance of the coast-guard that night precluded all chance of effecting their object, and the three adventurers were accordingly shut up in a garret, and kept there for three or four days. The fourth night, being unusually dark, their former mysterious guide again made his appearance, and led them over the outer sea-dykes of the Meuse, where an open boat, with two fishermen in it, was lying ready to receive them.

With some difficulty they succeeded in clearing the mouth of the Meuse, opposite the "Brille," and the next morning happily reached the British sloop of war, the *Banterer*, Captain Warde (which formed part of the squadron blockading the mouths of the Scheld and Meuse, under command of Admiral Young, and was then lying at anchor).

They were all received and treated with the utmost kindness and attention; and, on the *Banterer* being relieved, were taken to Deal, and from thence to Gravesend, where passports under the Alien Act were received by them, with which they proceeded to London.

Mr. Cloete then entered Lincoln's Inn, and received daily instructions from the special pleader, Mr. S. Toller, until the latter was appointed to a judgeship in India.

During that time, the war with the United States was raging fiercely, and the injury done to British trade was severely felt by the numerous captures made by the American frigates and privateers. Mr. Cloete's parents having urgently pressed for his return to the colony, he obtained, through the kindness of Mr. Barrow, the Secretary to the Admiralty, a passage in the *Java* frigate, which was hurriedly put into commission and equipped, to escort a convoy to the Indies, and take Sir Thomas Hislop to the presidency of Madras. On the 30th of December, 1812, they fell in with the United States frigate the *Constitution*, of sixty-four guns; and he was present at one of the severest naval actions fought during that war: when, after four hours' engagement, with one hundred and twenty killed and wounded, and having six feet of water in her hold, the *Java* was at length forced to strike to the *Constitution*.

After a night passed on her decks in great horror, amidst the dead and dying, and the orgies of a drunken boat's crew (who had been put on board to take possession of the *Java*), Mr. Cloete was taken from the prize in the last boat that left her, before she was blown up; and on being introduced to the American commodore, Bainbridge, the latter (on hearing his name mentioned) agreeably surprised him by stating that he had known his father intimately when, in the American merchant service, he had touched at the Cape in his voyages to and from China. He at once released him from all restrictions, showed him the most marked attention, and, on taking the crew of the *Java* to St. Salvador, landed him there, with a recommendation to the American consul. Mr. Cloete, however, soon found that there was no chance of obtaining a passage from thence to the Cape, and was thus compelled to proceed in a small coasting smack to Rio de Janeiro, where he was the first to convey to Admiral Dickson and Lord Strangford (the British ambassador at the then recently-formed court of the Brazils) the intelligence of the action fought between the *Java* and *Constitution*.

After a few weeks' delay, Mr. Cloete happily got a passage in a brig, the *Mary*, and after a voyage of forty-five days, returned to his native country in June, 1813, when he was appointed deputy secretary to the court of justice. He made two long circuits throughout the colony as secretary to the circuit courts; until, in the year 1816, Mr. Belaerts van Blokland (the secretary of the court) having gone to Holland on leave of absence, but with the avowed intention of not returning to the colony, his claim to be appointed to act was

overlooked by Lord Charles Somerset, and Mr. Berrangé was appointed acting secretary, and subsequently confirmed in that office.

Mr. Cloete then commenced his forensic career, in which he enjoyed a very extensive practice until the year 1845.

In the year 1836, he was nominated by Sir Benjamin D'Urban one of the unofficial members of the Legislative Council; and in the year 1843, when a civil war had broken out at Natal, which was likely to lead to most painful results to the colony, he accepted the delicate appointment of special commissioner under the authority and directions of Lord Stanley, then Secretary of State for the Colonies.

His chief duties were confined to securing a formal submission of the emigrant farmers in that district to her Majesty's authority; to determine the boundaries for the future colony of Natal; and to establish the tenure and extent of the farms and lands to be granted to such emigrants as had taken actual possession of any landed property.

He arrived at Pietermaritzburg at a most critical period, where eight hundred emigrant farmers had assembled in arms for the avowed object of recommencing hostilities against the small detachment of her Majesty's troops, which, under the command of Major Smith, were cooped up in the spot now occupied by the town of D'Urban, at the bay; but after three days of very stormy discussion, he succeeded in obtaining a formal recognition, in writing, signed by all the members of the Volksraad (or representatives of the people), acknowledging her Majesty's authority, and accepting formally the conditions which were coupled to the acceptance of their allegiance.*

He proceeded thence to the Zulu chief Panda's residence, and there concluded a treaty by which the north-eastern boundary between the colony and the Zulu territory was clearly defined; and, moreover, obtained a formal cession of St. Lucia Bay, being the only place of landing to be found along that coast between Natal and Delagoa Bay. Mr. Cloete inspected and reported on every farm and homestead which had been taken possession of by the emigrants, and formed the first record of the tenure of lands to be held throughout that colony.

* In connection with this, we may notice that Mr. Cloete, some years afterwards, delivered a course of lectures at Natal, detailing the whole history of the emigration of the boers from the Cape colony in 1837, and subsequently. These have since been published in a compact volume, which will prove of the highest value to the future historian of South Africa.

Having satisfactorily performed these functions, he returned to his professional duties at the bar, in 1844, and in October, 1845, was appointed recorder or sole judge for the district of Natal, which was then formed into a distinct settlement, but dependent on the Cape government and legislature.

On his arrival at Natal, Mr. Cloete had to create a supreme court: he framed all the rules and established a uniform mode of proceeding in criminal and civil cases, on the same basis, though in a somewhat modified form, as those of the Supreme Court of the Cape colony; and he continued to exercise the functions of sole judge there until the month of April, 1853, when the Lieutenant-Governor, B. C. C. Pine, thought proper to suspend him from the exercise of his office, on a charge of allowing his private and personal feeling towards the Lieutenant-Governor and Mr. Meller, resident magistrate of D'Urban, to interfere with a fair and impartial administration of justice.

Mr. Cloete thereupon proceeded to England, and appealed from that order of suspension, in the regular form of an appeal to her Majesty's Privy Council; and by the unanimous sentence of that court, delivered by the Right Honorable Dr. Lushington, that order of suspension was not only reversed, but the Privy Council expressed the following opinion on the proceeding of the Lieutenant-Governor, namely: "That the charges preferred against Mr. Cloete were frivolous and totally unfounded; that they could safely recommend to her Majesty to restore him to the situation which he had filled; that no blame is to be attached to any part of his conduct, through the whole of the transactions referred to by the Lieutenant-Governor; and the Privy Council, moreover (if it be found consistent with the practice of the court), would with pleasure avail themselves of the opportunity of advising the crown that Mr. Cloete be indemnified for the expenses to which he has been unjustly put." Upon this judgment and recommendation of the Privy Council, her Majesty was graciously pleased to direct that the order of the Lieutenant-Governor be rescinded, and that the salary attached to the office of recorder be paid, as if no such order of suspension had been made.

Upon this order, Mr. Cloete was not only fully reinstated in the office of recorder, but his salary (which for twelve months had been withheld from him), was fully repaid, together with his legal costs, and the expenses of his journey to and from England, all which had to be defrayed from the then scanty revenue of the colony of Natal.

Mr. Cloete, however, felt that his situation would necessarily be a painful one at Natal, as long as the Lieutenant-Governor and his executive council, who had preferred these unjust charges against him, remained in office, and he therefore, before leaving England, applied to the Duke of Newcastle (then Secretary of State for the Colonies) to be removed to the Supreme Court at Cape Town, if a vacancy should occur; and his Grace having referred that application to Sir George Cathcart, then governor of this colony (but who was on the eve of giving up the government), he stated, in one of his last letters written from this colony, that he knew no one better suited to fill that office.

His application was thus considered by his successor, Sir George Grey, who, in July, 1855, appointed him third puisne judge of the Supreme Court in Cape Town; and in November following, Mr. Cloete arrived, and was sworn in; and on the retirement of Mr. Justice Ebden, he has now been advanced to the position of second puisne judge.

In April, 1816, Mr. Cloete married Miss Christian Helen Graham, daughter of the late Robert Graham, Esq., of Fintry, in Scotland (formerly one of the Commissioners of Excise for Scotland, and the generous patron and friend of the poet, Robert Burns, during the period of his distress), and sister of Colonel John Graham, who first raised the Cape Corps, and formed it into an efficient light infantry regiment: he had the chief command of the troops and burgher forces during the first Kafir war, in the years 1811-12, whereby the Kafirs were effectually driven beyond the Fish River; and by his excellent arrangements, the Eastern Province was for a long time secured against native irruptions and depredations.

At the bar, Mr. Cloete always enjoyed the reputation of being a first-rate lawyer, and he surpassed all his contemporaries as a speaker. On the bench he is distinguished, not alone for his deep research and his extensive knowledge of the law he administers, but also for the readiness with which he brings his learning to bear on the case before him. As soon as the gentlemen of the bar see him opening one of his ponderous volumes of Voet, they know that he will be ready with some quotations from the great commentator, exactly meeting the point under argument. His memory, indeed, is remarkable. It would, perhaps, be impossible for an advocate to misquote, even by a couple of words, any sentence from Johannes Voet or Hugo Grotius, without the error being instantly detected and corrected by Mr. Cloete,

from memory alone. He is clear-headed and quick; so quick in perception of the true bearings of a case, that young advocates are disposed to think him hasty in showing no great inclination to listen to their harangues when they would lead him off from the true scent; and suitors are occasionally vexed that he makes light of arguments which are wide of the exact point before him. But when he comes to sum up the case, those who listen dispassionately will confess that he has thoroughly understood it, and will admire the acuteness with which he separates the wheat from the chaff, in the arguments at the bar, the clearness with which he expounds the law applicable to the circumstances discussed, and the felicity and copiousness of his quotations from the "authorities." Indeed, an elaborate judgment by Mr. Justice Cloete, on an important question, is in itself an excellent lesson in Roman-Dutch law.

It has been often remarked that, when sitting as a criminal judge, he appears to press severely against the prisoner in his charges to the jury. To some extent we think this is true; but then it must be borne in mind that, excepting in the Supreme Court, the conduct of the prosecution is generally entrusted to feeble or incompetent hands; and if the judge did not step a little beyond the limits within which Englishmen are taught to believe that a judge should restrict himself on such occasions, a great many guilty men would constantly escape justice. Even this, however, we say more in extenuation than in positive justification of this peculiarity of Mr. Cloete. We could wish him more thoroughly dispassionate, even at the expense of a few scoundrels thereby escaping punishment.

But though he may be eager to convict the guilty, he is very far from being a harsh judge. His sentences are, perhaps, as merciful as those of any one on our bench; and if he thinks he sees innocence, no man could possibly put more forcibly before a jury every fact which seems to tend to that conclusion.

Mr. Cloete's ancestry dates from the first establishment of the colony. His great great great grandfather (entered in the records of the colony as a native of Cologne, on the Rhine) arrived here with Jan van Riebeek in April, 1652; and after having served the prescribed number of years as a servant of the Dutch East India Company, he was classed as a "free burgher" of the colony, and as such, received, in the year 1657, the first grant of freehold land on the banks of the Liesbeek River, the title to which is the first entered on the surveyor-general's books. He appears to have been an industrious farmer, as, in

the year 1659, an additional grant of forty acres, near the Liesbeek River, was again made to him, the title deed of which is also duly registered. His children appear, shortly after, to have removed to the district of Stellenbosch, and in the beginning of the eighteenth century some male branches of this family migrated to Graaff-Reinet, and others to Namaqualand; but the larger portion still continued in the district of Stellenbosch, where Mr. Cloete's grandfather, Henry Cloete, became one of the largest landed proprietors in the colony. He became purchaser of the original "Constantia" estate, where his attention to wine-making brought the Constantia wines to that degree of excellence and notoriety as to be ranked throughout Europe as a cordial fully equal to the Hungarian "Tokay."

He died in the year 1799, leaving eight sons, two of whom entered the army, five became extensive landed proprietors and agriculturists, while Mr. Cloete's father, the late Mr. P. L. Cloete, was the only one who devoted himself to the civil service, in which he successively held the responsible offices of Vice-President of the Orphan Chamber, of Treasurer-General, and member of the late Supreme Court of Justice; and in his declining age was for several years an unofficial member of the first Legislative Council established in the colony.

UNDINE.

Mournfully across my heart,
Like the soft evening breeze,
Thrilling a field of rustling grain,
Like a long forgotten strain;
Or the gondolier's refrain,
O'er long murmuring seas.

Striking sweet chords, and changeful tones,
Like harp Æolian free;
Now loud and clear, now soft and low,
Yet sad in every ebb and flow,
Sweeps thy life tale of gentle woe,
Sweet Undine of the Sea!

Yet 'tis a drama everywhere,
Reacted every day.
We never know what wealth we have,
Of hearts so warm, and true, and brave,
Till we stand round an open grave,
And weep o'er senseless clay.

We cherish hopes and lurking thoughts,
Which, realized at last,
Blind our weak eyes—our feeling sear—
Warnings unnoted strike our ear,
Till, by a still, remediless bier,
We sorrow for the past.

Σ.

LITERARY REVIEW.

TENNYSON'S IDYLLS OF THE KING.

The publication, in 1842, of the Fragment entitled "Morte D'Arthur," in Mr. Tennyson's poems, was welcomed by the admirers of his genius, not only because it enriched our literature with a poem of marvelous and delicate beauty, but as affording the promise of still further and more sustained labor in the same fruitful field of legendary history. That promise is fulfilled in part by the volume before us. The new poems—four in number—are evidently intended to be parts of an elaborate work founded on the Arthurian romance, to the completion of which the poet is steadily advancing. The legends are not looked at in themselves merely as legends. The knights and ladies of chivalry appear on Mr. Tennyson's canvas, not dim through the misty veil of many centuries, but sharp in outline and warm in coloring; because, with the true art and genius of the poet, he has carried himself back in spirit to the times of which he treats, and we see distinctly that the poet of the nineteenth century is at work with a life-giving energy among the shadowy forms of heroic ages. He is always a painter, but never a mere painter,—he is the poet as well, seeing with a poet's eye what is unseen by others, and creating by the rich poetic imagination those fair and harmonious pictures with which his art has made us familiar. In themselves, the heroes of ancient British fable have no interest for us, because they belong to a world in which we are not called to live and move. But when treated as Mr. Tennyson has treated them, as "an image of the mighty world," as actual men and women, sharing our own experiences, and assailed by our own temptations, then the human interest is at once excited, and the characters, presented to us from the poet's point of view, emerge from the region of vague tradition into the bright world of poetic creations. And there is nothing by which we may perceive more strikingly the growth and maturity of Mr. Tennyson's genius, than the contrast between his earlier and his later poems, both in their subjects and in the mode of treatment.

In the first volume, published in 1830, the subjects are for the most part wanting in human interest. The reader has no vivid apprehension of the objects presented in the poems; and, therefore, he can have no substantial interest in them. The song of a mermaid in her crystal home may be exquisitely musical; but no melody of sound or brilliancy of color can make that deeply interesting to us with which we have nothing in common. The men and women of the earlier poems are not flesh and blood, but simply abstractions. They are described to us, but we cannot see their features or hear their voices. There is nothing in them which we recognize as a fact of actual experience,—a page torn from the great book of human life. The thing is there, but we miss the person. Wasting sorrow, unrequited love, hopeless misery—these are

described with marvelous power and skill; but we fail to see the subject of the emotion, and the heart refuses to accept the abstraction in place of the living reality. But in the later poems there is nothing of this tendency to generalization. The unreal beings no longer appear; landscapes are no longer painted merely for their own sake. They are now accessions to the main subject, introduced to heighten and sustain the human interest. Real men and women, speaking human words, struggling with difficulties which we ourselves have felt, and cherishing hopes by which our own lives are sustained, enlist our sympathies at once. There is not less of graceful fancy, or sweet music, or charming picture in the later poems; but everything is subordinated to the central truth, that men can be permanently interested only in that which is human.

And so the poet has presented us with a type of almost every variety of human life and character: because now, with the complete mastery of his art, he has full before him the highest function of the poet—in his own words, to

> "Hold converse with all forms
> Of the many-sided man."

Mr. Tennyson's new poems will be gladly and gratefully received by all who have learned to love and admire him; and we are mistaken if they do not convince many who have hitherto questioned his claim to be regarded as a great poet, that he is truly a poet of rare power, and compass, and sweetness. There is the true ring of poetry in every page of the volume. Each of the poems is full of illustrations of what we have said about the full ripeness of his powers, and his wiser selections of character and incident. There is scarcely a weak or halting line in the volume; and a careful analysis of almost any passage will yield results such as only the works of our greatest poets will yield. The first of the poems is founded upon a very slight and simple story. Geraint, a tributary prince to the great Arthur, tries to the uttermost the faith and love of his gentle wife Enid, and finds her altogether his own. For days she has followed him, submitting patiently to his gloomy mood of jealousy. At length he is wounded, and lies for dead in the great hall of a bandit earl. Here the full, true heart of the woman bursts out in tender and passionate wailing; and the prince, in sorrow and repentance, assures her,

> "Henceforward I will rather die than doubt."

He recovers, and they ride homeward together:

> And never yet, since high in paradise,
> O'er the four rivers the first roses blow,
> Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind
> Than liv'd thro' her, who in that perilous hour
> Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,
> And felt him hers again: she did not weep,
> But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist,
> Like that which kept the heart of Eden green,
> Before the useful trouble of the rain.

In the second poem, the wily Vivien is using all her cunning art to induce the aged Merlin to confide to her the secret of a charm of which he had once told her:

> A charm,
> The which if any wrought on any one,
> With woven paces and with waving arms,
> The man so wrought on ever seemed to lie
> Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower,
> From which was no escape for evermore.

After a long struggle, admirably described, the cunning of the beauty defeats the wisdom of the sage—

> For Merlin, overtalk'd and overcome,
> Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept;
> Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
> Of woven paces and of waving hands;
> And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
> And lost to life, and use, and name, and fame.

The whole conception is purely and intensely poetical; and the story is told in Mr. Tennyson's finest manner. Here is the cunning Vivien's song of Love and Trust:

> In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
> Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;
> Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.
>
> It is the little rift within the lute,
> That by-and-by will make the music mute,
> And ever widening slowly silence all.
>
> The little rift within the lover's lute,
> Or little pittedspeck in garner'd fruit,
> That rotting inward slowly moulders all.
>
> It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
> But shall it? Answer, darling, answer, no,
> And trust me not at all, or all in all.

In the same form is Merlin's noble rebuke of those small souls who rejoice in the stain upon a fair name:

> Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain,
> To leave an equal baseness; and in this
> Are harlots like the crowd, that if they find
> Some stain or blemish in a name of note,
> Not grieving that their greatest are so small,
> Inflate themselves with some insane delight,
> And judge all nature from her feet of clay,
> Without the will to lift their eyes, and see
> Her god-like head crowned with spiritual fire,
> And touching other worlds.

The third is the story of the unrequited love of Elaine, "the lily-maid of Astolat," for Sir Lancelot of the Lake. She will not believe the rumor of his great and guilty love for Queen Guinevere; and when she finds that he is deaf to the voice of her love, she assigns herself utterly to the love which is her doom and her death. Her dead body, as she had requested, is laid upon the black deck of a funeral barge,

which is steered past the palace windows by the dumb old servitor of the house. She is buried by the king's order.

> Not as one unknown,
> Not meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,
> And mass, and rolling music, like a queen.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Tennyson's former poems will remember how the dead body of the lady of Shalott floats in like manner down the broad stream

> Under tower and balcony,
> By garden-wall and gallery,
> A gleaming shape she floated by,
> A corse between the houses high,
> Silent into Camelot:

and how the wounded Arthur is borne away by weeping queens in the dusky barge to the island valley of Avilion, to heal him of his grievous wound. The exquisite description of the dead maiden floating along the stream will show that the hand which painted those glorious pictures has lost nothing of its cunning:

> Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,
> Steer'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood.
> In her right hand the lily, in her left
> The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
> And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
> Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white,
> All but her face, and that clear-featured face
> Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
> But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled.
> * * * * *
> Then, while Sir Lancelot leant, in half disgust,
> At love, life, all things, on the widow-ledge;
> Close underneath his eyes—
> —slowly past the barge,
> Whereon the lily-maid of Astolat
> Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

In the last poem, "Guinevere," the love of Sir Lancelot for the queen has reached the king's ears; and while Lancelot retires to his own provinces, and holds out against the king, Guinevere sits weeping in the nunnery of Almesbury, lamenting at one time the loss of Sir Lancelot, at another her unfaithfulness to Arthur. The interview between Arthur and Guinevere is perhaps the most exquisite passage in the book. The king speaks sadly of her sin, and tells how it had ruined all his noble schemes, and "spoilt the purpose of his life;" but he does not come to curse or upbraid the fallen queen. Tenderly and touchingly he forgives the past; and is not without hope of a brighter future:

> Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
> And so thou lean on our fair father, Christ,
> Hereafter, in that world where all are pure,
> We two may meet before high God, and thou
> Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
> I am thine husband.

To this hope the fallen queen clings; and the shame of the past is atoned for by a noble repentance:

> And blessed be the king, who hath forgiven
> My wickedness to him, and left me hope
> That in mine own heart I can live down sin,
> And be his mate hereafter in the heavens,
> Before high God. Ah, great and gentle lord,
> Who wast as is the conscience of a saint
> Among his warring senses, to thy knights.
> * * * *
> I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
> That pure severity of perfect light.
> * * * *
> Ah, my God,
> What might I not have made of thy fair world,
> Had I but loved thy highest creature here?

The rest of her life is spent in deeds of charity:

> Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,
> And for the power of ministrations in her,
> And likewise for the high rank she had borne,
> Was chosen abbess, there, an abbess lived
> For three brief years; and, there, an abbess passed
> To where, beyond these voices, there is peace.

Our space is already exhausted; but the extracts which are here given will sufficiently prove that the *Idylls of the King* are in every respect worthy of Mr. Tennyson's high fame. They form a noble addition to our English classical literature, and we trust that nothing will prevent their gifted author from further carrying out a conception which has already entitled him to the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen.

The botanical student and literary public will soon be gratified with the issue of the long-desired and promised "Flora Capensis" of Drs. Harvey and Sonder. Proof sheets having been sent to the colony by last mail steamer, we have been favored with a perusal of them. The work opens with the Ranunculaceæ, as in Dr. Harvey's former book on the "Genera of South African Plants." The arrangement is excellent, and the scientific descriptions most elaborate. Brief popular descriptions of species are also given, and the habitat of each recorded, —the latter being a valuable and important feature in the work, and one that will be duly appreciated by many a weary collector. In few cases, however, is the English or popular name of a plant given; this omission we consider a serious one. The insertion of the English name, where one exists, would occupy little space, and detract in nothing from the dignity of science, while it would tend to popularize and familiarize a science which too often repels student and amateur by the outrageous nomenclature adopted. Take, for example, two new names which occur in the work before us,—TURCZANINOWII (Sonder),

and PALMSTRUCKIA (Sonder). The latter may provoke a little irreverence: it would be well if such names did nothing more. Due honor is paid to many colonists. In the two hundred and eight pages of proof, the names of persons are used for genera and species upwards of sixty times: honor enough in all conscience. There are Joubertæs, Bowkeræs, and Bowkerianas, and a host of other well-known names. Rawsonia, in honor of our Colonial Secretary, is the name of a new genus in the order bixaceæ. Merit as a cryptogamic botanist and devotion to science generally entitle the honorable secretary to the distinction.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

WE cannot congratulate the local government on the manner on which it has brought the issue of its first debentures to the notice of the capitalists of Great Britain, nor, indeed, of those of the colony. We were amongst those who rejoiced that the time for receiving tenders for the colonial securities had been postponed, inasmuch as the period originally proposed was one of some difficulty in the money-market here, and the debentures would either have been disposed of on less favorable terms than should be obtained for them, or the ordinary channels of trade would have been interfered with by the withdrawal of specie. But every one hoped that the notification would be made in London in the most favorable manner to the interests of the colony: that a date would be fixed when they should become terminable; and that, perhaps, the place at which the principal should be repaid should be optional with the holder of the debenture, in the same way as the interest will now be. The advertisement to the capitalists of England was bald in the extreme, and led them to think that there was, as some private letters express it, too much "higgling" on the part of the local government, whilst the notice that the interest would be borne as a first charge on the revenue had the effect of making the holders of Cape railway stock (equally secured by the colonial government) imagine that they were interfered with, and a doubt was thrown on these securities, which, if not actually depreciated, were less easily disposed of. A change was ultimately made in the advertisement, but *in the colony only*; and it was too late to make any announcement in the English journals, which would have an effect on the issue of the debentures here. And now it is far from perfect. Why not make them terminable at the end of five or ten years; and if there were not sufficient funds in the local treasury, or it was not considered desirable to repay the amount when it fell in, a fresh loan could have been obtained, and, probably, on better terms than at present. There is little doubt but that, even under these disadvantages, tenders will be received from English capitalists; but we confidently affirm that a difference of three or four per cent. would have been in favor of the

colony had the announcement that the Government was prepared to issue debentures bearing an interest of six per cent. been less shrouded in doubt and uncertainty.

Before leaving the subject of guarantees, we would wish to point out that the security offered by the Cape Town and Wellington Railway Company shares is, with one exception (and that a most trifling one) equally good with that offered by the Government in the issue of its debentures. The cost of the railway not exceeding £500,000, has an annual interest of six per cent. guaranteed upon it by the local government,—also. as a first charge upon its revenue; and the only difference is, that in the event of the income of the line not paying its working expenses, the amount uncovered, and that alone, will not bear interest. We will suppose that a railway (not confining ourselves to the above line) should have its cost guaranteed by the Colonial Government on the same favorable terms, and that the income derived was four thousand pounds; and, further, that the working expenses of such a line were five thousand pounds. The difference, or one thousand pounds, would be the only amount on which the interest would not be guaranteed. To those who know something of the railway system of England, and of the certainty that no such thing occurring here, as that the income will not exceed the working expenses, we need hardly point out that the securities offered by the local government on the railway in the first place, and a debenture in the second, are equally good.

The imports of coffee have been on a large scale during the past two months; the price, however, has advanced in the Brazils, and we do not hear of any material reduction on this side. Sugar is becoming scarce; but the new Mauritius crop, and we may hope that from Natal also, will soon obviate this. White rice is freely imported; but of brown Mooghy the market is getting quite bare. The September town trade has been comparatively active; but country buyers are very shy of purchasing, owing to the drought which prevails in the country districts. This calamity threatens serious consequences to the trade of the whole colony, but will be felt with more force in those localities where the cattle and sheep have been destroyed by the want of pasturage and water. The last severe drought was in 1851. It is to be remarked, that the western coast districts have been highly favored by rain, and that Clanwilliam, Namaqualand, and Bushmanland are covered with splendid grass.

NOTES ON PLUVIOMETRY.

There is no doubt that that climate is the healthiest where the air is thoroughly washed by rain in winter, and where the average degree of humidity in summer is about seven tenths of perfect saturation, and in which the temperature is moderate. The high lands in the neighborhood of Wynberg are, on this account, extremely healthy, whilst, at two or three hundred yards' distance, in the adjoining valleys, is to be found the most pernicious atmosphere out of Cape Town. The same may be said of most of Afric's lowlands and highlands. During the past three years a fog has but twice covered Wynberg-hill, and then only for an hour.

The fall of rain at Wynberg, for the past three years, is given below, from which it will be seen that the fall, up to the 23rd September, 1859, is 5·498 inches in excess of the whole fall of 1858, and 9·943 beyond that of 1857. Notwithstanding the extraordinary fall of 1858, we have

experienced much greater drought than from the minor fall of 1857 This may be accounted for by a comparison of the monthly falls below, from which it will be seen that if the bulk of the rain should fall in May or June, the commencement of winter, the supply has time to reach the spring levels, and diffuse itself beneath the surface of the earth, before the heat and drying winds of summer act upon the surface, carrying the evaporation to the warmer climates, where, being added to the moisture held constantly in solution in those latitudes, it is poured forth, to be returned to us when the northerly breezes are moved to visit us.

It will be found that the supply of water to our springs, this year, will be excessive, from the above causes.

We may learn one lesson from this, namely, that if we wish surface water to penetrate, and be retained by any soil for a long period during the summer, the month of May is the month to be selected for irrigation; but if we wish the soil to be but partially penetrated by water, we should select the month of August for that process.

Some have attributed the excessive rains during the past winter to the unusual continuance of the south-easters during the summer of 1858-59, carrying with them a superabundance of moisture, to be returned in winter, for exchange during the ensuing summer. Thus does nature maintain the balance of pluviometry,—setting forth that action and re-action are equal, she gives back to each portion of the earth —duly elaborated by the processes of transmission, transfusion, gravitation, evaporation, solution, condensation, and filtration,—that which she takes from it.

It seems necessary that the water which we inhale and drink should be thus purified, for, if stagnant, it would become corrupt and deleterious.

This stagnation is the one objection to the use of water, *without filtration*, from extensive reservoirs, especially in the warm, impure climate of Cape Town, rendered impure by neglect and stinginess. But more of this anon.

PLUVIOMETRY.—WYNBERG.

	1857.		1858.		1859.
January	0·17	.....	0·75	.....	1·152
February	0·43	.....	1·9	.....	0·74
March.....	0·15	.....	0·66	.....	0·562
April	1·63	.....	5·66	.....	0·925
May...	4·56	.....	1·12	.....	15·475
June	14·45	.....	6·11	.....	8·671
July	9·6	.....	5·113	.....	7·695
August	2·23	.....	15·226	.....	8·753
September	1·00	.....	3·866	.....	3·930*
October	1·5	.....	0·71		
November	0·69	.....	0·90		
December	1·55	.....	0·39		
Inches.....	37·960		42·405		47·903

P.S.—Very full observations in meteorology have been received from Mr. Hugo, of Worcester, which will be noticed in some one of the local papers, as they cannot have justice done to them by a cursory notice here, and it would be wrong to occupy any more room, at present, on this subject.

W. L. B.

* Till 23rd September.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR JULY, 1859.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Far.	Thermometers. Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.	Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind. Force.	Direction.	Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
July.	inches.	°	°	°	°	°		inches.	By Beaufort's Scale.		inches.	
1	30·085	54·16	51·94	60·0	46·2	49·8	85·8	29 725	0·4	W	0·018	2·4
2	30·033	57·46	52·60	63·3	51·5	48·2	72·4	29·692	2·2	NWbW		3·8
3	30·188	53·04	48·80	58·2	46·3	44·6	73·2	29·892	1·0	W¼S	0·030	6·6
4	30·128	52·78	48·32	57·2	47·7	43·9	72 2	29·840	2·4	NbW¼W		6·4
5	30·056	52·98	49·18	59·6	45·0	45·5	76·4	29·750	2·4	NbW¼N		6·0
6	29·959	54·36	52·54	56·8	52·8	50·8	87·8	29·587	5·0	NbW	0·710	8·4
7	29·939	55·24	52·30	58·7	53·0	49·5	81·6	29·582	5·6	NWbW	1·190	8·2
8	30·327	48·30	44·72	56·0	40·7	40·9	76·0	30·070	1·6	SSW¼W	0·178	4·7
9	30·501	47·24	43·98	55·2	38·8	40·5	78·4	30·247	0·5	SbW¼W	[1]0·008	1·0
10	30·278	47·20	43·78	56·0	39·8	40·2	78·0	30·028	0·4	SSW¼W		1·2
11	30·184	53·58	48·84	57·5	49·3	44·2	71·0	29·892	1·3	W¼N	0·275	5·8
12	30·169	50·28	46·00	57 7	42·3	41·7	73·2	29·904	1·3	WbN		2·0
13	29·985	53·16	51·14	57·2	50·0	49·2	87·2	29·634	2·8	NWbN	0·522	9·8
14	29·850	52·70	48·68	54·4	48·8	44·7	74·6	29·553	4·0	NWbW	0·980	9·7
15	30·015	53·90	50·04	56·2	50·8	46·2	75·6	29·699	5·2	WNW	0·143	9·5
16	30·267	52·78	49·24	60·0	47·3	45·7	77·0	29·958	0·9	WbN	0·340	4·8
17	30·393	54·18	50·80	58·0	49·7	47·6	79·2	30·062	1·0	NWbN	0·428	8·6
18	30·383	54·38	51·70	58·8	50 0	49·1	82·4	30·034	1·4	S		2·3
19	30·278	54·60	51·56	58·3	50·8	48·6	80·4	29·934	3·0	S¼E		0·3
20	30·191	53·68	51·40	57·3	47·0	49·2	85·2	29·841	1·8	S		0·7
21	30·182	54·28	51·40	59·6	47·0	48·7	82·0	29·837	0·5	WNW	0.215	5·2
22	30·344	55·14	50·84	60·3	49·0	46·8	74·4	30·023	0·7	SWbS		2·6
23	30·267	58·92	50·32	62·5	46·0	42·8	57·0	29·990	1·0	WbS		0·1
24	30·095	63·24	54·32	72·2	56 0	47·0	57·4	29·771	2·6	NW		2·1
25	30·195	55·48	52·52	59·4	49·0	49·7	81·4	29·836	1·9	WSW	0·208	5·2
26	30·364	52·36	47·82	59·3	41·2	43·4	71·8	30·081	1·3	SbE¼E		1·5
27	30·186	54·76	49·12	63·8	45·6	43·8	67·6	29·898	0·5	SW		1·0
28	30·100	58·54	52·86	72·2	47·3	48·2	72·2	29·761	1·9	WSW		0·3
29	30·076	54·60	52·78	60.3	49·0	51·1	88·2	29·700	0·9	NNW	[2]0·019	3·4
30	30·000	55·20	52·48	58·0	52·6	49·9	82·6	29·641	3·6	NNW		6.8
31	29·928	55·30	53·08	57·7	52·4	51·0	86.2	29·553	1·7	NW	1·260	9·0
Mean, 30·159		53·99	50·16	59·4	47·8	46·5	77·0	29·839	2·0	W	Sum. 6·524	4·5

[1] dew. [2] fog.

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A.M. 5h 34m.	A.M. 9h 34m	P.M. 1h 34m	P.M. 5h 34m	P.M. 9h 34m	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°. inches	30·141	30·189	30·143	30·153	30·170	30·550	29·778
,, Press. of dry air, ,,	29·832	29·862	29·813	29·827	29·861	30·324	29·454
Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees	51·29	54·43	58·47	54·50	51 83	72·0	39·6
,, Wet bulb. ,,	48·03	50·66	52·59	50·69	48·74	58·6	38·0
Humidity of the air. per cent.	83·3	77·4	67·7	76·9	79·9	98·0	38·0
Dew Point degrees	45·4	47·1	47·4	47·1	45·6	54·6	35 9

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ON TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATIONS.

BY H. HALL, ESQ., R.E.D.

THE Cape Town public having had an opportunity, for the first time, at the lectures delivered by Mr. Mair, in the Town Hall and Commercial Exchange, of witnessing the wonderful workings, on a small scale, of the electric telegraph, we deem it would not be without interest to say a few words on the telegraphic signal with which, up to a comparatively recent period, the nations of the world, civilized or uncivilized, have been accustomed to hold communication with each other from distant points; and also, to make especial reference to those used in this colony and on its immediate frontier both by ourselves, our Dutch predecessors, and the aborigines with whom we have been so often at war.

The word "telegraph" is derived from the Greek, and signifies "writing from a distance." The more modern machine, for the last fifty years used on the Continent and England, is often also called a "semaphore," another Greek word, meaning, "I bear a sign." These terms, as generally used, are, however, nearly synonymous; and, indeed, if we examine the records of the human race from the earliest ages, we find many proofs of telegraphic communication, both in writing or sign-bearing at a distance. Theseus, who had been sent to Crete by his father, King Ægeus, as one of a tribute sent every ninth year from Athens of seven young men and as many virgins, to be devoured by the Minotaur, had previously agreed, if he returned in safety, to hoist a white sail; and if he had perished, the pilot of the ship had orders to hoist a black one. Theseus, we suppose, having his brain rather bewildered, and his hands full with his flirtations with Ariadne, Ægle, and other frail Grecian beauties, and no doubt thinking more of his crane dances round the statue of Venus at Delos* than of his old governor, quite forgot

* *Vide* Plutarch's "Life of Theseus."

his injunctions about the sail, and the vessel entered the Piræus, displaying, as the heralds would say, "a field sable;" and poor King Ægeus, seeing this ominous telegraph, or rather semaphore, and being passionately fond of Prince Theseus, incontinently threw himself from a high rock into the sea, and there perished. Hence, tradition says, is derived the name of the Ægean Sea.

From the earliest periods of history until the final success of the electric telegraph, about fifteen years ago, the modes of communication from a distance rapidly, were various; first, that established by Darius Hystaspes, B. C. 521, who appointed, in his wide-spread dominions, now Persia and Armenia, relays of well-mounted couriers, who transmitted messages from one point to another with great dispatch; that is, as great as their horses could effect. This was a kind of living telegraph, although a slow one. Secondly, the use of fires, smoke, or other signals, from commanding heights, which, to this day, we find used not only by savage nations, but by more civilized, under peculiar circumstances. Every one who has had any experience in the Kafir wars of this colony must remember the fires at night, and the wreaths of smoke by day, which crowned the summits of that romantic mountain chain, which extends from the Great Winterberg to the Amatola mountains, previous to and during the wars of 1835-6, 1846-7, and 1851-2.

We recollect, in 1847, accompanying a patrol of mounted burghers along the high lands skirting Graham's Town to the south, when the whole of Lower Albany had been deserted by its inhabitants, and overrun by the enemy. We had hardly appeared on a high hill overlooking the beautiful country extending to the coast between the Kowie and Bushman's River, and had off-saddled our horses there for an hour or two, when a dozen signal-fires from different positions between us and the sea, revealed that the enemy were aware of our presence. Night after night, when our troops marched into Kafirland, did signals from the summits of Gaika's Kop, the Amatola peaks, and Tabindodo, reveal our movements to the enemy. Simple, no doubt, and not very complicated, were the signs used, but enough for the purpose. Of the system of signals by fire and by smoke, we find abundant proofs, both in Holy Writ and in Homer, and the earlier Greek and Roman writers.* The third mode of

* Vide Jeremiah vi, 1, and the Agamemnon of Æschylus, where the grand description of the transmission of the news of the taking of Troy into Greece is one of the finest passages in the tragedy, though rather long for transcription here.

telegraphic communication appears to have been that of quickly passing through a population some well-known or recognized sign, such as the Fiery Cross, once used in the Highlands of Scotland, and so beautifully described by Sir Walter Scott, in his poem the Lady of the Lake.* The chupattie cakes circulated through the different sepoy regiments before the late mutiny in India, and the blessed turf, which more than once, during the outbreak of cholera, or during the Repeal disturbances, was passed from hand to hand through Ireland, amongst the Roman Catholic peasantry, from Cape Clear to Rathlin; and we can trace something similar in the messages transmitted from one farm to another amongst the Kafir servants, previous to an outbreak between their chiefs and the colonial government.

What may be called the optical system of telegraphic communication, and which, on the continent of Europe, North America, and in India at least, has been almost superseded by the electric system, was first invented by the Marquis of Worcester, in 1633, and further improved, although not carried into any practical effect, by the French *savan*, Amontons, in 1660, by Hoole in 1684, and by Edgeworth in 1763. In 1750, communication by means of flag-staff was introduced in Germany, but did not succeed satisfactorily. But after the French revolution of 1789, and the invasion of the French soil in 1791, the brains of the *savans* of that intelligent nation were set to work to simplify the modes of communication between the armies fighting on the frontiers and Paris; and Claude Chappe, a French mechanician, devised the means for rendering the then imperfect telegraphic machine available for useful purposes. His improvements consisted of a lofty mast or pole, bearing a transverse beam eleven or twelve feet long, turning on a joint at its centre, so as to be placed at any angle required with the mast. This, with a smaller secondary arm, composed signals enough to form all the letters of the alphabet, and the working machinery was very simple. In 1792, the Legislative Assembly fully recognized the value of M. Chappe's invention; and one of the first telegraphic messages received in Paris announced

> Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
> In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
> From winding glen, from upland home,
> They poured each hardy tenant down;
> Nor slacked the messenger his pace,
> He showed the sign, he named the place.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Prompt at the signal of alarms,
> Each son of Alpine rushed to arms.

the re-taking of the town of Conde by the republican forces, a distance from Paris of upwards of two hundred and fifty miles in ten minutes. Carlyle, in that most famous of his works, his French Revolution, in his characteristic manner, thus describes the invention:

> What, for example, is this that Engineer Chappe is doing in the park of Vincennes? In the park of Vincennes; and onwards, they say in the park of Lepelletier St. Fargeau, the assassinated deputy, and still onwards to the heights of St. Ecouen, and further. He has scaffolding set up, has posts driven in; wooden arms, with elbow joints, are jerking and fugling in the air, in the most rapid, mysterious manner. Citoyens run up suspicious. Yes, Citoyens, we are signaling: it is a device this, worthy of the republic; a thing for what we will call, Far-writing without the aid of post-bags; in Greek it shall be named "Telegraph." "Telegraphe, sacre!" answers Citoyenism, "for writing to traitors to Austria?" and tears it down. Chappe had to escape and get a new legislative decree. . . . On an autumn evening of the year two Far-writers having just written that Conde town has surrendered to us, we send from the Tuileries Convention hall this response, in shape of decree: "The name of Conde is changed to Nord Libre, north free. The army of the north ceases not to merit well of the country;" and yet in half-an-hour, while the Assembly is yet sitting, there comes an answer from Conde, acknowledging the receipt of the decree of the convention.

This telegraph of Chappe, modified, perhaps, in some of its details, was soon adopted throughout Europe. By its means, Prussia could convey a message from Berlin to the Rhine in thirteen minutes; and from the roof of the Admiralty office, near Charing-cross, in London, a series of signal stations, the first being on the well-known Shot Tower near London Bridge, communicated in five minutes with the dockyard at Portsmouth. These signal stations, valuable and interesting as they were, are now things of the past. The more certain and speedy electric telegraph has superseded them; for it must not be forgotten that, setting aside the advantage of instantaneous communication, the success of all optical telegraphs depends on the observer being able to see the signals made, a condition not always attainable in a northern, or, as it appears in this colony at least, in a southern latitude. Often, for days, between London and Portsmouth, on account of fog or cloudy weather, the telegraph was useless. The same thing was of frequent occurrence in France and Germany; and it was not till the establishment of the electric telegraph that the atmospheric difficulty was got rid of. We should here state that, by night, the communication could be carried on by a proper arrangement of lamps.

Having given a short account of the establishment of telegraphic communication in Europe, we will here add a few

words about what has been done in that line in this colony. Before the occupation of the Cape by the British, and especially from the period of the revolutionary war in America, the Dutch authorities kept a very sharp look-out, seawards at least. They had one signal station on the Lion's Head, and three or four more between Cape Town and Simon's Town, where the ruins of an old station still exist on the top of the hill over the town. The signals used were probably few in number, and were flags, similar, no doubt, to some extent, to Marryat's signals now used by our navy. A combination of these flags, with certain regular discharges of artillery,* would, no doubt, be adequate to convey such intelligence as the appearance of an enemy's fleet, the landing of an invading force, &c.; and imperfect as the signals of the Dutch government may have been, they were at least superior to ours at present, as it happens that we possess no means whatever of communicating with our dockyard at Simon's Town; and it might, in time of war, be sacked and burned, hours before we could possibly know that an enemy was in sight. We are too apt to despise Mynheer; but really, when we contemplate the ruins of the defences which Nick Frog, as Swift called him, threw up round the Cape peninsula at every available landing-place, we can only say that Nicholas knew far better the value of the Cape than does Master John Bull, who in his penny-wise and pound-foolish economy, has let them all tumble to ruin. Oh! dear friends, if Louis Baboon ever gets a footing here, how he will entrench himself!

The first attempt made by the British government in South Africa to form a regular system of telegraphic communication was that proposed on the frontier in 1837, by the present Major-General Lewis, and partly carried out, until the outbreak of the unfortunate Kafir war of 1845-6. General Lewis' plan we will briefly describe. Taking Graham's Town as a central point, General Lewis proposed to establish a line of telegraphs communicating, first, to Fort Beaufort, and from thence, northward, to the

* For this purpose, as far back as Kolben's time, a gun was mounted on the Lion's Head. In naval telegraphing, it must be observed that it has been, and perhaps always will be, carried on by means of flags. This system all our fellow-citizens who study the signals displayed when a vessel comes in sight, from the Lion's Rump, must be familiar with. The improved system of the late Captain Marryatt is that used by the British and, we believe, the American navy; but, like all optical telegraphs, it is still capable of many improvements. What Englishman can ever forget Nelson's signal flags on the day of Trafalgar, conveying the memorable "England expects every man this day to do his duty."

Zwart Kei or Tarka Post (this part of the line, however, was never carried out); and, secondly, to Fort Peddie, communicating also with Lower Albany and Bathurst, by means of a tower on Mount Donkin, near Cawood's Post. The culminating point for all these signal-stations was Governor's Kop,* an eminence about two

* We cannot pass over the mention of Governor's Kop without expressing our admiration of the glorious view obtainable from its summit. Indeed, it is the only grand and extensive one that a visitor to the eastern frontier can obtain, unless he penetrates into the mountain regions of the Great Winterberg and the Amatola ranges, or scales the difficult peaks of the Great Winterhoek. Between Port Elizabeth and Graham's Town, the scenery is generally tame and common-place. From Woest's Hill, near Graham's Town, there is a good view to the south, but the elevation over the Graham's Town plateau is not sufficient to allow a good prospect to the northward; but as we ascend Governor's Kop by a gradual rise from Graham's Town, we find ourselves suddenly on a bold elevation, the highest point of a range of hills, a continuation, probably, of the Zuurberg range, which drops down from Governor's Kop to the mouth of the Great Fish River. Along our front and to the eastward, we see beneath us the gloomy, dark valley of the Great Fish River, bounded by the highlands which form the dividing range between the Fish and Keiskamma river systems; on the extreme east of the horizon, and distant about thirty miles, as the crow flies, we can discern the tower of Fort Peddie; and to the right of it, the sandhills, extending between the mouth of the Great Fish River and that of the Beka. Down below, looking as if just under our feet, are sundry black conical hills, covered with dense bush, which form the outskirts of the Fish River bush, and which, from Trumpeter's and Commetje's Post, appear like mountains on a small scale. On the right, extending along the southern horizon, appears spread beneath us, like a map, Lower Albany, bounded by a range of low hills of a yellowish-green, with white patches of sand appearing here and there, and girdled with a glorious sapphire belt, formed by the South Indian Ocean, extending as far as the eye can reach, from the mouth of the Bushman's River to that of the Keiskamma; while, in the distance, the white farm-houses of Bathurst, the Kowie, and Lower Albany are scattered in groups; north of east, beyond Fort Peddie, are visible the highlands above King William's Town, which thus bound the horizon in that direction, and the hills of the secondary Amatola ranges, terminated by Tabindodo, standing like a bold peninsula among the mountain ranges. The northern sky is bounded by the glorious range of mountains extending from the Boschberg, near Somerset East, along the Great Winterberg, Katberg, Gaika Kop, to the Amatola, and showing, in a well-defined secondary range, the Kroome range, the Chumie, and Tabindodo mountains. Near that conical hill, on the extreme left of the range, is situated the old Mancazana Post and the present village of Adelaide. Between the grand mountain ranges (many points of which exceed six thousand feet in height) and where we stand, stretches the wild, rugged, and gloomy valley of the Great Fish River diversified by many considerable, though subordinate heights, such as Grass Kop, Koonap Heights, Koodoeskop, near Trumpeter's Drift, &c., which rise in a most gloomy and romantic manner out of the dark-

thousand seven hundred feet above the sea, ten miles east of Graham's Town. Governor's Kop telegraph thus communicated with both lines. We should, however, here observe that, in the early days of the Albany settlement, a primitive signal station had been erected on Woest's Hill, a commanding point, looking over the coast region, about one mile south of Graham's Town, but which had been for many years abandoned, although used to some extent in the war of 1835-6. The writer of this article was employed for many a weary day in selecting the sites of the towers, on whose top the telegraphic masts, bearing the signal arms, were to be erected. The principal difficulty was to get a conspicuous height, near enough for signalizing, so that its profile should be on the horizon, and not backed by farther ranges of hills. This the inhabitants of Cape Town will understand when we tell them that a signal-station at the King's Block-house, or the Lion's Head, Rump, &c., are all on the horizon, and relieved by a clear sky behind; while many more elevated points not having this advantage, any stations erected on them would not be visible under extraordinary circumstances. And in Albany and on the eastern frontier generally, where, in the region stretching between

green sea of coast extended before us. We see the dark-red arid flats and barracks of Fort Brown, looking hot even at a distance, about fifteen miles to the north-west; and to the westward we can discern faintly the Bushberg, rising over Somerset, and perhaps some of the eastern hills of Sneeuwberg, and, more to the south, the gloomy ravines of the Zuurberg, peeping over which the summits of the Winterhoek mountains, nearly one hundred miles distant, sometimes appear. There is, we believe, no more extensive, characteristic, or commanding prospect in South Africa, for a stranger, or one more calculated to give him a better geographical idea of the country, than this view from the top of Governor's Kop. It is now seventeen years since we first saw it, and never shall we forget the impression it made on us. Then, however, our view to the eastward had the mystery attached to it of being bounded by the land of the Amakosa. The mysterious smokes arising from that quarter, on the left bank of the Fish River, then thickly inhabited by Kafirs, added, no doubt, to the interest of the scene. Seven years have elapsed since we last looked on the romantic view from Governor's Kop: we may probably never again contemplate it. But its memory is for ever engraven on our imagination. What must it have been to the old Albany settlers, who might, on the grassy slopes of the glen beneath them, have witnessed the gambols of elephants, the loves of the rhinoceros, and jealous combats of the buffalo bulls! Now the romance, however, is rapidly wearing off it. No longer does the traveler see the smoke of Kafir villages, the spoor of Kafir thieves, the gambols, loves, or combats, of the elephant, rhinoceros, or buffalo. This dark gloomy bush is now being parceled out into farms; it is speedily getting disromanticized, and in a few years no doubt, it will present a scene of pleasing industry, less romantic, but far more useful, than we witnessed there in Anno Domini 1842.

the great mountain range and the sea, there are few very striking points, there was great difficulty in putting all the signal-stations at convenient distances, so that each of them would appear on the horizon of another. Indeed, with the exception of Fort Peddie tower and Governor's Kop, hardly two towers had each other on the horizon.

From Graham's Town, on the Fort Beaufort line, the signals were conveyed to Governor's Kop, thence to Grass Kop (a high hill near Fort Brown), to Botha's Post Tower (situated on the high land between the Kat and Koonap Rivers) to Dans Hooghte (a ridge about six hundred feet high, about seven miles from Fort Beaufort) and thence to Fort Beaufort.

On the Fort Peddie line, the stations were, Graham's Town to Governor's Kop, then a hill above Fraser's Camp, to what was called Piet Appel's Tower (situated on a lofty bank of the Fish River, near Trumpeter's Drift), from thence to Fort Peddie Tower, about eight miles distant.

To Lower Albany, the signal station near Fraser's Camp would communicate with a proposed station on Mount Donkin, near Cawood's Post, and from thence to Bathurst. The last station, however, as we have before mentioned, was never erected.

The mode of communication by telegraph was the Chappe system, modified by General Pasley, R.E. Each station consisted of a tower about thirty feet high, made defensible, with quarters for telegraph-keepers, &c. The working of the telegraph was simple; telescopes were provided, and yet, after all, certain difficulties as to locality, climate, &c., were not overcome; and probably if these towers, which cost about five hundred pounds each, had not been abandoned and destroyed—during the wars of 1845-6, or at least as many of them as were built then, they would have been ultimately given up; as the French would say, it was found that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*

In the first place, the centre of all operations, the head-quarter telegraph station, that of Graham's Town, was very injudiciously chosen. Instead of the old station on Woest's Hill, which would have been on the horizon from every point, and only one and a half miles distant from town, Selwyn battery, situated on a low hill, hardly three hundred feet high, just above the Drostdy barracks was selected. This was the radical defect in the whole of General Lewis' line. The fogs lying in the valley or basin in which Graham's Town is situated seldom rise as high as Woest's Hill, yet constantly overcap Selwyn battery; so that, when a message had to be sent to Governor's Kop, the first station, about ten miles distant, or *vice versâ*, even with a good telescope, it

often could not be distinguished. Also, although Governor's Kop presented a clear outline and beautiful horizon to Graham's Town, the observer on Governor's Kop had the disadvantage to find Selwyn Battery Hill far below his horizon, which was formed by the Howison's Port hills at the back of it. In the same manner, nearly all the stations had the same disadvantage to contend with. Except Governor's Kop, we do not think that any others had clear horizons mutually from one to another. Another sad drawback in this climate was found the effect of refraction. Of an otherwise lovely clear day, after a certain hour, the air became heated, and the telegraph towers and their signal-masts assumed all sorts of strange forms, quite puzzling to behold, as we dare say many of us have witnessed on the shores of Table and False Bay in the summer season. The power of the telescopes sent, although by the best London makers, proved not sufficient; and the writer of this article, who was appointed to test the first telegraphs erected between Dans Hooghte and Fort Beaufort, a distance only seven or eight miles, had great difficulty at the former stations in reading the signals made at Fort Beaufort (which were not on the horizon) from Dans Hooghte, of a fine calm evening, while his signals were visible with the naked eye from Fort Beaufort.

At the period of the breaking out of the war of 1846, the following towers were completed, and about to be brought into operation, namely, the whole line from Fort Beaufort to Graham's Town fitted up with telegraphs; that from Graham's Town to Fort Peddie completed, except telegraphic poles. In one month after the outbreak of the war all these towers were in ruins, abandoned by us or burnt by the enemy; and their blackened walls are to this day seen crowning the crest of every commanding eminence along the old colonial boundary of the Fish River.

We have now given a brief outline of General Lewis' system of telegraphs for our frontier,—a system borrowed from the best organized of those of Europe, previous to the introduction of the electric telegraph. It required a staff for eleven stations, at an annual cost of at least two thousand pounds per annum, and an original outlay of not less than five thousand pounds. It had, however, for a region like the eastern frontier, many radical defects. The towers, garrisoned by only three or four men, were, when the country was overrun by the enemy, and our troops, either in advance or fallen back on Graham's Town or Fort Beaufort, liable to be starved out, or distressed for want of water, of which, situated as they were on hill-tops, and destitute of

tanks, they always had but a scanty supply. The prevalence of mists in the rainy season, and refraction of the atmosphere in dry hot weather were also disadvantageous ; so that, after all, the old Kafir system of fire and smoke, if skillfully organised, would have been found quite as effectual, especially if assisted with the appliances of modern pyrotechny. A combination of such signals would be visible to the naked eye in the clear atmosphere of South Africa to a distance of from fifty to sixty miles; and a code could have been easily prepared, which, on a war breaking out, would convey intelligence from Port Elizabeth to King William's Town in a few minutes. We have no doubt that, by means of well-arranged black smoke balls, in moderate weather, certain preconcerted signals could be conveyed from the Orange River, *viâ* Stormberg, Great Winterberg, and Governor's Kop, to the coast, in fifteen minutes, and from Cape Town to Graham's Town in an hour.

We do not here enter into the subject of the electric telegraph as adapted for our frontier, farther than to say, we do not believe, in time of war at least, that it is. The Kafir is too cunning a foe not soon to discover the use we would make of the poles and the wires of an electric telegraph ; and as, in the case of an invasion, for the first few weeks the enemy generally roams uncontrolled through the country, he would hardly refrain from cutting off our communication by telegraph. It is, however, far different at this end of the colony ; and there is no doubt that an electric communication should be immediately formed between Cape Town and Simon's Town. At present, as has been already stated, if a French fleet were to attack our naval dockyard at the latter place, burn it, and plunder our merchants' stores, our valiant volunteers, who would be doubtless only too ready to fly to the rescue, could not hear of the arrival of the enemy (except by such superhuman means as those by which our friend Mr. Mair prophesied the arrival of the mail steamer) in less than two hours and a half, and that hard riding. In all human probability, we shall see, within the next year or two, the electric telegraph extended as far east as Wellington ; and probably, in a generation or two, the notes we now write of the old telegraph may be dug up out of the heaps of colonial literary rubbish, when Graham's Town and Cape Town will be within sixty seconds of each other, and the electric wire will be carried round the base of those hills on the frontier, whose tops we have so often wearily scaled, when fixing on the sites of the old, bygone telegraph.

A BOER'S WEDDING.

BARREN and brown, stretches the scorched Karroo! For many a tiresome league extend its stony plains. No sounds of life disturb their sullen solitude; no patch of verdure yields a joy to wearied eyes; no leafy tree its refreshing shade. The vulture, gorged with a starved horse's remnants, rises slowly into the air, as if oppressed with the labor of flapping his wings: the bleached bones of cattle, protruding from sandhills, offer their silent evidence as to the mineral character of the soil; while stunted bush, prickly cacti, and grotesquely-shaped euphorbia, rear their ash-colored forms, as if in mockery of animal wants.

No fields of waving corn, no snowy flocks or lowing herds, no cheerful gardens or social smoke-wreaths, proclaim man's presence or mark his sway. All around are strewn thick crops of pebbles, varied in size and monotonously brown. The landscape, indeed, is unique in its ugliness. It is wanting in everything that can please the eye or soothe the mind. Not a mountain, but it is bare,—not a river, but it is dry. The very hills are shapeless mounds of ferruginous soil, crossed and seamed by thick veins of dark blue slate. The ravines and vales are mere depressions and ruts—wrinkles, as it were, in the features of the country, while the water-courses are shallow channels of sand, through which crop out huge granite boulders and fragments of rock. Here and there are muddy hollows, presumed to be pools, around whose margins, the spiked mimosa and the native cotton plant battle for existence.

Verily, the poetry of life is absent here. In the vegetable kingdom all is sapless, withered, and dry. In the animal, the heat by day and the frosts by night render subsistence barely possible. The severities of periodical and long-continued droughts check all roving propensities; and few are the simpletons who will wittingly browse where flowers are not, and grass never is. Even the very sun has an angry scowl, as he sets in the west, and brands the lowering clouds with blood-red streaks, while his glancing rays throw a crimson glare athwart a haggard and hopeless desert.

Such is the Karroo! yet here, even here in the heart of this wilderness, does Cupid intrude, and twang his resistless bow. Undeterred by winter's frosts, or the scorching blasts of a summer wind, he fleshes his shafts in the most unpromising bosoms.

Hidden amid hills, or secluded in hollows, the dwellings of men are yet occasionally to be found. What possible inducement could have led to their erection? Cut off from

the world, their owners are as effectually banished into Hades, as if a "*lettre de cachet*" had been served upon them. Nothing, but a spring, do they borrow from nature. Careless of dress, of manners, or mind,—neglected in education, exposed to dreadful hardships and a life of unremitting toil; nevertheless, these gaunt and sun-dried specimens of humanity plod on in dogged and stubborn stupidity, to aggregate money and keep themselves alive. All over the colony are men of this type, whom fortune, destiny, or accident have flung down in barren and arid heritages, there to evolve goodness from evil, and derive bread from stones.

Luckily for a boer, his wants are but few. Two rooms and a "voorhuis" are enough for his shelter: add a stable and out-offices, and then he is quite comfortable; but give him a wife, and a full quiver of children, and the cup of his happiness is filled to the brim.

For the attainment, however of this bliss, it is essential that certain grim formalities be attended to. He must make his amorous visits at regular and stated intervals, and conduct his courtship in a very leisurely manner. The horse that he rides must be the best of his stud; the saddle graced with a new cover, and the prad made comfortable by a handsome saddle-cloth, usually blue or red striped, and set off with yellow fringes and tassels. It matters little what he says to his adored; the essence of a farmer's love resides in the act of sitting silently in a young woman's company, and looking steadily at his own huge "veldschoens." By degrees he warms into an icy kind of enthusiam, and after setting his features into a doleful smile, he gradually sidles his chair up to that of his intended, and pops the question, by asking her if she has ever seen his farm. Of course, she blushes a negative; whereupon, he promises to take her there, if her parents don't object; and so the whole affair is settled in the most matter-of-fact way. There is not the slightest gleam of poetry in any stage of the proceedings. Indeed, it always seems as if the mother and father had alone to be courted and tickled into consent by respectful attentions, and not the party most interested. She is as helpless as if she were a native of France.

Dismissing, however, from our thought, any further discussion of the preliminary skirmishing for a wife in the Karroo, let me rapidly and rudely detail a few of the incidents which marked the wedding-day of a most worthy couple, not many months ago, in an out-of-the-way place in this colony.

It was a cold, bleak, windy afternoon, succeeding to a day

of most stifling heat, which saw four light-hearted young fellows in a spring cart, urging a pair of rough young colts along an abominable, sandy, and badly kept by-road. Their destination was a farm-house, within three hours' drive of a certain disgusting, dull village in the Karroo, and from which summer residence of all the infernal deities, they seemed (if one might hazard an opinion from the pace at which they were going) to be in a deuce of a hurry to escape. At every jolt and staggering descent, into and out of enormous ant-eaters' dens, at every concussion produced by rude buffetings with stones and ruts, these roystering revelers burst into peals of laughter, and plied the "achter sjambok" with vigorous effect; and though they were nearly all in danger of being choked by the clouds of ruddy dust which enveloped their equipage, as they were whirled in headlong speed to the domicile of rough, but honest old Jan de J——, nevertheless, they broke forth into songs and choruses of humorous length, wherewith to keep up their spirits and incite their nags to further exertion. Never did animals stand less in need of external stimulants. Their natural wildness would have been a positive source of danger, had not the pace prevented them from doing any mischief with their heels. Rough was their harness; rougher still their treatment; but infinitely rougher than anything else were the words of disparagement wherewith their performances were unfeelingly criticized by their reckless owners. At every half-hour, the cart was stopped to give the horses time to regain their breath, and to permit of the harness being examined, reins newly adjusted, traces tightened, and beer bottles emptied of their contents.

Towards the closing in of the day, and while halting for the last time but one, we could observe pillars of dust moving along at various portions of the plain. These were evidently farmers hurrying along to a common rendezvous, and, like ourselves, hastening to the wedding festivities. At length, just as the moon, then nearly full, was resting her disc on the line of the horizon, preparatory to climbing the heavens, we descried a light twinkling in the shadow of a bluff old mountain pass; and after a glorious spurt up a steep inclined embankment, which led to the house, we landed in safety on the stoep of "Donder Kop" in excellent time. In front of the terrace were already drawn up about twenty vehicles, and from the number of jaded horses darkening the kraals, or tied up near wheels, it was evident that the ladies would not suffer from any lack of partners. Our jolly old host and a troop of sons came out to greet us, and give us

welcome; and although three, out of our party of four, had never set eyes on them previously, yet we were very soon made to feel quite at home. After being introduced to the family circle, we were escorted to an out-house, where all the youngsters of the establishment were domiciled, to wash some of the dust away and render ourselves a little spruce. In this wattle-and-daub chamber were collected a most motley group of pleasure-seekers. Farmers in veld-schoens and matted locks sat on the beds and stools, side by side with village dandies and storekeepers' clerks, all equally anxious to sully the purity of water, as to encase themselves in gorgeous apparel. Here stood a young fellow in polished boots and lengthy tail coat, with a red flannel shirt and a pair of brown gloves, to make him *distingué*. There, an up-country boer lounged against the door-post, in drab moleskin suit; but with the most vivid of neckties to crimson his scraggy neck, and contrast with his decidedly unclean shirt. The magistrate's clerk, of course, was the best-dressed man there, though, I am afraid, the committee of management of the Commercial Exchange would have had serious objections to a frock coat, blue cravat, purple velvet vest, lay-down collars, amber bluchers, check trowsers with a broad stripe, and an infinitude of straggling curls, warm in tint, and freshly wetted to subdue their heating properties. However, the *tout ensemble* was rather favorable, when compared with the mass of dirty tradesmen and cattle-overseers, who intrude their greasy bodies on every assemblage which has not the courage to eject them by pedal protests. Wherever fun or music are to be had, there will they thrust themselves and shoulder their way in, regardless of anything or any one. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

As I sat watching the satisfied looks of those who had completed their toilet, and the anxious glances at the basin of those whose turn at the towel and fractured mirror was yet to come, I could not help shuddering at the agreeable prospect of having to use the solitary comb and brush, which had already agitated the scalps of so many ill-favored votaries of Ceres. Luckily, however, for my peace of mind, one of our party had brought a small valise with him, whence he drew almost priceless treasures essential to cleanliness. Never did I so thoroughly appreciate the appliances of a barber's shop as on that memorable night, when I girded myself for quadrilles and fatiguing waltzes, with a dim consciousness of being about to propagate notions of gentility and modern civilization. Truly, the occasion was one which would have called forth all the powers and

resources of a Leclerq, had he been present: but I am anticipating.

In various corners of the room were truckle beds, on which were deposited each and sundry articles of travel-stained dress, as they were removed for cleaner; and as no order was observed in their deposition, it can be easily fancied what a struggle there was for property when the hour of dawn approached. As all the fiddlers were amateurs, they attempted a rehearsal; and after tuning away like fifty stomach-aches, got into such a state of delirious excitement with their own performances, that they leaped to their feet and danced to their own lively measures, after a manner most ludicrous: so that, barring such trivial incidents as bursting kid gloves, or splitting a very necessary article of apparel, while in a hurry to draw on tight-fitting dress boots, it must be confessed that the process of preparing for the ball was highly diverting to those chiefly concerned in the business.

When the last man had succeeded in arranging his hair, by the simple process of damping his palms, and so smoothing his fretful and somewhat lengthy bristles into a fashionable sleekness and glossiness, a general adjournment was made to the dancing-room. Much to my surprise, half of the magnates of the village where I was resting in my travels were here collected to trip on the "light fantastic toe." The style of their feminine relatives' dress was evidently derived from an attentive study of the fashions, as depicted in the *Illustrated London News*, and thus there was an endless variety of millinery cunning, made manifest in cheap muslins and other light fabrics. Dreadful, however, was the torture now to be endured; for ranged round the room on chairs and benches, sat bolt upright about fifty of the opposite sex, in an awful state of calmness, and to every one of whom it fell to my lot (as to every other bachelor there), and as a point of etiquette, to be stiffly and formally introduced. Happily, my memory is very weak, and so I forgot the names and faces as fast as I was being put in the way of acquiring that sort of knowledge; and in bowing and smirking, in scraping of boots and shaking of hands, found quite enough to occupy my attention, without the additional bore of thinking about anybody in particular. My wrists suffered greatly from the rough graspings to which they were subjected; and I think it is high time that men should put a stop to a custom which is not only tiresome in itself, but has the additional disadvantage of being a painful and a ridiculous exhibition of old world manners. When this ceremony had at last been completed, I was led to a seat, quite exhausted, and there

regaled with coffee, minus milk, and an infinitude of tarts, preserves, and perplexing designs in paste. Indeed, the display of family plate and domestic confectionery was most surprising and unexpected; and where in the world all those toothsome morsels were conjured from, I leave to the genius of old Jufvrouw de J—— and her apoplectic daughters to decide.

The first squeak of a violin had an electric effect on the company. The entry of the volunteer band was the signal for the tables being cleared away, chairs, &c., &c., backed against the walls, and everything made ready for the glorification of Terpsichore. Then, of a verity, began the fun. Nymphs of gigantic breadth, and very solid sylphs, all gauze and fat good nature, accepted partners in the most off-hand way, and evidently took their places with a determination to dance, and rid themselves of superfluous flesh. The consequences may easily be conceived. What with the thumping of heavy boots, the agility displayed in threading all the intricacies of old-fashioned quadrilles, and a laudable determination to keep time with the most rapid fiddling,—a mingled cloud of dust and steam soon rendered everything in the chamber hazy and indistinct. First of all, of course, they had a quadrille, then a polka, then a galop, then a waltz, and then the same order of fatigue over and over again; and the way those Karroo damsels, so light of heart but so heavy of heel, exercised their quivering limbs, was a caution to fops and other delicate creatures. Such ponderous leaps, such crushing agility, such reckless display of charms and insteps! And when, with flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes, disheveled tresses, and empty lungs, they permitted themselves to be borne off by their stalwart protectors to the refreshment-room, it was only to emerge therefrom in an aggravated state of haziness and steam. For some time, I idly speculated on the causes of this physical phenomenon; but when at length I managed to penetrate into the mysteries of that smoking chamber, hissing urns of strong coffee, and huge goblets of pale ale disclosed a species of liquid admirably adapted to the quenching of thirst and a healthy action of the skin. What would a Cape Town belle say were she invited to partake of a glass of beer after every dance she had indulged in? The vulgarity of the thing is enormous, yet its fitness for promoting perspiration is unquestionable and great.

It was laughable, too, to witness the disgusted air of those cavaliers who failed in securing partners by reason of their being already engaged. Instead of smiling away their real

disappointment, and saying a few words—for the sake of civility—to the ladies, they would turn shortly on their heels, and gruffly express their unflattering opinions on the matter. One young lady, from the village, evidently prided herself on an intimate knowledge of all things relative to etiquette, for she persisted in sitting cross-legged during greater part of the evening, thereby disclosing a very large shoe and highly robust ankle; and when invited to perform in a quadrille, pertly replied that she thought it a most indelicate thing for any man to put his arm round a female's waist; whereupon the enraptured swain coarsely retorted that if she would kindly point out any other equally convenient portion of her figure, by grasping which a partner might prevent her from falling, she would do him a service by mentioning it. A fiery glance and a spiteful look were all his answer.

Another party, sister to the above, tried hard to dissuade her aged parent from leaving too soon. "Oh, papa," said she, "*do* stay, there is going to be *such* a nice supper; for I smelt such a capital ham, and I know there is going to be a splendid turkey for us to eat to-night." Need I add that the elderly gentleman succumbed to this artful address, and staid till supper was over; ay, and made a tremendously long speech into the bargain.

Meanwhile, the candles were sputtering away in their sconces, and from the chandeliers were sprinkling the company most impartially with their greasy tears. As this was a sign of the necessity of their being replenished, supper was announced; during the discussion of which new dips were arranged, the floor swept and watered, and a free circulation of air again established in the ball-room.

Let us now proceed to witness the feeding, and share in the process. Solidity at Mynheer de J——'s prevailed over trifles; kickshaws had evidently no chance against the venison and beef, the poultry and game heaped on the table; and if one might judge from the masticatory efforts of the fair sex, a want of appetite was not one of their apparent failings. Anything in the way of delicacy was, of course, not to be expected in the Karroo; but, nevertheless, some rather polished compliments might have been paid them on the healthy and satisfactory state of their digestive organs, had one only thought of it in time. Speaking for myself, I may safely and truly say that my own particular and private organism deeply sympathized with those of its hungry neighbors, and that the "paauw," or wild peacock, is *the* most excellent article of the Karroo dietary.

Not, however, to dwell too long on the mere subject of nutrition, which in these times of scarcity is getting every day more and more difficult to unravel, let me give an epitome of the absurdities —perpetrated in speech—by those who were old enough to know better. A respectable old drone rose to propose the health of the bride, and in her absence dwelt upon her many virtues, her beauty, and her youth (all of which qualities, I may observe, *en passant*, were things of the past entirely), she being both aged, ugly, and ill-tempered; and incidentally mentioned,—as a proof of her youth and innocence, I suppose,—that so greatly was she beloved, that his own daughters, aged twenty-one and twenty-four respectively, "always called her Aunt Betsy." At this stage of the proceedings, cheers and laughter drowned the rest of his harangue; and when *paterfamilias* blew his nasal organ—preparatory to returning thanks, in the tallest Dutch, for the honor done to his house, &c., &c., &c., you might have heard a pin drop—so greatly were all affected by his manly emotion and artless address. When he had concluded, the usual convivial toasts were given (as I suppose they are given at every wedding in this world); and so, with screeching, whooping, singing, and soul-ennobling chaff, the time slipped by until the clock pointed to one.

Then uprose the ever gay (?) and ever buoyant Mr. B——, of hornpipe celebrity, to sing the "Troubadour," in the most inflated manner, and with a pleasing uncertainty in the strength of his vocal powers. To say that he warbled would be untrue; to hint that he piped would be indiscreet; but if I assert that he ran through the whole gamut, and scarcely sustained a single note for two consecutive seconds—without calling in the assistance of a couple more to help him through the passage—then I am not far from doing him justice. At one moment, he would be soaring into the empyrean with a very high octave, when suddenly his voice would crack, and he would rapidly descend into the deepest of basses. The effect of his singing was therefore truly absurd. Not content with this public exhibition of an amiable weakness, which, if it did not do honor to his head, spoke well for the vigor of his heart at least, immediately on our adjournment to the ball-room, the unhappy man volunteered a display of his dancing abilities in a Caledonian reel. The offer was received with a burst of applause, and amid general acclamation, Mr. B—— requested to be supplied with a broomstick to fit him for his part. This being procured, behold a singular individual! Tall, scraggy, and decidedly weak in his limbs; the length of his Don Quixote visage is

only to be equaled by the length and profusion of a quantity of black matted hair, which, springing from a wrinkled brow, of average narrowness, trails in admired disorder over the back regions of the scalp. He wears no shirt-collar; a wisp of black silk is twisted round his neck; a black frock coat, cut short to the waist, descends midway between his hip and knee; while a quantity of snuff-begrimed linen expands itself on a narrow chest, encircled by a black satin vest. And if this were all, the poor fellow might pass without comment; but add to this figure a superstructure of wrinkles and parchment skin, deep-set hollow eyes, overhanging brows, an enormously hooked nose, a simious mouth, shaded by a bright-red moustache, and a weak chin covered with a thick crop of irregular bristles; and you have before you as near an approach to an educated baboon as any naturalist might wish to possess.

Slowly and warily he begins his performance; first he waves his broomstick in the air, with many a circling flourish, while he traces an imaginary ring of five feet diameter. Then he strikes the floor with his weapon, and at every blow jumps back a pace, until the magic circle is again completed. Then, for the third time, he goes over the same ground, but in a highly demented fashion; now cutting a caper, now hopping on one leg, then skipping about with the other; until at last, worked into enthusiasm by the plaudits from all sides, he goes in for one brief burst; during which he squats on his hams like a frog, and so jumps his way all round the room. Suddenly he takes an amazing leap into the air, and begins a series of yells, which go on increasing until, worn out by his hornpipe "footings," and the fatigue induced by rapping away at the floor most mercilessly with his stick, he unexpectedly collapses into a mere bag of clothes, and is borne off in triumph by his tormentors to somewhere in the back premises. If this man could be prevailed upon to visit Cape Town, he might make a fortune by so exhibiting himself; and if this should ever meet his eye, I hope he will recollect the quiet young gentleman with the long imperial, who once brought him to his senses, by copious showers of water, administered from buckets. Time and space, however, warn me to curtail my account of these doings in the Karroo; and I cannot do better than recall the circumstances which attended our departure at four in the morning. After a tough scramble for our overcoats, and other property left in the room where we had dressed; and a difficult search on a dark night for our spirited animals, among about forty or so in the kraal, we at length managed to get our horses

harnessed, said good-by to all, and started at full galop down the steep incline. Unfortunately for our comfort, another wild lot of youngsters started immediately after us; the noise of their hammering over the causeway frightened our steeds, they made a sudden swerve, and over we went full ten feet or more down the side of the incline. Had it not been for our united lugging at one of the reins, so as to fall at right angles to the road, we might have all been most seriously injured. As it was, the cart came down on top of the nags, while we all tumbled over and ahead of them. Yet, strange to relate, nothing was hurt, nobody was bruised, and, three minutes later, we had led our horses round to the main road, and were again pelting away back to the hotel from which we had started, as hard and as fast as whipcord and horseflesh could manage. This immunity must have been the result, I think, of the universal luck which attends men who have been out to convivial meetings. At all events, we all had splitting headaches next day, for which we found it quite impossible to account, except on the hypothesis of the cart being the guilty agent, by having jolted and capsized us.

Swellendam, 1859. B. A.

A WEEK'S CANTER NORTHWARDS IN NATAL.

FIFTH DAY (CONTINUED).

If the reader is one of those delicate etherial beings who disdain the good things of this life as gross sensualities, he will do well to skip this page as so much waste paper. If, however, he happens to feel an occasional yearning after the flesh-pots of the land, and possesses a mind sufficiently comprehensive to grasp the eventualities of the dinner-table in their entirety, he will read what follows with interest, possibly with advantage. To my mind, a meal is a very philosophical transaction. Eating and drinking do, after all, form the basis of physical existence; and, however easily we may manage to quiet the cravings of other parts of our nature, the wants of the stomach are imperative; they brook no delay, but must be appeased.

Now the dinner to which we two hungry travelers sat down, in the year of our Lord 1858, was served up in a way which brought it close to the bounds which separates the civilized from the savage. In my eyes, therefore, it was a remarkably interesting development, and, being the senior, I occupied the chair, or four-legged stool, at the head of the

table,—an ingenious contrivance, formed of three rough planks nailed to three bush-posts stuck into the ground,—I mean, of course, the ground floor. I balanced myself on an unhappy chair, suffering from a foreshortening of the fourth member. The table-cloth was a punjum fabric of sallow tint. Our *dejeûner* was, of course, unexceptionable. A dish of boiled fossil remains—alias bucksteaks; a tin of sweet potatoes, *in puris naturalibus*, that is, in their skins; a cometje of rocky salt, formed a repast, of which we breakfastless wayfarers made almost a clean sweep. The glory of the feast, however, was a large, square gin bottle of pontac, out of which we pledged ourselves, we pledged our landlord, and finally, we pledged our friend—the trader. The latter poising his tumbler in an elliptic fashion, responded with tremendous effect. To wit:

"Gentlemen, you have done me a honor which I never shall forget. You have brought back the time when I went a-pleasuring in a two-horse shay. Though Providence has blessed me with a position in society which is not first-rate, yet I still know how to do my duty on the present occasion as a Hinglishman. I know that my lot is at present cast in an unpretending garb; but then, beneath there beats the feelings of a nature's gentleman. Can hills and valleys deprive me of them feelings? No. Can stars and skies? No. Can Kafirs? can cattle? No. I'm not above my position; but I do say that on the present occasion I know how to behave as a gentleman. Gentlemen, I wish you a very good health, much wealth, and long 'appiness" (loud applause).

With the inner man recruited, and our weary limbs well rested, we started with renewed zest for the last stage of our journey. Now, I don't wish the reader to imagine that, in presenting him with the rough record of this short canter, I claim for myself even a homœopathic portion of the dignity which belongs to the professed traveler. I merely wish to show him a few phases of Natalian life, a few glimpses of Natalian enterprise, a few stray peeps into Natalian history. With this disclaimer and explanation, I will now lead him to the end of our journey, and disclose to him the last scene in this uneventful history.

If I were asked what part of Natal seemed to me to present the choicest combination of natural beauties, I should undoubtedly give the preference to that corner of the colony which occupies the angle formed by the junction of the Tugela and the ocean. It may be that the bright, clear atmosphere gave a fictitious glow to the scenery, like a

passée beauty by candle-light; or it may be that my contentment with the world generally made my estimate of things more flattering than true; but certainly the idea impressed on my mind is, that for picturesqueness and variety, the country for a few miles south of the Tugela may be reckoned A 1 in the category of colonial landscapes.

Long descriptions, however, being both tedious and unprofitable, I will not "dwell," but leave the reader to extend the outlines. Gradually descending, the road dipped into a mimosa country, but soon emerged into a more open tract. Large, bold hills, girdled with bush, and crested with waving grass; flat, intensely green stretches of land, with here and there a wide-armed tree; thread-like spruits, percolating through their stony beds towards the small river Sinkwasi; that stream itself, deep, narrow, and slippery, feared for its treacherousness and famed for its alligators, glides through all; three miles eastward, near its ocean mouth, it spreads out into a lakelet about half a mile wide, where the said reptiles may be seen by thirties and forties enjoying, in undisturbed luxury, their daily siesta; tall, man-high, drooping grass, interspersed with short, curly herbage, showing, in strong wavy outlines, the line where the grass-fires suddenly came to a dead stop. The broad road has, meanwhile, subsided into a congeries of paths, very much like the camel-tracks of the north. Civilization is now altogether behind, as the last European house has been passed. Rising to the top of a considerable elevation, we at last look down on the Tugela, or Um Tukela, the "Fisher's River" of Isaacs and other of "the ancients." There it flows, our great border river, wide, sluggish, and mud-colored, lazily rolling on to its near union with old Ocean, after a long run of more than two hundred miles. There it is, from its mountainous origin in the Drakensberg, having irrigated half the colony, and assuaged the thirstiness of four out of six counties. In the uplands, it diverges into a hundred ramifications, some of which are notable streams,—such as the Mooi, Bushman's, Umzinyati, Sunday's, Little and Great Tugela Rivers. It is, in fact, our great river system; and the time is coming when, instead of being, as at present, a line of demarcation between civilization and heathendom, it will form the great central artery of British dominions in this part of South Africa. Such a fancy comes into my mind now, and I glance across to the other side, and take my first look at Zululand. As yet no literary artist has presented to the world a picture of that Hunter's Paradise; and the appearance which I had conceived it would assume from the Natal

side was that of a rank, marshy wilderness, luxuriant and tropical. I was grievously disappointed. Beyond the river, the country rose gradually in low, bare hills, and lost itself in the mountainous distance, with hardly a visible bush to relieve the apparent sterility. The land seemed stony and desolate; the view was essentially desert-like and uninteresting. So much for one's preconceptions. Natal, in comparison, seemed a woodland Eden, and rose fifty per cent. by the contrast.

The Tugela boasts a ferryman; and towards the shanty of this personage we now bent ourselves. We had received sundry warnings as to our mode of treating this "distinguished officer of government," who is an American "man of color," known as "Black Jack." We were told, however, to keep this undignified *sobriquet* altogether to ourselves, as otherwise we should hurt its owner's feelings, offend his native pride, and be treated cavalierly. Now, as the river looked deep, and the whereabouts of the drift seemed dubious, our object was, by all means, to ingratiate ourselves with her Majesty's last and humblest representative. We approached the small tenement, therefore, which overlooked the river, with due ceremony, and found its stout, well-whiskered owner enjoying his afternoon pipe. We saluted him as "Mr. Hill," exchanged the "usual courtesies;" and having subdued him by a cigar, gained the necessary information.

"Is the river deep, Mr. Hill?"

"Not particularly, sir, about up to your saddle-seat."

"Oh, indeed; any alligators about?"

"Plenty, sir; I counted ten this morning. There are two now on that bank close to the drift." (Highly satisfactory to us.)

"Ah! quite harmless, of course?"

"Well, sir, they're not so bad. Now and then they chase Kafirs crossing, but not very often."

Having obtained a knowledge of these cheering facts, we waited no longer, but pushed on, determined to get through a disagreeable business as speedily as possible. We felt uncommonly like martyrs, victimized to our own rashness, and assumed the gay, *nonchalant* air usual in such cases. My friend was armed with a strong riding whip, a weapon I could not boast of, which I ardently coveted. The want was, however, partially supplied by one of the long canes which skirted the path. On arriving at the drift, the prospect was far from pleasant. A cream-colored sheet of running water spread out three or four hundred yards in front of us. From the discoloration, no bottom was visible. The descent into

this suspicious-looking gulf was down a cliff nearly twenty feet high, inclined at an angle of nearly fifty degrees. Nevertheless, we were resigned to a prospective catastrophe. We must reach the opposite shore, or (of course) be drowned in the attempt; so, feeling that under such circumstances we were not unworthy to loose the latchet of even a Gordon Cumming's shoes, we drew up our legs, and dashed forward. After all, the operation was not so bad as we expected. The horses were patterns of resignation, and hardly swerved a hair-breadth; the water only came half-way up our thighs; and after floundering a few yards, we got amazingly used to it. Even the alligators, although several were to be seen about, ceased to alarm us. And so, without accident or even adventure, the passage of the river was accomplished, and we landed unharmed in the dominions of King Panda. The sensation, on the whole, was pleasant. We were, for the moment, free from all human law; even from that most mysterious of all legal mysteries, Roman-Dutch. We were, in every sense of the word, our own masters, and could snap our fingers at Mr. Policeman B. or Mr. Rate-Collector C. The idea was too good to be summarily dispelled; so, having dismounted, off-saddled, knee-haltered our horses, and sauntered to the top of an adjacent hill, we took a recumbent position, and ruminated. The following are the notes I took on the spot: "Natal side very picturesque; Zululand very bare by contrast. River full of sand-banks; half a mile wide near the mouth; a high sand-bar and heavy surf breaking on it. Stream evidently not navigable: a sad pity. A small forest of large trees just on this side, the only sign of wood visible. Sundry alligators remarkably perceptible. Any quantity of mushrooms about; ketchup manufactory a good spec. *Débris* of the massacre may have something to do with the luxuriance of these vegetable vagrants. Granite boulders very numerous, and shale cropping out here and there. No other peculiar developments. Natal, so far, bears off the palm."

The most interesting and suggestive sight which meets the traveler, when he first crosses the Tugela, are partially bleached skulls, bones, and other vestiges of dead humanity, which lie scattered about in all directions. These are the remains of the celebrated Zulu massacre of 1857. The ghastly relics tell to me a terribly significant and thrilling tale. It is one which, although probably not wholly unknown to the reader, will bear a cursory notice.

The chieftain, or rather the despot, of Zululand,—which stretches from the Tugela to Delagoa, and comprises a tract

of country which, for luxuriant fertility, cannot be surpassed throughout South Africa,—the despot of Zululand is Umpanda. This potentate was brother of his predecessors, Chaka and Dingaan, and was installed in his kingly position by the Dutch boers when they routed the Zulu army in 1840. Since then, the old tyrant has managed to retain his power, and is to this moment nominal king of the Zulu nation; but, unhappily, the infirmities of age have of late been seizing hold of him, and his moral influence has been grievously weakened. He is renowned for his corpulence, and has the misfortune to be dropsical. His powers of locomotion are altogether gone, though he possesses two magnificent state cars, in which he makes his kingly "progresses." He suffers, it is said, from the gout, and is altogether a victim to complicated ailments. His physical ills, however, are insignificant when compared to the trials which beset his rule. Like Solomon of old (as some people irreverently insinuate), he is of an amorous tendency, and possesses a seraglio of several hundred wives. Accepting the psalmist's axiom without reservation, Panda must be the happiest of men, as his quiver teems over with uncounted progeny. In his case, alas, these olive branches have only proved so many thorns in his throne. His adult sons are perpetually developing a new theory of the fraternal relation by incessant quarrels among themselves. They detest each other with the intensest hate, and devote all their energies to mutual annihilation. The prize each of them aims at is, naturally, the future kingship; and in their anxiety to secure this, they not only ignore the parental influence, but seem often disposed to consign even their gouty progenitor to premature oblivion. The main quarrel is a complicated affair, and, therefore, cannot be conveniently enlarged upon; but in December, 1857, it had reached such dimensions, that actual hostilities had broken out between Ketchwayo and Ambalusi, the belligerent brothers. The latter was located with his people near the Natal border, when suddenly, one morning, the army of Ketchwayo, 15,000 strong, burst upon the tribe. Irremediable confusion ensued; men, women, and children were driven back towards Natal, to which they flew for protection. But even in their triumphant march, the infuriated legions of Ketchwayo were kept at bay for a few minutes, by a handful of drilled Hottentots, under the command of a daring European,—so great is the superiority of civilized movements and discipline over the headlong impetuosity of savage warfare. Still the victorious army swept onward, driving all before it. The traders who had been in the

country had taken refuge with their wagons on a sandbank in the middle of the river. They looked upon this as neutral ground, and, therefore, out of the reach of Zulu fury. Meanwhile, the vanquished people, flying towards this colony, were trapped into a ravine or kloof which opened out upon the flooded river. The work of butchery then began. The merciless hordes of the fratricide commenced their hellish holocaust. One by one, the victims to brotherly hatred were deliberately dispatched; none were spared. The miserable wretches who tried to traverse the swollen river, were stabbed while contending with the rushing waters. Women, old and decrepit, young and shapely, were coolly slaughtered. Infants were impaled on knobkeries and flung, writhing and screeching, into the river. The demoniac yells, the wild death-shrieks, the fervid execrations which filled the air, rendered the scene an absolute pandemonium. The Tugela was not only crimsoned with blood, but crowded with corpses, thick as grass in a field. Down they floated, gashed and bleeding, towards the ocean. For weeks after, bloated and bleached corpses were washed ashore for more than a hundred miles down the coast. A vast number of the slaughtered, for several thousands were massacred, lined the banks, and the stench for weeks after was unbearable. For once, the vultures, the alligators, and the wolves enjoyed an exclusive feast. But the Zulu ravages did not cease here. Inflated with the festival, and mad with a passion for destruction, they plunged into the river, pillaged the wagons, placed there with foolish confidence by the traders, and ransacked them of everything valuable, and finally made away with the cattle. They then retreated with the swift rapidity of their arrival. This is a national instinct of Zulu warfare: sudden marches, ruthless raids, and rapid retreats, form the main characteristics of their military code.

It was strange to think, as I lay and looked down the peaceful valley, that a spot so still and lifeless had, within the last two years, been the arena of so much agony and carnage. I could hardly imagine that that slumberous river had ever been blackened with the bodies of butchered beings, or that the calm clear air had so recently rung with the shouts and shrieks of an Aceldama. Verily, said I to myself, this is our South African Golgotha.

And now, having reached my journey's end, I shall not pause to inform the reader how, in saddling up my horse, I got kicked in the stomach; how we chased alligators along the insulated sand-banks, and afterwards reconnoitred them from a safe distance, through Jack Hill's telescope; how we

reached Perkley's hotel in safety, spent the evening at a quiet rubber at a neighbor's house, lost our way on returning, did not reach our temporary destination until nearly midnight, and finally had to go to bed in the dark; how the wattled, basket-work screen, which acted as door for my dormitory, was pushed down during the night by an intrusive goat, and I was left exposed to the encroachment of the wind and elements. How, the next morning, after a substantial breakfast, which, in common justice, I must say, was not to be sneezed at, we said good-by to the house and its inmates, and pushed our way, in the teeth of a scorching wind, back to Chaka's Kraal, just in time to see the first fair sample of sugar turned out of the whirling centrifugals. I repeat that I shall not dilate upon these points, but wind up this series of sketches by a description of a Kafir dance and feast to celebrate the completion of the works.

There were employed on the estate about eighty Kafirs, and the accession of friends and visitors made the number considerably more than a hundred. They were marshaled in front of the residence, and presented an imposing array of copper-colored figures, each brandishing a stick, a cane, a bone, a bottle, or an old shoe, with which to gesticulate and act. We are fond of talking about our quadrilles, our polkas, our varsovianas, and a dozen other new-fangled inventions, as though we Europeans were the only race in the world addicted to Terpsichorean accomplishments. Let the sceptical dancing-master visit a Zulu kraal, and he may see performances, which, for intricacy and harmony of arrangement, will bear comparison with any in christendom. With the Zulus, dancing is a national institution. They are brought up to it from infancy; it forms their universal relaxation, and is the invariable accompaniment of every festive occasion.

So our black friends are drawn out in a fish-hook shaped line, the small boys being placed at the barbed end; and the leader, a strong, tall, athletic fellow, having "dressed" and lectured his subjects with infinite *empressement*, the dance then begins. At first, it is only a slow simultaneous movement of the hands and arms, with a low monotonous refrain, gradually waxing louder as the dance proceeds. Then a man breaks out from the line, and rushes frantically up and down, leaping, gesticulating, rolling his eyes about, and jabbering with inconceivable rapidity. This is followed by another, and another, the general movement becoming meanwhile more rapid and decisive. At last, the whole line contracts into two bodies, which rush toward each other with frenzied movement, as though bent on mutual destruction. In this way, the

dance passes into a dozen different forms, all equally studied and harmonious, and all executed with wonderful precision and order.

The dance being over, the more interesting operations of the feast begin. The large dinner company adjourn to a spot a few yards off, and gather round their prospective meal. This is furnished in the shape of a fat cow, which stands innocently unconscious of the hundred greedy eyes which are longingly turned upon it. Poor beast, its lease of life soon expires. An assagai is unceremoniously thrust beneath its shoulder; another instantaneously follows, and the unhappy annimal drops down, and, after a few kicks, is done for. But before even that point is reached, more than a dozen spears or knives are at work on the yet living carcass; and, while the bare flesh is yet palpitating, the flaying operation is completed. Then the beast is cut open; the stomach and entrails seized, and the possession of these dearly-prized parts is vigorously fought for in a series of small pitched battles. Now I became cognizant of a phase of Kafir savagery which exceeded any conception I had yet formed of the grossness of the native appetite. These foul morsels, which are usually thrown aside as offal, and at which even civilized dogs would almost turn up their noses, these disgusting and unmentionable portions were devoured with the utmost gusto as the choicest parts of the beast; devoured, moreover, in fact, without the slightest attempt at purification, or the faintest appearance of desire to relieve them of their offensive contents. Enough, however; the subject is essentially nasty, and as the reader may be somewhat delicate, and I plead guilty to certain qualms of squeamishness, we will leave the rest, after the fashion of French novelists, to the strong influences of imagination. In an hour from the time of its decease, not a masticable atom of the cow was left.

The canter is now ended, or at least so much of it as may interest the world. I have endeavored, in plain language, to show the reader what this blithe young colony is. I have introduced him to a few households; I have escorted him through several of our most hopeful plantations; I have initiated him into certain native mysteries, and made him acquainted with two or three original developments of "life" amongst us; and in making my *congé*, can only remark that, if the trip has been as pleasant to the reader as it has been to the writer, then perhaps both may meet again before long, in some other corner of this secluded nook of the wide world.

THE FIRST WESTERN PROVINCE AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

BY THE HON. F. W. REITZ, ESQ.

I AVAIL myself of the generous permission, or I may say invitation, of the editors of the *Monthly Magazine*, to offer up a part of their space to agricultural topics,—in order to remind my fellow-colonists in general, and my fellow-agriculturists in particular, that the first great South African agricultural show will be held at

CALEDON, ON THE 29TH OF NOVEMBER.

Of course, it could not but be expected that the arrangements would, to some extent, be unavoidably imperfect; the committee had but little time to make them, and a long previous notice not being possible, the show of stock, particularly, will probably be very inferior to what we may expect in future years. But still, I have reason to believe that the exhibition will be tolerably good, even in that respect. What I want, however, most seriously to impress on the principal landholders and merchants of all the western districts is, that unless, at some little sacrifice of time and money, they endeavor to be present at the first great meeting, throwing their experience and local knowledge into the general stock, for the purpose of enabling the future committee to alter and amend and bring the whole system to perfection,—the men who are entrusted with the public funds may have reason to doubt whether they were judiciously voting them away in the manner they did, for this special purpose, last session. Some may be ironical enough to say, as has been most inappropriately said of the Appropriation Bill,—Why do you voluntaries in church matters not pay judges and magistrates on the same principle? and, by parity of reasoning, why not encourage agricultural societies by a voluntary scheme. Or, perhaps you have tried it and failed? Now, though I know that you must necessarily allow some latitude even when your contributors verge upon party questions (and, indeed, in our colony, where, at present, no very violent party spirit exists, there is scarce any danger to be apprehended), still, this is not the time nor the place to show that the following reasons, why a Government can best, and with the greatest justice make use of the funds entrusted to it for the purpose, encouraging agricultural improvement, do not apply with equal force to the question of state aid for instruction in peculiar religious tenets.

With regard to the former, however, we have only to ask why it is that agricultural machinery, the introduction of

new varieties of live-stock, improvements generally in the culture and management of the soil, are not more generally attempted by individual agriculturists, and why their own interests do not sufficiently prompt them to exertion? The answer is obvious, and can be given by every practical farmer. The introduction on trial for a sufficient length of time of any set of agricultural implements, the breeding for some generations of any new description of live-stock, any new mode of working and planting the soil, must always be an *experiment.* If it fails, that experiment is attended with loss in time and money, which very few individuals would feel themselves warranted in risking; if it succeeds, however, not only the spirited experimenter is rewarded, but the whole community profits equally by a discovery which it has not in the least aided in bringing to light. Manifestly, this is unfair, and because unfair, it cannot be expected to answer in the long run. The only remedy, and it is but a partial one, which can prevent these private endeavors from diminishing or almost ceasing, is to reward the experimenter by a profit beyond that which others who equally avail themselves of the invention or improvement can make; and tis can only be done (I admit imperfectly) by rewards and prizes.

Let me not be misunderstood, however, as if I meant to take a purely cold, calculating, pounds-shillings-and-pence view of the question, for I know well enough—what your deep philosopher is apt to ignore—that gregarious man, though he may be firm in adversity, even when isolated, particularly if of Anglo-Saxon or kindred origin, becomes dormant, stagnates, and seems incapable of great exertion, until he is stimulated by being jostled and pushed against by a crowd of others; we may, therefore, expect immense strides to be made when representatives from Worcester, Beaufort, George, perhaps Clanwilliam, meet their brother farmers at some great annual gathering. But to make such a gathering at all a numerous one, it must be expected by every intending visitor that he is to meet a great many from other parts. The fear of the contrary might act like a run upon a bank in times of panic, and cause and effect alternately change places. I recollect well when, at one time, the Swellendam Agricultural Society was in a very flourishing state; fairs were commenced, and we had every prospect that horse fairs in particular, on a large scale, would succeed. The first, year, the show of mules and horses was beyond the utmost expectation of the committee; but unfortunately the dealers, with whose interests the system clashed, determined not to be seen within miles of the place. The consequence was,

the stock sold went for nominal prices, and when the upper country farmers heard what mules and colts had fetched at the Swellendam fair, many took care to be present the year following, purposing to be independent ever after of the middle men or dealers,—when, lo! to their very great surprise and annoyance, the disgusted sellers of the previous year had all remained at home, or had sold to itinerant dealers before the fair day; and so, as a natural consequence, the whole thing, after some oscillation, came to a perfect standstill, and ultimately proved a complete failure.

Mr. Innes and the Riversdale Agricultural Society, whether more far-seeing or profiting by the experience of their elder brother, built a subscription wool-store, which, having cost money, is not likely to be abandoned till several years' trial of a *wool fair* shall have shown whether it is impossible in our colony to bring buyers and sellers together, so as to create competition in any particular locality.

What I wanted to come to, however, by the above examples is this argument: That if a society established on the voluntary system alone finds that, after two or three trials, the concourse of exhibitors and spectators, of buyers and sellers, is small or diminishing, the ardor of its supporters abates in proportion, subscriptions fall off, the committee and honorary secretary withdraw, disappointed, and all the eloquent appeals of all the agricultural writers in the *Monthly Magazine* will not succeed in rekindling their smouldering zeal. If a phœnix is to arise, it must be from the accumulated ashes of all the local societies,—and as the title of *Parent Society* would, in such a case, be a misnomer, even Mr. Ziervogel and the good people of Graaff-Reinet would have nothing to complain of. On the other hand, if the state grant be known to be permanent, if prizes are certain to be awarded at stated intervals, and to somewhat the same amount, the ephemeral character of these exhibitions will disappear, and the exotic being fairly acclimatized, and having taken firm root, may bid defiance to the gnawing canker-worm of temporary apathy.

An impetus having been once given, and the force being steadfastly sustained, it is in the nature of things that the machine will continue moving in an accelerated ratio. And as we are speaking of machinery, let us pause and reflect how, in that department alone, in which modern agriculture so far excels that of the ancients, the wealth of a country may be enormously increased by the adoption of the latest improvements. I do believe it would be possible to show pretty correctly, at the end of every five

years, how many hands and how many pounds of beef had been saved annually by the substitution of a better description of plough,—how many foals saved for the Indian remount by the use of the threshing machine,—how much more grain sown, by the introduction of the reaping machine,—not to speak of harrows, churns, pumps, corn-shellers, chaff-cutters, and the like. If some twenty thousand pounds' worth of useful agricultural machinery be annually imported, how many immigrant laborers is that equal to? And what can even the political economists of the old school say, when our imports exceed our exports owing to such a kind of expenditure,—instead of being wasted in eau de cologne, kid gloves, and champagne.

The paramount advantage of large shows throughout the colony, as regards machinery, is, that practical men may meet others of their class from parts of the colony differing from each other in many circumstances, which make modifications of machinery requisite, so that they may discuss the merits of the implement with the "*corpus delicti*" before them, and pronounce their verdict,—which the importers and agents of the manufacturers in England, America, and Sweden may lay to heart.

When once, by this artificial encouragement, improved agricultural machinery shall have got into more or less general use, mechanics capable of repairing them will gradually settle throughout the country districts, and one great cause of the slow progress in these things will be overcome : this is a very important consideration.

Now, as regards live-stock in general,—or, let us begin with sheep. Some hold that a start having been once given, we may fairly leave private interest to do all that is required. This is a very superficial way of looking at such matters. True, individual zeal and voluntary associations have done a great deal in Great Britain and America to foster and encourage improvement; but I need not again point out the different position of those countries from our own, nor is it at all certain that, even there, aid from the public purse would not have stimulated to still more exertion. I do not lose sight of the danger of jobbing whenever Government interferes, nor would I wish to see private generosity discountenanced ; all I want to say is, that if Mr. Carruthers, Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Mosenthal, and myself are brought together with our different breeds of sheep before us, we shall most undoubtedly get a wrinkle from each other, and we shall come to understand each other's principles and notions of sheep-breeding better,—perhaps, even find that

our opinions do not differ so widely as we may now suppose. Then, again, where can I have a better chance of being introduced to Colonel Apperley than at the next Caledon show? And when we come to compare notes as to the prices the Indian Government can offer for colts, and as to the expense of growing an additional quantity of oat-hay for them, it is not impossible we may both be able to give our horse-breeders clearer notions of the kind of animal which it would be profitable for them to rear. At any rate, I, for one, shall be most willing to back the remount agent in his opinion as regards the Dutch horses lately introduced.

Sometimes I fancy there may actually be a feeling of national vanity mixed up with this matter, which reminds me of the Belgian deputy, who, soon after the disruption of that country from Holland, when another member of the legislature talked of fortifications, and came to the words "*chevaux de frise*," rose in his place, and disdainfully declared that he, for one, would never consent to the humiliating expedient of employing horses for Belgian cavalry reared in any province of perfidious Holland! Well, if there be any such prejudices as these lurking anywhere, there is nothing like rubbing them off in a crowd.

There are questions to be settled about the best breeds of cattle, about angora goats, about irrigation, and so on, which are sure to be argued more willingly *viva voce*, or after dinner, than through the means of a newspaper or other periodical,—where one has to mind his *p's* and *q's*, and to beware of the critics. In short, some will come to make a name for their stock, some will come to see what others have been doing, some will be anxious to see the latest inventions, some will come to buy, and some to sell. Nay, there may be officials and M.P.'s to see "the way the money goes," whilst Cape Town gentlemen will leave off licking their pens for a week, and find sleeping in tents or waggons or the only bed to be got in the village, a good cure for dyspepsia. Merchants may come to make arrangements and drive bargains for the wool season; cattle and horse-dealers of every description must find the benefit of having their pick of pigeons among so large a number of visitors; and secretaries of cheap meat companies might discover that, after all, there is a natural connection between the price of meat and the abundance or scarcity of pasturage, which proves the proverb incontrovertible that "all flesh is grass."

Let us all do our best, particularly the more educated amongst us, who are constant readers of the *Monthly Magazine*, not to allow the first show at Caledon to be a

failure. As my excellent friend, Mr. Laws, used to say in his peculiar Dutch, "*ane drak mak mak*," which the English reader may look for and find in the "Euphonetic Dictionary," if he can.

I have not been able to read all the newspapers in which letters appeared in favor of Worcester or the contrary, but I am a great advocate for submission to the powers that be; and as the committee has determined upon Caledon, let us heartily obey the call, and if the constitution of the committee does not satisfy the public, the remedy is in their own hands. I see a board, or something of that kind, has been suggested, to be responsible for the distribution of the grant. This paper is already too long, and I may, perhaps, on some future occasion, point out that the plan of leaving it to the delegates from different societies is a safe one.

Without touching on the question whether Worcester would not have been a better spot to begin with, it is a consolation to know that Caledon is, for many reasons, not a bad locality for the purpose. Long before wooled sheep had become the chief source of our prosperity, Messrs. Cloete, van der Byl, Morkel, Tesselaar, Odendal, Reitz, Breda, & Co., and others had bred superior horses from very expensive English stallions, such as "Gustavus," "Patagonian," "Roderick Dhu," "Diabolus," "Bobtail," and many more, the progeny of which served greatly to improve the farmers' stock in the Caledon and neighboring districts. In later years, Messrs. Bayley, M. van Breda, and van der Byl, jun., have been active in improving the breed. Sheep, again, have been attended to by the same breeders, in times past; whilst, at the present day, Mr. Carruthers and Major Shaw seem to monopolize the sale of Cheviot and French Merino rams. Doriens, and Westerns, and Sturgeons, and Leicesters have been from time to time imported by Messrs. Bayley, Rainier, P. L. Cloete, junr., and others, whilst some years ago, Colonel Henderson, then of the firm of Dickson and Burnie, with the aid of Mr. H. Vos, gave some of the oldest sheep-farmers in the Eastern and Western Province a hard fight when competing for the fifty pounds prize cup.

I need not even allude to the spirited endeavors of Messrs. Bayley, Rainier, Shaw, D. G. van Breda, and M. J. van Breda, and others, to import new descriptions of stock, implements of every kind, and seeds and plants from all quarters of the globe. There have been in this district, for a longer or shorter time, men like Major Carter, Mr. Martin, Dr. Hutchinson, Colonel Dutton, Major Parlby, who, after Sir John Truter (who had a splendid stock of milch cows),

was the proprietor of the celebrated farm afterwards possessed by Sir Robert Stanford, and many others whose names escape me. Some of these have not been successful. Many, though they could show others the way how to improve their method of farming, were not, by nature or education, economical enough to keep together what they had made. But, undoubtedly, all these men must have done much good in their day and generation; they must have set their neighbors thinking, and through their example and urgent advice many a prejudice must have vanished; and, therefore, if for no other reason than this, that the ground has thus been prepared for the seed which our agricultural society is about to sow,—Caledon cannot but be considered a very good field for the first experiment.

I have written the above in order, as far as my feeble voice and pen will allow, to induce my fellow-agriculturists and others to support, by their presence, and, so far as the short notice would allow, by the exhibition of live-stock, produce, &c., this first attempt at an agricultural meeting in the country districts, on a widely extended scale.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE;

OR, SERVANTS ABROAD.*

BY MRS. GOLIGHTLY.

CHAPTER II.—HOW MY SECOND ARCHANGEL TREATED ME.

"Here we go, up, up, up,
And here we go, down, down, down,
And here we go, backwards and forwards,
And here we go, roun', roun', roun'."

So sang Mr. Golightly, as he dandled aloft our infant son; but why he would have it roun', roun', roun', and drop the final "d," I never could make out.

Good old Dr. Salt (old "Epsom," as he was called) looked on admiringly. "That fine boy is getting too much for you, Mrs. Golightly," he said, at length; "you must give him half a pint of pure milk from the cow, every day—none of your chalk and water, sky-blue stuff, but real good, pure milk."

"But, doctor, where shall we get pure milk; you know well that we have no place in which to keep a cow, and the bazaar milk is not to be trusted."

* Mrs. Golightly begs to state, in reply to numerous inquiries, that the incidents here described are facts, names and places only are altered, and the occurrences are strung together for the sake of the story.

"Well," said Mr. Golightly, "let us call Michael, and, perhaps, we can get a person to bring a cow to the door, and let us see her milked night and morning—we are sure of it then."

Michael was accordingly summoned, and promised to get a "plenty good mans," who would not cheat.

The old doctor shook his head. "I have been longer in this place," he said, "than you young folks; and, mark my words, that servant of yours, though an excellent one, will humbug you about that milk; they all cheat—it's their nature. Can a leopard change his skin, or an Ethiopian his spots! Bible warrant, sir!"

"He must be a precious sharp one, then," said my husband, "forewarned is forearmed, you know; and having been diddled by one 'archangel,' and cautioned against a second, we shall be on our guard."

"We shall see," said the old man, as, taking up his hat, he descended the steps of the verandah, and drove off.

"Now, Michael," said Mr. Golightly, when Dr. Salt was gone, "Master Baba must have the best and purest milk, the doctor says. Can you get a respectable person to bring a cow to the door, and milk her before us?"

"Yes, sare," was the reply, "my brother, sare, he got plenty good cow, but he not milkmans; still, for master sake and young missie," and here Michael lifted up the hem of my dress, and placed it on his forehead, "and for beauty Master Baba, I tell him come."

He spoke so feelingly that I fairly own I believed him. Mr. Golightly smiled benignantly, and evidently proud of his first-born, and the admiration of the man for it, promised an additional bonus for the use of the cow.

"Well, my dear," he said, as Michael departed in search of his brother, "I do think that black fellow has a heart, though it is of mahogany color ——"

"And here we go, up, up, up."

"I think old 'Salts and Senna,' sharp as he is, is a bit too sharp this time ——"

"And here we go, down, down, down."

"Hurrah! he shall have milk, he shall; hurrah!"

"And here we go, backwards and forwards."

"A cow all to himself, he shall;" and, in his ecstacy, Mr. Golightly whirled the child round like the wheel of an engine.

"And here we go, roun', roun', ——"

"Good gracious! he's sick! Here, Mrs. Golightly, take

your nasty little brat; all over my white jacket too—ugh!" and, flinging the dear child into my lap, he rushed out of the room.

Yes, indeed, "*my child*," just like the men; when they are all dressed out, and nice and clean, then it's *our child*, but when the disagreeables come, then it is "*your child, madam*;" just like them.

Next morning, Michael appeared with an old, grey-headed nigger, and a black cow, which he assured us was a capital milker.

"I say," said Mr. Golightly, "that's a venerable-looking chap to be your brother, Michael, and he's not the same color as you."

"Yes, sare, he plenty more old than me, sare; he my father first son, sare—not same wife, sare."

"Oh!" said Mr. Golightly; but I fancied he looked suspicious. Well, the cow was milked, and splendid milk we had. We sat and looked on, and congratulated ourselves on the dodge of getting the cow to the door.

After we had taken our portion from the chatty into which the animal was milked, the ancient "Corydon" coolly walked up to the well, and, drawing a bucket of water, proceeded to dilute the remainder.

"Hullo! you old scamp," said Mr. Golightly, "what now?"

"Ah! master," replied the man, "this is not for you, this is for my other customers. You see, master, if I give you *all* pure milk, I must make the rest go further, by putting water; but I never do this for master."

"Hem," said Mr. Golightly to me, quietly, "I am not quite satisfied with this chap. You recollect Michael said his brother was not a milkman; you must keep a keen look-out."

And so we did; but the milk got palpably worse and worse, till it was really "sky-blue." I saw that water was introduced, but how?

We sat and watched the milking, the new milk was put at once into our hands, and we carried it away, and locked it up. Whence came the water? for water there was.

One evening, Mr. Golightly and I were looking on, as usual, when he remarked that the milkman constantly dipped his hands into a chatty of water standing at a little distance from him.

"What is that for?" said Mr. Golightly.

"Cow not give milk if hand hot, sare," said Michael.

"Oh," said Mr. Golightly, and no more; but I saw his eyes fixed intently on the descending stream of milk.

"It's pay-day," he said, suddenly, "is it not? Give me the money, my love."

I did so. "Here, milkman, what's your name? bring the milk, and come for your money."

Michael lifted the chatty as usual. "No;" said Mr. Golightly, "let the man bring it." There was a pause. "Do you hear?" said Mr. Golightly, angrily. The man came up trembling, and put the vessel down at my husband's feet. Mr. Golightly's brows contracted, and his eyes looked awful.

"See how you frighten the poor man," I said. Without heeding me, Mr. Golightly extended the month's pay; "here is your money," he said.

"Please, master, not to mind now," said the trembling wretch, "master can give to-morrow."

"Hold out your hand," said Mr. Golightly, still tending the money for the usually ready palm of a native; still no hand came from under the folds of the scanty cloth tied round his waist.

"Hold out your hand," thundered Mr. Golightly; and, springing on the unfortunate wretch, he dragged out his hand, and turned the palm up to my gaze. Oh, Mr. Editor, think of my feelings; my precious boy to have been so defrauded. The villain!—I could call him by a worse name, but it would not be lady-like—had bound his hands with a coating of sponge; and every time he cooled them in the chatty he sucked up a quantity of water, which he squeezed out with the milk.

Michael had disappeared before the scene was played out; and, after Mr. Golightly had cuffed and kicked the milkman, he summoned him. He protested that he knew nothing of it—that he was taken in by his own brother—he tore his hair and beat his breast (we learnt, afterwards, that the man was no relation of his at all); and ended by kicking the milkman out of the garden, having previously made him draw a little remnant of milk for dear baby's supper.

In the middle of the row, who should drive up but a kind-hearted, good soul, the wife of a clergyman residing near. She had a large family of her own; and, wherever young babies were to be found (or expected), there also was to be found Mrs. Posset.

Good, kind soul, if this meets your eye, don't be offended when you know that the name you long went by, "The Mother in Israel," was given you by Mr. Golightly. We loved you well, and knew your worth.

After listening to our tale, she said, "Well, my dear, your baby shall have some good milk, if you will send for it; we

have more than we can deal with, and you are welcome to it;" and so it was settled. For several mornings, the ayah went with a bottle, and brought back the milk. We, however, changed to another house; and, having a small paddock, we bought a cow. On this event, we sent a note to our kind friend, telling her that we should no more need the milk, and thanking her for her extreme kindness in sending it.

I wrote the note, and read it out to Mr. Golightly. Michael happened to be arranging the room. It was duly dispatched, the housekeeper bringing back a verbal message, "Missis say 'Salaam' (a term in common use, as we say here 'all right'); Missis too busy to write," and the supply ceased.

Our cow gave a good pailful, and all went on well. One afternoon, however, we had walked over to a relative's house, leaving word that we should not be home till late. Baby—bless him!—of course, went with us to his first tea-party.

It so happened that our friends had no milk, and so, taking our goodies and work-baskets, we, all of us, a large, merry party, trooped back again to our cottage, where we knew milk was abundant.

Amidst all the fun and frolic, I went to order the tea. "No milk got," said Michael. "No milk!" I echoed, "No milk! Why, where's the cow?"

"He all right, ma'am, in compound," was the reply.

"Well," I said, "go and milk her."

"No good, ma'am, he not give milk."

"Why not?" I asked, with surprise.

"Cow, he not give milk when master go out," was the calm, steady answer.

For a moment I felt inclined to be angry; but the absurdity of the thing was too much for me, so I asked how the cow knew master was going out.

With the gravest air in the world, the man replied, "Coolie, he tell him, master go out." "Oh, well," I said, "then take my compliments to the cow, and say master is back, and will be obliged for the usual quantity."

The milk came, not so good in quality, but equal in quantity!

About a month after this, one morning, Mrs. Posset was announced. I remarked a want of cordiality in her manner as she shook hands, and after the usual inquiries about our respective children, an awkward pause ensued.

Mr. Golightly, being busy writing some matter of importance, had resumed his seat, and his back was towards us. The altered tone of Mrs. Posset's voice, when she at last

broke silence, caused him to lift his head suddenly; he never turned round, but sat staring into the looking-glass of a little cheffonier.

"I really am sorry," said Mrs. Posset, in a sharp tone, "that, as one of our cows has gone dry, I cannot supply you with milk."

"I beg your pardon," I said, thinking I had misunderstood her.

She repeated the words, and added with a toss of the head, "I am sorry I cannot comply with your request, to supply you with two bottles instead of one."

"What," I said, quite bewildered, "two bottles! no more milk! Dear Mrs. Posset, there must be a mistake; we have had a cow for more than a month, and have had no milk from you since I wrote to thank you for what you had sent, and told you we had bought a cow."

It was Mrs. Posset's turn to look bewildered now. "Indeed," she said, "I never got the note, who did you send it by?"

"By Muttu," I said, "and he brought back word 'salaam,' and that you were too busy to write."

"But Muttu comes every morning for the milk, and sometimes begs for a little more, with 'your love, to make a pudding,'" said Mrs. Posset.

"Muttu!" I exclaimed; "Muttu was dismissed two or three days after I sent my note."

We looked at each other, and then we both laughed. Mrs. Posset held out her hand, "Forgive me, my love," she said, "for thinking so ill of you; I wondered why you never sent one word of thanks, and drew so much on us, when you knew our large family of little mouths."

"And now," I said, "to catch the thief and punish him. To-morrow, let him come as usual, and get the milk, and have a policeman in readiness to pounce on him. Golightly, dear," I continued, rising and going up to him, "if you have done looking through the cheffonier, listen to what Mrs. Posset says about Muttu."

"I hear," said he, "don't you wish you may get it. Look in that glass."

"Well? what?—I don't see anything."

"Stoop;" he said, bending my head to a level with his own, "do you see the angle that glass is in, causes the dining-room to be reflected through the open door, upon it? All the time you have been talking, I have been watching the corner of what I take to be Michael's dress, sticking out by the door-post. As soon as you rose up, it

disappeared. I would stake my existence, he or some one has heard every word you two have said; and if you catch Muttu, I will eat him." So saying, he walked into the dining-room: it was empty!

"There is no one here; you have been mistaken," I said.

"Not so fast," said he; "look on the stones at the corner of the door: what are those damp marks caused by, eh? naked feet, eh? We are getting cunning, Mrs. Go."

It is needless to say we saw no more of Muttu; he never came again for milk, and we heard afterwards that when he left us he took to retailing the usual bazaar milk (and water), and had actually the hardihood to supply some of our personal friends. Michael and he had gone partners in the profits!

Christmas drew nigh, and we determined to keep it royally. A fine turkey had been for some time fattening, and two or three noble fowls especially reserved for the occasion. A day or two before Christmas, Michael came in with a pair of the fowls, dead. "He dead, missis; I think snake he must kill him."

"That's a bore," said Golightly, "where's the wound, Michael?"

"Don't know, sare; perhaps master can find."

Golightly turned over the dead birds, and at last detected a slight spot of blood on the neck of one of them; he blew up the feathers, and, true enough, there was a punctured wound.

"By Jove," said Golightly, "that's a wound from a poison fang!—and there, look on the other, just in the same place! How queer! And yet, no, I heard old Lizard, the naturalist, say that the snake always seizes by the head."

"Yes, sare," said Michael, "he always bite him head, sare."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Golightly, "bury them under a rose bush; let them be useful even in death;" and he drove away to his office.

About an hour after he was gone, Michael came rushing in, "Oh! missis," he exclaimed, "turkey he die, too, he plenty bad." I ran out, and there was the turkey spinning round backwards in a most singular manner; presently he dropped, and, after a few struggles, expired.

"Snake! snake!" shouted the man, striking the side of the coop furthest from me with a stick. I fled in terror, presently he came in; "Snake gone missis, I not kill; he big cobra; shall I bury the turkey in the garden, same like fowl? He poisoned."

"Yes, do," I said; but on second thoughts I countermanded the order, and desired him to let it be till master came home.

In the evening he came. I told him of the death of the turkey; to my surprise, he only laughed. "We must keep Christmas-day to-morrow," he said. "Here, Michael, where is the turkey?" It was brought. "Did you kill the snake, boy?" said Mr. Golightly.

"No, sare; he plenty quick, that kind, and run away."

"Oh, well, never mind," said Mr. Golightly, "bring the spade, and we'll bury this chap. What a fine fat bird! Michael, suppose we eat him?"

"Oh! no; master be poisoned," said the man, with a look of horror; "master eat, he die!"

"Well, well; where did you bury the fowls? I should like to see them again: dig them up."

"Dig up, master! chee! all dirty, master!"

"Never mind, dig away, let's see them."

The man hesitated, and looked at his master. Golightly's face was immovable. "Bother the cobra," he said, "to kill all our *fat* birds, too! Dig away, boy!"

The man slowly dug at the foot of a bush, where the ground looked newly turned up, a few inches below the surface, the earth appeared undisturbed. I thought it did, but Golightly did not seem to notice it, he desired the man to continue digging. When he had gone down a foot or more, he said, "Master, I think I make a mistake, this not right place; perhaps I forget, gardener he perhaps alter."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Golightly, "You can find them, and bring them in, and when I have examined them I will bury them all together."

He put his arm in mine and led me into the house. "I thought so," he said; "I have been talking to Mr. Lizard, and he has put me up to a wrinkle. We must keep Christmas to-morrow, and roast the turkey and fowls."

"You are joking," I said.

"Not a bit of it," he replied; "our fowls have died from the prick of a pin in the spine at the back of the head. To-morrow is a native feast, and they are wanted for an offering. You will see, Michael will bring the fowls presently, just dusted with earth, to make believe he has dug them up. I bet you a pair of gloves they will have had their throats cut, to sell to the 'faithful,' to-morrow; don't notice it in any way. Of course, Michael's doom is sealed; I have another crow to pick with him, which I will tell you of by-and-by."

Golightly was right; in a little time came the archangel with the fowls covered with dirt. Mr. Golightly looked at them for some moments. "Give me the spade," he said, and took the birds; solemnly laying them down on a fallen tree, he chopped off their heads.

"Hang them up by the legs," he said, quietly; "and let all be dressed for to-morrow's dinner. I shall ask Lizard, and our Christmas friends, to come to-morrow, instead of on Christmas-day."

OURSELVES AS WE ARE.

Politics are carefully excluded from our pages. Perhaps we are not very unhappy on that account, as we have never been able to get up any enthusiasm on the subject in our own breasts. Federation, separation, and all the other "ations" which excite the passions of East and West, and the oratory of local M.P.'s, have no more attractions for us than a *valse à deux temps* for a gouty octogenarian. We don't say this boastfully, but truthfully, because we are not anxious to gain any credit for our abstinence from the arena of politics (as penny-a-liners call it); and also, because we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not going to make any sort of political allusions in our present record of random thoughts, although we may refer to public topics therein.

What a very energetic race we are at the Cape! How resolutely we set to work about everything! With what vigor we begin every fresh undertaking! If any sceptical individual should doubt the truth of what we say, let us, as friends, remind him of a few facts. Let us recall the Table Bay breakwater. Let us ask him whether he ever heard speeches more pithy and to the point than those which everybody delivered on this subject two years ago. Did not all classes unite as one man, with one common object before them, and one strong will to carry it out? The expense was voted to be nothing at all; the details easily arranged; engineering difficulties mere moonshine. Every one beheld Table Bay a landlocked (or breakwater-locked) harbor, crowded with ships from every port in the world; quays covered with goods, and half a dozen railway trains waiting to spin away with merchandize to all parts of the interior. The bare notion that Parliament (the representatives of the people, chosen for their patriotism and their beer) should venture to obstruct the scheme was scouted with derision.

To borrow a phrase from the servants' hall, "it was more than their place was worth." The colony was determined to have the breakwater, and expressed its determination with that vigor and energy for which we now commend it. Certainly, two years have passed and it has not got the breakwater; but what then?

Again, need we speak of railroads? Two years ago (let us again remind the sceptical individual we have referred to) we all burst forth with an enthusiastic energy that would have gladdened the heart of George Hudson himself, in his days of loyalty, in praise of railways, and our determination to have them all over the colony. While we in the West were talking about two or three lines, our friends in the East were indignant, not at our determination, but only at our apparent ignorance of *their* determination to have half a dozen lines too. What was Cape Town that it should have all the railways to itself? And the East was right. Railways were to intersect the whole land. The Karroo itself was to have a line through it (every train to carry its own water and fuel); bullock-wagons were to be as perfectly legendary as Queen Elizabeth's "litters." Nothing could exceed the unanimity and resolute conduct of the whole colony. Certainly, the two years have passed, and we have only the beginning of a very small line; but what then?

Must our sceptical friend have another reminder? Is he unconvinced of the strong, practical energy of the land we live in? Let us give him another proof of it. We had once a governor who was almost universally voted to be the best, the wisest, the most foreseeing, and the most successful that colonial office wisdom at home had sent us. He found us embarrassed, he left us at ease; he found us on the eve of war, he left us at peace. One fine day we heard with rage —and our rage here is very strong, partaking of our enthusiasm on other matters—that he was "recalled." We are not quite certain that we all understood precisely what that meant. We are disposed to believe that some considered it about equivalent to the dismissal of your butler, who cannot exactly account for divers missing articles of the family plate. However that may be, we are quite sure that no country in the world could have shown more strength of character than we did on the occasion. We presented a hundred addresses; we made five hundred speeches; we wrote as many "leading articles" in newspapers; we determined on fifty testimonials; and we inaugurated fifty (or five hundred, we are not sure which) subscription lists to build colleges, erect statues, and do everything that a grateful

land could do, to the memory of our beloved governor. One village, in its enthusiasm, determined to have a coffee-shop in his honor all to itself, to be called the Grey Head, we believe; and another (loyal in its very name) was resolved to raise a pure white marble statue in its own market-place to the man that made the loyal village what it is. We defy the world to show more unity of energetic determination than we all evinced on this occasion. Certainly, months have slipped by since then, and we don't exactly know what has been done, for we are all silent about subscription list, statue, college, and coffee-house; but what then?

Once a plague visited us and carried off a tenth of the population of our chief town; and we exclaimed, with all the vigor of a practical and indignant people, against some "authorities" who were supposed to be guilty of keeping us all in a state of uncleanliness. We wonder, for our own part, that the authorities in question ever dared to show themselves in the streets, for fear of being "lynched" on the spot. More tremendous and crushing denunciations were never hurled against everything respectable in the days of the Reign of Terror in Paris, than were thundered forth against these same "authorities" while the plague lasted. Certainly, after the plague went, we said no more, and the "authorities" (who might be very innocent, for aught we editorially know) slept in peace once more; but what of that?

Once we were very thirsty, and did not wash ourselves as much as we ought to do, for want of water. And again, we all thundered away in our usual tremendous style against some other "authorities." (Perhaps they were the same, but we, editorially, know nothing about the matter). And nothing could exceed the strength and earnestness of our words, and speeches, and writings. We were defrauded of the supply of water that was due to us. The water was actually waiting for the authorities to convey it to us; but they refused to do so. Could anything exceed the outburst of determined rage with which we then attacked the contumacious authorities? The only fear which we (the editorial "we") then entertained was, that the alarmed authorities, hearing the cry for water, would turn on all the water of Table Valley at once, and regularly flood us. It was a case calling seriously for a supply of life-belts, lest we should have to swim for our lives. We confidently ask our sceptical friend above alluded to, whether he ever saw a more energetic demonstration than that which we all made on the water-supply question? Certainly, plenty of rain afterwards fell,

and (except that a very moderate reservoir is being very slowly built) nothing has been done, as far as we, editorially, know, to remedy our wants; but what of that?

For a great many years we have been losing our cattle, our crops, and our money, from dire, killing, cruel droughts. The droughts do not come very often, and between them we have rain enough to supply a great many more of us than exist at present in the colony with all our flocks and herds; but it wants husbanding. Like a sensible people, as we pre-eminently are, we said this long, long ago; and we wrote about it in every newspaper and pamphlet in the colony. We spoke about it in five hundred speeches, with our usual force and energy. We all with one voice pointed out that dams, and tanks, and plantations were all that we needed. We defied our opponents (if there were any) to contradict us: but we had no opponents, for every one saw and acknowledged that if we had plenty of water given us from the clouds, it only rested with ourselves to keep it, instead of letting it run away into the sea, through those extraordinary gullies, which we call rivers, to be perfectly independent of temporary droughts. As usual, our energy was immense; our unity was indisputable; our purpose was that of one man; nothing could resist us. Certainly, we have just gone through a terrible drought, and been nearly starved, and we have not yet made our tanks or built our dams; but what of that?

Like all other civilized people, we have a fair sprinkling of rogues among us, and for these gentry we naturally require prisons. In fact, the thieves and rogues have so greatly increased that we found out, several years ago, that we had not half enough room for them in our gaols. We did our best to pack them like negroes in a slave-ship, or herrings in a barrel; but this did not quite answer the purpose. The rogues and thieves fell ill too, and bred fevers, which attacked people who were *not* rogues and thieves: and then, the rogues and thieves began to be tired of being condemned to perpetual foul-air and fever, and so they broke out of our gaols, like sensible fellows, as they often are. Therefore, in our usual style of forcible indignation, which must impress all the world with the strength of our character, we, with one voice, inveighed against some other "authorities" for not supplying larger gaols. We made speeches in the old style, wrote slashing leaders in the old strain, and imperatively called aloud, at the top of our voices, for new gaols. We were thoroughly in earnest—new gaols must be had, and had at once; we would allow of no trifling and no procrastination; the "authorities" understood us, and shook in their

shoes, as they promised instantaneous compliance with our demands. Who, indeed, would *dare* to refuse the just demands of so determined and imperious a people as we are? We flatter ourselves that we speak out plainly, and when we speak we mean to be heard and attended to. Certainly, the years go rolling on, and two very unfinished edifices at our two principal ports (which are to be gaols some day) are all that have yet made their appearance, while the rogues and thieves have increased more than ever, and the fevers get worse, and the *impromptu* gaol-deliveries more frequent; but what of all that?

Need we refer to other cases in which our conduct has been of the same stamp, characterized by the same firmness, force, and energy?

No! we shall not pay our sceptical friend the compliment of seeking for any more instances to convince him of these our characteristics as a people. If he be not convinced by those which we have adduced, his case is hopeless, and we must leave him to his infidelity. At all events, there will be plenty among us to see the force and truth of what we have written. It is well to know ourselves and to see ourselves as we really are; and this is what we have been seeking to teach. We have enemies enough to run us down, and satirists enough to sneer at us: but let us console ourselves with the reflection, that neither can rob us of what we really possess, and what these few lines have attempted to illustrate—our determined energy and real practical earnestness.

A. W. C.

THE TRAVELS TO LAKE TANGANYIKA.

BY CAPTAINS BURTON AND SPEKE.

Two months ago, we presented our readers with a brief sketch, descriptive of the adventurous and signally successful travels of Captains Burton and Speke towards the great lake country of Central Africa. Since then, a more complete narrative of the same expedition has appeared in *Blackwood*, from the pen of Captain Speke himself. It has sufficient intrinsic interest to attract the attention of all readers, while to the inhabitants of South Africa it must prove specially attractive. The regions described are perfectly new to European geography, and the style in which the travels are recorded is so simple and unpretending

as to secure perfect confidence in their accuracy and truth. In our present number, we shall extract the description of the journey from Zanzibar to Tanganyika almost entire :

Many may remember the excitement produced by an extraordinary map, and a more extraordinary lake figuring upon it, of a rather slug-like shape, which drew forth risible observations from all who entered the Royal Geographical Society's rooms in the year 1856. In order to ascertain the truthfulness of the said map, the Royal Geographical Society appointed Captain Burton to investigate this monster piece of water, represented as extending from the equator to 14° south latitude, as having a breadth of two to three hundred miles, and as lying at a distance of seven hundred miles inland, west from Zanzibar.

As Captain Burton and myself had been engaged on a former occasion, exploring the Somali country in Eastern Africa together, he invited me to join him in these investigations. Having, therefore, obtained the necessary equipments in the scientific and other departments in England and India during 1856, we left Zanzibar at the end of June, 1857, in a vessel of war, lent by Sultan Majid, to convey us across to Kaolé, a village on the mainland, a little south of the Kingani river. Colonel Hamerton, late British consul at Zanzibar, accompanied us there, to support us by his presence, in case anybody should endeavor to oppose our starting,—a precaution which he thought necessary, because the only European, a young Frenchman, who had ever tried to enter Africa by this route, was barbarously murdered before he had penetrated one hundred miles; and up to the present time, although his assassin is well known, nobody will divulge who the instigators of the murder were. Our caravan consisted of an Arab, called Spaykh Said, the Ras-cafila (head of caravan); some Belooch soldiers, lent us by Majid Sultan of Zanzibar, some porters of the Wanyamuezi tribe (people of the moon), negroes who inhabit a large portion of Central Africa, and a host of donkeys, for riding and carrying our spare kit. Besides these, we hired, through the medium of a Hindi merchant, called Ramji, a number of the slaves of certain Diwans (headmen) living on the mainland opposite to Zanzibar, to carry muskets in the manner of guards, as well as to do odd jobs. Leaving Kaolé, we passed the Mrima, a low hilly tract of coast-line, diversified with flats and terraces, well peopled and cultivated, and rich in tree-forests and large tropical vegetation; and following the course of the Kingani river through the districts of the Wazeramos and Wakhutus, we reached, in about a hundred and ten miles, the first great elevation of Eastern Africa, which we shall, for distinction's sake, call the East Coast Range. This hilly district is about ninety miles broad, is composed chiefly of granite and sandstone, formed into groups and lines, intersected, transversely and otherwise, by considerable rivers—such, for instance, as the Kingani and Lufiji—which, rising far in the interior, flow east to the Indian Ocean. This—a longitudinal range, extending from 9° north latitude down nearly to the Cape of Good Hope—attained, where we crossed it, altitudes varying from three hundred to six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is occupied by the Wassagara tribe,—a people who live in lightly-constructed conical huts of grass and wicker-work, tend cattle, and cultivate extensively when not disturbed by the slave-hunters, who live nearer to the coast, and frequently make excursions here, to supply the Zanzibar market with human cattle.

On descending its western side, we found an elevated plateau of rather poor land, bearing more wild forest than cultivation, and more

wild beasts than men, and not very many of either, excepting near some congenial springs, the fountains of Africa's glory. This plateau extends westwards two hundred miles. Its average altitude is from twenty-five hundred to four thousand feet, and it is occupied by the Wagogo and the Wanyamuézi tribes, who live in huts of a very civilized appearance, and far more comfortable than those possessed by any other interior clans. The conception for building on so grand a scale was probably first occasioned by the traveling habits of the Wanyamuézis having brought them earlier than any other people into contact with the coast, where square rooms, divided by mud walls, constructed much on the same principle as the common East India ones, are the prevailing fashion. These men are industrious for negroes, mostly occupying their time in trafficking with the coast, or tilling ground and tending cattle; many of them, again, are rope-makers, smiths, or carpenters and weavers. Here, in the centre of this latter tribe's country, at an Arab depôt, called Kazeh, in south latitude 5°, and east longitude 33°, the immediate district of which is called Unyanyembé, and which we might well designate the great emporium of Eastern Interior Africa, for to this place most of the caravans come before diverging off to the respective places north, south, and west, when carrying on their ivory transactions with the more remote negro tribes, our porters took their discharge, and dispersed to their homes. The Arabs we found collected here were extremely obliging, especially one called Shaykh Snay, who gave us a house, looked after our wants, and assisted in procuring fresh porters not only for that occasion, but every other; in short, we established him our agent, and found him a most creditable one. After waiting a month or so, reforming our caravan, we proceeded westwards in the height of the monsoon, and passed through a highly-cultivated country, which, by determining with the thermometer the temperature at which water boiled, I found gradually declined as we proceeded west, and in 145 miles made a remarkable descent of 1800 feet. In this region, differing greatly from the first and greater part of the preceding one (where great droughts act detrimentally on the crops), rice, sugar-cane, and all Indian productions, grow in great profusion, and the people weave their cotton into loin cloths. After traveling along this decline about one hundred and fifty miles, we began to ascend at the eastern horn of a large crescent-shaped mass of mountains overhanging the northern half of the Tanganyika Lake, which I am now about to describe to you.

This mountain mass I consider to be *the true Mountains of the Moon*, regarding which so many erroneous speculations have been ventured. I infer this because they lie beyond Unyamuézi (country of the moon), and must have been first mentioned to geographical inquirers by the Wanyamuézi (people of the moon), who have from time out of mind visited the coast, and must have been the first who gave information of them. I am the more satisfied of the correctness of this view from remembering the common Greek practice of changing significant general names into equivalents in their own tongue, and the consequent probability of their calling these mountains after the men who live near them. Indeed, modern geographers, I am inclined to think, would have christened them in similar manner, since neither they nor any other places in Negroland bear general names to distinguish them by. Some must be originated; and nothing more appropriate could in this case have been found for this group than that which Ptolemy has given, as the mountains form a crescent overhanging the north end of the lake, large and deep in the body to the north, and tapering to horns

as they stretch southwards down the east and west sides of the lake. Our line of march, about six hundred rectilineal geographical miles, had been nearly due west from Zanzibar. Here you may picture to yourself my bitter disappointment when, after toiling through so many miles of savage life, all the time emaciated by divers sicknesses and weakened by great privations of food and rest, I found, on approaching the zenith of my ambition, the great lake in question nothing but mist and glare before my eyes. From the summit of the eastern horn, the lovely Tanganyika Lake could be seen in all its glory by everybody but myself. The fact was that fevers and the influence of a vertical sun had reduced my system so, that inflammation, caught by sleeping on the ground during this rainy season, attacked my eyes, brought on an almost total blindness, and rendered every object before me enclouded as by a misty veil. Proceeding onwards down the western slopes of the hill, we soon arrived at the margin of the lake, and hired a canoe at a village called Ukaranga to take us to Ujiji, the chief place on the lake which Arabs frequent, with which name we had long been familiar, and by which they called this lake. This mode of nomenclature is quite in accordance with the usual custom of semi-civilized people, as we see in Arabia, where the Arabs call the Red Sea by the names of the different ports which they frequent. Thus, for instance, at Jeddah, it is called by them the sea of Jeddah, whilst at Suez, it is the sea of Suez, &c., &c. As in its present state, your atlas presents a blank instead of one of the most beautiful inland seas in the world, you would be glad, perhaps, to know its position and dimensions, which will enable you to lay it down on the map yourself. The Tanganyika Lake, lying between 3° and 8° south latitude, and in 29° east longitude, has a length of three hundred miles, and is from thirty to forty broad in its centre, but tapers towards each end. The surface-level, as I ascertained by the temperature of boiling water, is only eighteen hundred feet, and it appears quite sunk into the lap of these mountains. It lies in a trough-like or synclinal depression, draining the waters of all the surrounding districts into its own bosom. Its waters are very sweet, and abound with delicious fish in great variety. Its shores are thickly inhabited by numerous tribes of the true Negro breed, amongst which the most conspicuous are the Wabembe cannibals, into whose territory no Arabs durst ever venture. Bombay, my interpreter, describes them as being very dreadful creatures, who are "always looking out for some of our sort." The port we finally arrived at is called Kawélé, a small village in the Ujiji district. Here we found ourselves in the hands of a very ill-disposed chief, called Kannina, tyranical, and, as such savages invariably are, utterly unreasonable. We paid a heavy tribute for the advantages of this savage monster's *protection*, and were too short of beads and cloth to search out for and pay another chief of more moderate inclinations. This was a serious misfortune, for, having once entered his dominions and established our head-quarters there, we could not very well leave them, the more especially as we could not have removed our camp to any distance—Ujiji being the only district where canoes are obtainable. This was the more distressing, as comfort, pleasure, and everything is at the mercy of these headmen's wills, and we were destined for a long sojourn here To war with these chiefs is like "cutting off the nose to spite the face.' Nobody, let his desire be what it may, dares assist you without the chief's full approbation, and Kannina's austere government we had occasion to feel from first to last. Our first object on arrival was to get boats for the survey of the lake; but here arose a difficulty. Hostilities

were rife with nearly all the border tribes, and the little cockle-shell canoes, made from the hollow trunks of trees, are not only liable to be driven ashore by the slightest storm, but are so small that there is but little stowage-room in them for carrying supplies. The sailors, aware of this defect, fear to venture anywhere except on certain friendly beats, and therefore their boats were quite unfitted for our work.

This dilemma made us try to hire a dhow or sailing vessel, belonging to Shaykh Hamed bin Sulayyim, living at Kassengé Island, on the opposite or western shore, as it was the only boat afloat on these waters fitted for carrying provisions, and moving about, independent of the border clans. On arriving here, we were so disabled by sickness,—Captain Burton utterly, and I suffering from ophthalmia, and a weakness in the lower extremities resembling paralysis, that we at first proposed sending our Rascafila, Shaykh Said, across the lake to bargain for the dhow, and applied to Kannina for the means of transport. At first he seemed inclined to treat, though at an exorbitant rate; but when we came direct to terms, he backed entirely out. We fortunately obtained a boat and crew from another chief, at the extortionate charge of four kitindis and four dhotis Amerikan, besides the usual sailors' fee. The dhoti is a piece of American sheeting, measuring eight cubits. The cubit is still the negro's yard, the same as was adopted at the time of the flood; they have no other measure than that which nature has provided them, namely, the first joint of the arm. These kitindis are a sort of brass-wire bracelet worn on the lower arm by the negro females, coiled up from the wrist to the elbow, like a wax taper circling up a stick or stem. Sometimes this wire is re-formed, and coiled flat out round the neck to a breadth of about eight inches, and gives the wearer's head much the appearance of John the Baptist's standing in the middle of a charger. These necklaces are never taken off, so at night, or resting time, the wearer, on lying down, places a block of wood or stone beneath his head, to prevent the wire from galling. This concession of the chief was given under the proviso that Kannina would not object, which, strange to say, he promised not to do, and hopes were entertained of an early departure. However this, like every other earthly expectation, especially in these black regions, was destined to be disappointed. In the first place, an African must do everything by easy stages, nor can he entertain two ideas in his head at the same moment. First, a crew had to be collected, and when collected, to be paid, and when paid, the boat was found to be unseaworthy, and must be plugged; and so much time elapsed, and plans were changed. But after all, things, it happened, were wisely ordained; for the time thus wasted served to recruit my health, as I employed it in bathing and strolling gently about during the cool of the mornings and evenings, and so gained considerable benefit. There is a curious idea here with regard to the bathing-place, in fancying the dreaded crocodile will obey the mandates of a charm. They plant the bough of a particular tree in the water, about fifty yards from the shore, which marks the line of safe bathing, for within it, they say, the animal dares not venture. At noon, protected by an umbrella, and fortified with stained-glass spectacles, I usually visited the market-place, with beads in hand, to purchase daily supplies. The market is held between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., near the port, and consists of a few temporary huts, composed of grass and branches hastily tied together. Most of these are thrown up day by day. The commodities brought for sale are fish, flesh, tobacco, palm oil, and spirits, different kinds of potatoes, artichokes, several sorts of beans, plantains, melons, cotton,

sugar-cane, a variety of pulse and vegetables, and ivories, and sometimes slaves. Between these perambulations, I spent the day, reclining with my eyes shut. At length, after eighteen days' negotiations, improved by these constitutional diversions and rest, and longing for a change, especially one that led across the sea, and afforded the means of surveying it, I proposed to go myself, and treat directly with Shaykh Hamed. This intention soon reached the ears of Kannina, who, fearing that he might thus lose much cloth, threw obstacles in the way, and most unjustly demanded as large a passport fee for my crossing as had been given to the other chief,—which demand we were obliged to comply with, or the men would not take up an oar.

Here we must stop for the present month. The voyage across the lake and among the romantic islands with which it is studded towards its western shores, and the adventures the traveler met with there, are graphically pictured in a journal which we regret we cannot extract here entire. In our next number, we shall return to the subject, and present selections of the most interesting passages, and a running commentary on the course of the expedition.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. X.

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE BELL.

Mr. Sydney Smith Bell was born in London,—one of the younger sons of a banker and merchant, who, from affluence, was reduced to comparatively straitened circumstances, in consequence of a series of misfortunes which began in the year of this son's birth. He left his father's house at fifteen years of age, and, like another distinguished official whose memoir we have already sketched in this periodical, his subsequent progress and success resulted entirely from his own unaided exertions. He first entered upon active life at the age already mentioned, as a solicitor's apprentice in Edinburgh; thenceforward worked his way as a self-educated man; and has now attained the position of senior puisne judge of the Cape of Good Hope.

He originally intended to follow the profession of the Scotch law, and pursued his studies, with that view, till the year 1829, when an excessive application to his work induced a disease, which confined him to his room for the long period of almost ten years. During that time, he wrote and published a Dictionary of the Decisions of the Scotch Courts, in the form of a continuation of Morrison's Dictionary.

The Hon. Justice BELL.

From accidental circumstances at this time, he resolved to follow the practice of the English law; and soon after his recovery from illness, in 1839, was called to the bar by the benchers of the Inner Temple. In 1844, he was appointed by Lord Chancellor Cottenham to be judicial reporter to the House of Lords, in Scotch appeals; and, while holding that office, he published seven volumes of reports. In 1847, he published a work on the law of real property, as affected by the relation of husband and wife.

In 1851, Mr. Bell received, from Lord Grey, the appointment of judge of the Supreme Court in this colony, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Justice Menzies; and three years afterwards, in consequence of the decease of Mr. Justice Musgrave, he was promoted to his present rank of first puisne judge.

In September, 1855, Sir John Wylde, the chief justice of the colony, was removed from the bench by a serious stroke of paralysis, when it fell upon Mr. Bell, in the usual course, to accept, temporarily, the duties of the vacant office. This was followed, in November, 1857, by a provisional commission, as chief justice of the colony, in which character he became, *ex officio*, president of the Legislative Council.

In January of the year succeeding, Sir William Hodges was appointed to the office, permanently; and upon the arrival of this news, the following address was presented to Mr. Bell, by the practicing barristers of the Supreme Court:

Sir,—Intelligence having arrived that her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to make an appointment to the office of chief justice of the colony, we avail ourselves of the occasion which is thus presented to express our sense of the very efficient manner in which you have, as senior member of the bench of the Supreme Court, discharged the duties of that situation, since the illness of Sir John Wylde, in September, 1855.

During the whole of this period, we have had constant opportunities of witnessing the unwearied diligence, legal acumen, and honest desire to do right between the suitors of the court, which have marked your judicial conduct.

In tendering to you this brief but sincere expression of our respect, we would, at the same time, convey to you our hope that the public of this colony may long enjoy the advantage of having upon the bench of our Supreme Court so able and upright a judge as you have proved yourself to be.—We are, &c.

Cape Town, 26th January, 1858.

And, shortly afterwards, the practicing attorneys presented him with the following:

Sir,—The undersigned, attorneys practicing in the Supreme Court, having learned that her Majesty has been pleased to fill up the vacancy on the bench, caused by the retirement of Chief Justice Sir John Wylde, by the appointment of Mr. Hodges, deem it our duty to express our

acknowledgment of the laborious, patient, and ready attention which you have bestowed in chambers, as well as in court, upon all matters brought judicially before you, during the period you have practically, as well as formally, discharged the functions of chief justice.

We also desire to express our sense of the courtesy we have uniformly, personally, received in our official intercourse with you.

Trusting that you may be spared for many years, to discharge, as heretofore, the important duties of your high and onerous office,—We are, &c.

Cape Town, February, 1858.

In May, 1858, Sir William Hodges arrived in the colony, when Mr. Bell necessarily vacated at once the chair of the Supreme Court, and of the Legislative Council. On this occasion, the following resolution was adopted unanimously:

That this Council cannot allow the Hon. Mr. Justice Sydney Smith Bell to retire from the presidential chair without recording their sense of the zeal, ability, and efficiency with which he has discharged his duties during the present session.

His labors as a legislator and as President of the Council were of brief duration, but they certainly were discharged with zeal and vigor. The principal work to which he devoted his attention was a draft of a new and consolidated insolvent law, which passed the Council during that session, which secured the admiration of many, but which, from its excessive magnitude, was unlikely to force its way through in the Assembly, where the process of discussion is so much more laborious and exhaustive than is usual in the quiet chamber of the Upper House.

Mr. Bell possesses many excellent qualifications for the bench. He is extremely keen, so much so as to be pronounced almost suspicious by cavilers; but we venture to say that his suspicions (when he entertains any) are seldom ill-founded. Nothing can exceed the conscientious care which he bestows on every case before him. He will often follow up the examination of a witness after it has been abandoned by the counsel on both sides and by the rest of the bench, and seldom fails, on such occasions, to elicit something bearing strongly on the point in dispute. When he differs from his brother judges, he explains his views lucidly and at considerable length, and even those who arrive at a different conclusion from himself cannot but be struck with the force of his arguments, and the evidence of the labour and acumen he has brought to his task. Our readers are, perhaps, generally aware that the Roman-Dutch law of this colony is very similar in its principles to the law of Scotland, and Mr. Bell's early study of the latter must be of infinite value and assistance to him in our Supreme Court.

Accurate and careful in all that he does himself, he is strongly opposed to every kind of laxity in the practice of the court, and it must be confessed that he has done good service in enforcing more order and precision than would have prevailed but for his constant supervision and attention.

As a criminal judge, he gave some little offence soon after his arrival in pronouncing sentences not quite suited to the peculiar state of society here; but since that time his better experience has preserved him from any such errors, and he is now as lenient in his judgments as he is careful and conscientious in his summing up to the jury. The only complaint ever made against Mr. Bell now (as far as we know) is, that he is occasionally a little abrupt in his manner of addressing both the bar and the witnesses; but he may console himself with the reflection that nothing serious can be laid to his charge if so trifling a matter as this be a subject for comment. He is, indeed, an independent, acute, highly-principled judge, and his place on our bench would not readily be supplied if he were to vacate it.

We have already mentioned that Mr. Bell is a voluminous author on legal and professional topics, and our readers are aware that within the last two months he has issued a work on a widely different subject "The Colonial Administration of Great Britain." It is certainly an exceedingly able and elaborate production, and one which cannot fail to direct the attention of thinking men to the weighty matters of which it treats. It is unnecessary to remark anything further of it at present, as we shall take an opportunity in our next of reviewing it at length, and forming some estimate of the conclusions at which the author arrives and the reasonings which support them.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The accessions of new books at the Public Library, this month, have been scarcely as interesting or as numerous as usual; and our space is too limited to allow anything more than a mere passing reference to them.

Foremost among them is a new series of *Friends in Council*, or rather a fresh course of grave, genial, thoughtful, wise, and healthy discussions, by Mr. Arthur Helps. The style, as all the readers of the previous series will remember, is closely akin to the almost extinct essayistic style of Addison, or the Man of Feeling. The staid uniformity of the essay,

however, is relieved by occasional episodes of lively colloquy and pleasing narrative. The subjects discussed in these two volnmes are multifarious, beginning with an essay on Worry, and extending to dissertations on the Miseries of Human Life, on Despotism, War, and Government.

Next to this, we meet with another work of a widely different stamp—Mr. J. W. Cole's *Life and Theatrical Times of Charles Kean*, in two volumes. It is a dreary book, dull and vapid in its monotony of lavish adulation. It is not so much a memoir of Kean or a history of the modern drama, as a fulsome panegyric on the manager of the Princess's. And the disgust of the reader becomes the more unbounded when he learns that the author of the volumes before him is a salaried official of that manager's theatrical staff. The only lively pages we have met with in the work are those which contain a correspondence between Mr. Kean and Douglas Jerrold, in which the dramatic writer and the actor contrive to quarrel with and blackball each other in the most brisk and piquant style. There is no doubt that the modern drama is greatly indebted to Mr. Kean, and his accomplished wife and co-actress, *née* Helen Tree. They have done much to raise the tone and tendency of theatrical society; and their magnificent revivals of the historical plays of Shakespeare will form an era in the history of the drama. But the injudicious volumes of Mr. Cole are by no means the sort of commemoration by which a wise or a great man would desire his fame to be handed down to posterity.

Another new work of more importance is the first volume of Napier's *Memorials and Letters Illustrative of the Life and Times of John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.* Than this same John Graham there has been no man whose character has been more differently represented by the adherents of opposing parties. By the high Tories of the land he has been admiringly belauded as the brave hero of Killecrankie, and commemorated in heroic ballad as the "Gallant and Bonnie Dundee." By the descendants of the Covenanters, and by the great bulk of the nation, his memory has been execrated, and the only epithet by which he is widely known, is the "Bloody Clavers." Mr. Napier—himself a fiery cavalier—is an admirer of Dundee; and is bent upon doing for his hero the same service which Carlyle achieved for Cromwell's memory, in his great work on the Protector. How far he may prove successful in his advocacy cannot yet be decided from any materials that have appeared in this first volume. The remark of a London critic is a correct one: "The present publication amounts to a motion for a new trial in the case of the Covenanters *versus* Viscount Dundee, and so far we can cheerfully bid Mr. Napier to 'take a rule.'"

Commander Tronson's *Personal Narrative of a Voyage to Japan, &c.*, gives an evidently truthful, though also sufficiently graphic and vivid representation of life in those islands of the east. Rather than characterize it further, we shall make room for an extract or two. Take the

following description of a social tea-party, in the gardens of a Japanese inn. It does not read very different from a description of a social tea-party at Rosherville, or Rathfelder's :

We paid a visit to the jolly hostess and the fair dames of the inn—one of whom, by-the-by, said she had looked for my return, and had reared a kitten for me ; for which I thanked the fair creature, telling her I should take another opportunity for calling for her present. We pursued our peregrinations through the garden, and suddenly came upon a social party of Japanese ladies and gentlemen at tea in a pretty summer-house. We bowed to them on passing, and as we did not wish to intrude upon their privacy, were about to withdraw, when a young gentleman arose, came towards us, and begged us to enter and partake of some tea. We gladly acceded to his request, and were soon at ease with our new acquaintances. Small square tables of lacquered ware, about a foot and a half in height and six inches square, were placed on the right side of the Japanese ; these supported cups of tea, sweetmeats, cakes, and small lacquered bowls of rice and fruit. Four married ladies sat together on one side, and near them an old gentleman ; opposite sat a young Japanese officer and two young ladies, one about seventeen years of age, the other about twenty ; the latter were very pretty. We little dreamed of seeing such beauties in this retired spot ; their skins clear and white as that of a Circassian, with a healthy blush on their cheeks, which required not the assistance of the rouge-box ; finely-arched brows, over bright black eyes, which grew brighter when the owners became animated, and were shadowed by long curling eyelashes ; nose small but straight, one bordering on aquiline ; small well cut lips, surrounded by even rows of teeth of pearly lustre. Their jet black hair was brushed from the sides and back of the head, and fastened in a knot on the top of the head, by a fillet of pale pink silk. The elder was the handsomer of the two, and the chief object of attraction to the young officer ; as he frequently gave us an opportunity of observing, by placing an arm round the waist and looking lovingly into her eyes. There was gracefulness in all her attitudes, especially when she took up a guitar at the request of her lover, and played a few airs for us ; but the music was rather monotonous and without harmony ; at least, our dull ears could not detect any. She accompanied herself in a song, in a falsetto tone ; a species of whine, not altogether so discordant as that of the Chinese, yet merely bearable from its strangeness. The sister joined in a duett, one endeavoring to outshriek the other. Our elder hosts were in raptures with the performance, and they wondered at our stolidity ; but our ears had been accustomed to the music of Grisi and Mario, and could not endure even the finest of Japanese singers. Finding the ladies so obliging, we prevailed upon one to play while the other danced. The performance was peculiar ; she went round the apartment, as in a slow waltz, making graceful passes with her hands, and humming an air to herself, smiling most agreeably, and bowing towards us as she went round. They were attired in richly embroidered silk ; a loose tunic with wide sleeves, was fastened round the waist by a broad sash of pale pink ; a fan was passed through this, and, supporting the back of each lady, was a tricornered flat board, covered with parti-colored silk The married ladies were attired in robes of a fabric resembling cashmere, and of a sombre lavender color. After tea, they introduced pipes and some light wine. The Japanese tobacco is very mild and without flavor, so we requested that they would permit us to

light cheroots instead, according to our own custom. They examined our uniform minutely, asking the English name of each part of it, and pronouncing each word separately after us."

As a contrast to this, we may extract the following picture, which will appear somewhat more novel—a visit to a Japanese bath:

"We entered a low porch, first putting aside a hanging screening of matting, and passed into a spacious room divided into three compartments. On the right was a dark division, with benches around for resting or smoking upon. A youth sat uppon a small table with a cash-box before him for the receipt of bath money; the price for each bath being five copper cash. On the left the apartment retired far back, the floor gradually inclining downwards for about six feet, again ascending towards a screen; behind which some good people were enjoying the luxury of a warm bath. A channel passes through the room to carry off the water. Near the screened apartment, but exposed to public view, was a broad and shallow bath of cold water in the angle of the double inclined floor. Here men, women, and children squatted down, on issuing from the hot bath, and splashed the cold water over their bodies; they use it unsparingly. They were perfectly naked, and appeared ruddy and refreshed. Nothing abashed by the presence of strangers, the work is carried on vigorously; and the exhibition is not looked upon by the Japanese as being at all indelicate: it may be from an Adam and Eve like simplicity on their part."

Miss Mulock's *Life for a Life* is the only novel of this month worthy of notice. It is quite such another as the authoress's previous works. The readers of *John Halifax*, or *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*, need scarcely be informed what that character is. The author of them comes nearer to Miss Brontë in mental power and spiritual insight into human nature than any other female writer we have met with.

Of publications connected with the colony we can only find space at present to allude in passing to two. The first of these is Mr. Justice Bell's elaborate work on the *Colonial Administration of Great Britain*; and the second is Mr. Wyley's official report of his geological journeyings in South Africa. We shall take an early opportunity of reviewing both of them at greater length than we could afford to do in this number.

Besides books, however, a very interesting importation has been made during this month of valuable paintings. These are copies, by a distinguished London artist—Mr. Gow, of portraits of Vasco de Gama, Cromwell, Hampden, and Milton, and of Rubens' magnificent picture of "Peace and War." The Vasco de Gama was painted at the recommendation of Mr. T. W. Bowler and with the special permission of Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., from the original in the National Naval Gallery, at Greenwich Hospital. It is a splendid life-size; full of life and vigor, and worked with patient, laborious care in all its details. It is proposed to purchase this by subscription, and present it as an appropriate decoration to the new public library. The price is only fifty guineas, and we cannot doubt that the amount will readily be collected. The Cromwell and the Milton are from prized originals in the National Gallery, and are painted with great artistic power. The Hampden is

from the most authentic original at Hampden-house. But decidedly the best of the collection, in our opinion, is the copy of Rubens' "Peace and War." But for the reduction in the size we can scarcely imagine that it is not the original we have before us. There is all the mellow richness of almost Titianesque beauty in one or two of the female figures which marks all the best productions of the Fleming. Works of this sort are really an acquisition to the arts treasures of the Cape, and we can scarcely imagine that the public will allow so exquisite a production to pass into private hands.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

Responding to the call made by the Colonial Government for advances under security of debentures, bearing interest at six per cent., it would appear that fifty-five individuals tendered an aggregate sum of £186,425; and the committee, in the exercise of the discretion vested in them by the Lieutenant-Governor, "recommended for acceptance tenders offering a premium to the amount of £45,050, and tenders at par to the amount of £34,950; making a total of £80,000," the sum required. It is gratifying to be able to state that almost the whole of this sum was tendered for by colonial capitalists, and other colonists seeking good investments for surplus capital, or for savings, as it evinces a confidence in the state of the colonial finances which augurs well for the issue of debentures in future. Indeed, we are satisfied that, if properly managed, a considerable premium will be realized on the next Government debentures offered to the public. The position of the banks in meeting the, to them, large amounts, required in specie, was calculated to cause some apprehension to those who finance closely, and seek for discounts at critical periods; but, although it was impossible to avoid restricting the facilities usually given to their customers, some of the banks were enabled to assist them, to a moderate extent, throughout. We are informed that the constituents of the Cape of Good Hope Bank obtained upwards of £60,000 worth of the £80,000 debentures issued by the Government, and for which that institution made ample provision.

The committee appointed to decide the site of the railway terminus has selected that portion of the parade lying between the Custom House and Commercial Exchange. The subject of reclaiming ground from the sea, and placing the terminus in front of the Queen's Warehouse, does not seem to have been discussed. We see great difficulties in the selection of any other site; and hope that the one chosen will be allowed to interfere as little as possible with the principal lung of our increasing city.

The supplies of rice have been large this month, but prices are not expected to recede, unless the article is disposed of at a sacrifice. Importations of white rice now made are barely covered at twenty-seven shillings per bag. This is owing to the increased price of the article in Calcutta, and to the addition there of an export duty. Unfortunately, it is not mitigated by lower rates of freight, passing ships fearing the risk of insurance, unless well paid for it. We have no arrivals to note of coffee, and stocks are expected to move off gradually as soon as the rains which have fallen in the inland districts have benefited the country sufficiently to enable the transport riders to resume their avocations. From China we hear that this season's caper teas, suitable for this market, are very scarce and inferior, which, if confirmed by subsequent advices, will tend to prevent a decline in the price of the article here. We are without arrivals of sugar, and the market is quiet.

Several important mercantile cases have occupied the attention of the Supreme Court during term time; the principal being that of the Namaqua Mining Company *v.* the Commercial Marine Assurance Company, for recovery of £4,000 insured by the lastnamed office, on copper ore per *Admiral Collingwood*, at and from Hondeklip Bay and Port Nolloth to Swansea. The argument appeared to rest upon the seaworthiness or otherwise of the vessel at the time of her leaving one or other of the ports mentioned; but as the defendants did not attempt to infer that there was any collusion between the shippers and the master of the *Admiral Collingwood*, for the purpose of losing the cargo, it would seem to have been more equitable that the recipients of the premium should have paid the amount for which they became liable. The cargo was further insured in the other marine offices of Cape Town; namely, in the Equitable Marine for £4,000; and in the Cape of Good Hope Marine Company, £2,000, both of which amounts were settled without litigation. The report of the case in the local journals is interesting, and will repay perusal.

The cases of Roos *v.* Rennie, and Butcher and others *v.* Hawes and others, are also important. The former arose out of the loss of the steam-ship *Madagascar*, and hinged upon the construction of the term "intermediate ports," upon a bill of lading. The latter for the recovery of money, alleged to be overcharged on account sales of produce, is at the time of our going to press, being heard before the judges in chambers.

The debentures issued on the 15th, were largely used as remittances to England per last mail. There was great difficulty in obtaining remittable paper, owing to Commissariat not disposing of their bills on her Majesty's Treasury. Good private paper was disposed of at one to two per cent. premium for drafts, and thirty days' sight. Tonnage, abundant, and difficulty experienced in loading ships. The incoming wools will slightly improve matters in this respect.

REPORT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM.

The Curator of the South African Museum desires to have the pleasure of informing the subscribers and friends to that institution that the removal of the collection to the new building will probably be commenced about the 15th of this month.

After this date, unless circumstances, at present unforeseen, arise to prevent it, the institution will be closed, and will remain so for six weeks or two months, until the removal is effected, and the collection properly arranged in its new domicile.

It is hoped that this arrangement will be completed, and the new library in such a state of forwardness, as to admit of the two noble rooms being thrown open to the public on the first of January, 1860 A fitting commencement of a new year.

In looking back upon his labors for the last four years, the curator has no cause to regret the time devoted to the institution under his care. The collection has thriven in all those branches to which he has, one by one, paid particular attention. At first, the conchological series, owing to the extensive donations of the Honorable Rawson W. Rawson, C.B.; Dr. Gray, of the British Museum; Messrs. Metcalf, of London; Robellau, of Mauritius; Bland, of New York; Manuel and De Pass, of Cape Town; and many others, assumed such goodly proportions, as to require classification. This was done, and, by the special permission of the trustees, the missing *genera* in the Lamarkian series having been purchased, the collection was entirely arranged. It numbers about 6,000 species.

The entomological collection then received valuable additions from Messrs. A. McDonald, H. E. Rutherfoord, Dregé, Ecklon, Zeyher, Fairbridge, Dr. Pappe, and others, and, with the assistance of an accomplished coleopterist, the Count de Castelnau, was reduced to order. It numbers many thousand examples.

The ornithological branch then began to increase to a sufficient extent to warrant a systematic arrangement, and the trustees, at once, with just discrimination, decided upon the construction of a case which should be proportioned to the noble room that the collection was destined to inhabit.

In this they were generously supported by the subscribers to the Smith Testimonial Fund, who unanimously permitted their subscriptions to be turned into this channel, and to these gentlemen the thanks of the Cape public are mainly due for the handsome case which now contains this collection, amounting to upwards of one thousand one hundred specimens. Thanks are also due to Messrs. H. E. Rutherfoord; McDonald; Verreaux, of Paris; Jackson, of Nel's Poort; Dr. Graf, of Somerset West; R. Moffatt, jr., of Kuruman; Arnott, of Colesberg; Cairncross, of Swellendam; Smith, of the Cape Flats; Short, of the Convict Department; the

Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal in Calcutta; the Sydney Museum; and many others, for extensive help in this branch.

The reptilia have also been slightly arranged, owing to the large accessions received from Mr. Moffatt, while in Namaqualand, but the series are still deficient in many genera and families.

As yet no classification has been attempted with the mammalia, but the large additions received from the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal; and the numerous donations of Mr. Wilson, of Otjimbingue; Mr. Harker, of Plettenberg's Bay; Mr. Jackson; Mr. Smith; and many others, having brought up their numbers to above two hundred, a systematic arrangement will be commenced in the new building. Owing, however, to the great difference in size between the specimens, this must as yet be but imperfect.*

Several large animals, including two buffaloes, have recently been mounted, but want of space has necessitated their retention in the work-shop of the taxidermist. These will be exhibited, for the first time, at the inauguration of the new building.

In conclusion, the curator begs to return his most sincere thanks to the many contributors to the museum who have come forward with their aid; the receipt of the smallest donation is equally with the most extensive the source of pleasure to him, as showing the kind intention of the donors; and he will ever look back with gratification to the numerous friendships which the fulfillment of the pleasant duty of acknowledging donations has been the means of his forming in all parts of the colony.

With many, very many, of the contributors, he has yet only the pleasure of an epistolatory acquaintance, but he hopes in time to meet them all in the South African Museum, and to point out to them that a good use has been made of their donations.

To the Postmaster-General, and all the officers of his department, in Cape Town, and throughout the colony, and to all post contractors, the institution owes a large debt of gratitude; *but one single parcel has ever failed to reach its destination*, and in two instances only has harm happened to any of them; once, when a flooded river cost the life of the post-rider, and the temporary loss of the mails; and another time, when a mouse, envious, doubtless, of the higher destiny of an embalmed snipe, attempted to perform the curative process upon itself, by gnawing the arseniated specimen.

With sincere congratulations on the prospect of a speedy junction of the labors of the last two years, the curator hopes for a pleasant meeting with the friends and well-wishers of the institution in its new home on the 1st of January next.

E. L. Layard, Curator.

* For instance, the dassie (*Hyrax Capensis*) belongs to the same section as the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus; the meer-katje to the same section as the lion; some must be placed upon the main floor of the building, while others may occupy a small shelf in a glass case.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR AUGUST, 1859.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Far.	Thermometers. Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.	Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind. Force.	Direction.	Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
Aug.	inches.	°	°	°	°	°		inches.			inches.	
1	29·886	55·18	52·22	59·3	51·8	49·4	81·4	29·532	5·4	NNW	0·070	6·7
2	29·841	56·06	53·58	59·6	53·0	51·2	84·0	29·463	7·8	NNW	0·020	10·0
3	29·806	54·00	50·62	58·7	48·0	47·3	78·6	29·477	4·3	NW¼N	1·315	8·8
4	30·210	48·26	45·92	55·0	44·8	43·4	83 6	29·928	0·6	WbS½S	0·277	5·3
5	30·296	51·42	49·36	55·8	48·0	47·3	86·2	29·970	1·9	NWbN	0·330	7·8
6	30·288	52·60	49·68	58·0	45·0	46·8	80·8	29·966	0·7	SSW		3·2
7	30·274	55·96	50·86	59·2	53·0	46·1	69·8	29·962	1·6	SbE		0·5
8	30·212	55·90	52·98	62·3	45·3	50·3	82·4	29·846	1·4	S½E		0·6
9	30·010	56·58	54·06	62·0	47·3	51·7	84·0	29·625	1·8	SbE		6·3
10	30·080	57·82	54·36	62·7	54·0	51·2	79·4	29·701	3·6	S½E		4·2
11	30·059	57·44	52·62	62·0	54·0	48·2	72·0	29·720	4·0	S		4·4
12	30·157	55·24	51·42	60·3	52·0	47·8	76·8	29·823	1·4	S½E		5·6
13	30·167	51·92	47·36	58·0	43·3	42·9	72·4	29·891	2·9	SWbS		1·6
14	30·137	53·94	51·60	58·3	47·3	49·4	84·8	29·784	2·2	NNW		7·4
15	30·282	54·22	51·30	57·6	44·8	48·5	81·6	29·937	2·6	WSW	0·220	5·4
16	30·323	53·78	51·08	62·2	45·0	48·5	83·0	29·980	0·7	SbW	*·010	1·7
17	30·328	57·92	52·62	64·8	53·0	47·8	69·6	29·992	2·4	SSE	0·025	1·1
18	30·309	54·64	49·54	58·7	50·7	44·6	69·4	30·012	5·0	S		0·7
19	30·257	55·86	51·30	59·4	52·8	47·1	72·6	29·933	4·6	S		1·0
20	30·281	53·96	51·82	61·0	48·5	49·8	86·2	29·923	1·2	SWbW		5·0
21	30·283	55·70	54·96	59·2	52·8	54·3	95·0	29·861	0·8	NW½N	0·825	9·4
22	30·242	57·08	56·00	60·0	53·8	55·0	93·2	29·809	1·3	NNW	0·400	9·6
23	30·315	56·40	54·56	63·2	47·8	52·9	88·6	29·912	0·5	NW	0·017	6·0
24	30·314	57·86	55·84	61·3	55·0	54·1	87·8	29·895	0·8	NWbN	0·193	7·0
25	30·264	56·82	55·42	61·6	52·3	54·2	91·2	29·844	0·8	NW½N	0·017	9·0
26	30·155	55·26	53·10	62·0	46·6	51·1	86·2	29·776	0·6	WbS	*0·018	2·5
27	29·982	57·40	54·02	63·7	48·0	51·0	79·8	29·608	1·2	SWbW		3·9
28	29.837	55·88	53·20	60·0	53·0	50·7	83·2	29·466	4·2	NWbW	0·600	9·7
29	30·070	50·86	46·90	56.5	45·0	42·9	74·8	29·793	2·2	NW	0·240	7·6
30	30·300	53·80	51·60	57·0	48·0	49·5	85·4	29·946	3·8	NNW	0·147	9·4
31	30·236	55·42	52·48	59·4	50·8	51·7	87·8	29·852	1·4	NW	0·062	5·4
Mean,	30·168	55·01	52·04	60·0	49·5	49·2	81·7	29·814	2·4	WbS	Sum. 4·786	5·4

* Dew.

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A.M. 5h 34m.	A.M. 9h 34m	P.M. 1h 34m	P.M. 5h 34m	P.M. 9h 34m	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°. inches	30·161	30·198	30·148	30·151	30·183	30·478	29·643
,, Press. of dry air, ,,	29·831	29·833	29·783	29·793	29·829	30·105	29·264
Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees	51·14	56·15	59·15	55·40	53·20	63·7	43·4
,, Wet bulb. ,,	49·24	53·01	54·35	52·42	51·20	59·1	42·0
Humidity of the air. per cent.	87·3	80·7	72·5	81·2	86·6	99·	59·
Dew Point degrees	47·3	50·1	50·1	49·6	49·2	56·5	40·3

Total amount of rain from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1, 21,313 inches, being 5 inches above the annual average

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR SEPTEMBER, 1859.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Far.	THERMOMETERS.				Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=100.	BAROMETER, minus Tension.	WIND.		RAIN.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Force.	Direction.		
Sept.	inches.	°	°	°		°		inches.			inches.	
1	30·124	57·24	53·94	62·8	54·4	50·9	79·6	29·751	2·7	SSW		4·2
2	30·103	57·36	53·42	60·3	54·0	49·8	76·2	29·744	3·0	S		3·1
3	30·179	56·64	52·70	62·3	53·3	49·0	75·8	29·830	1·4	S½E		4·0
4	30·104	57·42	53·64	61·0	54·4	50·2	77·0	29·740	2·0	S		1·9
5	30·116	59·00	54·10	63·0	55·6	49·8	71·8	29·758	2·0	S		1·6
6	30·178	54·34	50·82	64·0	44·0	47·5	78·8	29·846	0·6	SbW		2·8
7	30·100	56·30	53·02	62·7	48·0	50·0	80·2	29·738	0·7	WSW		4·6
8	30·063	59·48	54·76	64·0	53·0	50·6	73·0	29·694	1·9	S½E		0·5
9	30·022	58·72	54·68	65·0	56·0	51·1	75·8	29·645	4·2	S½E		7·2
10	30·000	59·78	54·22	63·0	57·0	49·3	68·6	29·647	4·0	SbE		8·1
11	29·997	59·50	57·18	69·5	54·3	55·2	86·8	29·560	0·9	WSW		6·0
12	30·052	58·40	55·30	65·0	52·2	52·6	82·0	29·655	1·6	NW½N	0·495	5·0
13	30·057	56·40	53·54	62·7	51·7	50·9	82·6	29·680	1·7	WbS	0·202	8·6
14	30·034	56·14	51·94	62·7	47·7	48·2	75·6	29·696	1·1	W½N	*0·018	2·1
15	30·063	56·28	50·84	62·2	50·5	45·7	68·2	29·751	2·8	SSW		4·2
16	29·916	60·36	53·60	67·3	50·0	47·8	65·6	29·581	1·4	SWbW	0·037	5·4
17	30·002	55·96	51·78	62·8	47·3	48·0	75·4	29·666	1·1	NW		1·2
18	29·901	57·98	54·74	65·8	53·2	51·9	81·0	29·514	2·2	W½S		4·3
19	30·064	57·48	54·84	62·0	52·6	52·5	83·6	29·669	4·0	NWbN	0·292	7·0
20	30·018	56·76	54·58	62·0	53·8	52·6	86·0	29·641	5·2	NWbN		8·0
21	29·941	57·12	56·54	57·8	55·4	56·0	96·2	29·492	3·0	NW½N	0·825	10·0
22	29·998	56·52	52·50	61·2	51·2	48·7	75·4	29·651	1·8	W	1·346	7·8
23	30·160	54·62	49·12	60·3	48·2	43·9	68·0	29·873	0·8	S		7·4
24	30·087	56·86	49·88	60·0	53·0	43·4	61·2	29·805	3·5	S½E		2·1
25	29·988	63·66	55·76	69·2	53·2	49·3	60·4	29·636	1·8	SbE		1·3
26	30·005	64·30	58·90	77·4	57·0	54·7	73·4	29·576	1·7	S½E		4·4
27	30·079	63·70	60·56	65·2	58·6	57·9	82·2	29·596	2·5	SbE		7·6
28	29·970	65·28	62·30	74·7	61·0	59·9	83·4	29·453	2·9	S		4·5
29	30·000	62·10	58·24	65·4	59·0	55·0	78·2	29·567	5.2	S		3·4
30	29·939	64·78	59·76	71·3	59·0	55·7	73·0	29·495	3·2	S		0·4
Mean,	30·042	58·68	54·57	64·4	53·3	50·9	76·5	29·655	2·4	SW	Sum 3·215	4·6

* Dew

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

		A.M. 5h 34m	A.M. 9h 34m	P.M. 1h 34m	P.M. 5h 34m	P.M. 9h 34m	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°.	inches	30·034	30·061	30·026	30·036	30·052	30·226	29·841
,, Press. of dry air,	,,	29·677	29·674	29·638	29·655	29·682	29·903	29·419
Thermom.—Dry bulb.	degrees	54·43	60·18	63·39	59·03	56·38	75·2	45·0
,, Wet bulb.	,,	51·88	55·58	57·16	54·93	53·31	66·8	43·3
Humidity of the air.	p. cent.	83·7	74·2	67·5	76·1	81·0	98·	46·
Dew Point.	degrees	49·4	51·6	52·0	51·3	50·5	62·4	40·5

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

A CHART OF THE COLONIES SUBJECT TO GREAT BRITAIN,

ARRANGED GEOGRAPHICALLY, AND SHOWING ACQUISITION, POPULATION, EXTENT, REVENUE, COMMERCE WITH, AND EMIGRATION FROM, GREAT BRITAIN, FORM OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT, &c.

No.	NAME OF COLONY.	ACQUISITION.		POPULATION.		EXTENT IN SQUARE MILES.	REVENUE.	COMMERCE WITH GREAT BRITAIN.			Emigration. 1815–1853.	LOCAL GOVERNMENT.
								Exports to.	Imports from.			
		Date.	Mode of.	Nr.	Year.			Computed real value.	Declared real value.	Computed real value.		
	AMERICA:						£	£	£	£		
1	Canada, East	1759	Capture.	261	1851	348,363	723,724	3,397,827	2,467,810	180,050		Governor; Executive Col., 10; Leg., Col., 31; life nom., 24 elect; Leg. Assbly., 130 elect.
2	Canada, West	1760	„	004	1851							
3	New Brunswick	1784	Sepd. Nova Scotia.	000	1851	27,704	130,000	1,639,249	548,022	31,469		Lt.-Gov.; Leg. Col., 23; House of Assbly., 41.
4	Prince Edward Island	1771	Settlement.	000	1853	2,114	20,855	56,469	85,128	8,314		Lt.-Gov.; Leg. Col., 12; House of Assbly., 30.
5	Nova Scotia	1621	Settlement in part.	117	1851	15,607	93,039	179,019	564,331	58,614	1,071,239	Lieut.-Governor; Legislative Council, 21; House of Assembly, 53.
6	Cape Breton	1745	Settlement.	580	1851	3,125						
7	Newfoundland	1623	„	338	1857	60,000	80,396	818,538	565,176	48,444		Gov.; Leg. Council, 13; House of Assbly., 30.
8	Hudson Bay Co.'s, Settlts.	1668	„	....	.....	2,500,000	.....	308,008	98,568	12,434		Hudson's Bay Company.
9	Vancouver's Island	1848	„	....	.....	12,500	.....	.....	.....	.....		Governor; House of Assembly, 7.
10	Falkland Islands	1842	„	000	1855	6,000	442	819	4,269	1,034		Governor; Legislative and Executive Councils.
			British American Totals	200		2,975,413	1,048,456	6,399,929	4,333,304	340,359		
	WEST INDIA ISLANDS:											
11	Bermuda	1609	Settlement.	33	1839	.....	12,630					Gov.; Leg. Council, 12; House of Assbly., 36.
12	St. Christopher	1623	„	41	1855	70	13,266					Lt.-Gov.; Leg. Col., 8; House of Assbly., 25.
13	Barbadoes	1625	„	39	1851	166	54,096					Gov.; Leg. Col., 10 nom.; House of Assbly., 24.
14	Nevis	1628	„	00	1851	20	1,936					President; Leg. Col., 7; House of Assbly., 15.
15	Barbuda	1628	„	ind in	Antigua	.....	.....					
16	Bahamas	1629	„			.....						Gov.; Leg. Council, 9; House of Assembly, 28.
17	Turks and Caicos	1629	„	19	1851	8	26,104					President and Council of 8; half elective.
18	Montserrat	1632	„	53	1851	48	3,235					Presdt.; Leg. Council, 7; House of Assbly., 12.
19	Antigua	1632	„	57	1851	400	25,185					Gov.; Leg. Council, 10; House of Assbly., 27.
20	Anguilla	1650	„	80	1834	120	.....					
21	Jamaica	1655	Capture.	33	1844	4,256	180,570	5,223,634	1,830,413	204,503		Gov.; Leg. Council and House of Assembly.
22	Virgin Islands	1666	Settlement.	89	1841	93	1,675					President and Council, part elective.
23	St. Vincent	1763	Cession.	28	1851	131	14,390					Lt.-Gov.; Leg. Col., 7; House of Assbly., 19; Executive Council, 10.
24	Grenada	1763	„	71	1851	250	17,366					Lt -Gov.; Leg. Col., 12; House of Assbly., 26; and Executive Council.
25	Dominica	1763	„	00	1844	260	12,901					Lt.-Gov.; Leg. Col., 7; House of Assbly., 19.
26	Tobago	1763	„	78	1851	97	7,792					Lt.-Gov.; Privy Council, 7; Leg. Council, 7; E. Com., 3; House of Assembly, 16.
27	Trinidad	1797	Capture.	00	1851	2,000	107,310					Governor, and Legislative Council, 12.
28	St. Lucia	1803	„	18	1851	200	12,960					Gov.; Leg. Council, 12; of whom 5 officials.
29	British Honduras	1670	Cession.	35	1839	10,370	.....	424,364	518,628	47,251		Supt.; Leg. Assbly., 18; E. 3 nom.; Ex. Col., 6.
30	Demerara, Essequibo	1803	Capture.	92	1851	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....		Governor; A Court of Policy, and for levying taxes, a combined Court of Financial Representatives and Court of Policy.
	Berbice or British Guyana			03	1851	50,000	192,510	1,990,932	156,877	9,225		
			West Indian Totals	39		68,489	683,926	7,638,930	2,505,918	260,979		
	AUSTRALASIA:											
31	Australia, West	1829	Settlement.	01	1858	100,000	37,022	43,927	65,740	9,887		Gov., and Leg. Council, of 10 nom., and Exe.
32	Australia, South	1836	„	00	1858	300,000	102,325	653,180	913,117	75,493		Gov.; Ex. Col., 6; of whom 5 Respon. Minrs., Leg. Council, 18; House of Assbly., 36; E.
33	New South Wales	1788	„	87	1857	535,800	676,893	2,035,386	3,130,709	465,886		Gov.; Leg. Col., 21 nom.; H. of Asly., 54 elect.
34	Victoria	1836	„	45	1857	98,000	1,577,181	2,472,479	6,649,286	861,824	371,680	Gov.; Leg. Col., 30; E. H. of Assbly., 60 elect.
35	Tasmania, V. Diemen's L.	1804	„	50	1856	22,630	129,545	563,113	509,242	85,737		Gov.; Leg. Col., 15; E. H. of Assbly., 30 elect.
36	New Zealand	1839	„	38	1857	95,000	57,743	157,220	364,430	43,774		Gov.; Leg. Col., 20 nom; H. of Asly., 42 elect.
37	Auckland Islands	1806	„	51	1851	200	.....	.....	.....	.....		
38	Norfolk	1788	„	05	1856	14	.....	.....	.....	.....		
			Australian Totals	1,17		1,151,644	2,580,709	5,925,305	11,632,524	1,542,601		
	AFRICA:											
39	St. Helena	1673	Cession.	8	1856	47	17,177	29,966	29,267	11,749		Governor, and Legislative Council of 2.
40	Ascension	1827	Settlement.	.	.....	36	.....	256	13,374	2,819		Officer in charge.
41	Gambia	1631	„	3	1851	12	8,414	23,273	55,576	22,935		Governor, and Legislative Council of 7.
42	Sierra Leone	1787	„	1	1851	25,000	19,886	107,062	223,495	34,624		Governor, and Legislative Council of 7.
43	Gold Coast	1661	„	40	1851	8,000	6,740	86,509	91,743	22,621		Governor, and Legislative Council of 5.
44	Tristan d'Acunha	1818	„	0	1845	25	.....	.....	.....	.....		
45	Cape of Good Hope	1806	Cession.	25	1854	203,000	463,010	1,705,543	1,720,092	82,495		Gov.; Leg. Col., 15; E. H. of Assbly., 46 elect.
46	Natal	1824	Settlement.	10	1850	20,000	36,097	88,174	140,546	6,091		Lt.-Gov.; Ex. Col., 6 nom.; Leg Col., 12 elect.
47	Mauritius	1810	Capture.	29	1855	700	311,854	2,288,188	663,554	18,646		Gov.; Executive Council, 6; Leg. Council, 18.
48	Seychelles	1810	„	0	1855	80	.....	.....	.....	.....		
			African Totals	1,06		256,900	863,178	4,328,971	2,937,647	201,980		
	EUROPE:											
49	Gibraltar	1704	Capture.	3	1850	2	30,000	48,139	655,661	64,754		Governor.
50	Ionian Isles	1814	Cession.	10	1855	1,097	99,031	208,571	253,202	24,947		Lord High Comr., Senate, 5; Assembly, 42.
51	Malta, Gozo, Comino	1800	Capture.	6	1851	122	127,728	161,312	458,547	53,410		Gov.; Legislative Council, 10, Official, 8 elect.
52	Channel Islands	.....	.....	6	1851	420	.....	377,738	539,768	169,667		Governors.
53	Heligoland	1807	Cession.	2	1851	5	.....	.....	.....	.....		Lieutenant-Governor.
			European Totals	0		1,646	256,759	795,760	1,907,178	312,778		
	ASIA:											
54	Hongkong	1842	Cession.	7	1855	30	21,331	.....	721,097	38,501		Gov.; Legislative Council, 7, Official, 3 nom.
55	Labuan	1846	„	6	1855	40	1,798	.....	.....	.....		Governor; Legislative Council, 2.
56	Ceylon	1795	Capture.	1,0	1855	24,664	411,806	1,503,897	516,657	32,397		Governor; Legislative Council, 16.
57	Singapore	1819	„	3	1852	330	40,091	940,181	896,282	25,446		
58	Aden	.....	.....	0	1850	.....	.....	.....	37,367	626		
			Asiatic Totals	1,6		25,064	475,026	2,444,078	2,171,403	96,970		
			Totals, exclusive of India	7,8		4,479,156	5,908,044	27,522,973	25,487,974	2,755,667		
59	BRITISH EAST INDIES	1611	Capture.	150,0	.....	1,300,000	19,927,039	18,650,223	11,666,714	525,246		Viceroy; Govrs. for Pres. Leg. and Exe. Cols.
									37,154,688	3,280,913	55,144	EMIGRATION to all other places.
			GRAND TOTALS	158,8		5,779,156	25,835,083	46,183,196	40,435,601		1,498,063	
											2,295,466	Emigration to United States.
	CORRESPONDING STATISTICS OF G. BRITAIN	.....	.....	27,1	1851	122,152	Revenue, 1853 54,430,344	Imports 187,844,441	in 1857 and	Exports. 146,174,301	3,793,529	Total EMIGRATION record from Great Britain 1815 to 1853.

NOTE.—The computed real value of imports *includes* the costs of conveying merchandise to Great Britain; but the declared value of exports is exclusive of the cost of conveying British produce to its various destinations.—(Vide imperial blue-book of 1857, from which these commercial statistics taken.) The authorities for the other particulars are chiefly English Cyclopedia, Geography, Encyclopedia Britannica with respect to geographical extent and history, and divers other authorities for minor details.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE COLONIAL ADMINISTRATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

Mr. Justice Bell announces, in his preface, that this dissertation had its origin in an inquiry which, in the year 1853, he felt it his duty to make, as to the foundation of the law he was to administer under her Majesty's commission. Such an inquiry, in connection with the relationship in which the colonies stand towards Great Britain, was a theme well worthy of the attention of the honorable and learned author. We agree with him "that the time has arrived when this subject should be candidly but fearlessly discussed."† We appreciate his laudable effort to guide the public mind, both in the colonies and Britain, to the consideration of the philosophic, traditional, and constitutional questions which arise out of it; but we take leave to dispute his logic, and, most of all, we decidedly object to the tone and temper of his book.

The freedom with which we propose to discuss the subject handled in this work will, we sincerely hope, not be personally unacceptable to the learned author. It cannot be too much discussed. We start by recording the grateful acknowledgments of ourselves, and the colonial public, for such a graceful evidence of the employment of a judge's learned leisure. We do not share in the author's apprehension that, if the book had been published earlier, it would either have influenced, or been influenced by, such mighty events as the Crimean war, our quarrel with China, or the great Indian rebellion.‡ Still, it was very thoughtful in him to defer its publication, in the hope of engaging the attention

* Colonial Administration of Great Britain. By Sydney Smith Bell, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, one of her Majesty's Judges of the Supreme Court of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope. London: Longmans, 1859.

† Bell, p. 7. ‡ Vide preface.

of a peaceful and listening world. The year of grace 1859 resounded, however, with war's alarms as much as any that preceded it; but probably the publishers thought, if they waited for a hush amongst mankind to introduce this dissertation, they might have delayed its publication till the millenium dawn. They were quite right, therefore, in waiting no longer. When a thoughtful man has a certain thing to say, by all means let him say it. Lord Macaulay's critics aver that, notwithstanding all the pains, genius, and time expended on his great work, the history of England has still to be written. And we propose now to see, in the first place, what Mr. Justice Bell has to say of our colonial administration, and then proceed to consider whether he has accomplished the task he proposed, and for which the world is ripe; or, if the tale of British colonial enterprise and effort yet remains to be told, and the nature of our colonial empire has yet to be apprehended.

Sir Walter Raleigh begins his history of the world with an account of the creation; and, although he employed the evening of his days in the composition of that work, with the best wits of England to aid him, after twelve years of labor he had advanced no farther than the downfall of the Macedonian empire, and then the axe of the executioner terminated his career, and left his book a fragment. We feel it is comparing small things with great, and taking our author at a disadvantage, but his subject is comparatively as extensive, and he commences with a chapter of contemplation of those ancient colonies "which were planted on the shores of the Mediterranean, by the city of Tyre;"* so that we are irresistibly reminded, not only of the origin of all things, but of the remonstrance of Sidney Smith to Dr. Nares, when he counted the pages of the ponderous work of that learned author, and weighed the same by avoirdupois. The life of man at best extends, since the Deluge, only to three score years and ten, and existence is not long enough to enable us to trace every subject to its primal causes. Besides, the little knowledge we have of the colonies of the ancient world does not suffice for correct judgment. We therefore gladly leave our author meditating among the ruins of Carthage, speculating as to the doings of Norax, the son of Mercury; and of Iolcas, who went to Sardinia with the sons of Hercules.† We will pass by his imperfect account of the colonies of Greece and Rome, because we believe they presented but little that is analogous to our

* Bell, chap. i, p. 8.

† Bell, chap. i, p. 11.

own, and that, so far as they did, the points of resemblance with which we are acquainted are too curious and small, to come within the scope of the present inquiry.

The same cannot be said, however, of the earlier European colonization, or rather what is known by that name; for it had two distinct phases, both of grave interest and importance, and bearing incalculable results. The barbarian inroad on the old Roman empire was, in effect, a new phase of colonization, in which a novel and independent idea of society, and a more manly race, uprooted an effete constitution and displaced a decrepid people. The voice of Peter the Hermit aroused this intruding race, when they, too, losing their rugged virtues, were about to decline; and the Crusades became the precursors of commerce. "The Italian states, during this period, established a regular commerce with the East in the ports of Egypt, and drew from thence all the rich products of the Indies."* Their system of colonization consisted rather in planting mercantile factories on the shores of the Mediterranean and the Levant, and neither they, nor the members of the famous Hanseatic league, regarded such establishments as instituted for any other purpose than the facilities of intercourse and exchange. These new communities had no life in themselves, and perished with the parent states, when,

> More unsteady than the southern gale,
> Commerce on other shores displayed her sail,
> And nought remained of all that riches gave,
> But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave.†

It was when the spirit of discovery came in aid of the acquisitiveness of nations that modern colonization was born. To Portugal belongs the initiative, but the genius of Columbus made it significant. From his time it has entered into the scheme of human society, and its history became the most important feature in the modern history of mankind. Yet, if the spirit of Henry of Portugal haunts still the old tower of Sagres, "whence, for many a year, he watched for the rising specks of white sail, bringing back his captains to tell him of new countries and new men,"‡ he must ponder much on the fewness of the argosies which visit his own beloved land, and marvel greatly at the numerous sails which

* Robertson's "View of the State of Europe," chap. ii, sec. 10.

† Goldsmith's "Traveler."

‡ "The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies," by Arthur Helps, vol. i, p. 18.

pass to the north and west of Lisbon. The great admiral, too, if he could now make voyages of discovery, would be startled to see how Spain's injustice and ingratitude to himself has been avenged, in the loss of all that the labors of his life acquired for her. A chapter on Portuguese and Spanish colonial administration would have been indeed a fitting introduction to the Judge's book. The colonial administration of Britain rises so distinctly out of it, that the latter cannot be comprehended, without a previous mastery of the former. The "grand and awful" lesson written "for reproof, for correction, and for instruction,"* is not, we are prepared to maintain, in that subsidiary event in which our author places it, but in the earlier record, which tells how two great and gallant nations lost the grandest opportunity of national development ever vouchsafed to them. Alas, what account can they give now of that noble inheritance! Will a power greater than Pope Alexander the Sixth one day ask of a collected people, what has become of the talents committed to their charge? Where is that "grant to the Princes of Castille and Leon, and to their successors, of the sovereign empire and principality of the Indies, and of the navigation there, with high and royal jurisdiction and imperial dignity and lordship over all that hemisphere?" What the fruits of the pontifical division "between the Spanish and Portuguese Indian sovereignties, by an imaginary line drawn from pole to pole, one hundred leagues to the west of the Azores and the Cape de Verde Islands?"† It will be no defence for these nations to answer that princes and rulers have lost the glorious opportunity, and laid up the talent in a napkin. History tells another tale. There was no lack of wisdom and piety in the instructions of the sovereigns of both these lands. When, since the world began, were the destinies of a people ever committed to more able rulers? The wise and politic Ferdinand, the pure and noble-minded Isabella, the statesmanship of Ximenes, the philanthropy of Las Casas, were all engaged in the ordering of these great concerns, and the result is seen, at this day, in a lost empire, a departed commerce, and a degraded people.‡

* Bell, chap. iii, p. 43. † Helps, p. 130.

‡ There is hardly anything more touching in history than the struggle in the minds of Ferdinand and Isabella with the exigencies and expediencies of their times. "The cautious and wise dealing of the Catholic sovereigns" is admirably told in Helps' History, Book ii, chap. ii. Their autograph marginal notes on Columbus' letters are

We think it matter of much regret that a learned and thoughtful man, like Mr. Justice Bell, should have missed so favorable an opportunity of writing an introductory chapter, similar in its plan to that beautiful disquisition which precedes Robertson's "History of the Reign of Charles the Fifth." From the "View of the State of Europe," how naturally all the characters and events seem to enter upon the scene of what, notwithstanding opposition, we venture to call the model history of modern times. Instead of this, however, we have a few pages, treating in a very desultory way, the causes and consequences of the American revolution, in its bearing, not so much upon colonization, as upon the connection between new and parent states. No doubt, that was a great event, but as unlike as can be to those other severances which have resulted in the ruin of both parent and offspring. Without considering whether the ripe fruit then dropped from the tree, as Adam Smith puts it, we will content ourselves for the present with mentioning that the world, or mankind in the aggregate, have been gainers by the event. And if colonization were only an affair of trade, surely Britain has appropriated a fair share of the advantage. When Spain lost her colonies, she lost their commerce also.* It is, therefore, purely a matter of political connection, the value of which has to be ascertained. Nothing can be more lugubrious than the Judge's wail of regret over the dismemberment of the empire. King George III himself, was far more manly, when, in addressing the American ambassador, he said, "I was the last man in my

very remarkable, particularly that one mentioned at p. 136, in which a proposition for a slave trade is rejected; and again, in Book iii, chap. i, p. 181, their verbal instructions to Ovando, on the duties of a governor, are for the most part such as the governor of any dependency, in these times, might write, as phylacteries upon his garments, and as frontlets between his eyes. It is difficult, also, to say whether Henry of Portugal or Columbus were the greater man.

* Cuba is the only exception; she is the sole remnant of Spanish dominion in the new world. Her *imports* in 1850 were,—from Spain, 29·81 per cent.; United States, 22·96; England, 21·10; Germany, 7·27; France, 6·03; Spanish America, 6·91: total, 94·08. *Exports*,—11·98 to Spain, 32·61 to United States, 27·55 to England, 7·30 to Germany, 7·27 to France, 2·26 to Spanish America. Average value of exports from 1846 to 1850 was 28,000,000 dollars, of which, Spain received, say, one tenth value, but sold naturally in right of possession a greater amount, say three tenths; the balance of exchange was therefore in favour of the mother country, two tenths equal to about £1,500,000. The money value of Java to Holland is said to be yet more remarkable.

dominions to acknowledge the independence of your country, but I will be the first to respect it." Indeed, it is in connection with this part of the subject, that we find ourselves first at issue with the learned judge; and to his meagre statement and unphilosophic pleadings in respect of it, we ask leave to enter our first demurrer.

The author is of opinion that it was not so much by sins of commission, as by those of omission, that the American colonies were lost to the crown of Great Britain. The neglect of principles, and not the progress of events, brought about the catastrophe. The "Wealth of Nations" was written about twenty years before the Declaration of Independence, and it ought to have saved the empire. We are sorry to produce the following as a not unfair specimen of the judge's reasoning and style:

> Could "any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Was an obscure inhabitant of an obscure Scotch burgh to be listened to, in preference to the governors, secretaries, and custom-house collectors of America, who, we learn from the correspondence referred to in Bancroft's history, were poisoning the mind of the minister by their prejudiced and self-interested complaints? Could wisdom, crying out in the streets of Kirkaldy, expect to be heard in the lordly chambers of London, and still more in her senate-house, whence the voice of the people was then pretended to be uttered, but where, as yet, it had scarcely ever been heard? The ministers of the Crown, acted upon by the misrepresentations of the local officials, as to the state of the public mind in America, and pandering to the lust of power and dominion in an arrogant sovereign, disregarded the profound reasoning of Smith and despised his warning. They passed their stamp act, and at once lighted up the combustibles which were ready for explosion into universal rebellion; and were insane enough to add fuel to the conflagration by using expressions in Parliament which could be borne only by slaves, or those who considered themselves not worthy to be better, and which could only have been uttered by tyrants insanely confident in their own security.*

Such nonsense as this will only pass current with superficial people. To do the author justice, however, it is a phase of argument that often presents itself to the unwary. In this matter of colonial government, we have met it before to-day. Yet a little thought will show its fallacy. Wisdom has cried aloud in other streets than those of Kirkaldy, and on other subjects than colonies and navigation laws. The abstract must exist, before the practical. Archimedes and Euclid taught geometry and mathematics some time before the principle of the arch was understood, and before the Newtonian system was demonstrated; and in the highest of

* Bell, p. 53.

all arts, namely, that of government, it is long before the ideas of the thinker penetrate common life, and receive their practical development. The exigencies of human affairs are so various,—the difficulties which beset the government of men so real, that the wisest statesmen have ever been cautious in applying principles to action. Huskisson, Canning, Horner, Peel, all effected their achievements by slow degrees. Philosophers sow the seed, statesmen gather in the harvest when the grain is ripe, and their best wisdom consists in the knowledge of opportunity. This slowness of production is manifest, both in the material and in the moral world. We humbly suggest that it is part of the plan of Providence for the healthy development of human society, remembering also that the Highest Truth, uttered long ages ago, in the streets of Jerusalem, has not yet been accepted and approved by all men.

But besides the error in principle, we submit that the passage contains more than one mistake in facts. We believe the words which follow were uttered in the senate-house; and in the lordly chambers of London, both then and since, their sentiment has been echoed. What, at this time, and of this event, said Edmund Burke?

> My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone—the cohesion is loosened—and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia; but until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price of which you have the monopoly. This is the true art of navigation, which binds you to the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the commerce of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office,

and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

These words of the English Demosthenes give expression to the spirit in which statesmen, for the most part, have approached all colonial questions since that day when the United States of America entered on their separate career. Life is not long enough to permit men of action to dwell on old grievances, and the fallacies of navigation laws and differential duties are now for the most part matter of history. The philosophers of a future day may possibly moralize upon the slowness of the human understanding to appreciate what, viewed by their lights, will seem so clear, but they will at least admit that imperial England was the first to release commerce from its fetters.

The legal and constitutional relationship of the colonies to the mother country next engages the author's attention, and he discusses at some length "the right of the British sovereign to rule by himself possessions beyond the limit of the United Kingdom," and how far the parliament of Great Britain can legislate for them. This part of the subject is very interesting, and we regret that more space and better arrangement has not been bestowed upon it. The qualifications of the author are undeniable. The need of a philosophic and historical treatise on colonial constitutional law, such as Blackstone or De Lolme would have written, is very great. A work so conceived and creditably executed, would become a text-book in colonial schools. A few clear principles authoritatively enunciated and stated in terms appreciable to laymen's minds, would be of great value. As it is, there is much learned, curious, and interesting matter contained between pages 82 and 256. But the facts are jumbled together, and the logical conclusions are not clearly put. For instance, the dictum of Lord Mansfield, in Campbell *v.* Hall, that "all colonies have been established by grants from the crown,"* and "that no colony can be settled without authority from the crown," is mentioned by Mr. Justice Bell in an argumentative, and not in a declarative, way. Is Lord Mansfield's dictum the law of

* Bell, p. 132.

the land, or is it not? A clear authority on the point would have guided both statesmen and subjects the other day in the case of Borneo.

A collection of all the decisions of the Courts of Law at Westminster, bearing on the rights of persons beyond the limits of the United Kingdom, and more especially the recent decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, are desirable as a preliminary to such a work as we have indicated. If that "consummate judge," Mr. Pemberton Leigh (now Lord Kingsdown), would undertake the task, which of all living men he could do best, he would leave behind him a monument worthy of his contemporary fame, and make good his title to the admiration and the gratitude of his country.

Into the origin of the title of England to her various dependencies, we cannot enter with our author. The subject is too vast, and, as Lord Bacon says, the discussion would produce very little *fruit*. We do not see that the title conferred by the Bull of Pope Alexander the Sixth was at all a bad title, and we believe that if the conditions had been conscientiously fulfilled by the grantees, Portugal and Spain might have held, respectively, the east and the west until this day. The truth is, the possession, *de facto*, is the only matter worth considering now. Any argument on the subject reminds us of the answer given that Scottish king who summoned his nobles to his presence to show the title by which they held their lands. A hundred swords flashed from their scabbards to give point to the answer, "By these we gained, and by these we will maintain them."

> The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.*

Briefly stated, the conclusions to be drawn from the legal part of the judge's book appear to be these:

1. "In Calvin's case, in Coke's reports, it was resolved that 'If a king come to a kingdom by conquest, he may at his pleasure alter and change the laws of that kingdom, but, until he doth make an alteration, the ancient laws of that kingdom remain';† and, 'also, if a king hath a kingdom by conquest, as King Henry II had Ireland, after King John had given to them, being under his obedience and subjection, the laws of England for the government of their native country, no succeeding king could alter the same without parliament.'"

* Wordsworth's "Rob Roy." † Bell, p. 154.

2. This principle holds good, both as respects occupation and conquest, and it follows that in the matter of first principles, the king acts alone, but even in that act "he can make no laws which are contrary to fundamental principles;"* for he can neither exercise, nor depute despotic power, as was decided in the Minorca case of Fabrigas *v.* Mostyn, in 1773. A possession, therefore, once established by the crown, comes within the pale of the constitution, and though it may retain its local laws and customs, they must be such as are not repugnant to the spirit of the charter and the laws of England.

3. But the privilege of paying taxes is one of the necessary privileges of Englishmen. De Lolme† states it thus: "At length he (Edward the First) converted into an established law a privilege of which the English had hitherto had only a precarious enjoyment; and in the statute *de tallagio non concedendo*, he decreed that no tax should be laid, nor impost levied, without the joint consent of the lords and commons. A most important statute this, which, in conjunction with Magna Charta, forms the basis of the English constitution. If from the latter the English are to date the origin of their liberty, from the former they are to date the establishment of it; and as the great charter was the bulwark that protected the freedom of individuals, so was the statute in question the engine which protected the charter itself, and by the help of which the people were thenceforth to make legal conquests over the authority of the crown."

The only colony able to resist, having resisted, even unto separation, the attempt of the imperial parliament to impose a tax, their cry being "no taxation without representation!" and no scheme having yet been enunciated whereby that necessary condition could be engrafted on colonial constitutions, it follows that British subjects, resident in colonies, have the protection of England's equal laws, without rendering to the imperial treasury that equivalent, which the statute *de tallagio non concedendo* provides as a duty and a privilege.

For a long time this last easement was supposed to be more apparent than real. The navigation laws, which confined colonial commerce to English ships; the differential duties, intended to oblige colonial products to

* Lord Mansfield, Campbell, *v.* Hall. Bell, p. 162.

† Constitution of England, ch. ii, p. 35.

pass through British hands, and to make colonists customers of England, seemed to render an equivalent by indirect means. Whether wisely or not, all this is now done away with. Navigation is free, and the colonists may "buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market." And we submit that the real point for thoughtful men to consider is, what shall be the nature of that inevitable re-adjustment of the relationship between the mother-country and her offspring which is impending. The matter is confused by various incidental ideas, such as *prestige* on the part of England, and misapprehension of the nature of imperial views on the part of the colonists; and, in the hope of helping to guide opinions with respect to this important matter, we resume Mr. Justice Bell's book at chapter xi, from which point he reviews our colonial empire and policy since the separation of the United States from our system.

Before proceeding further, however, we must record our regret that, in a work purporting to give at a critical juncture a review of the past and present administration of the British colonies, so little pains has been taken to collate facts from the best authorities, to which, no doubt, the author might have had access. We are often in great danger of losing ourselves in a forest of words. "The British Colonial Empire, on which the sun never sets," that sounds so grandly. Where is it? What is it?—its extent, wealth, and population? These, and many other topics, suggest themselves as requisite for preliminary investigation, before the subject can be dealt with as a whole. Mr. Montgomery Martin's book, published in 1837, is already antiquated. The data on which this cause has to be tried must be brought up to the day. Next year it will have shifted again, and new elements will come before the court.

There is much interesting information to be had respecting the colonies, but it is spread over many books, the majority of which are not accessible to the general reader. We have endeavored to compile a statistical statement, so far as the materials at hand will permit, which, with a little careful study, will present to the reader's mind a clear outline of facts respecting all the colonies of Britain. That is to say, a table which shows what we are talking and writing about. We present here, for convenience, an abstract of the results.

The colonies of Great Britain, classified geographically, show thus, in respect of population, extent, and revenue:

	Population.	Square miles.	Revenue.
America	2,559,100	2,975,413	£1,048,456
W. I. Islands	963,269	68,489	683,926
Australia ...	1,018,967	1,151,644	2,580,709
Africa	1,031,766	256,900	863,178
Europe	524,740	1,646	256,759
Asia	1,781,556	25,054	475,026
	7,879,398	4,479,156	£ 5,908,044
British East Indies ...	150,940,000	1,300,000	£19,927,039
	158,819,398	5,779,156	£25,835,083

Compare these totals with Great Britain. Thus:

27,368,321*	122,152	†£54,430,344

From this, and the table at large, it will be seen that, leaving India out of the calculation (the figures of which only disturb it), the supremacy of Great Britain is a real supremacy, both in respect of numbers, revenue, wealth, and commerce. For an exact comparison, for the purposes of a definite argument, other subjects must enter on the field of view; for instance, the national debt, the interest of which reduces the annual revenue by about one half; but still there remains enough to vindicate the reality of imperial power, and to show that the dependencies of Britain, if they aspire to emulate her greatness, are as yet only in the infancy of their growth.

At this point, and in order to show the working of the colonial system, since the declaration of American independence, Mr. Justice Bell takes up Earl Grey's book on "Colonial Policy," and gives an account of certain recent questions arising in particular colonies with respect to the administration of their government, in connection with the parent country. We can, of course, only cursorily allude to each case, referring our readers who desire to understand the subject rather to Lord Grey's book, which is accessible

* Census of 1851.

† Revenue of 1853. The revenues of the colonies are taken from returns of about the same period, except that of Natal, 1856, and Cape of Good Hope, 1858.

at the Cape," for a very clear, succinct, and statesmanlike detail of events, in which we believe it will be found that England acted towards her dependencies as the safety-valve and balance-wheel, and that the policy she inaugurated and her influence sustained, will be regarded in future times as the source of the prosperity of the dependencies concerned.

1. *Guyana.*—This colony found an interruption to its routine prosperity by the operation of the act of 8 Victoria, cap. 5, "whereby it was made lawful for her Majesty to declare the sugar of any country with which she should have a treaty of reciprocity to be admissible on payment of duties after the same scale as was applicable to sugars, the produce of China, Java, or Manilla, *i.e.*, 28s. and 23s. 4d. per cwt. instead of 63s., the duty leviable on the sugar of countries not having treaties of reciprocity."*

"In the year 1847, the unofficial members of the Court of Policy, of Guyana, suggested a diminution of 25 per cent. on all salaries charged on the civil list, under the pretence of relieving the distressed state of the colony, owing to the great fall in the price of sugar, consequent on the removal of protection to that trade by the act of the imperial parliament of 8 Victoria, cap. 5;" and on the refusal of the governor to accede to this piece of injustice, "the combined court refused the governor those taxes which were necessary to defray the expenses of the government not covered by the civil list." (p. 264.)

The intention was manifestly to embarrass the government at home: but it was met with firmness, and instructions to discontinue all the needful services of administration and police, for which the colonists refused to pay; and in the December of 1849, "the governor reported the satisfactory termination of the controversy, by the passing of all the usual financial measures."†

2. *Jamaica.*—This colony, which for two hundred years had possessed a constitution so free that the assembly had actual control over the expenditure, whether in session or not, yet ascribed all their losses and difficulties to imperial legislation; their main grievance was the abolition of the slave trade; but, as in the case of Guyana, they offered a determined opposition to the commercial policy of England. The same struggle happened, as in the case of Guyana; it was met by the same policy, and was attended by the same results. In the course of the dispute, the colonists petitioned

* Bell, p. 263. † Bell, p. 267.

to be placed on the same footing, with respect to the terms of constitution, as Canada.* Earl Grey, however, in his dispatch, expressed his doubt whether "those who have originated the proposal are aware that its adoption would involve the surrender by the assembly of much of that power which, in the process of time, it has acquired, but which, by the theory of the constitution, ought rather to belong to the executive government than to the legislature. This was a consequence which had never occurred to the agitators, and being too palpable, and such a loss of power being too unpalatable, thenceforth all suggestion about assimilating the constitution to that given to Canada, was tacitly abandoned."

3. *Canada.*—The nature of the disputes with Canada are stated at some length in the Judge's book, and the case is one of great interest. Being a colony acquired by conquest from the French, who long continued superior in numbers to the British, it became the most remarkable instance that has yet occurred of the application of British constitutional law, in a conquered country, to an alien, but civilized and European race. With respect to the outbreak of 1837, known as the Canadian rebellion, it is now clear that the filibustering spirit of America, availing itself of temporary difficulties, promoted and excited the outbreak. Many of our readers will recall the momentary apprehensions which filled loyal bosoms when the tale was told, that the burning *Caroline* had been sent over the falls of Niagara.

This temporary disturbance of authority was terminated by an act of the Imperial Parliament, suspending for a time the constitution then existing, which was followed, in due course, by another act, 3 and 4 Vic., cap. 35, under which the two provinces were united, and thus, by commingling interests, the French and English sections of the community were brought into harmonious action. This act has been followed by others, which have secured not only essential liberty of act and speech, but responsible government also, in the sense of rendering the tenure of the principal offices not dependent on good behavior, but "that the holder should be called upon to retire whenever, from motives of public policy, or other reasons, this should be found to be expedient."

It is not possible, however, within the limits of this article, to do more than notice the circumstances of a colony which, in some respects, so closely resembles the political state of our own, and in the course of which we are manifestly

* Grey's "Colonial Policy," vol. i, p. 172. Bell, p. 274.

following. That able report of Lord Durham, said to be the most admirable State paper of modern times, but which is now understood to have been prepared by Charles Buller, should be well studied by minds busy with projects for colonial administration. Canada, too, has had a series of able governors, whose careers have well justified the sagacity of the government which appointed them. Lord Sidmouth, Sir Charles Metcalfe, and Lord Elgin have matured a policy conceived in wisdom and liberality, which appears to have produced in the mind, manners, and prosperity of a great nation, the happiest effects.

These are the principal instances of difficulty and danger on which, it appears to us, Mr. Justice Bell relies to found a sort of vague impeachment of imperial policy and of existing colonial constitutions. He passes by the others in too rapid review to admit of a critical examination. His allusion to the convict row at the Cape of Good Hope is very cursory, and the liberality of feeling with respect to the Australian colonies, and by them towards England, appears all that he can desire.

We submit, on these premises, that (England's enemies being amongst her judges) the verdict of mankind will be, that the difficulties which have arisen have been only such as are incident to human affairs, and that they have been met by a moderation and wisdom such as no nation, ancient or modern, can show the like.

There are various topics, not treated of in this book, which, notwithstanding, are necessary to give completeness to its subject. The social life of colonies, and their religious development, are needful considerations for every statesman dealing with them. Emigration, also, in its relation to their future government, in connection with England, is of the highest importance, and has already assumed dimensions too great to be dealt with in our present article.* These subjects are altogether omitted from the

* We regret that our tabulated statement only gives the number of emigrants under four principal heads, namely, British America, Australia, all other British colonies, and United States. Moreover, the years since 1853 have witnessed a larger exodus. The total record probably extends over 5,000,000, and is far from being complete. Allowing for increase of population, it is probable that more than double that number now exist in the British colonies alone. A conjoint census is needful for any statesmanlike dealing with the subject of their future government, and is one of the objects proposed as attainable by the suggestion at the end of this article. For a clear and able analysis of "The Modern Exodus in its effects on the British Islands," see *North British Review*, November, 1852.

Judge's book. It may be urged that they refer rather to internal than to external administration; yet, assuredly, the latter cannot be adjusted without the former being understood. But what shall we say of the question of native races, which the author only incidentally mentions? They yet remain a great fact, and cannot be ignored. Is our policy towards them to be extermination? We know all that can be said about disregarding them, and letting them work out their destiny. But let us ask ourselves, was it for these also that Christ died? If so,—and who shall dare maintain the converse?—then have we been "verily guilty concerning our brother," and happy will be that statesman who shall make the tardy atonement on our behalf, and show practically that these races are adapted for civilization, and can be admitted with advantage into the pale of human society. He who shall render this great service to humanity, will take the very highest rank amongst the benefactors of mankind.

The remaining chapters of the Judge's book are the sequel of a foregone conclusion. We contend that his charge against the British Government, of incapacity, falls to the ground; and we assert that the difficulties on which he bases that charge are but the incidents of a transition state through which every human society must pass. That there should exist "embarrassment to the minister, and dissatisfaction to the colonists, from the mode of administering all our colonies," is only stating a circumstance incident to human nature. That there is a "defect in the system of administering our colonies, arising from the nature of the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies," is very likely; and that there is a "difficulty in administering our colonies, produced by the nature of our own political institutions," is quite true: but that the remedy is "emancipation of such of our colonies as desire to have independence," is by no means a logical sequence from any of the facts recorded in this book.

The real difficulty of the case is, we apprehend, not one which presses to-day, and its solution may depend on circumstances which have not yet occurred. The suggestion of emancipation, and the conversion of "turbulent and factious subjects (*sic*) into faithful, affectionate, and generous allies," is not new, and has been cleverly answered thus:

> The imposing representation consists of two allegations. "First, that the colonies being steady and faithful allies in various quarters of the globe," are a source of real strength to us; and, secondly, that though not so in themselves, they are *believed* to be so by foreign nations, and

therefore become so in effect. Now, with regard to the first branch of the argument, it may be sufficient to observe that a number of "faithful allies," scattered over the world are by no means *necessarily* "the source of strength" which Lord Grey assumes them to be, but often the contrary, as we know to our cost. If allies are strong themselves, they would be a source of strength to us; being weak, they are only a source of weakness. If they could aid us, they would be an addition to our power; having to be aided by us, they are only a burden and a drain. Portugal is a faithful ally; but when did she aid us in our quarrels, and how often have we been dragged into hers? She always occupies a portion of our fleet; she may at any time, as she has done, call upon us at a most inconvenient moment for a portion of our troops; she habitually poisons us with her bad wines; yet when did she send us a single soldier or a single ship? Turkey is a faithful ally; we are perpetually on the brink of war in her behalf, yet it would be difficult to say in what she assists or strengthens us, except by her mere existence and as a stop-gap. Belgium, too, is a faithful ally; but can do nothing for us, and yet holds a sort of prospective mortgage both on our army and on our fleet. If, indeed, the colonies of Great Britain were in such a position with regard to the mother country that "their united strength could be wielded for their common protection," their alliance might be a source of real power to us; but when they contribute *nothing* to the support and defence of the mother country, and often not much to their own; when we have to garrison and protect them by large drafts from our land and sea forces, at a time when our own shores are inadequately guarded,—while at the same time they never send one shilling to our treasury, one man to our troops, one sailor to our navy, it is a mockery to talk of our "united strength."*

The oak that grows quickly is rarely sound at the core. The experience of even young men in our days suffices to teach that constitutions which spring up in a night of revolution, perish, like Jonah's gourd, beneath the next day's sun. France, Italy, Hungary, have in recent times amply illustrated the fact. We by no means desire to suggest that the colonies have become a *burden* to Great Britain; there is a reciprocity not cognizable by commerce. There is an advantage in the connection not simply founded on *prestige;* there is a national duty and glory arising out of them which has been eloquently and ably stated thus:

Few of our readers would blame us for indulging in the luxury of such anticipations, even if they believed them to be of no stronger stuff than a day dream. But has not the question even in its philanthropy a rational and sober side? Surely the earth is not doomed to everlasting discord! But how is it to be raised and purified? Never did a country hold, in relation to the rest of the world, the position now held by England. It is not a eulogium on ourselves, but a tribute to the influences which have operated on us, to say that, with all our faults, never was power so extensive held with so strong a disposition to use it beneficently. We are placed by parts in every region, and

* *North British Review*, vol. xix, p. 362.

at opposite ends of the earth, dispersed yet closely knit, with highly diversified conditions and pursuits, yet of one mind and tradition. Every tribe we touch admits our superiority, and looks to us either in the conscious fear of weakness, or with the brightening hope of participating in our elevation. Have we this high station for nothing? Or, shall we not rather hope that some such use of our powers as the FEDERALIZATION OF THE BRITISH COLONIES, on principles sanctioned by our own constitutional history and experience, may prove one of the means of fulfilling the high purposes for which our pre-eminence has been given to us.*

We accept this as the noble and present conclusion of this matter. We believe that an immediate solution of this great problem is not desirable or possible. We must content ourselves with achieving all we can with the machinery as it stands. Ardent minds in the colonies may long for the opportunity to rule, but surely there is expansion enough in the constitutions already granted to satisfy reasonable ambitions. The science of administration is better understood by Englishmen nurtured and trained at home than it can be by men brought up in the colonies. Circumlocution has its defects, but it, and red tape also, have many uses. The men who govern by precedent and authority are safer guides for infant states than hasty innovators. If England undertakes to provide administrators for the colonies, she should continue to send her best. In this respect we cordially agree with Mr. Justice Bell, and think his portrait of a model governor worthy to rank with the "idea of a patriot king:"

> The governor of a colony is the representative of the crown, and is looked up to as such. From him the morals as well as the manners of the inhabitants must take their tone. His manners, while courteous and affable, should be lofty and dignified, and free from every levity; he should be above reproach, or even suspicion, as to integrity, not only of action but of thought; he should be candid and ingenuous, ready to listen and to learn from every quarter, upright in all his dealings, and so free from the open or disguised indulgence of any vice, that the breath of slander should never taint his name.†

It is not often that imagination is so ripe in the brain of a lawyer as it manifestly is in that of Mr. Justice Bell. He suggests new forms of government and constitutions, with the facility of an Abbé Sieyes. But, surely, his knowledge of mankind must convince him that separate monarchies or independencies of any sort would be to the colonies of Britain very fatal gifts. We refer our readers to Guizot's

* *Westminster Review*, p. 434, October, 1852.

† Bell, p. 462.

"Progress of Civilization in Europe" for a profound analysis of those varied elements which, in the course of a thousand years, have gradually formed the European governments of to-day. Mutual wants, interests, and alliances, adapting themselves to changing events, have made, for instance, the compact English monarchy. No such elements are at work in the colonies, because there is no such need. The framework requisite for social order is at hand, and it would be fatal to the progress of humanity if we were to demolish all that our fathers have so nobly won, in order that separate and infant states should begin the work anew. What manifold ills would arise if Adam Smith's suggestion were adopted, and colonies, as between themselves, entertained questions of peace and war. Imagine such questions debated between Australia and New Zealand, the Cape and Natal, Canada and the United States, instead of being referred to the more calm and judicial minds of the home authorities, on a sort of neutral ground, where blind passions cannot so readily penetrate, and petty jealousies must soon expire. Political arrangements are not the sole concern of human life. God's work in this world yet remains to be done more effectually than it ever has been. Mankind groan over worse ills than those which "laws or kings can cause or cure." The business of our epoch is to manifest new principles of human action, to show a Christian nation at its practical work. Our freedom and strong government were given for this purpose. The pageant of a monarchy in groups of colonies would produce more backstair influence than real liberty. All that is good in the monarchial principle we may have from Britain, and from that radiant centre and fount of honor may come to us all the nobility that is appreciable by noble minds, and all the distinctive recognition of worth and service which can be desired or deserved.

If we have dealt roughly with the book before us, it has assuredly been from no want of sympathy with the purpose of its author. We hope that it will be extensively read. We know of no more fitting occupation for such leisure as colonists have, than attention to the data that will be available for future use. We wish that a suggestion made by the London Society of Arts for an interchange of ideas on colonial subjects, and a yearly report on data connected with colonial affairs, could meet with favor here. Amongst the many schemes for maturing a lasting union between the colonies and the mother country is one which we venture to

suggest and to support. In these days of locomotion every colony is sending home, by every mail, some of its men of note and influence. These now become absorbed in the mass of London life; but if there were an association in each colony of the more earnest thinkers, and the well-informed, and a Colonial Chamber in London, to which, from time to time, some members could be deputed, statesmen would gladly seek information from such a body; its influence at the seat of government would soon be felt. The colonies would, in fact, be represented, and something like the following be evolved, to be engrafted, at a future day, upon the constitution itself.

"An assembly or colonial house, to sit in London, composed of representatives from every colony (chosen by their representative assemblies, where such exist), together with the Colonial Secretary of State, two under secretaries, and such other persons, not exceeding one fifth of the entire body, as Her Majesty may appoint. The assembly to be entitled to discuss all colonial subjects, and particularly those which follow, namely:

"All acts of colonial legislatures and legislative acts of colonial governors, more particularly, but not exclusively, during the period reserved for imperial disallowance.

"All matters of taxation and expenditure in any and every colony.

"*All bills in the British Parliament affecting colonial interests, at some certain stage or stages of their progress.*

"All acts of the executive and judicial authorities in the colonies, in the same manner as acts of the like kind affecting Britain may be discussed in the Imperial Parliament.

"And all motions on colonial affairs made by members, in like manner as on British affairs in the British Parliament.

"The resolutions of the assembly to be communicated to the Queen's ministers, or to either House of Parliament, as the case may be, but to have no other than a declaratory or advisory effect." *

* *Westminster Review*, October, 1852.

THE OLD GREY HOUSE;

OR, REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

We are accustomed to say that youth is the season for enjoyment, and to speak of our childhood as the happiest time in our life. I think it is a mistake. Every night of my early years was passed in terror, and I never slept till worn out by fear and exhaustion. This, I know, is unusual among children. But even now the supernatural has a strong hold upon my imagination; and I believe it to have been induced by excessive morbidness of feeling, worked upon by injudicious nurses.

The first nurse I had used to shut me up in a dark closet when I was refractory, with the horrible intimation that, if I cried or stirred, a grim phantom would be attracted by the sounds, and, being ever on the watch for naughty children, would sweep through the closet and bear me away in its bony arms. Oh, even to this hour, I can feel the cold sweat of terror which used to bathe my forehead as I crouched in a corner, holding my breath till everything grew black before my eyes, so that the terrible creature should not hear me breathe. Fortunately for my senses, this did not last long, and I was delivered out of the power of that cruel woman. Nurses and people who have the care of children often do not know, when they invent a terrible being to threaten them with, how their infant minds ponder upon it, and conjure up something infinitely more frightful than was ever intended, and nothing that can afterwards be said shakes their firm belief in it. To show what may result from this practice, I will mention what happened to the child of a friend of mine. The parents were out at a party, and the servants, wishing to "entertain" at home, had put the children to bed early. They all slept quietly but one little girl, about three years old, who was so restless, and cried so much, that the nurse, rather than stay upstairs, wrapped her in a shawl and carried her down to the kitchen. Still she cried and whined: the woman tried shaking and beating, but she only wept the more. She then said, if the child would not be good, she would take her down into the cellar and show her "something" there. This horrible threat quieted her for a time, but, being miserable and sleepy, she commenced howling again. I suppose it interfered with the course of the nurse's flirtation, for she carried the child down to the cellar, taking a candle to light her way, when she herself was startled by an unearthly shriek from the little

girl in her arms, who fell heavily over her shoulder; for, in the cellar, suspended from a beam, hung an enormous pig, all dripping with gore. It had just been killed, and the miserable child's gaze had fallen upon that ghastly object. I believe the girl had forgotten, if she knew, that it was there, but remorse followed her all her life for that act of wicked cruelty. The parents came home at midnight, and found the poor little thing going out of one fit into another, shrieking in convulsions, but, when these were passed, her senses never came to her again, and she grew up a harmless idiot; the only distinct words she ever said were, "Mary and the dead pig," which she often repeated, but never without a convulsive shudder racking her frame.

My second nurse was as injudicious as the first; but meaning more kindly. Having heard how I had been terrified by the threat of a violent abduction by some frightful object, she set to work to undo all these impressions, and, being very superstitious, her whole aim was to persuade me that there were no cruel or wicked spirits loose in the world, all that were about being of singularly mild and beneficent dispositions; and I was promised as a reward, if I was good, that perhaps a bright, kind lady, with a shining wand and white garments, would come and visit me in my sleep. I was equally terrified at this, and on no account would I have been good, lest the "white lady" should come to me. If I had been a whole day without committing any act of enormous infantine wickedness, I used to huddle the bed-clothes up over my face, not daring to let even the tip of my nose be visible; and from the depths I used to ask my sister, who had a crib next to mine, to look out and see if anything was there. It shows I never was perfect for a single day during my childhood, or the white lady would have paid me a visit.

If mothers knew half the devices servants have to keep their children quiet, I am sure they would pay more attention than they do, when they engage a nurse, to make sure that she is a sensible, educated person, as well as one of respectability and good character. Ten to one, if you said this to any fashionable lady, either in London or at the Cape, she would say, "Oh, it may be so, in some cases; but I am entirely satisfied with *my* nurse; she keeps the children so nice, and is very kind to them." Yes, madam, I dare say she keeps your children's bodies neat and tidy, but what a state of disorder are their minds in! *Is* it natural, is it kind, that the poor little creatures should lay in bed, trembling and bathed in dew, till they mercifully fall asleep! I dwell

upon this, because I suffered so dreadfully as a child, and my nervous system has never got over it. I remember it all as if it were but yesterday, and should think myself fortunate if, by my representations, I could save any child the pangs I endured. To a nervous temperament the evil is incalculable. Even now, I suffer so much when any tale of horror is told me, that I can never close my eyes till morning light. I should not acknowledge this, did I not speak of it as an illustration of one of the ills that accrue from that diabolical system of frightening children's young minds, before they are able to reason against improbabilities.

We were lone, motherless children, my sister and myself, and our father too much engrossed in politics to take much notice of us while we were very young. I think I might have recovered the miseries of my childhood, had it not been for a tale told to me, long years ago, about the dwellers in a house near to ours.

We lived on the bleak, lonely part of Haye's Common; the only habitation within sight was a large, desolate, grey house, which I used to be terrified beyond measure to pass, and which, notwithstanding, I used to gaze on, for hours together, out of a little turret window. It had a kind of fascination for me; and, when my sister sat placidly by the nursery fire with her dolls, I used to creep away and stand in the cold by that window, looking at the grey house, till night began to gather. Its windows were most of them blank, and those which were not had dull, slate-colored shutters, always closed; it seemed like a grim, blind creature, looking at me with its great sightless eyes, whichever way I turned. Nothing but nettles would grow in the court-yard, and they were rank and high. I had never seen anything alive, not even a cat, pass out of those rusty iron gates, but I used to fancy how horribly they would creak if they were opened.

People told strange things of what had been seen within its walls after night-fall. A woman, left many years before to take charge of it, had seen, in the grey dusk, a tall pale form rush past her, holding a little bleeding child in her arms. The same figure often, afterwards, swept past the woman, as she was going up a particular flight of stairs, and terrified her so much, that she never would enter the house again; and for forty years, it had been tenantless, and was rapidly going to decay, when, at last, it was taken as a sort of private asylum for a deranged lady of fortune. I shall never forget the day I first saw the unhappy creature carried howling to her carriage, and strapped to the seat. Anything

so ghastly and wild as she looked can scarcely be imagined. My blood seemed to freeze with horror. She would do nothing without force; howling, she was carried to the carriage, and howling, she was borne out of it again,—her voice was never, *never* still. It was thought of service to her health that she should go out every day; so, for years, in winter and summer, through cold and heat, she might have been seen, driving slowly down the green lanes. She would tear off any bonnet or covering for the head, as if unable to bear its weight on her poor crazed brain. Her long grey hair streamed and fluttered in the wind, and you could hear her unceasing melancholy wail for miles on a clear day. Often and often have I shrunk behind a hedge as I heard her approaching, so that I might not see her pass.

Oh! how I used to pity a staid, sad-looking, middle-aged woman—who sat beside her, and was always so patient and gentle—and longed to know her history. I heard it when I was able to understand its mournfulness. Her unhappy charge, now an object of such terror to me, had been a great heiress, and almost the belle of Scotland; but brilliant, beautiful, rich as she was, no one came to seek her hand, for well indeed was it known, far and wide, that the taint of madness was in her blood, and they were afraid of the glittering, wandering eye. At last, a young sailor came home from sea, whose wanderings had given him no opportunities of hearing Miss Dudley's history. He was left with a considerable fortune "lord of himself;" but love of his profession had led him to make the ocean his home. She was then scarcely twenty, and more bright and lovely to Sir Harry Capel's eyes than anything he had seen in the wide world. They were alike in many things; both were orphans, both dwelt alone, each in a grey old pile, whose architecture was the same, save that hers possessed an old Norman tower, called, by tradition, the "Eagle's Nest," from which the whole property had been called "Eagle's Cliffe." She delighted in climbing to the top of this tower, and would sit for hours, day after day, gazing to seaward, watching the white sails come up, one by one, from behind the waters, and inhaling the breeze, which came sweeping on from the North Pole. I ought to have said before, that Eagle's Cliffe was in Sutherlandshire, near Cape Wrath, the most northern land in Scotland.

At that time, she had but one peculiarity. As soon as the fine weather was passed, when a storm came on, and the wind began to howl round the old tower, the waves to lash the

bleak coast, and rush roaring and thundering into the sounding caves, as if the whole ocean were pursuing them, she would creep silently down to her room, and sit cowering over the fire, till the sea and the sky were quiet again. At these times, she would do nothing but weave wild fanciful stories out of the faces and scenes she saw in the burning drift-wood. I have often thought of those words—

> Oh, flames that glowed; oh, hearts that yearned,
> They were indeed too much akin;
> The driftwood fire without that burned,
> The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

And if she could have seen that beautiful poem of Longfellow's, how her heart would have comprehended its deep meaning!

They met at the house of one of her own relations, and before Sir Harry Capel knew anything, but that she was so lovely and fascinating, his heart was given to her keeping. And now, too late, officious friends told him all the sad story. How her mother had lived shut up in the old mansion, and what horrible tales the people round could tell. How, all night long, she would rush up and down stairs, in and out the rooms, seeking rest, and finding none, till she sunk exhausted, and would sleep heavily the day through, continuing the shocking task that seemed to be given her, as soon as night came. They told how her senses came again to her at the hour of death, and she spoke of the years that had passed as being a frightful exhausting dream, out of which she was thankful to be awakened; and then, how peacefully after her weary life, she had lain down to sleep till the last day.

In this family, the terrible scourge had not missed a generation, as it so often does. Mother and daughter suffered alike, and on the females alone fell the curse. Those who should now have been silent, did not forget to tell Sir Harry how the beautiful Mary's grandmother had perished. Escaping from her attendants, she had thrown herself off the cliff, and her mangled body was found in a cave, where it had been washed up by the tide. But his love for her was so great, that he would listen to no persuasions; it was in vain for them to remind him that her father and grandfather, once young and hopeful as himself, had both sunk to the grave, thousands of miles from their native land, alone, rather than endure the terrible sight that was ever before them in their homes.

So they were married, one dark November day, and the thick sea-fog wrapped its misty arms round them, as they set

off for the south; but they heeded it not, so bright a future had opened to them. For three years, there was not a shadow to mar their happiness. She loved with a vehemence that sometimes almost startled him, as he thought that "such wild idolatry must end in woe." Fortunately, no children were born to them, for, after a time, Sir Harry began to notice, with fear and dread, her increasing strangeness. She was as charming a companion, as loving a wife as ever, but she seemed unable to rest at night. At first, when he woke, and found she was not by his side, he would search the whole house for her, but she always went to the same place. He would find her pacing up and down the battlements of the Eagle's Nest, clothed only in her night dress, and her beautiful bare feet gleaming in the moonlight. A fine organ stood in the great hall, upon which she played most grandly; and often was he disturbed, at dead of night, by the sound of a magnificent hymn from the "Messiah," pealing and reverberating through the silent rooms. One night her maid (the same sad, quiet woman I mentioned before), who slept in an adjoining room, was startled from sleep by a loud cry of agony: rushing into her lady's room, she saw by the dim starlight that Sir Harry was holding his wife down upon the bed. He told her in a weak voice to get a light. When it was brought, a hideous spectacle presented itself: his whole face and neck were streaming with blood, while he was binding his wife's arms to her side with the bell-rope, which he had wrenched down; her body was in strong convulsions, and her face frightfully distorted. He never mentioned what had happened, and forbade any one to speak of it; but, from the fearful gashes in his face and neck, it was conjectured that she had tried to murder him as he lay asleep, with a razor which was found close by. He sewed up the wounds himself, so that nobody should know of it, and, being inexperienced, his countenance was disfigured with seams. After that night he never saw his once idolized wife again. He could not bring himself to look upon what she had become. She never spoke a word, or seemed to recognize anybody after waking from the swoon into which she fell after the convulsive fit, but vented her unquiet spirit in dreadful howlings and wailings. As soon as Sir Harry's wounds were healed, he asked for a ship and went to sea again, hoping that, in the exercise of the profession once so dear to him, he might find forgetfulness. And he has never been in England since. He appointed a physician to attend upon her, and proper people to take care of her, and so she had dragged on her existence for ten long years when I first saw her. Her

hair was white, but not with years, for at thirty-five she appeared an aged woman. At last, change of scene was advised, so she was carried to the old grey house.

I have since learned that her mother, whose fate you have heard, in the quiet interval before her death, caused her only child, the little Mary, then eight or nine years old, to be brought to her bedside, and solemnly confided her to the care and affection of a faithful woman, who had nursed her since the hour when, as a poor little creature, worse than motherless, she had been laid in her arms. Coming death seemed to reveal the future to her fading sight, for she told all that was in store for her unconscious child, and besought the woman never to leave her alone, but to be with her in madness and in death. And well has she kept her promise;—through all the weary years that have passed since God took away her senses has the faithful creature been at her side. Oh, rare fidelity, she is wearing away her life in tending one who knows not her face from that of any other, and to whom her presence can be no solace. Her reward will not be in this world. Surely those years of penance will atone for sin, in a small measure. What am I saying—all that we can do "for sin could not atone." Oh! who is to say what she has seen, all the long night, watching beside that miserable couch; what a terrible life is hers!

> But God has marked each sorrowing day,
> And numbered every secret tear,
> And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
> For all His children suffer here.

When last I heard of the poor maniac, her strength was fading fast, and it was thought she became quieter as time went on. "So all the days of her appointed time does she wait till her change comes;" and let us hope that God will give her, too, an interval of rest and peace, when she may sit clothed and in her right mind, before His Word goes forth that she shall be released.

I have gone abroad into the world since my childhood, have wandered to and fro upon the face of the earth, and sailed over the bosom of the sea, many times, yet the remembrance of that miserable woman has come to me when I have been happiest, and has marred my pleasure. You know how great an influence it exercised over my childhood; but I am not now as I have been: things that in childhood seemed so dreadful, so dark and fearful, are now robbed of half their terrors, but I never hear any one speak of their happy youth without recalling the misery I suffered then, and feeling its effects to this day.

OUR AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS:

HOW TO GROW TREES.

If we take a retrospective view of what agriculture was in this colony some thirty years ago, and compare it with its present state, we shall find that considerable progress has been made, more especially during the last two or three years. However, we must confess that high, or even good, farming has scarcely yet had a fair trial, compared with what might have been, and what, let us hope, may be done before many more years have passed away.

With the view, therefore, of exciting some attention to this most important question, I shall briefly refer to one or two of the principal elements required to ensure something like successful farming in South Africa. Hereafter I may touch upon others, perhaps equally important, such as the misapplication of labor to the end in view, and the waste of water where every drop is of value.

Not the least surprising fact in connection with this subject is that whilst gentlemen are coming forward in almost overwhelming numbers in every town and village throughout the colony, to deliver lectures on all sorts of subjects, history, law, medicine, tomb-stones (the one follows the other quite naturally), social realities, social shams, &c., &c., —the staff of life, the mainstay of our present and future prosperity, seems to be considered of no account. It is really difficult to account for our apathy on a matter affecting all classes so materially. Few subjects can be more interesting to the whole community, particularly at a time when we are adding, monthly, hundreds to our consuming population, whilst our home-grown bread stuffs are gradually failing,—at all events, our daily loaf is becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less!"

In proof of what I have stated above, let us take up, for instance, the question of the full development of our cereal or grain plants. It was stated some short time ago, in the *Cape Argus* newspaper, that our wheat returns were about twelve for one sown,—a statement, I believe, very near the truth; but let any one take up an ear and count the grains in it, and he will find their average number to be from sixty to a hundred, and as the majority of plants in our fields will be found on examination to yield two or three ears, the true returns from the plants that do come into a ripe state must consequently be nearer two hundred or three hundred for one. The question here is, what has become of the rest of the seed sown? We have, at the Cape, neither to

contend with frosts nor wire worms, nor are our birds so destructive to the sown seed as they are in Europe. What, then, has become of it? Let us try this question a little further, and let us isolate some three or four square yards of one of our fields, and carefully count all the plants just as they come through the ground, and then count them again when they come into ear. The difference will be found in a woeful decrease in the number of plants. But from what cause? Is it from the poverty of our soil, or thick sowing, or our miserable system of scratching—not ploughing—up the soil to only a few inches in depth? Is it from any one of these causes that the losses arise? or rather, is it not from a combination of all three causes? The latter is, I believe, the fact. However, a few simple experiments would soon settle the point, and set the matter at rest beyond the possibility of doubt or conjecture. But even two hundred or three hundred for one is not by any means near the amount of what the wheat plant is capable of producing in this colony. The writer of this paper, a few years ago, received from T. B. Bayley, Esq., two fine-looking grains of wheat said to have been gathered on the banks of the Lake of Genesareth, and in the autumn of the same year he had the pleasure of returning to that gentleman five thousand perfect seeds, or two thousand five hundred grains for one sown,—a rather remarkable contrast to our usual colonial returns. Nor were his experiments confined to these two grains. Nearly every variety of grain grown in the colony was experimented with in patches of a few square yards to each kind, and the produce in all cases was little, if any, inferior to the above. Of course, the spade was substituted for the plough, as being the more convenient implement for the purpose; the ground was turned up to a depth of nine inches, and well pulverized, and the seed dibbled in a few inches apart from each other; but in nothing else did his process differ from ordinary good farming. It may be objected that our farmers cannot cultivate by the spade to any great extent; but can they not plough nine inches deep? Can we not cross plough? And lastly, have we not clod-crushers and other cultivators to render the soil as fine as we see it in a "mole heap," so that the rootlets can ramble with freedom through every portion of the soil in search of nutriment? No harm—but the contrary—can possibly result in setting a high standard for our returns from the soil, and if the causes on which success depends are constantly held up to view and pressed home on the attention of our farmers, we shall soon see, here and there,

an individual stepping out from the crowd and going ahead rapidily towards our standard of perfection.

But how are our farmers to be instructed in these matters? It can be done only through parliamentary ways and means. All of the principal colleges in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and other quarters of the globe, have their professors of agriculture, and, in some instances, their model farms, where young men are carefully instructed in all the details of high-farming and cattle-breeding. But in this colony, unfortunately, we seem to delight in putting the cart before the horse, seeing that we have but very recently added to our list of professors one on "Law," and one on "Botany," both, no doubt, very useful in their way, but reminding us rather unpleasantly of Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, since, but for foreign supplies to our markets, we would be most uncomfortably near to the verge of starvation, and that, too, with no end of resources, if we only would, or knew how to, apply them. If our country legislators, when next assembled in Parliament, will only bear in mind that but a few years since the British government found it absolutely necessary to send out practical men through some parts of the United Kingdom to deliver lectures, and give instructions on this subject, which although not attended with very great results at first, laid the foundation of a change that is every year becoming more and more marked in its progress, they will see and feel the importance of doing something to relieve us from our present difficulties.

The diseases of our grain plants is another most important subject, which, strange as it may appear, might, in the hands of a clever lecturer, be rendered both interesting and amusing —interesting, indeed, from the but too well-known fearful ravages of that scourge of our wheat-fields, the rust. If it should turn out to be a fact that our farmers encourage the spread of it, unwittingly of course, as much as lays in their power, I apprehend it will be conceded that the rust is not the cause, but the consequence, of a sickly state of the plant, and that sickness is induced by our present system of cultivation. At one time, it was quite as common in England as it is now at the Cape; but, owing to the improvements in agricultural practice, it has totally disappeared. It is certainly humiliating to find that all the self-sown grain on our fields, and by our road sides, never do get rust, while our cultivated ones are seldom free of it.

I have been led, from the interest I feel on this subject, into much greater length than I at first intended, and several points must remain over for some future communication, as I wish to make a few remarks on what is, after all, probably the greatest drawback to successful farming in this colony—namely, the almost total absence of trees on our farms. We have just passed through a fearful period of drought, and one that has entailed an immense loss on the colony. It has not been the first, too, nor is it likely to be the last. Every fourth or seventh year in this colony will be found to depart from the usual average of the seasons,—they will be either unusually wet or unwontedly dry. In neither case have we done what, at least, I think we ought to have done,—namely, planted trees to mitigate their severity. Where are our dense clumps of trees in our valleys, or on our mountain sides, under which our flocks and herds might find comfort and warmth from the cold and tempestuous rains? Or, where are our belts of trees to prevent our dry summer winds from driving off every drop of moisture from our pastures? The answer is, nowhere! To repeat here the well-known and oft-told fact, that the presence of trees increases the moisture, and of course the herbage, would be a mere waste of time. Our bush-covered mountain sides and wooded ravines are always covered with moisture, however severe the drought may be; and the same phenomenon would be seen on the plains, provided lines of trees had been planted there in sufficient quantity. There are but few persons who have not noticed that copious showers of rain frequently fall in the vicinity of our tree-covered kloofs, while the same clouds from which the rain fell have passed over our parched plains without precipitating a single drop. Nor is this all; the whole work of a farm, however important or pressing, has frequently to be suspended, the wagons inspanned, and the hands sent off, at the risk of the necks of the whole party, it may be a distance of some twenty or thirty miles, to some mountain gorge, where nature has kindly fostered a few trees; and all this trouble, expense, and annoyance have to be incurred for what? Some half-dozen spars are required to repair, it may be, a gap made in the kraals by some unruly animal, or by the wind, and which, in all probability, has allowed the whole live-stock to escape during the night, and destroy more of the grain crops than would have paid for, over and over again, the whole expense of planting a coppice, which every farmer can, and ought to, have on his own estate. The common poplar, usually employed for this purpose,

is, when exposed to the weather, a very inferior article; besides, the amount of water required to grow it well is a complete bar to its cultivation, except on the few places favored by running streams of water. The English tree willows such as *Salix alba*, common white, and the Bedford willow, *Salix russelliana*, are much better adapted for our purpose. Still, they must have moist subsoil, such as is to be found in our alluvial vleys.

After being once established, they would, every six years, produce a crop of twenty feet spars. They are of the very easiest propagation. Slips, stuck into the ground, take root readily. But with these, or in fact with any trees that may be planted, let it be constantly borne in mind that nature does not at the Cape encourage arboriculture, although she *permits* it. *Art* must therefore do its utmost to ensure success for this purpose. As a rule, we must plant early in the season, so that the plants may be well established in their situations before the dry season sets in. A well kept coppice must be cut down as soon as the spars have attained sufficient thickness, for if a portion of them are allowed to assume the dimensions of timber trees, all prospects of keeping up a supply of spars will soon be at an end; besides, the timber of any of the willows would be but a poor compensation for the loss, seeing it is of but very little value, even for firewood.

Reverting to my first subject, the miserable returns from our grain crops, can this be wondered at, at least in some parts of the colony, when we find that from the great scarcity of firewood, hundreds of our farmers actually consume as fuel a considerable portion of the farm-manure? This destructive process—destructive in every sense of the word—has been going on for generations, and submitted to with an indifference to the consequences sure to follow such a practice that would be extremely ludicrous were it not so disreputably mischievous to the colony, and all for the want of planting a few hundreds of trees annually, the thinnings of which would more than supply the largest family with firewood the whole year round. Even those who procure their firewood from the mountain kloofs at great expense would soon find that the saving of mere labor, to say nothing of a smashed wagon occasionally, would more than repay all the cost of planting.

The question of rendering this country well wooded is, perhaps, the most important the colonists have to deal with. If left to individual enterprise, we have abundant proof that

nothing worthy the name at least will be done. The Agricultural Society, with its numerous branches throughout the various districts, is, in my opinion, the only agency most likely to undertake this work and carry it on vigorously; the parent society, of course, taking the lead something in this way: Engage the services of an intelligent working man, having sufficient ability to rear young forest trees, to rear and save vegetable seeds, and to bud and graft fruit trees, and secure, say, one acre of ground to begin with, having on it a supply of fresh water. Having fenced this in, cast about for at least two plants of all the proven *named* sorts of orchard fruits that are already in the colony, to form a permanent collection of stocks, from which future buds and grafts are to be taken. The well-known liberality of the gentlemen who are in possession of these things ought to render this a very inexpensive affair. Appeal to the different agricultural and botanical societies of Europe and the colonies for seeds of those kinds only that are suitable to our wants,—an appeal that will not be made in vain. Throw the nursery open to all purchasers, and make the cost of everything so low as just to cover the expense which, in all probability, would not annually exceed one hundred and fifty pounds. Fifteen thousand plants at the low figure of only two pence each would go far to cover the above expense, independent of fruit trees, seeds, &c.; and surely fifteen thousand trees is nothing like the quantity that a district would absorb annually, more especially if the Government would subscribe freely, which, no doubt, they would, and receive in return plants for roadside planting, for water dams, road stations, &c. Lastly, publish a small pamphlet, in both English and Dutch, containing a few plain directions for planting and managing trees, &c., and I can see no reason to anticipate but that the thing will be completely successful. I have stated the annual outlay at probably one hundred and fifty pounds; this, of course, does not include anything in the shape of fine, swept walks, flanked with nice, trimmed edgings, fancy flowers, &c., all of which but too frequently attract a crowd of idlers, and waste time that might be better employed. In the above outline, I have avoided everything in the shape of minute detail, all of which may be safely entrusted to the committee of the Agricultural Society, composed, as it is, of gentlemen perfectly qualified to work this out in the most satisfactory manner. There can be little doubt that the district societies would soon follow in the track thus opened out before them,

more especially if some assistance in the shape of a collection of fruit trees, seeds, &c., to begin with, were offered to them and which could be easily done after the first or second year. Before deciding on the kind of trees that would be deemed most suitable and appropriate for planting, it would be as well to institute some inquiries throughout the colony amongst those who have planted to any extent, so as to ascertain their successes and failures.

It is obvious that two distinct classes of trees must be provided, one class for their rapidity of growth only, perfectly irrespective of their timber qualities, as affording shelter and protection to the next or permanent class, which are to be grown for the sake of producing the most valuable timber, as well as the shade and shelter they will afford. In the first class, perhaps, no plants will be found more suitable than the long-leaved acacias, such as *Acacia falcata*, *Acacia faciformis*, and a few others, which may be seen already growing in various parts of the colony, and in almost every variety of soil and situation. The next, or permanent class, will, with few exceptions, as far as I am aware, have to be confined to the *conifera* tribe. Several of the gigantic, fast-growing Californian and Mexican pines are already in the colony, and have proved themselves to be quite at home with us. *Pinus insignis*, *Pinus resinosa*, and *Pinus longifolia* are all growing freely on the sands of the Cape Downs, the first-named twice as fast as the common pines of the colony. The *deodara* and hill cedar (*Cupressus torulosa*) are two trees that yield to no others that we know of for valuable timber; both are perfectly hardy, and thrive well in any ordinary soil. *Abies pindrow* has been found to flourish handsomely on our mountain sides, but only at an elevation above seven hundred feet; in a lower altitude it will not succeed. The evergreen oaks, *virens*, *phellos*, &c., are quite hardy, but proverbially slow growers; however, their timber is much more valuable than the common English oaks, as grown at the Cape, and are, therefore, to be preferred. The *Acacia melanoxylon* is, perhaps, for its shelter, to be preferred to any of the above, with the exception of the *deodara*, while its timber qualities are of the first order. The common blue gum may be seen growing freely on some of the most elevated and exposed parts of the Caledon Ruggens, but what is its value as timber? However, as it grows freely in almost any soil and situation, it could be employed to shelter the others. I might go on multiplying names, such as the evergreen poplar, the Lombardy poplar, the various species of *callitris*, or

frenella, as they are now called, and a host of others that are already in the colony, the success or failure of which, as I have already stated, can easily be ascertained, together with the soils and situations they seem to thrive best in.

It would tend greatly to the success of tree-planting, if all the plants were grown in boxes. Common cheese-boxes would just be the thing, and they are to be had in Cape Town at one shilling per dozen, each of which will hold about twenty one year old plants. In these boxes, they can be safely transported all over the colony, and even when arrived at their final destination, they can await the transplanter's pleasure, a consideration of itself of the greatest importance to success.

In conclusion, I would repeat the words of a well-known writer on trees, that they are house furniture and fuel to us; that some of them may be made into clothing, and even bread; that they form part of almost every implement and machine by which man endeavors to lighten the labor of his hands,—that on the tree we lean as on a staff, that we ride on it as a carriage, that we cross rivers on it as a bridge, that by means of it as a ship we traverse the widest seas and circumnavigate the globe itself; but far above all this, there is that in a tree, considered as an individual work of the Creator, which may well excite our attention, and lead us to think beyond the passing hour and its fleeting appearances.

R. S.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE;

OR, SERVANTS ABROAD.

BY MRS. GOLIGHTLY.

CHAPTER III.—OUR DINNER AND THE EXPERIENCES WE GAINED THEREBY.

"Now Michael," said Mr. Golightly, on the morning succeeding our episode with the turkey, "remember that everything is nicely dressed for dinner. This is the only party I can give this year, and, therefore, I wish it to be a good one; there are twelve or thirteen persons coming. After muligatauny and fish, at the top, we will have the turkey, boiled, at ———"

"But he poisoned by snake, master," broke in Michael.

"Oh, never mind," was Mr. Golightly's rejoinder, "I cut

the heads off, and they will all do; *that* kind of snake poison does not run in the blood. At the bottom we will have that beautiful little sucking pig Mr. Morris sent us. The fowls will come in well—curry, as usual—and now what shall we have for sweets?"

"You forget, my love," said I, "the beautiful jar of preserved swan-egg plums dear mother sent us. They will make a splendid tart; and then we can have one of Michael's lime soufflés. I don't know anyone that makes them better. And then we'll send to ——— "

"Oh, well," said Mr. Golightly, "you settle the sweets, I must go; but, Michael, remember one thing, I insist that the pig is roasted, not baked in the oven; we have gone to the trouble and expense of having a proper spit made, and I will not have meat and puddings baked together, as is commonly the case here, spoiling both. Do you fully understand, Michael?"

"Yes, sare."

After Mr. Golightly was gone, I saw Michael fidgeting about; at last he came with the following most modest request:

"Missis! please let me go out for the day?"

"What!" I exclaimed; "go out, Michael! you know we are to have a party—go out! impossible."

"I must go, missis; missis can get 'nother mans for to-day."

"You cannot, and shall not go, Michael. If you do, after this warning, you take the consequences."

The man grumbled, and left the room. In about an hour I went to the store room, and summoned the servants to take out the usual household stores; only the under-boy appeared.

"Where is Michael?" I asked.

"I don't know, missis," was the reply.

"Is he in the godowns?"

"I don't know missis." The lad had just come from them. I turned quietly round, locked the door, with the boy on the inside, and going to the grated window I said: "Now, Babaney, if you don't instantly tell me where Michael is, I will send for the police." I don't know what idea of wrong-doing the boy had, but my threat frightened him. He began to cry, and at last said, "Oh! missis, Michael say he plenty beat me if I tell." "Very good," I replied, "the police will beat you more;" and I pretended to walk from the door. "Oh! missis, stop," roared the lad,

" I tell missis." " Michael he gone to Borelle; all servants go there." Seeing something was up, and that the lad was thoroughly frightened, I determined to " pump him; " and I got out the following information:

That once a year, generally at this time, all the servants meet together to settle *prices* for the ensuing year. I have already said that in that country we took account every morning, and gave out enough money for next day. Well, the meeting was to settle how much percentage the servants should impose on every article purchased by them for their employers. If any servant lost his place, he was put upon a general fund raised among themselves and maintained till he again got employment.

Finding no one at home but the boy, I let him out of the godown, on the promise that he should say nothing of what had occurred, to Michael, who he assured me would be back " plenty time to make dinner for missis."

Of course, as we expected a large party, I had all the lamps carefully filled with oil, and made ready, and with the method of lighting up a house practised in the east, this took up a good many bottles of " essence of cocoanut " as Golightly called it.

After a time I saw master Michael busy about the kitchen. He had come back just in time to scratch through the dinner arrangements. I pretended not to notice it, of course.

Evening brought Mr. Golightly and our guests, and a happy merry party we were. All my dear husband's best friends; —his chief, Judge McGowan, and his wife; old " Epsom;" the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Posset; a relative of Mr. Golightly's, by name Slenderson, and his wife and daughter; Lizard, of the Artillery, of course—to him we owed the dinner; Frank Richards; Meredith, an old indigo planter, and his wife, who, from her habit of always beginning her reminiscences with " When I was at Gazepore," had the name of the " Duchess of Gazepore;" and, lastly, a particular friend of Golightly's, Mr. Brown, a most amusing man, with a most melancholy face.

Several of the party knew the secret of the ante-Christmas dinner, and the fun soon began of mistifying the rest as to its cause. Amid much mirth and laughter, Golightly promised to enlighten all present after dinner, " when," he added, rising and screwing up the lamp that swung over the table, " I hope I shall be able to throw more light on the subject than this lamp now does." To our surprise, the result of

the "screw" was a momentary flare up, and then the light faded slowly, flickered for a moment, and finally went out, leaving a most odious smell of burnt cocoanut oil.

"Hullo!" said Mr. Golightly, tapping the rim of the lamp with his finger; there is no oil in here! a pretty house-keeper you are, Mrs. Golightly." "Does not your ludship think," said Golightly, turning to the judge, "that, under the wise provisions of the Roman-Dutch law, I am fairly entitled to a divorce for such disgraceful neglect on the part of my wife."

"Ah! hum!" said Mr. McGowan, "It's vera possible; but ye'll just conseeder wha's taen the oil frae the lamp first, ye ken—I warrant ye its no the gude wife, for she avers she saw it put in hirsel. Ye'er put upon proof, sir, o' yer charges."

What proof Mr. Golightly might have adduced I know not, for before the laugh had subsided at the tables being turned against him, dinner was announced, and we adjourned to the dining-room.

Soup and fish passed off satisfactorily; but, before the second course came on, another lamp had gone out, and I thought the rest looked dreadfully dim. I began to fear there might have been foul play with them; and my fears were not allayed, when, as I handed the carving-knife and fork to Dr. Lizard (who gallantly volunteered to carve the roasting pig), one of the swing lamps depending from the roof (large glass globes with wicks floating on oil, on the surface of water), began to sputter and spit in the usual unmistakable manner, indicative of a speedy exit, while the smell was anything but agreeable.

Taken up with the lamps, I did not observe that the doctor was bothered with something about the pig. At last, my attention was drawn to him, by the exclamation of "Och, bedad now, Mrs. Golightly, and what may be the stuffing of the squaker, for sorrow o' me if I can cut it? and it's soft, it is too," he added, thrusting his fork against it.

"Why, Lizard, I thought you, as a naturalist, would have known how to carve," called my husband from the other end of the table; "you can't hit the joints, that's what it is; I hope when you come to cut off my leg, you will do it better."

"Faith, now, it's not the joints; it's the stuffing, bad luck to it, I can't cut," replied the doctor, drawing all eyes upon him. "Arrah! now, I'll settle wid ye," exclaimed he, as, drawing the keen blade down the back, he severed the tender bones from the neck to the tail, and piggy fell asunder.

The stuffing remained round and firm; and before my eyes could fairly make out of what it consisted, Lizard inserted one prong of his fork into a corner, and lifted it up. Fold after fold now unrolled themselves, amidst roars of laughter, in which, vexed and half ready to cry, I at last joined,—and a godown towel stood revealed, in all its hideous dirt and discoloration!

Master Michael having delayed too long at his precious "*cheating meeting*," had not had time to get the proper stuffing; and so, to make the roasting pig look plump and round, he had thrust a godown towel into the cavity, intending, doubtless, to withdraw it, but it had slipped his memory.

The dish was, of course. sent away from table, untouched, and we fell back upon the turkey, which, luckily, *was* well dressed; but before dinner was half over, every lamp at the table went out. Old Dr. Salt said he was not at all astonished, and reminded us that the next was a great day among the natives, when every one took an offering to his temple. Doubtless Michael, finding that his scheme for appropriating our turkey and fowls had failed, hit upon the expedient of stealing the oil from the lamps.

But my troubles were not yet ended. When the sweets were placed on the table, to my great astonishment, a soup plate, covered with crust, took the place of my intended plum tart.

"Michael," I said to the man who stood behind my chair, "where is the tart?"

"That him, missis," replied the scamp, pointing to the soup plate; "that all missis give."

In dismay, I applied the knife, and raised the crust, and saw four plums swimming in sugared water! I fairly burst out crying, but my kind guests would not be damped by anything, their good nature and sympathy bore all before them.

"Never mind, my dear," said Mrs. McGowan, "bide a wee, till ye've been as long in this dark land as I have, and ye'll no fash for anything of this sort; remember my marmalade."

"And my milk," said Mrs. Posset.

"But think what happened to me," said our cousin.

"Silence, ladies," called out Mr. Golightly, "if you please; *black* pitchers as well as '*little* pitchers have long ears;' after dinner we will relate our experiences and pass the decanters ourselves. Let me offer you some lime soufflé, Mrs. Meredith."

The "Duchess" bowed benignantly, and the soufflé was duly handed to her. After the first spoonful she quietly telegraphed her servant behind her chair, and her plate was removed.

Golightly's quick eye caught the action. "Eh, Mrs. Meredith! what's wrong?" said he; and taking a portion on his own plate, he tasted it. "By jove, in spite of all my orders if they have not baked the soufflé and pig together, and the pudding is strong of pork! I'll be ———"

"Oh, fie! Mr. Golightly," said "the mother in Israel," laying her hand on his mouth, "oh, fie! don't be so cross; think what a bad example to the poor heathen; we should remember they know no better, poor erring brethren!"

"Faith now, Mrs. Posset," said Dr. Lizard, "that bates Banagher, intirely! an ye niver mane to tell me that the black divils—rascals I mane—are *my* brethren! Och, now! jist look at the cranial divellopement, and the metacarpal bones; and I've just heard that a black race has been discovered in Central Africa, wid *tails*,—nearer still to the big baboons; the're a link, sure—a link, my dear—only in these the os coccygis is not no much divelloped, and the os ——"

What other "os" allied them to the apes was never known, for the remainder of the sentence was drowned in the shouts of laughter that greeted the doctor, and fairly hoisted him off his hobby-horse.

The table was now cleared; the remaining sweets having been procured from a pastrycook were found eatable. Mr. Golightly taxed Michael with allowing the pig and the pudding to be baked together, but he stoutly denied it. Mr. Golightly said when the cloth was removed he should come and see, and therefore rose and left the room. Dr. Salt, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Richards went with him.

In a few minutes back they came, even Mr. Brown's grave face convulsed with laughter; and when they could speak he gave us an account of the affair. It appears on reaching the kitchen they found a small fire smouldering on the hearth, to which Michael and the cook pointed triumphantly. "There, master," said the former, "there, cook he roast he pig, master can see; plenty fire gone out, but master can see him not bake that pig." In a corner of the kitchen sat Allie, the house-keeper, making a feint at knife-cleaning. This most unusual proceeding on the part of a native, who never does any work but his own, convinced the party that their suspicions were correct. Suddenly, a bright thought struck Mr. Golightly. Stepping quickly up

to the spit, that stood in the corner, he ran his eye over it, and then his hand.

"If the pig was roasted on this spit," he said to the men, "how comes this dust on it, and how is it quite cold?"

Michael and the cook stood speechless, while gushes of smothered laughter burst painfully from the horse-keeper, who vainly tried to stop them by cramming the end of his turban into his mouth. At last, as he was making a bolt for the door, Frank Richards caught him, and after giving him a good shake and a threat of a horse-whipping, he confessed that he only came there to see "master humbugged," and that the little fire had been laid on the hearth as a deception; they had, however, forgotten to warm the spit, and thus lost a link in their chain of evidence.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Golightly, "allow me to—pass the bottle, 'Epsom,'—allow me to explain why I have invited you here to-day, instead of Christmas-day, as before intended."

"Stop, Golightly," said Dr. Salt, "I know these niggers better than you do; I observed that not once during the whole of your dinner did McGowan's servant ever leave the room. I know that chap of old; he speaks English well, and is always left in attendance to listen to what passes. I'll be bound he is eavesdropping now, as you incautiously said we should detail our reminiscences when the cloth was removed."

Our dinner-room opened out on the verandah by a large window, with a dwarf wall, about two feet high at the sill. Young Richards, whose back was towards it, suddenly turned round, and with one jump cleared the low wall. Instead of the sharp stamps of his boot-heels on the bricks, we heard a dull, heavy, muffled sound, as if he had jumped on a feather bed; then came a smothered groan, a scuffle and fall, and Frank's voice shouting out, "I 've caught him."

The next moment we heard him say, in a voice of alarm, "Good God, Salt, he's dead. Come, quick!" Of course all rushed out, and there lay Frank and M'Gowan's servant, the latter divested of the fine white flowing vestments he had worn but half an hour ago, while serving at dinner, and barely visible with his sable skin in the dim light. The doctor raised him up tenderly, and, to Frank's great relief, pronounced him only in a faint. After a little, with the aid of proper restoratives, he came to himself, and though severely hurt by Frank's hard heels, the sudden terror of detection had a great share in the collapse of the spy.

This episode disposed of, we resumed our seats, and Golightly acquainted those of our guests who were unenlightened, with the chicken and turkey dodge, and many were the lamentations from those who had been similarly victimized, that they had not been up to the manœuvre.

"Talking about pigs," said Dr. Salt, "I will relate what happened in C——, at a house where I was staying. You know a home-educated pig is a rare and much-prized luxury in the east. Well, my friends had a splendid little roaster ready for the spit on my arrival, and, knowing my weakness, they ordered him to be dressed. 'Twas the day of the feast, the company assembled

'In the chieftain's hall,'

in the drawing-room heard shouts of laughter, and exclamations of delight and applause from the godowns. Amazed at the row, my host went to ascertain the cause, as his repeated summons for the head servant was unheeded. He quickly came back, beckoned me and one or two others to follow him, and we crept silently to the kitchen, and looked in on the following scene:

"The sucking pig was roasting before the fire, the spit being turned by the lowest pariah on the establishment.* Seated in a circle round him were the servants of the household, and of the guests, each one in his turn spitting at the pig, and cursing the unclean beast and the Feringhe. If the spitter missed his mark, he was saluted with a peal of laughter, if he hit it a round of applause became his meed.

"It was a great mercy we found out this affair. So you see, Mrs. Golightly, to-day is not the first time that I have been deprived of my favorite dish."

"Well, that was dreadful!" said Mr. Posset, "horrible! disgusting! What will not these native servants do? I remember once, in my own house, I fancied the soup had an odd taste of cocoanut oil, so sent for the cook, who usually wore a skull cap, which he never changed till it fell to pieces. On his appearing, I missed the usual cap, and, seized with a horrid presentiment, I hastened to the kitchen, when by the side of the saucepan lay the remains of the cap which had too evidently been used as a strainer for the soup!"

"When I first went to Gazepore, after our marriage," said the "Duchess," "Mr. Meredith handed me his keys, with

* Those of my readers who have been in the east, will know how much this man added to the disgusting nature of the exhibition. I can only thus hint at his avocation.

the comforting assurance that I should find a large stock of new linen; and he added that his old and faithful khansaman was one of the best and most honest fellows alive. 'I have no trouble,' he said, and Baboo keeps all my keys. Now it is your duty. On going to his wardrobe, I found *one* change of clean raiment, and a peremptory order to the dobie brought another. The '*faithful, honest* old man' had sold all his master's clothes, except three suits,—one on, one always clean in the wardrobe, and one at the wash, ready to replace it."

"Yes, that's the way," chimed in Frank Richards; "last Sunday, as I drove to the Pettah church, what should I see but a rascally Parringhe,* dressed out in a full suit of my clothes (Frank was a great dandy). I jumped out of the buggy and collared him. He confessed that he had hired them from the dobie, with the head servant's knowledge and consent, indeed, participation in the hire, and that he did so from some person every Sunday, to look smart. I paid him out though. I made him take off the jacket, waistcoat, and shirt, and had half a mind to take off his trowsers too, but he begged me not, as the people were going to church. I marched him in front of me, shorn of his borrowed plumes, right through the crowd to his house, where I recovered my 'continuations,' and then touched him up with my driving whip. He'll take care how he hires *my* things again, nor will my boy and the dobie forget it."

"Ah! ye should no tak the law in yere own hands, laddie," said Mr. Justice McGowan, "ye should have just pit him i' the court."

"Hout, awa," said his spouse, "was na' it but just the last Sabbath that I saw that braw mouslin as ye gaed me last Christmas will be a twa'l month, on the back of a muckle-quean, as black as a coal, and the morn when the dobie brought it, it was just crackit a'dune the back, and ae tuck was awa', and ye telt me to mak no bothermint, but just to cut the dobie the cost preece! Is *that* no taking the law in your own hands? hout awa' then; dinna be sour with the laddie."

"That reminds me," said Golightly, "of what occurred to me at my old magistracy. Near to my residence was a celebrated burning place, where dead bodies were consumed, and I used constantly to see them carried by on elegant biers laid on snowy linen, and dressed out in handsome shirts, with faces and hands gilt. They used to be propped upright, or tied by the waist to the backs of the biers, and their heads went wagging from side to side; you can't think

* Half-caste Portuguese or Dutch descendant.

how odd they looked. But pah! when the wind set my way my rooms were filled with the greasy, pestiferous stink! Ugh! the very thought of it is enough! But to my story. I observed that my dobie always attended the processions, and one day I casually asked why he, a low caste man, attended a high caste funeral.

"My servant, after a little hesitation, said he did not know; but, seeing from his face that he did, I pressed for an answer.

"Shifting, first on one leg, then on the other, at last he said, 'What for master ask? master better not know.' 'But I will know,' I said. 'Well, then,' he replied, with the usual native difficulty in pronouncing the letter 's,' 'body he dress in master e-shirt, body he lie on master e-sheet, and table cloth; dobie he go take care bad mans not e-steal!!'

"I found, also, that my linen did duty at all the temple feasts, in the shape of hanging for the wall and drapery for the idols, and before I had been six months on my station every corner was off my damask table-cloths, torn away by the huge thorns and nails they used in pinning them up."

"*My* dobie," said Mrs. Slenderson, "served me a worse trick. When my last baby was christened, I had a large party. All the child's beautifully-worked robes, that had been sent me as a present, had gone to the wash, together with the damask used at the party. The dobie did not bring home the things at the usual time, and made some excuse about the weather; he, however fetched the next week's linen, and two days after came rushing in, to say his house had been broken open, and everything stolen. We pitied the scoundrel, as we believed his tale, and Slenderson gave him money to begin the world with again; but he soon left us, and I heard, afterwards, that he had sold our property, and 'laughed at our beards.'"

"Did you hear," exclaimed Mrs. Posset, "of the shameful manner in which poor Mrs. Williams's ayah behaved after her mistress's death. We all thought Maria such a good girl; she was one of our converts, you know; but when the friends came to help the poor bereaved husband, and see to the motherless babe, though scarcely an hour had elapsed since the poor thing's sudden death, Maria had stripped the wardrobes and drawers; and there was not a thing left in which to wrap the body, and barely a change for the infant, though we knew the abundant stock of baby linen she had had by her."

Many similar tales were told of the tricks that had been played by our domestics, and when our party broke up, it was getting on towards the "sma' hours."

Mrs. Posset, having a large family, was the first to make a move, and Posset went out to the verandah, and summoned his horsekeeper to put to the carriage. No one answered. A similar summons from McGowan and the doctors produced no results; not a horsekeeper was to be found. Our servants treated the circumstance as a matter of course, saying that the horsekeepers had a feast that night; so, as in several instances, the rascals had decamped with the carriages, we had to harness our horse, and convey some of the party to their several homes, by detachments in our little buggy.

Next morning, Mr. Golightly summoned Michael, and told him that, after last night's adventures, he should stay no more in the house! "and here," said Mr. Golightly, placing a half-crown on the table, "are your wages."

"My wages, master," said the man in astonishment, "my wages one pound two and sixpence, master."

"Very true," said Mr. Golightly; "but you see, Michael, you owe me one pound."

"No, master; I not owe master one pound," was the reply.

"Yes, you do, Michael; see here. You know I have been obliged to use that celebrated pomatum, 'the incomparable hair renovator,' to promote, if possible, the growth of a little hair on my poor bald head,—finding that where I used one ounce of the precious balm, you used two—you certainly have a beautiful head of hair, Michael—I determined that you should have a pot to yourself, so I kept mine in the wardrobe; and stirring the pomatum in *your* pot, left it on the dressing table. You have this month just used four pots. By the way, you may take the empty one with you, if you like. Now, at five shillings each, you see the account stands thus: Creditor, myself; wages, twenty-two shillings and six pence. Debtor, that's you, to four pots of the 'incomparable hair renovator,' at five shillings, equals twenty shillings, and two and sixpence change!' and Mr. Golightly again tendered the half crown.

Michael's face may be better imagined than described. He found himself summarily ejected, without wages and without a character, for he would not take the one Golightly offered him, with a full account of the milk, oil, pomatum, and other various peccadillos therein described; and I have no doubt he was first on the list of the "distressed and injured servants' fund," of which, for aught I know, he had been chosen treasurer the day previous, at the Borelle meeting.

CONCERNING BABIES.

GENTLE READER! have you ever had a baby? Because, if you have not, it is almost impossible for you to be a genuine philosopher. I am not sure whether this remark has ever been made before, but it is certainly a true one. No man ought properly to be called a philosopher who has not had great and varied opportunities of studying life in its many and changing aspects; and babyhood is one of these aspects. You may sneer, and declare that a baby can teach nothing; but you are quite mistaken in such an assertion, which will only prove either that you have never had a baby, or never studied it, if you have possessed one. I take it for granted that you will not have studied any one else's baby, because I have never yet seen an individual evince a genuine interest in a baby not his, or her, own unless it may be a *very* young lady, who is delighted with it as an animated doll, and who considers every demonstration of its animal existence as charming. With such a damsel, every baby is the sweetest little thing in the world. Though red as a boiled lobster, pug-nosed as a Bushman, skinny as a frog, or bloated as an alderman of the *ancien regime*, squally as a Cape winter, and troublesome as an industrious flea; the young lady (who has lately left off dolls, and newly taken to "spoons") will vow that it is the dearest, loveliest, and most amiable little angel in the world. I cannot admit such a young lady to know anything about babies philosophically considered.

And all the rest of the world (not possessing them) pass them over as miserable little lumps of animated matter, some day and somehow to become reasonable human beings. And, as it is the rule of mankind in general to go on, age after age, repeating each other's silly opinions and conclusions, without ever inquiring into their foundation and truth, so this very erroneous doctrine touching babies has come to be almost universally credited.

Few men succeed in reversing public judgment, however mistaken it may be. And, therefore, in attempting to change this wide-spread opinion on babyhood, I feel that I am entering on a task where the chances of success are terribly small. No matter. One who feels the truth and righteousness of his cause, should never be turned aside by fear of the result of his advocacy. So I shall proceed to combat the error, and bear in mind the words of Lady Macbeth (though certainly addressed in a very *bad* cause) to her husband.

> If we should fail?—
> We fail!
> But screw your courage to the sticking-place
> And we'll *not* fail.

The first thing a baby teaches us is the natural straightforwardness of the human character. There is no chicanery, no shuffling, no beating about the bush. What it wants it goes straight at. It does not pretend to want air, or light, or a plaything, or exercise, when it wants food. It will be satisfied with food and nothing else, when it is hungry. You may take it to the window, or to the candle, or shake a rattle over its head, or dance it till your arms ache, but you will never succeed in "humbugging" your baby into the delusion that you are giving it what it wants.

"*Rem, rem, quocunque modo rem,*" is the infant's motto, and you will find all attempts to turn it aside from its purpose utterly fruitless. My own impression (founded on a careful study of the subject) is that the baby regards you as a great fool for attempting to delude it. At all events you never succeed in doing so.

And here is another lesson! Not only does the baby make known its wants unmistakably and straightforwardly, but, like a thoroughly sensible creature, it refuses to be turned aside from its object. Shew it the most dazzling and attractive novelty in the world, you may claim a transient glance for a moment, and that is all. Is it so with you, oh sapient and reasonable reader? Are *you* never turned aside from your grand purpose? I will not pause to ask you whether you are equally plain and honest in shewing what *is* your purpose, because no one does that (though the world would be much more honest, and perhaps more pleasant if we all did); but do you keep to your purpose, whatever it may be, with the steadfastness and tenacity of a baby? *You*, my good sir, for example, wish to make money beyond all things, and you are tolerably industrious in so doing; but occasionally a bit of vanity leads you astray, a desire for display is irresistible, and you turn aside from the accumulation of wealth to the spending of it, and thereby frustrate the purpose of your high and enviable existence. You, mademoiselle, are determined to make a good match. Sensibly enough, you conclude that a handsome establishment, with a carriage and horses, are preferable to poverty and pinching, and you resolve to marry a truly eligible man, a bank director, and a large importer of voerchitz. But a lovely moustache, an elegant figure in all the glory of peg-tops and leg-of-muttons

flits across your vision, and you forget for a time your above commendable resolution, and, perhaps, even mar the realization of your great and virtuous purpose. At last you injure your prospects, and have to take up eventually with plethoric old Bobbins—who is not so particular as younger men—instead of having netted that good-looking, steady, respectable, young fellow, Bantam, whose only fault is wearing clothes of the cut of 1839—in fact, a mere toilet anachronism.

Now, could not you, my good sir, and you, mademoiselle, take a profitable lesson from a baby, and never let a shadow or a plaything turn you aside from a steady pursuit of the "main chance?"

I hope no one will imagine that I am treating of children in general. I am speaking only of genuine babies that can neither walk nor talk. Children are quite as great humbugs as grown people; they deceive one another, follow after their small vanities, have jealousies and heart-burnings, for reasons almost as ridiculous as those of grown-up people; laugh at their parents' bad jokes to flatter them, and are as ambitious at six as at six and twenty.

A very great philosopher has declared that the infant mind is a blank sheet of paper, on which the world writes what characters it chooses. I believe the philosopher is right (though how he stumbled on that truth, without having had a baby, I know not); but what a lesson is here! What sort of characters *do* we write on the blank sheets? Perhaps I had better not say much on this part of the subject, for in truth it is a little too serious; but just let me hint, that if you will look hard at the next baby you see, and recollect the "blank sheet of paper" doctrine, you will have learnt a deep lesson—especially if the baby is your own.

Did you ever see a baby that did not show an unmistakable dislike to dirt? Next to food, it universally most loves cleanliness. It is never happier than when it is in a bath, and only screams when you are stupid enough to dab it over with a wet cloth (as you possibly do to your own sweet face), instead of plunging it into a good pool of tepid water. Then it is delighted, and comes and shows its joy in its own eloquent fashion. And I grieve to say that I think this is a lesson very necessary to be learnt in this good city by many a worthy citizen. If I might refer to certain discussions in a certain public board, I think I could prove that three or four quarts of water a day is reckoned by some to be a fair supply for each human being's wants; whereas a baby clearly shows us that an uncorrupted and undepraved mortal needs

a bath—a good large bath, in which he can roll about—every day of his life. You, my good sir, again, may fancy that your basin of water and clean towel, every day, and an occasional wretched little affair called a foot-pan (there ought to be an act of parliament to prevent their manufacture), will do very well to make you presentable to the world. And you, mademoiselle, again, may shudder at the idea of plunging your delicate self, *sub undâ* (your brother will translate for you), every day of your life. But baby knows better. Baby knows that health and comfort requires the bath, on the largest possible scale; and baby, fresh from God, hates all earthly impurity. On this point, believe me "*fas est et ab baby doceri.*"

I had a great many more instances ready, of the teaching to be derived from a study of babies. But I find if I go on with them I am likely to occupy an unreasonable space in the *Magazine*; and as I am opposing the world's notions, I cannot expect to be very patiently listened to. I can only hope that I have succeeded in awakening some new trains of thought, in connection with the unduly neglected theme, which may be profitable. Ever since the world began, pride has been its greatest bane, and amongst its other effects, it has prevented men from learning truths taught by little things around them (babies being among the rest of the little things so neglected). Because man has the *os sublime*, destined, as Ovid says, *cælum tueri*, that is no reason why he should never take a glance at things beneath his feet. The man who perpetually points his nose to the clouds will never pick up a pearl. Shakespeare tells of "sermons in stones," and Wordsworth insinuates that deep truths are to be learnt from "a primrose on a river's brim." If streams and flowers can teach lessons worthy of being learnt, why not babies?

Good reader, go at once and study your baby, if you have one; if not, go and study your neighbor's. But remember, that to derive the full force of its instructions—*you must nurse it.*

A. W. C.

CITY AND SOCIAL IMPROVEMENTS.

To the eye of a stranger, Cape Town and its vicinity must, at this moment, present an aspect of considerable vitality. Accustomed, as we residents are to the city, these indications of progress, coming as they do,

"By ones, by twos, by threes,"

do not strike us so forcibly: nevertheless, there they are.

Look at the works just completed, in progress, and in contemplation! We do not propose to criticize their beauty or utility; it is enough for our purpose that they exist, or are to exist. New gaols, new hospitals, new museums, new libraries, new churches, new batteries, new stores, new shops, new mansions, new dwelling-houses, new cottages, railways, harbors of refuge, light-houses, reservoirs, landing-piers. We are out of breath, and not half done. Who shall say, then, that Cape Town is not "going ahead?"

We conceive, then, that this is the most fitting time to offer to the readers of the *Magazine* a few notions on city improvements, that, rightly or wrongly, have, for a considerable time past, been revolving in the chambers of our brain.

In our long catalogue of improvements, we regret to say, one only, the reservoir, is the act of the Cape Town Municipality. Why is this? Who is to blame? Far be it from us to throw dirt, particularly Cape Town dirt, on any one; but the conviction forces itself upon us that

"There is something rotten in the state of Denmark."

How much remains to be done in the way of street improvement alone! We know that "a man's house is his castle," and that he may build it upside down if he likes, provided it be not dangerous to his neighbors or the public. So we cannot do much with the *tops* of the houses, of which the faithful zigzag outline would in its originality prove a glorious study to the architects of modern Europe. But, surely, the Municipality have some power over the "stoeps" at the *bottom* of the houses; and why they should partake of the character of roof ridges, varied by an occasional iron rail, that ejects one into the gutter, we cannot conceive. We appeal to those of our lady readers who have been in Europe, and know the luxury of side pavements,—how many more dresses do they not wear out now? Why, the money thus spent, to say nothing of the vexation endured, would flag half the street sides in Cape Town. Of a rainy day, or for some days after, a lady cannot venture abroad, except at the expense of shoes and dress.

Why are huge open drains still allowed to remain in our very midst? Look at that one running the length of Sir Lowry-street, the *main approach* to the town. Look at another stretching away past our cathedral, our library and museum, and our only place of out-door recreation, the botanic garden! We see in the papers that the Library and Museum Building Committee have represented the state of this drain to the Government, who have forwarded their letter to the Municipality, with a recommendation that something

should be done; but the old cry of "no money" is raised, and nothing will be done, until a bishop, or a chairman of the municipality, shall be shot headlong from his carriage over the crumbling wall, and be drowned or suffocated before succor can reach him.

By the way, one of the neatest satires on our Cape gutters was perpetrated in this very drain. Our friends the "navvies," when in their cups, often challenge each other to do outrageous things, generally dangerous to life or limb, or pre-eminently disgusting. In this latter spirit, a navvy was actually seen sitting in this drain under the cathedral windows, his companions looking on with wonder at his rash daring and signal contempt of the nastiest thing even a navvy could find to do. We have been informed, though we confess our credulity is severely taxed, that the performer of this superhuman feat still lives.

But *revenons à nos moutons*—the streets; cannot something be done to sweep away the ups and downs one meets with everywhere? We are told that we cannot set a pole in the ground, or plant a tree in front of our house, or erect a wall or a fence across our stoep, without the consent of the municipal commissioners. Why, then, do the municipal commissioners allow of the erection of these impedimenta, to the utter destruction of all our comfort, and the manifest obstruction of the traffic of the city.

A good opportunity must, we conceive, soon present itself of enabling the commissioners to add very considerably to the beauty of the town, or to introduce the inhabitants to the convenience of paved side-ways.

New-street must change its character, and, from being one of the worst, become one of the finest—nay, if properly seen to—*the finest* street in the city. It forms the carriage thoroughfare to the new South African Library and Museum; and we hope the day is not far distant when it will do the same duty for the public gardens.

What a noble street might be made out of it. The ditch covered over, and added to its breadth; the hideous stone and mud wall bounding the gardens replaced by iron railings, with the handsome gates, now in the possession of the trustees, as a carriage entrance; a fine row of houses, or terrace, in place of the vile tenements now overlooking the gardens; and what better site could be found for the projected houses of parliament than that now occupied by the Tot Nut van't Algemeen? What a façade! What boundaries for our public gardens! College and library at either end;

Government-house and Parliament-house on either side! Will the time ever come when the college shall extend into the paddock; a noble pile of government offices sweep across the lower end of the Governor's garden; and public buildings, including the Parliament-house, run along the two remaining sides of the square? We think it may, and then few of our colonies will be able to boast of a finer *coup d'œil*. We cannot conceive a more appropriate place than the site indicated for our new houses of parliament. With their front on the gardens, their rear in Keerom-street, a noble pile might be erected, having the advantage of double fronts, and approaches for the two branches of the legislature; New-street and Keerom-street remodeled, and extended through to the top of the gardens; near to the public offices and Government-house, out of the way of the turmoil, and yet within easy walk of the wharfs, the railway terminus, and the mercantile community, and a delightful and quiet look-out on our lovely gardens, from which few sounds and no dust would arise to drown the thrilling eloquence of our senators.* Opposite the New-street front might be planted the carriage gates of the gardens.

Among the projected improvements, we hear that a subscription is on foot to purchase and pull down the house of the sexton of the Dutch church in the Heerengracht. Down with it, by all means; and pull down along with it the guard house, at the end of the oak walk; and pray, while you are about it, don't stop there, but run to the other end of the street and overturn the "tronk," which seems only made to retain the dust that accumulates at its base, and to narrow the main seaward entrance of the town.

Don't raise the old cry of "No money!" Whose fault is that? We hold it to be a good maxim that taxation, when the money raised is properly laid out, *is a gain*. The united pennies of several thousands of persons can do more for many an individual, than his solitary hoard of pounds; and not only benefit the one, but the thousands.

Let us submit, then, to heavy taxation; but choose the right men to spend the money raised, and jealously watch the outgoing of every sixpence: we shall be the richer for it in the end.

* We hope none of them will meet with the ill-fate of a political tailor in Cambridge. Pointing to the noble trees of our college walks, he exclaimed, in one of his harangues to the mob, "Liberty, gentlemen, liberty is a plant." "So is a cabbage," shouted a wag below; and exit tailor from the hustings for ever.

We have spoken of the *public* gardens. *Are they public?* Is the museum *public?* Is the library public? Are they as open to the great mass of the public as they ought to be? We think not. To that portion of the community who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, to whom a little amusement is an unmistakable boon, of what utility is either of the three institutions? The library, being supported almost entirely by subscribers, hardly comes under the head of a public institution, yet it avows itself such, and throws its doors open to any one who wishes to come and read. So may also be said of the other two, but the doors are open while the working-man (head-worker or hand-worker) is at his trowel, or his desk, or his plane, or his last, and just as he leaves them, and would enjoy half an hour's stroll, amid the few trees that the hand of man has reared in this treeless, ugly land, or regale his eyes with some of the wondrous forms of nature preserved in the museum, the gates are shut and the doors are barred!

Can we not remedy this? Can we not lay gas on in the one, and open the gates on summer moonlight nights in the other? We cannot agree with those who call out that everything would be ruined, stolen, destroyed! Experience proves the contrary. Can we not go farther with these two institutions? Can we not throw them open on Sundays between the hours of divine service? We are no advocates for the desecration of the Sabbath; but as the Almighty has not shut up the country on the Sabbath day, and as our Saviour himself drew many of his sublimest lessons from the flowers of the field, we see no reason why mankind should be demoralized by walking in beautiful gardens, or by admiring the handiwork of the great Creator in a museum.

We know the objections that have been urged against this; the strongest, in our minds, is the case of the attendants. Could not this be got over by judicious hours of opening and closing, and proper relief in mounting guard? We think so. As to demoralization, *credat Judæus!* The best argument against it is the strong opposition said to have been shown to the Sunday opening of Kew Gardens by the publicans of London and its vicinity.

Sir William Hooker, the conservator of the gardens, bears noble testimony to the decorous demeanor of the working classes during their Sunday visits to the gardens; and from what we have seen in our Sunday walks, we will go bail for the same thing here. Trace one case of demoralization to Sabbath walking in a beautiful garden, or a green field, and

we will draft an ordinance for the shutting up on Sunday of all the avenues to the country, and for making men virtuous by confining them for the day within brick walls.

We trust we shall live to see the day when the demarcation fence between the new building and the Gardens shall be removed, when the gates shall stand open for all comers, and the three properly united institutions be public indeed.

Are there not, however, other signs of progress more patent to the resident than the stranger—social progress we mean? Are we not up and stirring here also. Look at our volunteers, our building society, our various masonic societies, our agricultural society, with its numerous branches; our mechanics' institution, which has just completed the most successful year of its existence! But have we no room for improvement; can it be that among our many well-known and deservedly honored names we have no literary or scientific men? Whispers have reached us that the opening of the museum and library will be chosen for the resuscitation of a society, whose name formerly reached to many distant lands. We hope this is true. Let us take as our model the Royal Asiatic Society, and devote ourselves especially to all that will elucidate the history of Southern Africa; not, of course, forgetting literature and science of any kind. Let us not be disheartened by previous failure or small beginnings. Why should not the South African Literary and Scientific Institute arise, phœnix like, from its ashes, purified by the fires of experience?

E. L. L.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. XI.

LIEUT.-GENERAL WYNYARD, C.B., LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Robert Henry Wynyard was born in London, in December, 1801. He is a son of General William Wynyard, Deputy-Adjutant General to the Forces, and Equerry to George III., by a daughter and co-heiress of John Gladwin, Esq., of Notts; grandson of General William Wynyard, 3rd Guards; and great-grandson of General John Wynyard, Governor of Minorca, Jamaica. He was educated at the Rev. Mr. Paulet's, Dunmow, Essex, and married in 1826,

Lieutenant-General WYNYARD, C.B.

Anne, daughter of Hugh Macdonnell, Esq., Consul-General at Algiers.

He entered the army in February, 1819, as ensign in the 85th Light Infantry, and was promoted into the 58th Regiment, in which he served from 1826 to 1858, when he was promoted to the rank of major-general.

In 1827 he served as aide-de-camp to Major-General Thornton, and from 1827 to 1841 was employed on the general staff of the army in Ireland, first under Sir John Gardiner, and then under Sir G. D'Aguilar.

He was promoted Major in July, 1841, and Lieutenant-Colonel in December, 1842. In 1844, the regiment under his command embarked for Australia, and, in 1845, he commanded the advanced division up the interior of New Zealand, against the natives, and was at the attack and capture of Ruapekapeka, in 1846, for which he received the Order of the Bath.

He assumed the command of the troops in that colony from the departure of General Despard till the arrival of General Pitt, and again, on that officer's death, in 1851, to the end of 1858. He was lieutenant-governor of the colony in 1851, till the abolition of the appointment, when he was elected first superintendent, under the new constitution—a post he resigned when acting governor of the colony from December, 1853, till the arrival of Sir George Grey's successor in September, 1856.

As acting governor he inaugurated, and secured for the colonists, responsible government.

In 1857 he was granted a pension for meritorious service, and shortly after his arrival in England, in January last, was selected for the command at the Cape of Good Hope, accompanied with the local rank of lieutenant-general, and her Majesty's commission as lieutenant-governor.

Since when, on the departure of Sir George Grey, he has assumed the duties of the governor of this colony, and those of the high commissioner of Kaffraria.

Thus, out of upwards of forty years' service, he has never been an hour unemployed, and, independent of the various military appointments of trust, he has twice held civil commissions as lieutenant-governor, and is now, for a second time, in the discharge of the higher and more responsible duties of governor.

A reference to Hart's Army List, and the gazettes of the day, will show the service that secured him the C.B.; the estimates will show the grounds on which her Majesty

bestowed on him the pension; and the following address, from the governor of New Zealand, will convey the estimation in which he was held by the inhabitants of Auckland, on his leaving that colony in October, 1858:

COLONEL WYNYARD,—Your long residence in this colony during various eventful periods in its history, and the urbanity displayed by you, both in public and private, have won for you an universal amount of attachment and respect.

A number of gentlemen of this province, desiring to present you with some lasting proof of the existence of these feelings, have met here this morning for that purpose.

It has been found impossible to procure a suitable testimonial in this colony, they therefore beg to offer you a purse containing three hundred sovereigns, which they wish to have expended in the purchase of a piece of plate, chosen in England, by Mrs. Wynyard and yourself, and bearing the inscription which I will give you.

INSCRIPTION.

"Presented to ROBERT HENRY WYNYARD, C.B., of her Majesty's 58th Regiment, on his departure from New Zealand, by a number of the inhabitants of the city and province of Auckland, in testimony of their high appreciation of the abilities, integrity, and urbanity which have characterized his discharge of the several important duties which devolved upon him during thirteen years' official residence in New Zealand, from August, 1845, to October, 1858, in which time he filled, for various periods, the following offices in the public service:

"Lieutenant-governor of the province New Ulster; superintendent of the province of Auckland; officer administering the government of New Zealand; member of the executive council of his Excellency the Governor; member of the legislative council of the colony; colonel of her Majesty's 58th Regiment; and officer commanding her Majesty's troops in New Zealand."

Your departure will be deeply regretted, and you will carry with you, wherever you go, heartfelt wishes for your health and happiness, and that of Mrs. Wynyard and your family. Many will regret you and rejoice in hearing of your future welfare and success, but among the many none will do so more sincerely than myself, because few have had greater opportunities of appreciating your worth.

I also beg to hand you the names of the subscribers.

THOMAS GORE BROWNE, Governor.

Government-house, Auckland,
October, 1858.

Of General Wynyard's hitherto brief career in the Cape colony, it is unnecessary to remark much, except to bear a similar testimony to that recorded above from the colonists of New Zealand. In his capacity, as commander-in-chief, we, being civilians, are little qualified to express any opinion, further than to state, that his intercourse with the non-military world has been marked with singular urbanity and frankness, and that, far from frowning with lofty *hauteur*

on the volunteering spirit which has lately displayed itself so honorably among so large a proportion of the community, he has encouraged and stimulated it by every means in his power. In his official position as Lieutenant-Governor, under the direction of Sir George Grey, he necessarily will have but comparatively few opportunities of acting with any degree of independence, and on his own responsibility. It is an office, as now constituted, of so anomalous a character, that its continuance can prove of but little satisfaction either to the gentleman who may hold it or to the country. But General Wynyard's administration of the colony, since Sir George Grey's departure, has given sufficient evidence to prove that were his commission as Lieutenant-Governor revised, and his powers modified and extended, so as to be really adapted to the condition and requirements of the country, it would be difficult to meet with any other functionary in all respects more competent to discharge well and satisfactorily the duties of the office.

BABOONIANA:

OR RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BAVIAAN.

I.

"Like apes with foreheads villainous low."—SHAKSPEARE.

"Baboons," says old Peter Kolben, "are pretty numerous in the Cape countries; the head of a baboon is something like that of a dog, but his features are very ugly and frightful." Peter then proceeds to relate some wonderful things of Master Jocko, some true, some, as was usual with the naturalists of his time, terribly exaggerated. "Some Hottentots," continues he, "are of opinion that these baboons can speak, but that they avoid it for fear men should lug them by the heels, and make 'em work for their living." (This, however, appears to us, as Partridge would say, *non sequitur*.) Gesner says the baboons feed on fish and flesh, and that they parch both fish and flesh in the sun before they eat 'em, and Kolben backs this up by averring they will eat neither fish nor flesh that has not been roasted or boiled, or some other way fitted to the palates of men. In this he is right as far as the baboon in captivity is concerned, as, in a natural state, it lives principally on bulbous and other roots, with an occasional titbit in the shape of a scorpion, centipede, or "cursed toad," hashed upon a flat stone. "If they discover a traveler resting in the field, and regaling himself with his viaticum, if he looks not sharp about him, they will filch part of it from him, and (if I may use the expression) they

will laugh at him when they have done; for, having run to some distance, they will turn round, and, resting on their posteriors, hold the victuals in their fore-paws, stretched out towards him, with as much as to say, 'Here, will you have it again,' (no doubt the origin of the modern, 'Don't you wish you may get it,') falling, at the same time, into such ridiculous gesture and grimace, that a man who should be robbed by them of all the victuals he had could not forbear laughing."

Then follows the well-known account of their methodical and business-like mode of robbing orchards, by tossing the fruit from one to another, one being always left on the watch, who is supposed to be punished by death if he neglects his duty; and our author concludes his account by declaring that he could relate many merry and diverting pranks played by those creatures at the Cape, during his stay here. But, perhaps, he quaintly adds, such relations would be judged too ludicrous for this kind of history. Gentle reader, we hope not for our more classical pages.

The Cape baboon is the Cynocephalus Porcarius of naturalists, and the Tchackama of the Hottentots, and is widely distributed over the mountainous parts of Africa, from Cape Point to the mountains of the moon. When young, it is a playful, inquisitive beast, a dreadful gourmand and sensualist, but furnished withal with a certain degree of frolicsome humor, and handsome ugliness, if we might so express it, that makes it a universal favorite, especially with our boer brethren, who relish rough fun, and who often take great pains in teaching the animal tricks. If a male, it is tolerably docile and tractable until it reaches its fourth or fifth year, when it generally turns out one of the most savage and dangerous animals possible, to have near a house. Many a young baboon is thus trained to act as a sort of deputy assistant fore-looper, and when a span of oxen are required to stand still, it gravely sits at their head, holding the reins, and when relieved, skips along their backs to his customary seat on the wagon-box. They also evince a great partiality to horses, and are very easily taught to sit and hold the reins in a jockey-like manner. Indeed, we have ourselves seen, many years ago, at Astley's, and at other equestrian exhibitions at home, a Cape baboon perform his part very handsomely, and come in first among a score of juvenile jockeys of the genus homo in a pony race; and if you keep a young baboon in your stables, you will generally find your horse's back his favorite resting-place.

It is amusing to watch a juvenile tamed baboon, furnished with a convenient pole, and collar and chain, by which he may ascend it, disporting himself in the heyday of his frolicsome youth, before a crowd of admiring spectators, male and female; you would actually be inclined to think he was showing off his funny points for mere vanity's sake. Now he is swinging at the full extent of his chain from the top

of the pole, grinning and chattering like a Cheshire cat. Now he is on the ground tumbling summersets in a manner that would gladden the heart of the clown in the "Cirque Imperiale." Anon, a dog strays into the circle; he is seized by the hind leg or tail, and whirled round and round with fearful rapidity, and he may bless his stars if he gets off from Master Jocko's gripe with his brains safe from being dashed out against the pole. A poor fowl is next seized on, and the feathers deliberately plucked out until it escapes from his paws like poor, naked, two-legged humanity itself. A hooped beauty now incautiously ventures within his reach; with one fell swoop the whole ingenious periphery, with its machinery of steel and crinoline, is torn away, and the screaming fair one is borne from the ground in sharp hysterics and limp under petticoat. Young Hopeful, in his fourth year, then approaches to divert his juvenile soul with the antics of the baviaan, which has just torn off Aunt Mimmy's hoopitjes. Poor child, he is incontinently hurled to the ground out of pure fun, as the Irishman does to his friend at Donnybrook, and his dear little blouse and trowsers are torn from his back; the poor black nurse, who rushes to the rescue, returns howling minus a mouthful of flesh in a part modern delicacy would blush to mention. The "Oude Baas" now steps in, and with a few kicks and lashes of his sjambok very soon reduces Master Jocko to order, and the cowering beast forthwith lies with his head groveling in the dust, gibbering, chattering, and howling, sufficient to melt the heart of any christian, and in five minutes after is again on his pole swinging and summerseting, biting and tearing, in a rough but good-humored manner, at all who approach him. Such is a young baboon in the sunny hours of his first youth—an amusing, although even then, a dangerous pet—a regular swarthy vagabond. Let him even then break his chain, and you soon will see what he is capable of doing. In a moment he is on your house-top, tearing out the thatch by handfuls, or jumping frantically from one opening to another Now he is in through that open window, playing infernal delight among the crockeryware of the interior. The household is aroused and in arms. Slap-bang goes Jocko through the glass door leading to your neat little flower-garden and vineyard, where your ripe Lachryma Christis and Frontignac grapes are blushing under the evening sun. Cluster after cluster is crammed down these capacious and cheek-pouch jaws, whilst your flower-beds are trampled to pieces, and only after a dreadful struggle and sundry bloody bites inflicted and received is young master Jocko again captured and chained to his stake, when he utters sundry long penitential howls, and anon disgorges to swallow more deliberately sundry remnants of your prized grapes from the deepest recesses of his cheek pouches. If the brute is a female, or of the neuter gender, the case is somewhat modified, although what is lost in roughness is generally

made up in stupidity, as they have not the liveliness or innocent wickedness of the young male, although not nearly so dangerous. After, however, the fourth or fifth year, a great change takes place in the baboon. He grows rapidly and acquires often the size of a Newfoundland dog; the terrible canine teeth or incisors, often one inch and a half in length and sharp as a razor, become fully developed. The lively deportment and antic tricks of his younger days vanish, and he becomes a sullen, brutal monster, calculated to inspire fear in all who approach him; eminently dangerous to women, children, dogs, cats, and even to full-grown men,—his yellowish green eyes sunk deep in their sockets, and a dogged scowl eternally on his ugly visage. Look out now sharp for his chain, his collar, and his pole. He is getting strong enough to snap all his bonds—the latter the topmast of a man-of-war and the former a chain-cable itself. Horrible is the fate of the poor dog, cat, fowl, or child who falls into Jocko's hand's. The black cook, if caught by the drapery of her petticoat, is now dashed to ground, and speedily left in a state of nature, and happy—only too happy—to scuddle off with her nether bulk undamaged. Day after day he gets more savage, strong, and ferocious, until, at last, his master, if he has any regard for his own or family's safety, terminates his career by a bullet through his "cynocephalic brain." This is not at all an exaggerated description of our friend when he becomes an adult; but one of unfailing recurrence.

We will here relate one or two anecdotes of pets of the sort, which we are sure will prevent any sensible man from making a Count Galiano of himself, and sacrifice his family and friends and domestics for the sake of a hairy monster, of which the Count's Cupid appeared to have been a worthy specimen.

Our friend Heavystern, of the Red Tape department, was a neighbor of ours some years ago, in Graham's Town. He was an old bachelor, and that heart, steeled against the magic influence of the fair sex, yet was open to the fascinations of an amiable young Cynocephalus, a native of the rocky hills of Albany, which he named Adonis, and for four or five years garnered like Othello his Desdemona up in the innermost recesses of his heart. The world to him was nothing without his Adonis. Venus herself could not have been more partial to her Syrian pet. Adonis was all to him; he, we fear, not much to Adonis. The brute waxed fat, kicked, and bit. The neighbors begged of him to get rid of the brute, who was a regular public nuisance; for, although kept on the premises, boys, girls, old women, dogs, cats, and poultry, out of idleness, or curiosity, or a love of mischief, would intrude on Adonis' privacy. One day, a black would be reported unbreeched and mutilated, another, a neighbor's dog would be found with its brains dashed out against Adonis' pole, or a sable virgin would be rescued from his grasp.

as Heavystern's Hibernian servant used to say, torn to tatters by that blackguard ape, and the divil a tack, barrin her skin, left on her. Occasionally, it used to break loose from the rather formidable chain apparatus that used to confine it, and scatter dismay and death through all the neighborhood. But, in spite of all, Heavystern kept up his confiding and trustful love in poor Adonis, as he used to call the monster. If a dog was brained, or a fowl plucked, or a black boy unbreeched, or a sable virgin tattered entirely, it was all one to Heavystern. "Sarve them right. What business had they in my yard, teazing poor Adonis. Poor Dony, poor Dony,"—he used to say, with the tears standing in his eyes—"wouldn't bite his poor master, no he wouldn't, poor Dony." So that, at last, Heavystern's domicile and its monster inhabitant, were shunned by all the world. We protest that, for three months before the catastrophe we are going to relate, we would not have taken a £50 note and venture within the radius of the brute's chain.

As Adonis thus became more and more hated by an envious world, so he became more and more cherished by his master. Evening after evening, the dumpy form of Heavystern could be discerned, wandering solitary about the rocky tops of the hills around him, while a monster as big as a calf, hairy, shaggy, and horrible to look on, could be discerned gamboling about him, led by a long chain, and ever and anon uttering most unearthly howls, and making frightful efforts to get loose when any unwary stranger approached. At last, one unlucky Sunday morning, in one of his usual walks, poor Heavystern stumbled into a wolf hole, and in a moment his faithful Adonis was on him, tearing at his clothes, scratching and biting his dear master in all directions, whose yells of terror luckily brought some passers-by to his assistance. The brute, after a severe struggle, was at last stunned by the blow of a stone on the head, and poor Heavystern was raised almost in a lifeless state; a fearful wound was inflicted on the front of his thigh, extending from the knee to the groin, and laying bare, though, happily, not touching the large arteries. He was carried to his house, which was fortunately not far distant, and there, after much suffering, and two or three narrow escapes from tetanus, he, at last, recovered from his dangerous wound. As for Adonis,

> "Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
> Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man,
> The expedition of our violent love,
> Outran the pauser reason. Here lay Heavystern,
> His snowy thigh laced with his golden blood,
> And his gashed wound looked like a breach in nature,
> And there lay the murtherer steeped in the color of his trade,
> His ugly muzzle breeched in gore. Who could refrain
> That had a heart to love, and in that heart
> Courage to make his love known."

We must confess we could not, for borrowing a loaded gun from a neighboring house, we incontinently blew poor Adonis' brains out, very much to his master's disgust, who, on his bed of pain and sickness, often dropped a tear to the memory of his poor murdered Adonis.

There was another gigantic monster-baboon kept for many months in the commissariat yard, in Graham's Town, labeled dangerous, and whose natural ill-temper was so aggravated by the practical jokes played on him daily by the coolies who surrounded him when they had nothing else to do, that it amounted to perfect madness, and woe to any living thing, except one or two men he dreaded, that got within his reach. It happened, however, one blazing hot summer day, between one and two o'clock, the main street seemed quite deserted, all the world were at dinner or asleep, when this ill-conditioned brute by some means got loose, and went quietly hopping on three legs down the street until he encountered a confectioner's shop, with the door temptingly wide open, and a most agreeable odor of cookies emanating therefrom. Behind the counter sat the fair dispenser of these niceties, elegantly got up in book muslin, and busily engaged in devouring the contents of the third volume of "The Children of the Abbey," and wholly absorbed in the sorrows of Lord Mortimer and the fair Amanda, when she was roused from her meditations by a most unearthly howl and the sight of the hideous satyr-like visage of the monster baboon, slowly raising itself from beneath the counter. She screamed a scream, and straightway tumbled down on the ground in "riglur asterisks." With one spring the monster was over the counter; to tear the book muslin to tatters was the work of but a few seconds; and we don't know what other damage the monster would have inflicted on the *belle confiteuse* if the smell of the cookies had not recalled its attention to metal more attractive than the steel hoops of his victim's petticoat. Up he jumps on the counter. Scores of mutton-pies and raspberry-tarts vanish down his capacious gullet; the glass bottles of candied sugars and pepperments are smashed, and the contents stowed away in his cheek pouches for further use. When the neighborhood, now wide awake and alarmed, run to the rescue, they find the cookie-shop in a most frightful state of disorganization; the grinning monster seated on the counter, his enormous paws and muzzle and white teeth daubed all over with raspberry-jam, which gave him, at first, an appearance as if he had been feasting on human gore; his yellow eyes glistened with unspeakable satisfaction when he contemplated the ruins around him; far down in his wide mouth and throat could be seen the *debris* of tarts, tamaletjes, sugar-plums, jellies, and other delicaces he had been devouring. Behind the counter lay the lifeless, extended form of the poor maiden, while the leaves of "The Children of the Abbey," pulled by the monster to pieces, lay scattered about in every direction, mixed with book muslin, crinoline, and other articles of female attire. The first who entered was a tall Kafir, who, seizing on the remnant of chain round the monster's neck, endeavored to dislodge him from his bad pre-eminence, but the brute quickly making his teeth meet in the fleshy part of his arm, sent the poor Amakosa howling away like fury. A second, and third, in vain attempted to dislodge him. At last, he made a spring amongst the mass who surrounded the door, jumped up on one

coolie's back, and nipped off a piece of his ear, and proceeded, with proud and defiant bounds, back to his old residence, where he was found quietly sitting, as Kolben says, on his posterior, and picking, with finger and thumb, out of his jaws sundry bon bons he had while in the shop crammed them with. He was not punished capitally; he was, however well thrashed, and sent off in a day or two to Port Elizabeth and shipped for England, where, for what we know, to the present day he may grace the monkey department of the Zoological Gardens. H.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

Since our last monthly article was written, the colonial Government has notified its intention of issuing debentures to the extent of £50,000 in London, and of £20,000 in the colony, the former being for immigration, and the latter for prison building purposes. It is highly gratifying to find that those about to be placed in the London market are terminable at a fixed period, and that so far removed as to induce English capitalists to withdraw moneys now employed in securities bearing a small rate of interest, and to invest it in our six per cent. stock. We perceive that the capital and interest required, as well as that upon £80,000 formerly raised in the colony, constitute a "first charge" upon the general revenue of the colony. The debentures to be issued in the colony are not to be redeemable for three years, "and not then, nor afterwards," until the colonial Government give three months' notice of its intention to pay them off. The best and most novel feature in introducing these securities to the world, is that the money may be paid into the chest of any civil commissioner in the country districts, by which means it is to be hoped that the hoards of some of our country friends may be brought to the light.

Some persons imagine that there is some danger to the colony in this accumulation of debt; but we cannot but think that the advantages derivable from the outlay of the money are great, and will more than compensate for the additional burden (if any there be) on the shoulders of tax-payers. Every immigrant pays more through the Customs alone than the interest, in the course of his introduction into the colony; and we are benefited, in addition, by the aid which he is giving to our producing powers, not only in the actual tilling of the ground, but in other ways. It is argued that, because many of the agricultural laborers who have come have been employed in the railway works, these men are adding to our consuming and not to our producing population; but surely this is a short-sighted idea. At the moment he may be a consumer; but is he not opening up a large extent of country, every inch of which will, in a few years, be under cultivation, with, probably, these very laborers located upon it, and becoming literally producers? The amount expended on the prisons will circulate among our mechanics and tradesmen, and whilst doing them good, the colony will be relieved from the stigma of inhumanity under which it now lies. The interest of £7,800 per annum for immigration purposes and £1,200 annually for prison purposes will, we submit, be little felt by the colonists except for good.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR OCTOBER, 1859.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Far.	Thermometers. Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.	Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind. Force.	Direction.	Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
Oct.	inches	°	°	°	°	°		inches.			inches.	
1	29·930	63·36	58·76	70·0	59·7	54·9	74·0	29·498	6·9	S½W		2·9
2	29·937	62·26	56·50	70·0	56·8	51·6	69·0	29·551	4·3	S½W		8·8
3	29·851	59·24	56·50	62·5	55·0	54·1	83·6	29·431	1·5	WSW	0·687	10·0
4	29·973	58·82	56·38	63·0	56·0	54·2	85·8	29·549	2·1	WbN	0·180	8·3
5	30·194	56 62	51·56	64·0	49·2	46·9	70·2	29·871	0·8	SSW		2·2
6	30·021	58·24	53·94	66·6	49·4	50·2	75·8	29·657	0·9	SW½W		6·5
7	29·826	56·50	53·22	62·2	48·8	50·1	80·2	29·467	3·1	W½S	0·535	8·8
8	30·198	50·56	46·96	57·6	44·0	43·3	76·8	29·917	1·0	SbE	0·082	2·8
9	30·223	55·26	48·78	58·5	50·7	42·6	63·2	29·949	2·8	S½E		1·7
10	30·108	59·24	53·96	65·0	54·0	49·4	70·8	29·755	3·6	S½E		4·6
11	30·286	53·40	53·16	63·3	54·7	48·5	70·6	29·944	1·0	SbE		1·4
12	30·205	58·66	54·00	64·0	55·0	49·9	73·2	29·845	1·8	S½E		2·0
13	30 061	58·96	53·60	63·0	54·2	48·8	69·6	29·715	4·6	S		0·6
14	29·954	61·30	55·88	65·0	56·0	51·3	70·6	29·575	4·4	S		2·4
15	29·945	64·84	58·50	74·2	58·0	53·4	67·6	29·536	2·8	SW		2·7
16	29·939	59·16	56·06	65·0	55·8	53·4	81·8	29·530	3·2	NW		8·2
17	30·037	58·40	54·76	63·3	51·6	51·5	78·6	29·655	1·2	WNW	0·290	4·0
18	30·000	62·80	55·20	70·7	57·8	48·8	61·0	29·652	3·6	SbE		7·3
19	29·934	67·54	60·94	75·5	56·2	55·9	67·4	29·486	3·8	SbE		5·0
20	29·967	68·44	63·86	80·0	61·6	60·4	77·0	29·441	1·5	SbW	0·175	7·4
21	29·993	64·02	62·04	73·4	58·8	60·4	88·6	29·467	1·7	WSW		7·2
22	30·013	59·94	57·90	70·0	55·0	56·2	87·6	29·561	1·4	NW	0·120	6·6
23	29·971	59·48	56·64	66·7	55·2	54·1	83·2	29·549	2·2	NW	0·223	8·2
24	30·025	58·52	53·40	63·2	51·7	48·8	71·2	29·679	0·4	S½W	0·020	4·4
25	29·947	60·14	54·90	66·2	55·0	50·3	70·6	29·581	0·9	SbE		2·1
26	29·961	59·84	54·64	68·2	54·4	50·1	71·4	29·598	0·6	SSE	0·088	6·4
27	30·149	57·08	50·45	62·2	50·7	44·4	62·8	29·855	1·9	S		4·0
28	30·035	60·86	55·42	67·7	55·6	50·8	70·6	29·662	1·8	S		1·2
29	29·994	61·42	57·24	67·3	54·4	53·7	76·4	29·580	1·9	S½E		4·0
30	30·048	60·70	53·44	65·0	56·0	47·2	62·0	29·722	5·2	S½E		0·9
31	29.960	64·88	58.50	78·5	52·3	53·6	69·4	29·548	1·5	S		2·2
Mean,	30·022	60·18	55·39	66·8	54·3	51·2	73·6	29·640	2·4	SSW	Sum 2·400	4·7

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

		A.M. 5h 34m	A.M. 9h 34m	P.M. 1h 34m	P.M. 5h 34m	P.M. 9h 34m	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°.	inches	30·016	30·045	30·006	30·010	30·036	30·358	29·709
,, Press. of dry air,	,,	29·647	29·655	29·669	29·626	29·661	30·064	29·293
Thermom.—Dry bulb.	degrees	55·87	62·96	65·17	59·85	57·04	78·3	44·2
,, Wet bulb.	,,	58·04	55·37	53·74	52·97	56·84	68·1	43·0
Humidity of the air.	p. cent.	82·2	67·5	64·1	74·2	79·9	96·	39·
Dew Point.	degrees	50·3	51·7	52·3	51·4	50·7	62·9	39·9

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

Errata in summary for August: Wet Thermometer on August 31, for 52·48 read 53·48; —total amount of rain from January 1 to September 1, for 21·313 inches read 25·313.

Summary for September: Mean of Barometer minus Tension, for 29·655 inches read 29·665.

166 Discovery of L. Chirwa